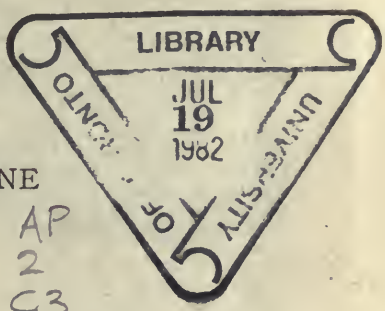
Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/catholicworld98pauluoft

70229

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.



A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

AP
2
C3
v.98

GENERAL LITERATURE AND SCIENCE

PUBLISHED BY THE PAULIST FATHERS.

VOL. XCVIII.

OCTOBER, 1913, TO MARCH, 1914.

NEW YORK:

THE OFFICE OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD

120 WEST 60TH STREET.

1914.

CONTENTS.

Anglicana, The Ecclesia.—*Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B.*, . . . 633
Asceticism, Christian, in the First Three Centuries.—*Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P.*, . . . 772
Beginning, A—At Railham.—*John Ayscough*, . . . 153, 317, 448
Caldey, How, Came Home.—*A. H. Nankivell*, ... 67
California, The Oberammergau of. —*C. Stuart Madden*, . . 183
Canon Sheehan.—*John J. Horgan*, 486
Catholic Literature: A Convert's View of.—*Frederick D. Chester*, 81
Catholic Maori, The, at Home.—*M. H.*, ... 354
Catholics and the Italian Elections. —*I. Quirico, S.J.*, . . . 664
Christian Asceticism in the First Three Centuries.—*Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P.*, ... 772
Church, The, and French Democracy.—*Hilaire Belloc*, 146, 309, 461, 593, 734
Clergy and Social Action in Ireland, The.—*Charles Plater, S.J.*, 43
Convert's View of Catholic Literature, A.—*Frederick D. Chester*, 81
Council of Trent: The Original Diaries of the.—*Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P.*, ... 467
Daughter, Soldier Songs of a Soldier's.—*Myrtle M. Cavey*, . . 213
Democracy, The Church and French.—*Hilaire Belloc*, 146, 309, 461, 593, 734
Desert Type, The.—*L. March Phillipps*, ... 24
Disintegration, The, of Socialism.—*Henry Sommerville*, . . . 173
Earliest Men, The.—*Sir Bertram C. A. Windle, LL.D.*, . 433, 652
Ecclesia Anglicana, The.—*Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B.*, . . . 633
Edict of Pope Callistus, The.—*Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P.*, . 641
Education, Siberian.—*Richardson Wright*, ... 740
Ethnology and Missionary Work.—*C. C. Martindale, S.J.*, . . 790
Foreign Periodicals, 123, 264, 405, 555, 698, 835
General Convention, The, of the Protestant Episcopal Church.—*John F. Fenlon*, ... 504
Genoa the Superb.—*Joseph Francis Wickham*, ... 205
Hocking, Professor: The Meaning of God in Human Experience.—*Edmund T. Shanahan, S.T.D.*, 1
Home, The Catholic Maori at.—*M. H.*, ... 354
How Caldey Came Home.—*A. H. Nankivell*, ... 67
Ideal, The One.—*W. E. Campbell*, 364
Industrial Relations Commission, The Personnel of the.—*John A. Ryan, D.D.*, ... 221
Italian Elections, Catholics and the. —*I. Quirico, S.J.*, . . . 664
Meaning of God in Human Experience, The.—*Edmund T. Shanahan, S.T.D.*, ... 1
Men, The Earliest.—*Sir Bertram C. A. Windle, LL.D.*, . . 433
Millet, Jean François.—*Charles Baussan*, ... 603
Music: The Time-Spirit in.—*Thomas J. Gerrard*, . 339, 496
Oberammergau, The, of California. —*C. Stuart Madden*, . . 183
On Certain Phases of Socialism.—*William J. Kerby, Ph.D.*, . . 289
One Ideal, The.—*W. E. Campbell*, 364
Original Diaries of the Council of Trent, The.—*Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P.*, ... 467
Personnel, The, of the Industrial Relations Commission.—*John A. Ryan, D.D.*, ... 221
Philosophy of Social Progress, A.—*W. E. Campbell*, . . . 721
Pope Callistus, The Edict of.—*Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P.*, . . 641
Protestant Episcopal Church, The General Convention of the.—*John F. Fenlon*. 504
Railham, At—A Beginning.—*John Ayscough*, . . . 153, 317, 448
Recent Events, 127, 272, 412, 561, 706, 841
Remainder, The Unconsidered.—*Edmund T. Shanahan, S.T.D.*, 577
Sacred Scriptures: The Westminster Version of the.—*Joseph Keating, S.J.*, ... 54
Siberian Education.—*Richardson Wright*, ... 740
Social Action, The Clergy and, in Ireland.—*Charles Plater, S. J.*, . 43
Social Progress, A Philosophy of. —*W. E. Campbell*, . . . 721
Socialism: On Certain Phases of.—*William J. Kerby, Ph.D.*, . . 289
Socialism, The Disintegration of.—*Henry Somerville*, . . . 173
Soldier Songs of a Soldier's Daughter.—*Myrtle M. Cavey*, . . 213
Type, The Desert.—*L. March Phillipps*. 24
Time-Spirit in Music, The.—*Thomas J. Gerrard*, . 339, 496
Unconsidered Remainder, The.—*Edmund T. Shanahan, S.T.D.*, 577
Venice.—*Evelyn March Phillipps*. 794
Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures, The.—*Joseph Keating, S.J.*, ... 54
With Our Readers, 137, 283, 425, 572, 715, 851
Work, Ethnology and Missionary.—*C. C. Martindale, S.J.*, . . 790

STORIES.

All-Alone Jim.—*Mary Catherine Crowley*, ... 34
Nearly Two Thousand Years Ago. —*George Woodruff Johnston*, . 349
The Curse of Castle Eagle.—*Katharine Tynan*, 86, 225, 371, 517, 668, 798
The Mission's Last Tenant.—*Mary Catherine Crowley*, . . . 478
The Passing of the Pequot.—*"Oliver,"* 760
The Squire of Saint Louis.—*Joseph Mills Hanson*, ... 194
The Testing of Isabel.—*Christian Reid*, ... 615
The Visitor of Christmas Eve.—*Annie Jolliffe*, ... 327

POEMS.

Erin's Resurrection.—*P. J. Coleman*, ... 203
In Spirit and in Truth.—*Francis P. Donnelly, S.J.*, ... 789
Keeping in Giving.—*Emily Hickey*, 326
Saints Round the Altar.—*Emily Hickey*, ... 182
The Consoler of the Afflicted.—*Deborah Tallman*, ... 53

The Housewife's Prayer.—*Blanche Kelly*, ... 224
The Ideal.—*Eleanor Downing*, . 731
The Other Love.—*Eleanor Downing*, ... 192
The Sisters of Perpetual Adoration.—*E. M. Dinnis*, . . . 516
The White Rider.—*Thomas Walsh*, 667
"Yea, and His Own Life Also."—*Francis P. Donnelly, S.J.*, . . 495

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Abel, ... 554
Addresses to Young Men, . . 696
A Divine Friend, . . . 695
Adventures in Papua, . . . 402
Agatha's Hard Saying, . . 403
A Group of Nation Builders, . 404
A Hosting of Heroes, and Other Poems, ... 246
Alleluia's Sequence from "Harmonics," 402
A Little Sister, ... 258
Allen's Defence of English Catholics, ... 552
American Literature, ... 690
A Minimum Wage by Legislation, 401
An Average Man, ... 115
An Outline of Christian Thought Since Kant, ... 255
Armelle Nicolas, 1606-1671, . . 553
Art in Spain and Portugal, . . 694
A Social Reformer, ... 403
Austen, Jane, ... 547
A Wreath of Feasts for the Little Ones, ... 111
Behold the Lamb, ... 111
Beyond the Tomb, ... 696
Blessed Sacrament Book, . . 119
Bodily Health and Spiritual Vigour, 249
Bond and Free, ... 403
By the Blue River, ... 830
Callista, ... 119
Cases of Conscience for the Laity, 697
Chart of Irish History, . . 826
Chippewa Music, ... 829
"Christ's Cadets," 542
Columbus and His Predecessors, . 685
Commentarii in Psalmos, . . 262
Compendium Theologicæ Dogmaticæ, ... 253
Corinne of Corrall's Bluff, . . 261
Court Masques of James I., . . 548
Crime and Its Repression, . . 398
Culture and Belief, . . . 402
Daily Praise, ... 259
Devotion to the Blessed Virgin an Earnest of Salvation, . . 696
Dieu: Existence et Cognoscibilité, 554
Dion and the Sibyls, . . . 403
Dirk: A South African, . . 682
Diurnale Parvum, ... 261
England and the Sacred Heart, . 828
Fabiola, ... 119, 403
Faith, Hope, and Charity, . . 119
Fifth Book of the American Normal Readers, ... 120
First Notions on Social Service, . 402
France To-Day, ... 682
Franciscan Tertiaries, . . . 541
Ghosts in General, . . . 401
Good Friday to Easter Sunday, . 260
Gospel Verses for Holy Communion, ... 403
Gracechurch, ... 244
Grievances in Ireland, . . . 402
Growth in the Knowledge of Our Lord, ... 112
Guide to the Study and Reading of American History, ... 106
Gustave III. et la Rentrée du Catholicisme en Suède, . . . 554
Hannah of Kentucky, . . . 118
Happiness and Beauty, . . . 110
Histoire de l'Apparition de La Salette, ... 834
Histoire de la Philosophie Ancienne, ... 697
History of the Discovery and Conquest of Costa Rica, . . 823
Holy Land and Holy Writ, . . 248
Homilies for Sundays and Feasts of Obligation, ... 696
Hors de l'Église pas de Salut, . 262
How the Angel Became Happy, . 401
Hygiene for the Worker, . . 118
Idols, ... 403
Illustrated Catechism for First Communion, ... 695
Immanence, ... 121
Initiatives Féminines, . . . 262
International Eucharistic Congress of Vienna, ... 121
Introduction à l'Union Intime avec Dieu, ... 833
Ireland's Story, ... 552
Irish History, ... 402
L'Agonie des Fleurs, . . . 696
L'Athéisme et L'Existence de Dieu, 833
L'Edit de Calliste; Étude sur les Origines de la Pénitence Chrétienne, ... 553
L'Esclave des Nègres, . . . 553
La Bonté chez les Saints, . . 696
Lacordaire, ... 254
La Femme Chrétienne et La Soufrance, ... 833
La Jeunesse de Wesley, . . 121
Landmarks of Grace, . . . 403
La Vocation Ecclésiastique, . . 262
Leading Events in the History of the Church, ... 107
Le Miracle et ses Suppléances, . 834
Le Mystère de la Très Sainte Trinité, ... 263
Le Mystère de l'Incarnation, . . 554
Les Blasés, ... 262
Les Commandements, . . . 554
Les Conventionnels Régicides, . 554
Les Entravées, ... 261
Les Sept Sacraments de l'Église, . 263
Letter to a Religious Superior, . 696
Letters and Instructions of St. Ignatius Loyola, ... 552
Let Us Defend Ourselves, . . 697
Life and Characteristics of Right Rev. Alfred A. Curtis, D.D., . 686
Life of the Viscountess de Bonnault d'Houet, ... 688
Life, Science, and Art, . . . 822
Little Pilate, and Other Spanish Stories, ... 393
Lourdes, ... 403
Lourdes and the Holy Eucharist, 402
L'Unité de l'Église et le Schisme Grec, ... 263
Madame de Cossé-Brissac, . . 833
Manual of Self-Knowledge and Christian Perfection, . . . 119
Manuel de Sociologie Catholique, 834
Marcella Grace, ... 403
Marsh Lights, ... 391
Mass of St. Anthony, . . . 403
Meditations on the Agony of Our Lord Jesus Christ, . . . 697
Meditations on the Sacred Heart, 119
Memoirs of Baron Hyde de Neuville, ... 549
Merrilie Dawes, ... 391
Minimum Wage Legislation, . 401
Minor Works of St. Teresa—Conceptions of the Love of God, Exclamations, Maxims, and Poems, 815

Mission et Vertus Sociales de l'Épouse Chrétienne, . . 834
Modernism and Modern Thought, 688
Modern Socialism. 404
Mon Filleul au Jardin d'Enfants—Comment Il s'élève, . . . 261
Mother, ... 402
My Lady Poverty, ... 402
New Grange (Brugh Na Boinne) and Other Incised Tumuli in Ireland, ... 257
Nord-Sud, ... 263
Old Testament Rhymes, . . . 830
On a Hill, a Romance of Sacrifice, 829
Ozanam, ... 121
Ozanam: Livre du Centenaire, . 122
Pages d'Art Chretien, ... 263
Pictorial Church History for Use with the Stereopticon, . . 404
Pioneers of the Cross in Canada, . 247
Policy and Paint, ... 681
Practical Manual for the Superiors of Religious Houses, . . . 832
Prodigals and Sons, ... 691
Purification After Death, . . . 402
Quotations in Poetry and Prose, 393
Reeve's Physical Laboratory Guide, 118
Religious Orders of Women in the United States, ... 550
Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year Ended June 30, 1912, ... 393
Retraites Fermées, ... 833
Rome, ... 403
Round the Year with the Stars, . 105
Sacerdotal Vocation, ... 121
Selected Poems, ... 828
Spiritism Unveiled, ... 542
St. Agnes, ... 121
St. Antonio of Economists, . . 552
St. Anthony, ... 403
St. Anthony's Almanac, . . . 120
St. Francis de Sales and His Friends, ... 106
St. Francis of Assisi, ... 403
St. Rita of Cascia, ... 120
Seth of Colorado, ... 118
Sister Etheldreda's Experiment, . 401
Social Renewal, ... 250
Soyons Apôtres, ... 833
Special Methods of Instruction, . 824
Spiritualism and Christianity, . 402
Standard Catholic Readers by Grades, ... 261
Sur Mon Chemin, ... 834
Sweated Labor and the Trades Boards Act, ... 402
Sweet-Scented Leaves and Other Stories, ... 550
Tears on the Diadem, ... 119
The Administrative Removal of Pastors According to the Decree Maxima Cura, ... 697
The Catholic Church, The True Church of the Bible, . . . 821
The Catholic Student's "Aids" to the Bible, ... 545
The Chief Sufferings of Life and Their Remedies, ... 833
The Church and Labor, . . . 825
The Church: A Mother to Love and to be Proud Of, . . . 402
The Coming Storm, ... 831
The Coryston Family, ... 546
The Cure of Alcoholism, . . . 539
The Dominican Order and Convocation, ... 252
The Eighth Year, ... 551
The Emperor Marcus Aurelius, . 404
The English Novel, ... 679
The Faith and Duties of a Catholic, 402
The Franciscan Poets in Italy of the Thirteenth Century, . . 818
The Fundamentals of the Religious Life, ... 116
The German Centre Party, . . 258
The History of the Protestant Reformation, ... 403
The Holy Child Seen by His Saints, 827
The Holy Hour, ... 403
The Honor of the House, . . . 392
The Honourable Mr. Tawnish, . 392
The Housing Problem in Philadelphia, ... 404
The Inside of the Cup, . . . 113
The Interior Life, ... 692
The Irish Contribution to America's Independence, ... 247
The Life of Blessed Henry Suso, 817
The Life of Christ, ... 403
The Life of Francis Thompson, . 389
The Life on Earth of Our Blessed Lord for Little Catholic Children, 552
The Life of Rev. A. de Ponlevoy, S.J., ... 696
The Light of His Countenance, . 403
The Maid of Spinges, ... 396
The Making of a Trade School, . 120
The Mantilla, ... 260
The Marriage of Mademoiselle Gimel, ... 691
The Melancholy Heart, . . . 402
The Monk's Pardon, ... 403
The Morning Watch, ... 830
The Mother of Jesus in Holy Scripture, ... 248
The Nature of Human Society, . 404
The New France, ... 241
The Old Franciscan Missions of California, ... 826
The Posture of School Children, . 109
The Practical Catechist, . . . 113
The Promises of the Sacred Heart, 403
The Real Democracy, ... 103
The Religious Forces of the United States, ... 108
The Revolt of Democracy, . . 543
The Road Beyond the Town, . . 110
The Saviour's Life, ... 814
The Seven Last Words on the Cross, ... 402
The Seventh Wave and Other Soul Stories, ... 551
The Sorrow of Lycadoon, . . . 117
The Spirit of Our Lady's Litany, . 259
The Story of Mary Dunne, . . 542
The Student's Handbook to the Study of the New Testament, . 396
The "Summa Theologica" of St. Thomas Aquinas, ... 115
The Tears of the Royal Prophet, . 117
The Temples of the Eternal, . 120
The Veneration of the Blessed Virgin, ... 403
The Vision of Peace, ... 401
The Vocation of the Celt, . . 402
The Way of the Heart, . . . 111
The Westminster Hymnal, . . . 827
The Why and Wherefor of Parochial Schools, ... 695
Thesaurus Fidelium, ... 831
Thirty Ways of Hearing Mass, . 117
Thomas Hardy's Wessex, . . . 543
Through Good Humor to Happiness, ... 399
Through Refining Fires, . . . 120
Twenty-Two Hymns, ... 402
Unexpected Affinities, ... 397
Uniform Social Laws, ... 110
Vers la Vie pleine, ... 263
Veuillot, Louis, . . . 121, 553
Vincent de Paul, ... 537
Vocations to the Teaching Orders, 402
Woman in Science, ... 690
Worldlyman: A Modern Morality of Our Day, ... 540

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XCVIII. OCTOBER, 1913. No. 583.

THE MEANING OF GOD IN HUMAN EXPERIENCE.*

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.

AN attempt at a rational defence of religion is so rare an event in these sentimental times as to deserve special notice, whether one agree or not with the position taken. The general tendency of thought is in the opposite direction, religion being regarded as a matter of feeling, not to be dignified with the name of knowledge. When the modern student of religious phenomena finds rational elements intruding themselves on his attention at almost every turn of the history of religion, he usually explains these away, or at any rate thinks that he does so, on the old and flimsy theory —the persistent ghost of a defunct psychology—that ideas are nothing more than faint copies of feeling, pale replicas and dreamy forms of the images of sense. This copy-theory of the relation between ideas and feelings in human consciousness has wrought untold mischief with the study of the nature of knowledge in general, and religious knowledge in particular. In each case the whole question at issue is prejudged by a metaphor, instead of being investigated and decided on its merits.

The trouble, as Professor Hocking well and pointedly says, is not with ideas, but with our idea of ideas. We make the initial mistake of conceiving their nature and function too physically, and then turn about, in the high dudgeon of a James or a Bergson,

**The Meaning of God in Human Experience.* A Philosophic Study of Religion. By William Ernest Hocking, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Philosophy in Yale University. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. $3.00 net.

Copyright. 1913. THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

to fasten upon ideas themselves a long list of faults for which we, and not they, are really to blame. The rigidity, poverty, and finitude which it is the fashion of the times to see and deprecate in the ideas we frame of reality, all disappear when we correct our too mechanical conception of them; when we rightly conceive the growth of human knowledge as from wholes to parts in increasing distinctness, and not from parts to wholes by physical additions, as in a game of blocks or in a house of cards. Nor do ideas rise from the sea of feeling to drop back again into the parent waters, like spoondrift. They are not such phosphorescent flashes on the surface of the spirit's deep. On the contrary, they exist in their own right, altogether distinct from the feelings which are their companions, and not, as some would have it, their voracious devourers. "All feeling reaches its terminus in knowledge; cognizance and feeling are but different stages of the same thing."* It is to get beyond feeling, not beneath it, that we feel; and consequently the rational, the intellectual element in religion is not an incidental by-product, a spark thrown off in passing, but something which is essential, constituent, and distinctive.

All theories therefore which divorce feeling from knowledge, or conceive the relation between these two as that of substance to shadow, fall far short of the disclosures of human experience, and fail to do justice to the facts. There is a compulsory element in religion, and dogma is its expression. We are not left to our own free choices. Obedience is as much a mark of knowledge, if not more so than liberty. "Ideas are what we think with, not what we think of, in the order of nature."† It is of an independent object that we are forced to think, and the independence of that object is capable of convincing proof. The plain matter of fact to be squarely faced is that we are in contact with reality, not merely as makable, but as given; not merely as passing, but also as permanent. Valid religious ideas are consequently within our reach; and these ideas are not arbitrary matters of choice, nor mere instruments that serve us in the carrying-out of our growing purposes, as the pragmatists claim, but obedient, faithful recognitions of what experience plainly reveals as existing in independence of our finite wills, purposes, and interests.

It is impossible then to establish the foundation of religion on the quicksand of human feeling, or to fasten a volatile essence upon it. Ideas are at its root and heart. "As mature persons

*Pages 67, 68. †Page 79.

we can worship only that which we are compelled to worship."* And such an object neither pragmatism with its lackadaisical offer and enlargement of free choices, nor idealism with its holocaustic sacrifice of the many to the one, can ever reach or furnish. To reach the essential standpoint of religion, we must therefore turn away from idealism and pragmatism to mysticism, to that mysticism which is inherent in human experience, which yields us "an adequate object of worship," and demands of us obedience and submission. In fact, religion is "the present attainment in a single experience of all those objects which in the course of nature are revealed only at the end of infinite progression." "Religion is anticipated attainment."†

There is one fundamental point in this fine preliminary analysis, with which we are heartily in accord. It is the claim that we have a direct, immediate intuition of a reality not ourselves. This is a fact of consciousness against which no theory to the contrary should prevail, and we congratulate Professor Hocking for having accepted the original report of experience, instead of substituting another for it, as has been the fashion since Descartes' time. Subject and object come to us united, in that direct stage of experience which precedes reflection. This wonderful synthesis may be pried apart by analysis, but it still subsists unbroken under the concrete, intuitive gaze of consciousness. We have no direct intuition of our own existence before having been aroused from without. It is of a combined action of the subject knowing and object known that we are primarily conscious, not of either apart. The philosophers who refuse to acknowledge this fact, may spend all the time and labor they please in attempting to derive the outer world of objects from the inner world of selves, or *vice versa*. All such fallacies of separatism lead eventually to disaster. We must face the fact of simultaneousness here, and cease trying to introduce priorities of any kind between our knowledge of self and our knowledge of a reality distinct from, and independent of, us. What better proof that we have an idea of independent reality, than the fact that philosophers devote so much energy to proving the idea worthless? Surely, they are not disputing about something of which they have no knowledge, with which they are utterly unacquainted!

But, while we agree with Professor Hocking as to the fact that we have a direct intuition of reality in the concept of being,

*Page 152. †Page 31.

we part company with him on the value which he attributes to this concept. It is not so thoroughly ontological in character as he seems to think. The concept of existence which we all have, and which is also at the same time an experience, consists in an extremely vague, indeterminate knowledge that represents nothing in particular, but everything in general. And this indeterminateness which is its essential feature, necessarily implies and presupposes that it is abstract—stripped and despoiled of all individual conditions. The abstract is essentially indeterminate; the indeterminate essentially abstract. The fullness characteristic of concrete reality is conspicuously absent. The idea we all have of existence is therefore the intuition of reality *in a concept* which represents it truly, but incompletely, and not a *vision of reality in itself,* much less a vision of God.

Of the fundamentally real character of this concept, there can be no legitimate doubt. But that it is real through and through, completely so, representing not merely existence, but also an existing individual, this is an excess of realism which will not bear searching scrutiny. We cannot know, *a priori* by a direct intuition of the mind, the essence of anything. Essences do not exist ready-made for our immediate inspection, and we enjoy no such penetrative insight. All the essences we know, whether of being or substance, motion or rest, are all abstracted by a spontaneous, natural, selective activity of the human mind. They are mental products as well as real apprehensions. The productivity of the human mind goes hand in hand with its apprehensions of reality. That is why the essences we know are all generic and transcendental, not mere matters of experience. In fact, strictly speaking, we are not *conscious* of the concept of being; we are conscious rather that we possess it. It is a primitive, vague datum in all minds, the starting-point of subsequent reasoning. In it and through it we have an abstract mental representation of reality, and not a concrete vision. The reality that we see is no individual being in experience or out of it, but simply the community of all things and persons in the possession of the fact of existence. And even this community and communion is a universal idea which the mind frames, not a fact of which we have direct cognizance or immediate experience. The origin of the idea of being is therefore the measure of its value, and this value is that of a fundamental reality common to all, not of a special reality particular to one. Knowledge is therefore the

reality of the surrounding world, incompletely apprehended; and "dogma" an incomplete apprehension of the reality that is Divine.

It is this vision of a bare Existent—shadowy and dim in outline, and escaping all but the most meagre description—which forms the constant theme, on which the author plays a long series of variations. Religion, inspiration, mysticism, dogma, prayer, worship, revelation, infallibility, altruism—are all defined in relation to this grim and gaunt, almost spectral meaning of the world—Totality. The mystic wishes to become total;* dogma has its origin in mystic impressions;† the infallibility of the religious institution proceeds from the certainty of its mystics;‡ prayer is indistinguishable from the desire for a vision of the Whole;§ and worship likewise.‖ Such is the penalty attached to an attempt to write history deductively—to force the many into the one and then out again, considerably the worse for the hydraulic pressure of method to which they have been subjected. The result is a lack of distinctness. None of the terms used contain the traditional meaning. Nothing is said of the supernatural life, distinct from, continuous with, and superior to, the natural—in which the Christian mystics believed. Of course, we are well aware that in a philosophical study of religion, a comparative method of inquiry must have its place. But should it not be supplemented by a direct method of study also, and not be exclusively employed?

Take, for instance, the question of altruism, as discussed by the author in his disquisition on "vicarious happiness."¶ A due consideration of the Christian doctrine on this point would have suggested a far different solution of the problem from the stoical alternative to which he has recourse. Self-renunciation is not proposed by the Christian religion as an end in itself, but as a means to self-development. In procuring the good of others, I am obtaining my own at the same time; in working for humanity, I am working for the glory of God also. The individual and the social good, the divine good and the human, are not two opposite ends between which I am asked or expected to choose. Why then divide them, and create opposition, where a simultaneous conception and accomplishment are both possible? Why revive Stoicism? One of the finest things about the teaching of Christ was the idea that the good of God, of Self, and of Neighbor is one and the same good in three relations simultaneously realizable. Surely, we have

*Page 387. †Page 457. ‡Page 455. §Page 438.
‖Page 418. ¶Pages 136, 496.

not lost the faculty of seeing a thing in more than one relation, of realizing that thought may be double-barrelled, of discerning the individual, social, and religious aspects of a good that is threefold and yet one; undivided, though unfortunately not indivisible. The mills of method grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small on some occasions, emphasizing the common at the expense of the specific, and to the impoverishment of the latter.

And while we are touching on this topic of separatism—a fallacy in which the thought of our day unfortunately superabounds, separating aspects of problems, and setting them over against one another as hostile opposites or contradictory choices—we may as well mention an ascription of this same fallacy to the Schoolmen, made by the author in passing, which has no foundation in fact, or at least, not a tithe so much as his words would lead the reader to suppose. The Scholastics, he says, "incline (with their genius for slippery distinctions) to invent a third status between truth and falsehood wherein certain parts of religious dogma must consent to dwell."* Nothing could be further from the truth than this sweeping condemnation, nothing less deserved than this curt dismissal from consideration of philosophic thinkers who abhorred the view attributed to them, and stamped it out of the schools of the thirteenth century. In fact, only Siger of Brabant and Boethius of Dacia, two lone figures in the Latin Europe of the time, took refuge in this paradox of Averroism, against which St. Thomas wrote in protest the two works, *De Æternitate Mundi,* and *De Unitate Intellectus contra Averroistas.* The "slippery distinction" in question was of Arabic, not of scholastic origin. It was foreign to the genius and common presupposition of Christian philosophy from the beginning, to admit any essential lack of harmony or impossibility of reconcilement between natural and revealed truth. The Schoolmen were anything, therefore, but the artful mental cabinet-makers alleged, and the idea of a twofold truth never secured a foothold in the Middle Ages, thanks to men like St. Thomas who banned in the thirteenth century the all too apparent artifice and subterfuge which Ritschl, and the pectoralists generally, warmed over and re-served in the nineteenth. The author's pen slipped in writing this severe notice, and we feel sure that he will withdraw it from later editions in the interest of historical truth and accuracy.

The results of the author's preliminary inquiry into the ele-

*Page 61.

ments, common to all natural forms of religion, are regarded as furnishing a fresh background and new frame for the ontological way of establishing the Divine Existence; and the remainder of the volume is accordingly given over to a restatement of this position, an unfavorable review of the traditional proofs from reason, the meaning of mysticism and worship, and finally the fruits of religion. His claim is that we have a veritable experience of "Infinite Spirit other than ourselves."* The idea of God is implicitly present in some "elemental experience," though not explicitly recognized at once as there. The most primitive fact of experience itself is the experience of that Not-myself which is permanently making me.† The original source of this knowledge of God is an experience of not being alone in knowing the world, especially the world of Nature.‡ This fundamental experience and its idea deserve to be called concrete *a priori* knowledge, because prior to all *further* experience.§ My current social experience, the finding of any fellow finite mind, is therefore an application of my prior idea of Another; in a sense, an application of my idea of God.‖ In my experience of Self and Nature, I am experiencing identically all *that Other Mind* which is contemplating that same object.¶ The great Other Self whom we call God is implicitly present in the knowledge we have of Self and Nature. God then is known and permanently known as that Other Mind, which in creating Nature is also creating me. "Of this knowledge," says the author, "nothing can despoil us." This knowledge has never been wanting to the self-knowing mind of man."**

The foregoing exposition is a mosaic of the author's own statements, rearranged by the reviewer to economize space. It will be seen at a glance that Professor Hocking's appeal is to the realism of social experience rather than to natural realism—to the world of selves rather than to the world of things. The validity of this appeal is open to question. It has about it that persistent Cartesian fault of regarding the knowledge of self as somehow preceding the knowledge of external objects, and it is inconsistent furthermore with the original intuition of consciousness in which the Self and the Not-self are found simultaneously together. The author has evidently forgotten here the fact of simultaneous presentation, which cuts the ground from under all such priorities as he endeavors to establish.

*Page 241. †Page 570. ‡Page 236. §Page 278.
‖Page 297. ¶Page 299. **Page 297.

But let that pass. The logic of the situation, as he sees it, is ontologism; not the old ontologism of St. Anselm, which made a flying leap from idea to reality, but the more moderate kind which claims that the mountain has already come to Mahomet, and rendered unnecessary Mahomet's journey to the mountain. It is not, therefore, an inference from an idea to a corresponding reality, but the exact reverse of this, which Professor Hocking proposes. The idea we have of God, he says, is also at the same time an experience; and all we have to do is to recognize the experience for what it really contains. This experience was "miserably" expressed by early man in his groping after spirits, but it is none the less true and valid as a report of fact, for having been thus misread and misinterpreted. God was already there and grasped in the sense of *mystery** which early man experienced, but could not properly declare. The idea he had of God lacked no essential element. All that it lacked was that ever-increasing richness of content which the historical course of human experience has since added to it.

What are we to think of this enthusiastic discovery and presentation of the author? Is this what the "citizen of no mean city" meant when he bade the Athenians "seek God, if happily they may feel after Him or find Him, although He be not far from everyone of us?" It is necessary to distinguish sharply at this point between the facts of experience and the construction which the author is pleased to put upon them. The two do not hang so inseverably together as is claimed. In acknowledging the real objective character of human experience, Professor Hocking has made a most timely and most worthy contribution to the overthrow of anti-realistic philosophy too long in the ascendant; but in maintaining that an ontological interpretation is the only one which this objectivity of human experience will bear; in contending that the knowledge of Another which we primarily have is the knowledge of God, he has hung his theistic thesis on an extreme form of realism, tried and found wanting on so many previous occasions as to justify the prediction that it will not prove capable of surviving on this, notwithstanding the new and bright manner of its rehabilitation, with all the sciences lending their variety of color to its dress.

It is curious how history repeats itself in this attempt to revive ontological ways of thinking; and it is interesting to note that about the middle of the last century Catholic schools of

*Page 233.

thought witnessed a like series of attempts at constructive synthesis by ontologically-minded men. There was Gioberti, to begin with; and Rosmini later, not to mention Orestes Brownson, the distinguished participator in the Brook Farm Movement of the late forties. In the Vatican Council, the late Pope Leo, of glorious memory, then Bishop of Perugia, sought to have the Council condemn the proposition that an immediate vision of God was natural to the human soul. Monsignor Gasser, the Chairman of the Committee on Faith, pleaded against consideration of this proposition at the time by an already overburdened committee. Besides, the matter had already been settled ten years before when the ontologists submitted to the Holy Office a summary of their doctrine in seven propositions which, after mature examination, were singly and severally condemned. Ontologism, under whatever form proposed, confounded our natural knowledge of the Creator with the supernatural intuitive vision reserved for the blest in the future life. This was the reason of its condemnation. Among the seven propositions condemned was the following, which is singularly pertinent to the present issue: "A connate knowledge of God, simply as Being, includes in an eminent way all knowledge, so that through it we implicitly know reality under whatever form it is knowable."

The ontologists made the same appeal to the mystics then as Professor Hocking does now, only to be beaten off in their effort to wrest to themselves and to the support of their own thesis this august patronage of the Saints. It was pointed out to them that mysticism was the state of grace *become conscious,* and that this religious experience of God and the supernatural afforded no proof whatsoever of the purely philosophical position of ontologism. The rich legacy of Christian experience was not to be exploited by thesis-hunters in search of material for foregone conclusions and preconceived ideas. Ontologism would yield only an emaciated Christianity at best, and it was doubtful if it would yield even that. The whole matter was thus threshed out adversely in all its bearings. Professor Hocking is, therefore, ploughing no new ground in the present thesis. He has taken a road well beaten, over which some Catholic philosophers of no mean merit tried to travel, until they found the going rough, and the chosen way no thoroughfare.

But to return to the main line of thought from this side-excursion into history. We were speaking of the rehabilitation of on-

tologism, and the curious instance which it affords of history repeating itself. This repetition is not so curious, however, when we look into the proximate conditions by which it was brought about. Like circumstances, like results. There has been a growing dissatisfaction for some years past—say fifteen to twenty—with absolute idealism; with its tendency to uncontrolled speculation; with the all too subjective character of its methods; and especially with the persistent habit which professors of this particular brand of philosophy all seem to have, of tunnelling under experience for reality instead of looking for it on the surface-level of consciousness. Pragmatism expressed this dissatisfaction in no uncertain voice, and disturbed the absolutists in their dogmatic slumbers, long enough at least to make them open and rub their eyes. But pragmatism itself was so half-hearted in the measures of relief which it proposed, that it provoked a counter reaction in the present vigorous movement of neo-realism, which is slowly feeling its way back from the recesses of idealism to the world of external relations. Pragmatism, it has been said, was not a philosophy, but a clever attempt to avoid one. However this may be, the fact remains that pragmatism, despite all the practical opportunism which it incidentally at least professed, did not furnish an adequate object capable of winning and holding the worship of man. For this reason as for others, neo-realism is crowding it off the stage at the present writing. The need of bringing philosophy back to a closer contact with reality was never so widely felt in modern times as now. The psychological climate has again changed. Is it any wonder then that, in response to such a situation, ontologism should find all the stars again propitious for its reappearance? It has always had the alluring air about it, of bringing mystery from heaven to earth, of letting us touch the intangible, and lift the veil, as it were, from the very face of the Unseen.

No one acquainted with the monopoly of modern thought by monistic idealism can fail to appreciate the effort now being made to dissolve this philosophical "trust." Its dissolution is the pressing need of the hour, if philosophy is to be reformed and given a new orientation. But we have our fears that the solution proposed by Professor Hocking would really prevent the trust in question from continuing under a change of name. It is indeed true that we have the idea of Another, and that we are in direct relation with a reality not ourselves. But that this reality with which we are in immediate relation is the reality of God rather than that of things, does not

at all follow. It is altogether too much to claim that the idea of God is a premise, not a conclusion. Idealism has been so long trying to solve the problem of the world from the divine side, that it is time we became more modest, and considered the immediate human origin and character of our knowledge and of our problems in the world about us.

Granting that the idea of God arose in no superstitious ignorance of the causes at work in the upheavals of nature, but rather in a sense of the mysterious as something knowable, if not known, would the rejection of this ignorance-theory of Spencer's, due wholly to his blunder in mistaking the manifestation of an idea for its actual source and origin, entail as a necessary consequence the admission of ontologism as the only philosophy that grew out of the facts or fitted into them? Is there no middle ground? And if, as the author avers, the consciousness which we have of God, of Nature, and of Other Selves is common, is this common consciousness analogical or univocal? And if the latter, have we really the distinctive idea of God brought before us for consideration, are we not rather dealing throughout with the indeterminate idea of being-in-general, which is not the primal fount of reality at all? And are the " wholes " which we know, and spend our lives rounding out and filling in, proofs of our knowledge of the actual Infinite, or of something else vastly different in nature from this? The author says " there is indispensable truth in the tendency to incarnate God in His works, and to think of Him as there where His activity is and His objects are."* He does not consider it " wholly wrong " to speak of God as " an object among objects." All of which statements, it seems to us, come perilously close to identifying the idea of God with the idea of being-in-general. At any rate, the author clears no middle ground, nor does he anywhere seem to take into due account that external experience, in contact with which our internal experience originally arose, and still arises. According to him, the idea of God is a *report of experience,* coming from idea masses proximately, and from some elemental experience originally. The thought of Nature as dependent on Spirit is some quick embodiment of an elusive but genuine experience. Accordingly, " the ontological argument is the only one which is wholly faithful to the history, the anthropology, of religion."†

On the truth of this last statement we would take issue with the author. It seems to the reviewer too ambitious and too

*Page 321. †Page 307.

exclusive to be capable of establishment, and the reasons for thinking so are three. First of all, the history of religion does not so conveniently lend itself to any such interpretation. In the second place, the rational proofs of God's existence rest on considerations quite other than the author supposes. And, finally, the facts of experience are implacably at odds with the ontological supposition of the author, that God is the first object known, or that knowledge of Him comes to us in some simple, direct, passive manner of *recognizing* His presence. A few words on these three points in turn.

The widespread existence of polytheism in the history of religion is a fact which cannot be lightly dismissed, on the theory that "polytheisms are aborted monotheisms."* Abortive pantheisms would be much nearer the truth. The supposed tendencies of polytheism toward monotheism are speculative rather than practical, metaphysical rather than religious. They existed among the educated class and left the mass of mankind unaffected. "A polytheism that is not in some sense a henotheism," says the author, "has yet to be discovered." Even so, nothing would follow. A god supreme over all the members of a college of deities is entirely different from the *one and only* God of the lowest forms of monotheism. Henotheism is so much a political idea and result, that a most generous amount of supposition is required to see in it any elements of real religious unity or progress. We cannot take it for granted that universal, unwavering progress in religion is true. There has been decline as well as advance. What common laws of progress, for instance, would explain the unique fact of Jewish monotheism? None.

Only in Israel, among a non-political people, does the idea of one only God appear as an object of immediate belief, not due to metaphysical reflection or political syncretism. Elsewhere monotheism is not, as in Israel, a religious movement leavening the average mass of mankind, but a metaphysical movement confined to the cultured few, and discernible only in their speculations. In the history of religion among the nations at large, the idea of a single supreme Being is the result of long metaphysical speculation, and not an experience of which the religious consciousness has direct, immediate intuition. Evidences there are of a primitive monotheism, and of a primitive revelation made to man—evidences of a purely historical character. These evidences, however, are all of

*Page 325.

an existing belief in monotheism, and not of a monotheistic idea gathered from experience in the immediate manner claimed by the author. We are at a loss, therefore, to account for his dogmatic assurance, both as to the facts and their interpretation, when he says: "There is no such thing in history as a primitive monotheism: but there is a permanent singleness in the thought of deity which man forever departs from, through loyalty to the variety of deity's manifestations."* To which we would venture the reply, that a permanent singleness in the thought of deity is not the permanent thought of a single deity by any means. Polytheism was, therefore, not on the way to monotheism, nor a series of abortive attempts at it, but rather a succession of lapses in another direction altogether.

To explain it we shall have to abandon as too speculative, abstract and arbitrary, all theories of the derivation of monotheism from polytheism. To suppose, as the author does, that the latter was simply a roundabout process clearing the ground for an intuition of Deity, is to project a modern theory into ancient data indifferent to it. A merely natural religion historically never existed. The widely-different religions that appeared in the course of history cannot be exhibited as manifestations of some one, single, underlying, simple form working its way up from rude beginnings to polished perfection, according to the conditions of time and place. The contradictory character of the various religions cannot be dissolved, by supposing that a permanent singleness of thought, subjectively vague and abstract enough to fit all, objectively definite and concrete enough to fit none, was really at the bottom of the whole matter. Objective differences yield themselves to no such subjective unification. The comparative method, by suppressing differences, gives us only a composite photograph of religions. The direct method, by restoring the differences suppressed, furnishes us with a series of individual photographs, distinct, irreducible. The two methods must supplement each other, or we shall mistake resemblances for identities before we are through with our investigation.

It is more in accord, therefore, with the exigencies of method and the variety of the historical data, to leave the facts in their original complexity, than to treat them as instances of the unfolding of one idea, especially as this one idea is a product of comparative analysis, and not of direct examination. When left in their original objective complexity, the facts of the history of

*Page 325.

religion plainly show that a spontaneous knowledge of God preceded all attempts at scientific demonstration. Reason was at work, before reasoning came into play. Historically speaking, apart from the fact of a primitive revelation, the idea of God seems to have been due to the activity of all man's powers in concert, reason playing an active part in its acquisition, through the unnoticed working of the principle of causality, which, as the author well says, is " no mere form relating events without an objective counterpart." Man had a right principle then as now, inherent, undemonstrated, universal. But he misdirected and misapplied it, owing largely to the fact that he had as yet no conception of the unity of Nature as a whole. The result was widespread belief in a number of superior beings instead of belief in one supreme Reality; multiplication rather than unity. The facts lend themselves without forcing to this interpretation.

Nor, in accounting for the natural origin of the idea of God, apart from the fact of its revelation, should we commit the fault of severing man from his concrete context in the world of things, and read backward into history, as so many do, a late Cartesian method and point of view. The inner experience of man, primitive or modern, should not be divorced from the outer experience which is its permanent well-spring. The two should go together in theory as in fact. The latter is a source of the idea of God no less than the former. We live in a world of things as well as in a world of persons, and physical nature as distinct from human is a mirror of the divine. In fact, the idea of being does not come to us in the first instance as an experience of our own selves severed and sundered in Cartesian fashion from the world of things about us: it comes to us from the world of objects and the world of selves in mutual relationship and reaction. The point of departure for all our knowledge is the visible world, and this fact should receive recognition, notwithstanding theories to the contrary. And when it does, we shall see that priority, if it be anywhere, is here, and not in the recognition of other selves, or of the Supreme Self which is God. The order of being is not the order of knowing. God Who is the first in the order of existence, is not thereby the first in the order of knowledge. The process of knowing Him is therefore not a process of gazing directly into the essence of His Being, but a process of seeing the rational necessity for His existence, if the world of things is to have an explanation, and the world of persons a more than human aim and destiny. The in-

ability of the world to explain itself, its insufficiency to satisfy either the mind or the heart of man, these it is, naturally speaking, which open up the vista of eternity.

The idea of God is thus no flying leap from thought to reality, but the exact reverse. It is a spontaneous conclusion first, a reasoned conclusion afterward, and not a primitive intuition prior to every other item of experience. Were it the latter, appearing at the level of sensation rather than at that of reflection, how could history have been so polytheistic, atheism so recurrent, philosophers so given over to proving the existence of God, and ontologism so late in making its appearance in learned circles? Ontologism, even in the history of speculative religious thought, crops out only in spots since the eleventh century, and has always had about it the appearance of a belated arrival and suspicious guest. It is hard to see how the idea of God could have been so intimately present in human experience, and yet have managed to escape detection by the learned all along, save those latter-day few who confess to have found it there, though they have to labor more than one point to uncover its presence; though their discovery of it is always open to the suspicion that it was suggested by some constructive synthesis in which they were interested, rather than by the pressure or the disclosures of experience itself. It seems to be a systematic rather than a spontaneous inspiration, from Anselm's days to our own, and before.

The author rejects the traditional proofs of God's existence as yielding "a limited Being, Who is only as great as His world, only as good, and finally only as real."* This criticism is undeserved, as the following outline will serve to show. An inquiry into the nature of things leads inevitably to the Self-Existent as their causal ground and source. Between the Absolute Being thus reached and the created world of things no direct resemblance, no agreement in the possession of the same identical qualities is possible, and none is asserted. The Absolute cannot be classified or defined in the sense of being brought into relations of generic or specific agreement with any objects we know or concepts we frame. But there is another kind of resemblance which is wholly indirect, the resemblance of two proportions, or analogy. The relation of God to His absolute nature must be proportionally the same as that of creatures to theirs, however infinite the distance in perfection between the two.

*Page 305.

The terms and concepts employed to express this proportional resemblance are therefore analogical and not univocal. We have to think God under the relative, dependent features of our experience, it is true, but no necessity compels us to make the accidental features of our knowing the essence of His being. The author's criticism is wide of the mark, therefore, when he says that "by such ways we can only reach a being in whom the qualities of experience are refunded, without change or heightening."* Such are not the ways which the old proofs follow. A "heightening process," so far from being absent, is their most conspicuous accompaniment. This process consists in raising to unlimited significance the objective perfections discernible in the world of things and selves. In the light of this applied corrective, we are enabled to attribute to the Self-Existent Self the perfections manifested in created intelligence, will, power, purpose, personality, and goodness, without making the objective content of the idea of God either the human magnified or a bundle of negations. Consequently, none of the limitations inherent in our modes of knowing or objects known are carried over into the Divine, and refunded there without change. Quite the contrary.

Most of the modern criticism directed against the traditional way of proving God's existence is unfair, because of a serious oversight. The old rational scheme of proof kept closely in contact with history; with the average mass of mankind, and with the spontaneous idea of God which is acquired long before any reflective inquiry into its validity is instituted. It is in connection with this direct, spontaneous, natural, primitive, anticipative concept of God, gathered from the consideration of Nature and of Self, that the old proofs sought to elaborate a scientifically reasoned out and rounded out concept. They were, therefore, no isolated venture in pure reasoning, but a critical justification of the historical, universal, spontaneous reason of man. To wrench them out of this empirical setting and historical background, is to do them gross injustice—to make hungry-looking skeletons out of what really were the expression, not only of man's total reaction upon his environment during the long course of history, but also, and more truly, the expression of his total reaction *from it* and beyond—to the infinite Primal Reality which is its creative source, sustaining power, and final goal.

None of these proofs intended or pretended to be exhaustive.

*Page 305.

Any criticism of them from this point of view is delivered in the air. Each was regarded as manifesting or disclosing some attribute of Deity, not all. The object of the rational process instituted was to force up into explicit reason a previous process which had been spontaneous in character, as is our natural belief in the reality of an external world. In other words, a deductive process laid bare the amount of positive information contained in each of the inductive evidences or proofs. Induction and deduction were thus made companion processes, and not the divorcees which they now for the most part are. If we omit from consideration this spontaneous knowledge which precedes all reflective inquiry into its validity, but does not precede all knowledge of the visible surrounding world, we shall naturally be misled to regard the whole scheme of argumentation as a detached, pure reasoning process in which experience figures to little or no extent.

This was the misconception into which Kant fell when he wrote his criticism of the rational scheme of demonstration. He overlooked the fact that the scheme in question was a file of arguments, each of which "marked time," so to speak, until the others came up, took their place in the line, and added their contributory testimony, to elucidate the nature of that Necessary Being whose existence, reason, heart, and conscience conspired to prove. The consequence was that the philosopher of Königsberg rejected this broad scheme for the narrower one of the moral argument, with the result that the latter broke down under the undistributed strain it was thus compelled to bear. Kant thought the question one of finding a proof that would do all the work unaided; and, not finding in the old series of arguments anything which answered this description or fulfilled this arbitrary requirement, he declared the whole affair "a veritable nest of dialectical assumptions."

But it was far from being such in point of fact. The purpose was to conceive a plan of demonstration so large and broad that no argument should be excluded which offered its testimony conjointly with the others, and especially with the metaphysical ones that led the way. Isolation was avoided, coöperation welcomed. There was always a *distinction* observed between the theoretical and the practical, the speculative and the moral reason, but this distinction was never allowed to amount to an actual *separation,* as it did for the first time with Kant, unfortunately for the whole course of development in subsequent thought. That is why, to the followers of Aquinas, Kant's argument from the moral conscience is not

conceived as a substitute for those drawn from reason, but as an addition to them. It is not a case of monopoly, but of friendly competition.

In fact, not a little of the trouble in the matter of judging the worth of the rational proofs of God's existence has been due to the attempt to create an exclusive monopoly of explanation. Idealists offend in this regard. So do the ontologists, and their most recent spokesman, Professor Hocking. The Catholic theologian is not so exclusive in his attitude. He wishes with all his heart and mind for a constructive synthesis, but he does not wish for one which *deduces* all history and all human experience, magician fashion, out of a single universal idea. History, life, truth, reality are for him complex and not simple. For him there is no simple religion, no simple life, no simple truth, no simple world of ideas, but a complex reality to each and all of these, which cannot be condensed into a single formula, or reduced to a single experience of an elusive kind. When he uses the word "experience" he does so with an adjective attached, the adjective—"objective." And when he speaks of reason, he means the spontaneous reason which accompanies the work of sense actively, interpenetratingly: he does not mean "reasoning," which is a distinct and later continuation of the same process.

In consequence of this attitude, he does not conceive the work of reason in the natural acquisition of the idea of God as a mere function of recognizing an experience passively, mystically, or elusively undergone. He understands it as a distinct power, acting in and through sense, spontaneously always, reflectively at command. His technical name for it is "intellect," "the sense of the real," as the French aptly call it, because it is the power of penetrating through sense to objective reality. His position may be summarized in the statement that the idea of God is a spontaneous conclusion of reason, capable of scientific demonstration afterward by a reasoning process. Of course, in making this statement he does not mean for a moment to imply that this is the *psychological* source of the idea in all minds. That is a matter to be determined in each case by the mental history of the individual. Most of us acquire the idea of God through positive education. In fact, according to Catholic teaching, revelation is morally necessary for the acquisition of the right idea of God by the general run of men. It is, therefore, of the *logical* source of the knowledge of God that we are here speaking, not of the psychological. Man can know God

with certainty by the constitutional power of reason when the latter is rightly developed, even though revelation be morally necessary for the mass of mankind at large, when the difficulties of reaching a prompt, certain, and correct knowledge of God are taken into account.

We agree, therefore, with Professor Hocking in asserting the fact that a knowledge of God is not the impossible thing it is said to be by the moderns. But we disagree with his theory as to the manner of its acquisition. It is clear to us that the idea of God has a source more rational and less mystical than the one which he defends, or rather tries to defend, as the only position "true to the history, the anthropology, of religion." We grew so absorbingly interested in the first part of his volume, at the host of conclusions which seemed to sparkle there in advance, that we were grievously disappointed at the mystic one he finally drew, it was so much less bright of countenance, and had such a far-away look, in comparison with others which we would ourselves have chosen. That is why we presented our choice at such great length in what precedes. We are for competition; he for monopoly.

But the most serious oversight of all, one which to our mind voids the whole contention of the book, is neither the forced interpretation of the history of religion, nor the glancing criticism of the old scheme of rational demonstration: it is the fact that Professor Hocking does not deal with the idea of God at all, but with something else which he has mistaken for it and confounded with it. A few words to substantiate this statement.

It is a fact of experience that we have the idea of being, concrete and abstract, universal and individual. The concrete idea of being comes to us in our earliest perceptions, where objects are presented as indistinct wholes, total masses, individual unities—the particular parts or contents of which we are compelled to analyze out in detail later by a series of successive acts. And this idea of being which comes to us first in perception is also the last notion into which our conceptions resolve, when we think away the individualizing notes of perceived objects, and find the sublimated remainder common to them all. The idea of being may thus be found at the level of sensation and at the height of reflection; at the bottom and at the top of all our knowing, through the entire process of which it runs—a bright connecting thread. It is at the same time idea and sensation, thought and experience, the first implication of perception and the last product of analytic ab-

straction. It survives all our abstracting processes, bare and gaunt at the end, though solid and substantial at the beginning. A reality distinct from and independent of us exists, which if we deny we confess; if we attempt to reason away we imply and presuppose. So much has been writen by idealists on the internal relations of human knowledge, that the external relations which are also there have been forced out of recognition. What creatures of oversight we are! How could we ever have the idea of external or independent reality, unless we also had the experience of it? How, indeed! All the theories that attempt to do away with this notion of independent reality are accounts of its *development,* mistaken for explanations of its *origin.*

The idea of being-in-general is a maximum of indeterminateness, due to a mental process of abstraction which empties concrete realities of their particular contents, leaving only the commonest feature in which they one and all agree—the bare fact or subject of existence. The result of this emptying process is the Indefinite of abstract, in contradistinction to the Definite of concrete, thought. It is this Indefinite which the agnostic exhibits as the Unknowable Absolute, the idealist as the World-Ground, and the ontologist as the very Infinite itself by mortal eyes beholden.

But this universal being, this common ground of unity which all things have when stripped of their differentiating features, is not an Individual, nor an Organism, nor a subsisting Reality, nor a Causal Source: it is a result, and not a source or principle at all—the result, namely, of our viewing things incompletely in their points of agreement. Consequently we are here in the presence of the barest, the barrenest, the emptiest of abstractions, and not at the centre, heart, foundation, and understructure of the universe. How idle then and beside the point must seem the claim of the ontologist that in perceiving this indeterminate being we are perceiving God obscurely, in an implicit manner which reflection subsequently heightens to the glory of a mystic's vision. The problem of the Divine could not be more displaced, nor the holy, living personal Object of religion and worship more egregiously and completely missed. The idea of God is the antipodal opposite of all this. The God Who is worthy of man's worship, the Absolute Whom the theist is bent on proving to the captious, the Holy One into direct communion with Whom the Christian mystic pines to enter by anticipation, is the actual Infinite of realized perfection, and not the Indefinite either of experience or of

thought. The All-Perfect is the idea of God, not the All-Imperfect —two polar opposites infinitely distinct and diverse, though often mistaken for each other in the course of the history of philosophy from the days of the Ionians to our own. No! It is the Infinite of perfection for which man craves, and no Indefinite of perfectibility will ever win the worship of a Western heart, or kindle the sacred fire of complete self-sacrifice in a Western understanding! Religion is made of sterner stuff than a complaisant Abstraction.

Of being-in-general, of the abstract One-in-the-Many, we have, of course, an intuition in the sense explained. But of the All-Perfect Infinite, Who is not and cannot be an object among our other objects, or a concept among our other concepts, have we an intuitive vision of this? No one can claim that we have any such vision, unless he regards the Indefinite and the Infinite as synonymous, and this we fear is what Professor Hocking has done in the volume to hand. "As simply as Nature presents itself as objective," says the author, " just so simply and directly is the Other Mind present to me in that objectivity as its actual meaning."*

Regarding the first idea that comes to us in the order of knowing as verily the First Being in the order of existence, he declares God to be the primal object known, and claims, in consequence of this identification of the two, that the knowledge which we have of Nature and of Neighbor is nothing more nor less than an application in each case of the prior idea of God. It is this identification of ideas that represent realities worlds apart, which enables the author to make the statement that " God is immediately known and permanently known as that Other Mind which in creating Nature is also creating me." Surely, it is not Other Mind or Other Selves which we first know, but those objects out *there,* in knowing which we come to know ourselves as distinct from them, and Other Selves as distinct from us. The first experienced quality of our experience is not its sociality. What attempts modern thought has made, and is still making, to bridge the chasm between thought and reality, God and man!

The assumption that the idea of universal being and the idea of God are one and the same makes and mars the whole undercurrent of the book, setting at variance the facts of experience and the ontological interpretation forced upon them. It accounts also for the strange result that Professor Hocking's presentation of the idea of God in human experience should be so jejune. The natural

*Page 288.

religions figure to greater extent than others, and there is in consequence but meagre mention of the moral qualities of mercy, love, wisdom, and justice, in which religious experience abounds. The fullness of the idea of God has indeed suffered diminution in his eyes, on account of the comparative method, and ontological metaphysics, all too exclusively employed in its exploration.

The fault of regarding the mystic as the typically religious person, has also had much to do with the failure of the author to allow due representation to the constructive as distinct from the contemplative reason. And yet, notwithstanding an expression here and there which might be more tempered with the quality of reverence, and a dogmatic assurance that needs considerable toning down, there is about this book a sincerity which is exceptional, and a nobility of purpose unusual in these days of patronizing pedantry, when holy subjects are handled by the uninitiated in a way to make the judicious grieve. And this nobility of purpose is seen in the author's search for "an adequate object of worship." Thus is the burden of his entire theme, pursued with an enthusiasm that amounts at times to positive literary beauty of expression and fineness of religious feeling. Has he found this adequate object capable of winning the worshipful service of man's mind and heart? Hardly. The Absolute of the philosopher is too pale an abstraction to be the one true God of religion. Not such as this is it that men worship and adore.

The historic religions of the world did not grow out of mysticism, or mystic experience. Mysticism in general represents faith and knowledge going down into experience for further fruitage, rather than faith and knowledge rising from experience as from an only source. And this is true, especially so, of Christian mysticism. Ardent souls endeavored to anticipate in this life that union with God through love and a lover's knowledge, which their faith had told them was to be theirs in the life to come. This mysticism was consequently not the source of the dogmas of the Christian religion, but a result. The revelation which is the source of dogma was no mere interpretation of religious experience by mystic experimenters, but the manifestation by God to man of concepts either beyond his mental power to frame, unaided, or beyond the moral power of mankind at large to reach securely and correctly. It is plainly then a case of the psychologist's fallacy to derive everything from the subconscious region of the soul. First a glimmer, and then the light of reflection? No! This is too exclusive, too simple;

and neither the author nor anyone else can think out clearly, not to say consistently, the origination of the idea of God in any such elusive primitive experience.

Active reason presided over the birth of religion, and its guiding presence and influences there must be acknowledged. It was, of course, no solitary faculty acting in splendid isolation from the rest of man's powers of will, and heart, and feeling, but the accompanying guide and judge and critic of the outpourings of all these. Its work did not consist in turning experience into knowledge, as so many now aver. No more pernicious fallacy exists than that of confounding reason (intuitive) with reasoning (discursive), or that of regarding reason as acting after sense, instead of, in, and through it. Simultaneousness saves us here as elsewhere from the pitfalls of misconception. To find the God of religion, therefore, the author must drop all divisions and separations between sense and reason. There is no such thing as "pure reason," or "pure experience," and consequently no level of sensation at which reason, spontaneous reason, is not present and at work. It is reason acting simultaneously with, in, and through sense, to which our knowledge of objective reality is due. Later the reflective, systematic, constructive reason works upon this real datum, and out of it, somewhat after the fashion described in the body of this review, builds up an analogical concept of God, inadequate and proportional, if you will, but true and valid, so far as it goes.

More than a new theory of the relation prevailing between ideas and feelings in consciousness is therefore required to account for the rationality of religion. To use Professor Hocking's own words in condemnation of pragmatism, his theory of ideas, radical as it is, is not radical enough. This courageous knight-errant of modern idealism, who, tiring of its abstractions, has ridden off in quest of the Holy Grael of a lost reality, must still be up and on with his search for Him "Who is not far from everyone of us." *"Quaere super nos,"* said the flowers to Augustine, when he asked them, "Are you my God?" And *"quaere super me"* must Other Mind answer, when Professor Hocking puts it the same question. "I am the Shadow of what you seek, and not the Substance; the Analogy, and not the Reality; the Mirage, and not the Spring."

THE DESERT TYPE.

BY L. MARCH PHILLIPPS.

IN a former article* I undertook to explain the effect which the influence of the desert has had upon the Moslem faith. I pointed out that the most striking and peculiar feature of the faith was a certain iron immobility which has preserved through successive ages the original dogmas of the founder. Not that Islam is not rent by sects and factions, no religion more so, but these are still more or less superficial. They represent specific defects and shortcomings in the present faith, they stand for certain needs which that faith fails to recognize, and which they undertake to satisfy. The Shiite sect in particular has taken under its charge all those emotional and mystical interests for which the stern philosophy of Mohammed has made no provision whatsoever.

Yet even this division does not cut to the root. Deep beneath all outward differences a solid core of orthodoxy continues to exist, defying time, defying criticism, defying all the varying demands and expectations of life and thought. It is indeed a strange unity which prevails in the world of Islam. For it seems to subsist rather by stunting life's growth and development, than by adapting itself to life's necessities. It is not a living influence—it has no voice. It cannot interpret, or enlighten or decide. To this it does not aspire. All it does aspire to is unchanging sameness. It is the sanctification of routine.

Strange is the spectacle of so blind an obedience to a dead force not claimed only, but granted through successive generations. It has always seemed to me that the cause is to be sought not in the faith itself, but rather in the environment or circumstances within which the faith has operated. It is the desert which has guarded the unity of Islam, which has made changelessness a virtue, which resents with the strictest intolerance the slightest inclination towards expansion, or the promulgation of enlarged decrees. It acts through life, it keeps life itself fixed in a groove.

*See THE CATHOLIC WORLD, August, 1912.

Nothing in the desert ever changes. The same sandy solitudes are exposed to the glare of the sun to-day as were exposed to it in Mohammed's time; the same brackish water at long intervals offers the traveler a grudging refreshment; the same occasional pastures and strips of vegetation among the valleys call the tribes together in the spring season to enjoy a few weeks respite from wandering, and an all too brief experience of nature in a kindly mood; the same mountain chains and Sphinx-like summits survey from afar the long march and evening camp. No physical feature has changed, nor, it would seem, has any human idea or thought changed either. The Bedouin tribesmen to-day are just what they always have been. They not only do the same things, but they think the same thoughts, and are moved by the same prejudices and opinions as their forefathers of a thousand years ago. And it is because they are thus identical that the Koran suits them still. Out of desert life thirteen centuries ago Islam was evolved. So long as the desert can keep this life unaltered, why should Islam change? What, indeed, is there to change it? Does it not provide as satisfying an utterance of the life of the present as it did for the life of the past? Why should life discard or seek to alter a garment which still fits it so perfectly?

We, amidst our many inventions, aided and abetted at every turn by nature's coöperation, seconded by her infinite resources and all the powers which she places at our command, our minds enriched from the same sources which stimulate our industries and all the avocations of our lives—how should we comprehend, or in any way intelligently appreciate, such a state of life and thought as the desert maintains?

As little can the desert appreciate us. Dimly Europe is aware of the desert's influence as something which has always been inimical to her own advance, and always disputed the development of her own scheme of intellectual progress. More surely still the desert is aware of Europe as some vast machine, shadowy and threatening, and terrible through its power of coherent action. I do not know how the lack of understanding on the side of the desert can be overcome, but I have always thought that the desert type of manhood is of such a sort, so consistent, so vivid and so unique, that it ought to admit of being defined and understood. In manners and customs, in ideas of what is appropriate and becoming to a warrior, the heroes depicted in ancient Arab ballads

are identical with the chiefs who to-day guide their household caravans across the sandy waste.

What are the salient features in any one collection of desert portraits? Undoubtedly the most notable characteristic is the prominence given to the more virile traits, those which make man formidable to man. Courage and warlike prowess have ever been the first of desert virtues, and not without reason, for where there exist no fixed communities or any established order of society, resort must be had not to laws for justice or reparation, but to a man's individual prowess. Hence the desert from end to end has always seethed with internecine feuds. Every tribesman is born to war as the sparks fly upward. The only social bond that exists is the tribal one. In all affairs of honor and revenge the individual belongs to the tribe, and must come at the tribe's call. But any individual, too, can call the tribe. His wrong is the wrong of all, and all must take up arms to redress it. It will readily be understood, when each personal grievance can embroil a whole people, that a state of war, or at least of mutual reprisals in the shape of feuds and forages, is in the desert chronic. Further it will be realized that where such a state of things prevails, courage and fighting capacity are and always have been the qualities held in highest repute. A good fighter is an asset to the whole tribe, and the whole tribe unites to do him honor. Where nothing can be gained but by force, or kept save on the same terms, he who is most enterprising in arms will naturally be held a pillar of society. And opinion on this point has never wavered, for the desert has always been the cockpit of conflicting interests that it is to-day. There is nothing in this matter to choose between Arabia and the even more arid tracts of the Sahara. The same species of anarchy tempered by the vendetta rules in either, and the same traits, courage, endurance, fierceness, implacable resolution, and an eager promptitude in rushing to arms, are equally esteemed over both continents.

This, indeed, we may call the basis of Arab character, for from this all its other attributes seem to spring. If life under desert conditions, and among people of so inflammable a disposition, is to remain possible for a week, a certain measure of self-restraint and acceptance of a reciprocal decorum evidently becomes a first necessity. The restraint which there are no laws to impose, is to a certain extent guaranteed by Arab manners and Arab etiquette. It has been said that, in the days of duelling, when the slightest

discourtesy was apt to place a man opposite the point of a rapier, the manners even of Englishmen were marked by a singular elegance and dignity.

Brave and haughty, the Bedouins of the desert are keen to note the least cause of offence and prompt to resent it. It follows that if intercourse is to be carried on, that it must be conducted not only with the utmost dignity, but with the utmost delicacy. In truth I have seen nothing in the manners of any other people that can compare in these respects with the etiquette of the desert. The sheyk who welcomes the stranger to his tent is equally conscious of his own worth and of his guest's, and his sense of both is expressed in his gracious yet grave courtesy. High strung and excitable as the Arab temperament is, so much so that on occasions when he gives rein to his passions he seems in his abandonment of fury more like a demon or Bedlamite broke loose than a sane mortal, yet as a rule, especially among those of whose friendship he is in doubt, his mien is of the most perfect self-possession. It is no doubt owing to his gravity and self-restraint that the slightest glance, gesture, or turn of the head often seems so unusually expressive. The writer can call to mind instances when perhaps without a word spoken, by a movement of the hand, an inclination of the head, a glance, or a smile, an effect has been produced, and an emotion expressed in such a way as to create in his memory an indelible impression.

These are advantages to which all are susceptible. Wherever men meet singly or in twos or threes, the Arab's figure is one of almost unquestioned superiority. That self-confident yet self-contained bearing, that proud step, that grave composure, which is nevertheless sensitive and responsive to the slightest incentive, all seem to mark him out as a creature superior to the ordinary run of mortals. It is so he impresses all observers.

Whether he is met with in his native desert, or in the bazaars of a city, or among the swamps of the central Soudan herding his wretched slaves and driving them on their hopeless journey to the coast, there is always something in the ways of the man which extorts admiration. Collectively indeed the Arab is totally ineffective. He is an arrant individualist, a creature of whim and impulse, careless of principle or any recognized code of laws; acting always as the passion of the moment dictates, he possesses no moral or mental standard which can be proposed for universal acceptance, and be made a bond of unity. Essentially unintel-

lectual, his plans and ideas never, save under the impetus of his periodical explosions of religious frenzy, extend beyond his own immediate circle or the present moment of time. He does not engage in common tasks. He cannot speak for a nation or a community. The strength of collective action is unknown to him. Hence whenever it is a question of a people against a people, of discipline, subordination, a plan of campaign, coöperation, obedience to orders, and all the precepts which move large bodies of men with power and effect, the Arab is still a mere savage. Furious as his energy is, it is so ill-controlled and ill-directed as to be, against a civilized race, quite ineffective. It will be noticed that these limitations have always prevailed. The Arab has in no way changed from what he was a thousand or two thousand years ago. He has only been formidable to effete and broken civilizations. The Romans easily hold him confined to his native sands. So do we; so do the French. It was not till the Empire broke that the Bedouin dared show his nose outside the desert, and since then it has only been so long as the European nations have remained themselves in the barbarian stage that he has remained outside. The power of collective action, of discipline, and the spirit of organization, in a word, the gradual prevalence of an intellectual civilization is what has been detrimental to the Arab, and driven him back once more upon his own impregnable haunts. He is as brave to-day as ever he was, and brave in exactly the same way, but his bravery cannot and never could make headway against an enemy whose tactics are controlled by a reasoned plan of campaign.

Nevertheless in spite of this collective futility, the individual prestige remains. Compare an Arab tribesman with an English tradesman; compare any child of the desert with the usual run of tourists who haunt the hotels and gardens of Biskra; compare for matter of that, man to man, Bedouin and Dervish, with English tommies, asking simply in either case how, as a specimen of manhood, do the types compare, and I am bound to say the answer will seldom be pleasing to European vanity. Insensibly it is always to the collective capacity of his nation that the Englishman or Frenchman refers. He will write to the press; he will call in the police; he will ask a question in parliament; he will put the law in force. At the back of his mind is the vision of the huge engine of Western civilization, with its armies and navies and scientific might and majesty, and stores of knowledge, and diplomacy and ministers. In these things resides his sense of su-

periority, his condescension, and patronizing airs. Short and fat, habituated to artificial comforts, used to overeating and overdrinking himself, physically contemptible, shrinking instinctively from the least fear of personal insecurity, he is none the less aware of the vast powers of the state which backs him up, of which he is a member, which is ready to second his weakness with its strength. On no such support does his rival lean. Trained in the desert school of hardship and endurance, straight, sinewy, a good mover, keen-eyed and vigilant, accustomed to danger and to meeting it alone; self-reliant in the highest degree; brave and haughty, with the courtesy which is ready to grant to others what it claims for itself—thus richly endowed though he is, the Bedouin can appeal to no adventitous aids, no strength beyond his own. He stands alone, a solitary figure but a noble one, gazing at a hostile world with the stern calmness of one whose life training has made him self-sufficient.

The reader should have, I think, no difficulty in gauging the type, even though he may never have been brought into contact with the Arab people. Let me remind him that it is a universal ideal. It must be perfectly evident to a visitor or sojourner among Arabs what the conception of manhood is which commands general acceptance. It is evident because in this respect there is no diversity of opinion. All are aiming at the same mark. Further, if we turn back into Arab history, we shall find that this ideal has never changed or developed in the least particular. Exactly what all Arabs (genuine Arabs of the desert, I mean) try to be and often are now, they tried to be and often were two thousand years ago. History indeed, properly speaking, the Arabs have none. What they have in place of it is a collection of romantic and thrilling episodes, the adventures and feats of individual heroes, whose actions are almost invariably inspired by a personal motive. By far the most vivid portrait of the kind which has been handed down to us is that drawn by the ballad poets of the great age of Arab poetry, the age when the desert population was gathering and bracing itself for that mighty effort of conquest which is still the most striking event in the history of the world. We may call it a portrait, because though the figures drawn are many, yet they are in reality all one. The sentiments they express never vary, the motives which inspired them remain unchanged. Swift and brave as eagles everyone of them, invariably courteous and dignified in bearing, the reader has the impression after turning over a whole

volume of legends that he has been reviewing the adventures of one and the same individual. Equally is he struck by the fact that the individual is identical with the type with which among the Arab tents of to-day he has become familiar.

Certainly that type has its merits. Its traits are heroic. It captivates the eye. There might almost seem to be no "stopping short" implied in such a realization as this. Yet it has always seemed to the writer, much as he admires it in many respects, that in no race is the limit of human progress in thought and mental development so immovably fixed as in the Arab. The very fact that the ideal he aims at is so palpable and easy to understand, and that so many approximate to it, makes the stoppage at that point the more marked. It is not exactly easy to indicate in what the Arab philosophy is deficient, for the things that it is deficient in are not of the kind which submit themselves to an exact definition. It may, however, be pointed out that every race which has, in matters of thought (whether expressed in philosophy, poetry or art), attained to that accent which we recognize as of permanent value, has always definitely abandoned the standpoint at which the Arab has remained fixed. The virile ideal, as we have called it, is essentially clear-cut. It signifies one who in such practical matters as feats of arms and attack and defence is a better man than his neighbor; who can overbear others; inflict his own will upon them; assert himself against all opposition; carry his point, and clear his adversaries from his path. This is the self-assertive as contrasted with the receptive type of character, and I say that every race, ere it could really illumine any subject, ere it could, instead of merely looking at the external aspect, look into the depths of such a subject, has always, as the preliminary condition of such insight, been called upon to set this ideal on one side, and has had to realize that the capacity for efficient thought actually depends on the development of the very opposite theory, the theory of self-obliteration and total discard of all merely egotistical claims. I am not thinking only of moral and religious precepts. What I am concerned to point out is that, in the intellectual and social spheres in Western communities, the same considerations prevail. It is evidently the case that social and communal coherence and progress are dependent on the aptitude of individual units in adopting the collective point of view, and considering, in all matters of national government and local administration, the interests of society as a whole. Whosoever is in the least familiar with the

work done by the town councils of our country towns, will be aware how universal this communal sense, as I may call it, is in a country like England. This is where we shine. Take our little bourgeois whom we supposed in such unequal competition with the Arab sheyk, and set him to doing social work which necessitates a ready and sympathetic appreciation of other people's rights and other people's claims, and the stern suppression of all unduly individualistic or unduly selfish tendencies, and immediately his superiority appears. The entire process of local self-government, carried out so universally, smoothly, and successfully among what we call civilized races, would be, and is, to the Arab, an entirely incomprehensible proceeding. Nothing he has ever seen or heard of in life in the least resembles it, nor can his imagination picture such a social condition. The truth is he does not possess in his own character that instinct of altruism which makes such a view of life possible. Haughty, proud, and gallant as he is, yet his individual pride and gallantry are no cement for building up the social fabric.

In just the same way, in all matters relating to investigation, scientific discovery, and intellectual research generally, precisely the same limitation in Arab intelligence is laid down. We are all very well aware that in such matters the discovery of the truth depends, as a primary condition, on the disinterestedness of the inquirer. His mind must be free from prejudice and bias. He must give himself up to his subject. Self with its personal predilection must have no influence on his mental attitude, but setting such personal intrusions wholly on one side, he must be content to follow, humbly and like a little child, wherever truth may lead him. Thus, of course, this condition of all intellectual discovery and mental progress, is itself but the further exercise, in the intellectual sphere, of what in the moral sphere we call by its various names of self-denial, self-surrender, self-abnegation, all of which condition primarily the total abandonment and obliteration of the egotistical standpoint.

What I would suggest to the reader is that two points of view, each distinct from or opposed to the other, are indicated by the facts we have briefly stated. Life may be looked at from the personal point of view as a matter of individual concern, success in which is measured by individual energy and self-assertiveness, or it may be looked at from the altruistic standpoint, which places the attainment of anything of value, the opening up of what is inward

and intrinsic in any line of thought, in the completeness with which just those motives which weigh heaviest in the former case are obliterated. There is a chasm between these two standpoints. Their interpretations of life are of a different order. The interpretation of the former, whether moral, intellectual or social, is superficial and ineffective. It deals with the outsides and appearances of things. Its poetry is rhetoric and bravado; its science is a blind man's guess; its human ideal is next door to an animal one; its religious faith remains always in that phase when it can be adequately maintained by the scimitar. This is the point at which the Arab advance stops short. If the heroes of desert song, the captains of the first great Arab exodus and the chiefs and Mahdis who occasionally to-day arise out of the burning solitudes of Africa and Arabia to hurl themselves at the nearest manifestation of discipline and organization, are all as closely similar as peas in the same pod, the reason is that one and all they adopt and are satisfied with the virile ideal, the ideal of self-assertion.

The further step forward, the step which means freedom from self and the power to explore the inner mystery of all subjects, has been denied to the Arab race. And if the reader would ask why this is so, and how it comes that by generation after generation the same point of progress has been regularly attained and never exceeded, I would refer him once more to the influence of the desert, and to that cast iron rigidity in which life in the desert is held. The desert life is hard and difficult. There are no resources on which large settled communities can exist, and, therefore, they do not exist, and therefore again, the virtues which settled communities develop are not developed. Wandering perpetually on the intractable and forlorn surface of sand, the Bedouin finds his chief succor in his own courage; his own constant vigilance; his own physical fortitude and endurance. Day by day, and year by year, the appeal to all those qualities, which belong to the virile side of human nature, is constant and unremitting. Life itself is conditional on the cultivation and maintenance of those qualities. He must know how to right his own wrongs; how to defend his own possessions; how to endure with ascetic self-control the rigors of that awful climate, or he will be trodden under and perish.

Is it strange that with all life's opportunities directed to the cultivation of a certain set of faculties, those faculties should develop into racial characteristics? There has always been the

desert. In the twilight of history the nomad tribes that may faintly be discerned roaming Arabian sands were the facsimile of those who roam them to-day. For how many centuries the generations of that breed have been subject to the handling of the same weird environment, there is no guessing. But the work done has been well done. The impress of the desert is indelible. Not only in physical appearance, in gait and bearing, in the expression of his face and the proportions of his figure, is the Arab unmistakably the desert's child, but by all that he reveres and despises in human nature; by his respect for the dominant self-assertive attitude, and contempt for more gentle and receptive, deeper, and in the end stronger, traits and attributes—by this and by the hard superficiality of thought which results from such a view of life, and which has belonged to him in all ages, his parentage is equally declared. I spoke, to begin with, of the power and the influence which appeared to hold the Moslem faith itself in a kind of stony immobility. That immobility of the orthodox mind does but reflect, however, the immobility of Arab life and thought. Whence then do Arab life and thought derive their immobility? As I ask the question a landscape of burning sand scattered with stones and seamed with reefs, that changes never, but is to-day what it was ten thousand years ago, rises to my mind's eye, and the desert gives the answer.

ALL-ALONE JIM.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

IT was the end of an October day. Above the dark pines and chaparral-covered spurs of the foothills, the purple peaks of the Sierras in the rays of the setting sun were like pillars of cloud and light supporting the dome of the sky. Over the face of the cliffs fell an avalanche of flame and gleaming violet; behind them stretched a sea of amber. After a time white mists touched with rose rolled up from the gorges in whose depths lie the mining camps, beside the clear brooks and rivers that now were low for lack of rain. An hour later the curtain of mist was torn away by the breeze, showing the colossal mountain walls apparently holding up a roof of stars.

All-Alone Jim was a plain, rough miner, yet he loved this view of the evening heavens, as well as the spectacle of the sunset, to which he could look up, from the door of his shack on the rocky ledge a short distance from the Divide, where he was sinking a shaft. Jim had not always been the silent, morose man known to the recent arrivals at the settlement below in the cañon—two lines of cabins forming a single street that led in a zigzag fashion, but by a short cut, nevertheless, from the smelter to the saloon.

Once he and his partner, Ned Naulty, had been the most adventurous spirits of the gulch. The gold for which they burrowed like moles in the earth or washed out the placers, they lost as easily to faro and tanglefoot; but these were their worst shortcomings, and no man could say they ever deserted a friend or took an unfair advantage of an enemy. All-Alone Jim was steadier now, since he and Ned had agreed to go, each his own way. Ned's way had led him far from the ravine, farther into the heart of the hills, where he heard there was good prospecting. Jim retained their old claim on the mountain side, and only went down to the settlement to exchange small quantities of gold dust for provisions. It was said he and Ned had quarrelled. But no one knew the cause of the trouble or who was to blame.

That was two years ago. In a mining camp new faces come,

and once familiar faces pass, like the shadows of a day. No news of Ned came back to the settlement; Jim refused to take another partner, but he never received a letter from Naulty. Ned's name was no longer spoken in the cañon. He had passed completely out of its life. Did anyone miss him? Was the hale, practical, hard-handed Jim lonely to-night as, coming out of his bark-roofed cabin, he looked up at the sky?

"The stars make a pretty showing, but all the same thar'll be rain before long," he said aloud.

His mountain craft was not at fault. Even while he sat on the tree stump beside his door, the glory of the heavens began to fade. The breeze, the first for months that had a breath of moisture in it, blew stronger from the south, gray clouds stole from crag to crag. To an imaginative mind they might have seemed the sceptres of men who had lost their lives in the mines, the wraiths of bandits hanged for horse thieving, or of desperadoes who had been shot in the gambling dens that made some of the towns in the valleys reproductions of the Inferno. But Jim feared no miner, faro dealer, or Mexican greaser, dead or alive, and to him clouds boded simply rain, wind or snow.

"Nature ain't up to any tomfoolery, she just means business," he often said. Now, as the force of the wind increased, he could hear it breaking like the waves of the sea against the bulwarks of granite far up in the mountains.

"Yes, the night's goin' ter be wild, and thar'll be plenty doin'," he continued, communing with himself. "Who knows what help may come to some fellow who is down on his luck, or what ruin may be wrought afore morning! I've seen a big pocket opened by the up-rooting of a tree, or a year's work lost by the giving away of a bank; both tricks of a storm."

Entering the cabin, he secured the door, not against possible human interlopers, but to prevent any wandering bear from taking him unaware, and as a protection against the cold and the rain now falling steadily. Throwing a great piece of bark on the fire that burned smokily in the chimney, he lay down in his bunk, dressed as he was in flannel working shirt and trousers. Few travelers passed over the Divide at this season, but whenever a tempest threatened, he held himself ready to render assistance to any chance wanderer from the trail. It was very dark now, and the blast shrieked among the giant cliffs, crashed through the ravines and swept through the pine belt, plucking up great trees as though

they were but saplings. Several times All-Alone Jim stirred, fancying he heard a cry above the sounds of the storm. Springing up, he opened the door and listened, only to decide he must have dreamed that some one called.

Toward morning the wind died away, and all became strangely still. At dawn he saw that the day promised to be fair, but the ledge, the Divide, and the over-towering Sierras were covered with snow. Here among the foothills, however, the first snowfall was light. The beautiful, perfect autumn had but donned the white veil of a novice and stolen away to the cloister of the eternal hills, whose thousand spires and pinnacles gave back to the rising sun tints of rose, and blue, and violet as though, like the roof of the cathedral of Santiago de Chili, it was covered with mother-of-pearl. The lonely miner turned his eyes from the serrated mountains to the cañon-settlement, whose bark roofs, under the touch of the snow, were indistinguishable from the floor of the chasm. When fate or the elements lend their aid to intrench us in our chosen solitude, how quickly we stretch out our hands to grasp at human sympathy and companionship!

"I reckon I'll go down for stores to-day," Jim murmured as if in excuse to himself for the "hankering" he felt for a sight of the faces of the men in the gorge. "But Jerusalem!" he added staring blankly before him, "if thar ain't some one coming up here. In the town they likely want to know if the wind blew me away. Halloo!"

Jim's shout ringing down the hillside, reached the ears of the traveler, who, mounted on a little mustang, was pressing on through the snow in an effort to climb the Divide. He raised a hand as a signal that he heard. Both the man and his beast appeared exhausted.

"No. It is a stranger not used to his bearings. He's been wandering about all night," exclaimed Jim.

With a sweep of his arm he pointed out the trail. The stranger understood. After a time he succeeded in gaining it, and came on with better speed. As he drew nearer, Jim saw he was a "tenderfoot," for he wore conventional city clothes, though he carried a long rifle across his saddle bow. When he reached the ledge, he swung himself off his horse, left the animal standing motionless where he had reined him in, and without a word to the owner of the shack, entered it and walked up to the fire.

"Dog-gone it, he is near froze to death," muttered the miner,

adding in a louder tone, "keep away from the heat a bit, stranger, until you get warmed up inside."

He poured for the visitor a draught that would have rendered even an Indian loquacious. Dumbly the man gulped it down, and stood back a little, swinging his arms and moving about to restore the normal circulation. A kettle of hot water hung over the blaze, for Jim had not yet breakfasted. Without appearing to notice the silence of his guest, he hastened to prepare a black decoction known in the camps as coffee, and, having fried a rasher of bacon over the raked-out embers, presently announced that the meal was served with the hospitality of an ideal host. The stranger shook his head. For some moments he had again been wheeling slowly around before the hearth.

"If he was b'ar's meat, he'd be done to a turn," Jim mentally soliloquized.

"Ah, I was mighty near my finish," his unexpected companion at last ejaculated, with the sigh of one who contrasts the comfort of pleasant surroundings with the privations through which he has passed.

A mug of the steaming coffee which his host once more pressed upon him, completed the process of his thawing out.

"They told me at the settlement last night that I would buck into a storm," he drawled, "but I laughed at them, because the sky was so thick with stars. I've been astray some ten hours. No, I did not see the light of your fire shining through the window. The mist and the falling snow shut it out. In trying to turn back to the village, I only became more hopelessly confused. I've come up the Divide in search of one Jim Whitton. When I get limbered out enough to go on, will you direct me to his cabin?"

"Stranger, you have no call to go farther," replied Jim, stretching out a rough hand in welcome, "I'm your man. Stay right whar you are. Your beast has found the shelter of the shed, trust a mustang for that. I'll look after him."

The miner would have thought it discourteous to betray his amazement by over-haste in inquiring the object of this surprising visit. Going out he found the tired broncho under the rude roof that afforded a protection to his own horse, gave him water and food, and then returned to the cabin. Seating himself by the hearth opposite to his guest he said:

"Well, stranger, if you're ready, fire away."

"I'm Hitchens, an attorney from Sacramento," began the

other, now sufficiently revived to remember his professional dignity. "You once had a partner known as Naulty, didn't you—Ned Naulty? It is because of him I am here."

At the mention of a name that until recently had been oftenest on his lips, All-Alone Jim sat up straight in his chair. Perhaps it was the firelight that suddenly made his sun-burned face look a deep coppery red. The next moment, however, his eyes shone with a pleasant light, and he answered heartily:

"You're right, stranger. Ned and I were partners through thick and thin for fifteen years. A while back, we had a quarrel. It don't matter now what 't was about. Maybe I was wrong, and maybe he was. Neither of us would back down. Id'ots you'll say? So we were. But the upshot was we parted, vowing we never wanted to see or speak to each other again."

"And you have not met since?"

"No. But say, stranger, if Ned's got in any trouble and has sent for me, or you've heard tell that I was his friend, why, thunder and lightning, I am his friend still, and will help him up to my last notch or for all I can borrow."

"He is not in any trouble—that is—ahem, I hope not," replied the lawyer.

"I might have know'd. Ned was always honest, and peaceable for the most part," continued Jim proudly. "Is it business difficulties then? How much will set him on his feet? He is welcome to whatever I have. Or, p'haps he thinks he ought to get something from this claim? He went off so sudden we never settled. The claim hasn't paid, but I'll check off for you what I've got out of it, and I'm ready to give him a share. Ned will take my statement without oath, unless he's changed mightily."

"You have not prospered since you separated from Naulty," interrupted the lawyer, while his sharp eyes took on a still shrewder expression.

"No. But there's no use telling that to Ned, 'specially if he's broke. How much of the dust does he need?"

"Mr.—er—Whitton, you misunderstand me," said Hitchens. "Last year Ned Naulty struck a good gravel claim on the Feather. They had been turning up the river bed and he—in fact, he cleared up a fortune."

A wide smile irradiated Jim's plain face. He stroked his long mustache and laughed like a boy. "Wall, wall, I'm powerful glad to hear of Ned's luck for all we are out," he chuckled in unfeigned

delight. "P'haps then he wants to put some more in these diggings. Tell him not to; that is my advice."

"Yes, he struck it rich," the lawyer went on in the same impassive tone, "but that did not do him much good. A few weeks ago a tunnel caved in on him. He was taken down to the hospital at Sacramento, but it wasn't any use."

Jim started to his feet as if he had been shot. His countenance changed from its swarthy red to an ashen gray, and his eyes had in them a look like the piteous appeal of a dumb animal cruelly wounded, which so resembles the expression of a human being stricken to the heart.

"You don't mean to say Ned has gone up the shaft," he cried, "that Ned's dead?"

Hitchens bowed his head.

"I was called to see him the day before yesterday," he said. "He lived only long enough to place his affairs in my hands. His will he had drawn up himself, and the signature had been duly witnessed by two of the hospital nurses."

All-Alone Jim did not hear the attorney's concluding words. He stepped to the door, threw it open, passed out, and, without coat or head covering, strode away up the Divide. The air was bitterly cold, but he was unconscious of its stinging sharpness; the wind lifted the long locks that hung over his forehead; it beat and buffeted him as if to force him back. But, heeding it no more than if it had been a summer zephyr, like an apparition he passed through the pines to the solitudes beyond the timber belt. An hour elapsed. At the end of that time, he re-entered the cabin as silently as he had left it, and stood a moment before the hearth. Then dragging a bark chair from a corner he set it before the fire. "That thar was Ned's chair," he said dropping into his own.

The lawyer who had been taking a cursory inventory of his surroundings, in the absence of his host, resumed his place, leaned back complacently, put his finger tips together, and continued what he was saying before the miner had rushed away:

"Naulty's disposition of his fortune is peculiar," he went on. "There are several legacies, but the residue goes to found a home for the decrepit mules and mustangs used about the mines where he was hurt. To three male cousins, who turned up after he struck pay dirt, however, he bequeaths five thousand dollars each. Also, as a proof that he had no hard feeling at the last, he gives a like sum to his former partner, James Whitton."

"What! Poor old Ned left me five thousand dollars?" exclaimed Jim with an incredulous stare. "Wall—I never! Wish I'd been thar, just to take him by the hand and tell him our quarrel was honary foolishness; that I've been sorry for my part of it many a time."

"But to these bequests to the cousins and yourself are attached restrictions and conditions," added Hitchens warningly.

"H'm! I'm not keen for the money, though I don't say it mightn't come handy," admitted Jim, glancing down at his rough clothes, and remembering the practically unlimited credit for stores and gunpowder the news that he had five thousand dollars in bank would obtain for him in the cañon. "But Ned might have know'd I'd do anything he chose to ask."

The smooth even voice of the man opposite to him did not vary.

"According to the directions I received, I made the necessary arrangements for the postponement of the burial until the day after to-morrow. I must inform you, nevertheless, that Naulty positively forbids the beneficiaries of his will to be present."

"I reckon the played-out mules and jackasses will obey," remarked Jim with grim humor.

"I mean the legatees," Hitchens explained, betraying the merest shade of irritation. "If any one of the four men mentioned attends the funeral or burial, he loses his five thousand dollars."

"Ned didn't want *me* to go?" Jim's voice broke, and, to conceal his emotion, he hastily bent over the fire and stirred it with a chip of the bark.

"No. The words of the will are, 'I've lived lonely, and I want to be buried lonely.' The funeral will be in Sacramento on Saturday." The lawyer mentioned the place and the hour, and then added, "I am bound so to inform the legatees, but the testator's wish will, of course, be observed. No man will be so improvident as to throw away five thousand dollars. Well Mr.—er—Whitton, since, thanks to your hospitality, I'm again in trim for travel, and my broncho is rested, I'll ride back to the gulch. From there I ought to make the next stage for home by sundown."

Whitton went out with him, and helped to saddle the mustang. The guest mounted; the two men shook hands.

"Good-bye, stranger," said Jim, "Ned was a curious chap, but his heart was the right kind. Yes, sir! his heart was just a nugget of solid gold."

Two days later there was an almost desolate interment in the beautiful cemetery of Sacramento. The trappings of wealth were not wanting, but there was no funeral cortege, no train of relatives to whisper to one another of the generous acts or virtues of the man gone from among them. Besides the hirelings in charge, there were present only the chaplain of the hospital and one mourner, a lank, loose-jointed miner from the hills, who wept like a child, and, in his grief, forgot the splendor of his new suit of store clothes, the discomfort of the high, starched collar that nearly choked him, and the bright red necktie donned as a special tribute to the taste of the deceased. Only one mourner, yet who can say that a man has lived in vain if he has made one faithful friend, left a kindly record of his words and deeds upon one loyal heart, and still lives in the thoughts and memory of "one who loved him."

The following morning as Attorney Hitchens sat in his office, he was surprised by a visit from the man whose guest he had recently been in the lonely cabin among the foothills.

"Stranger," said All-Alone Jim, twirling the stiff-brimmed hat whose conventionality clearly taxed his patience, "I've called to own up to you that I've been to see old Ned sent down on his last cage."

"What!" exclaimed the lawyer.

Astonished out of his usual coolness, he lowered his feet, which had been gracefully poised on his desk, and springing up confronted the man who so nonchalantly announced that he had thrown away a horde of the shining gold for which men delved and struggled and fought, and so often gave up their lives in this western Eldorado.

"Yes," Jim continued unrepentantly. "You see, when you left the ledge, after telling me about Ned, I felt so down-hearted, I just couldn't stand it. Ned was the onliest partner I ever had, and I missed him mightily. Those words of his, 'I've lived lonely, and I want to go lonely,' seemed meant for me. Sort of a reproach for lettin' him go away, you know. I made up my mind to come, and I did come. Everything was correct at his send off, stranger. When a miner is strong as a mustang and keen at the diggings, he don't take thought of much else, but he ain't the fool that says in his heart there is no God. When Ned and I were working shares, he made me promise that if anything happened to him I'd go for a priest first off, if I had to ride to Sacramento for one. Gosh, how hot it is down here on the plains!" He mopped his fore-

head and furtively wiped his eyes with a large white handkerchief, which he flourished ostentatiously, and then tucked into the breast pocket of his coat, leaving a corner showing jauntily.

"So you went to the funeral?" repeated the lawyer. With a cordiality bred of his visit to the cabin when something in his nature, as well as his stiffened limbs, had been thawed out, he grasped old Jim's horny hands and wrung them almost boyishly. "Mr. Whitton, I congratulate you," he went on, and his voice had a curious ring of excitement.

"Wall, I do feel better, thank you," replied the miner simply. "Seems as if it would have been mean to skulk coming. I'd have felt mighty small staying at home and taking my five thousand. As I came, in spite of poor Ned's orders, you can parcel the money out between the dumb beasts he was so fond of, and the honary cousins who did not turn up."

"No. The relatives scurried off to San Francisco to get distinguished legal counsel and try to break the will," laughed Hitchens. "But every one of them has missed his chance. Jim, you have lost five thousand, sure enough, but—listen to what I say: You have gained more than a hundred thousand dollars! Ned Naulty's will had a sealed codicil, which, according to his instructions, I did not open until to-day. It gives one hundred thousand dollars to various charities, and the remainder of the estate to the one of the four beneficiaries who shall have disobeyed the condition laid down in the will, or to all of them, in equal shares, if all have disregarded it. In the event that no one of these four legatees turns up at the burial, five thousand dollars goes to the Humane Societies, and the rest augments the charitable fund. As you came, notwithstanding the prohibition, the residue of the estate, which amounts to more than one hundred thousand, belongs to you."

Too amazed to speak, or even to collect his thoughts, All-Alone Jim gazed blankly at the attorney for fully two minutes. Then his honest eyes grew misty, even while his features relaxed into a smile of appreciation of his late partner's posthumous jest.

"Wall that's a good one, stranger," he cried, bringing his closed fist down on the lawyer's desk with a force that shook all the chairs in the room. "Sure as my name's Jim, old Ned put up the whole scheme a purpose. *'Cause he know'd I would come.*"

THE CLERGY AND SOCIAL ACTION IN IRELAND.

BY CHARLES PLATER, S.J.

WHEN critics of the Catholic Church and all her ways are asked for a proof of their favorite contention that Catholicism is prejudicial to national prosperity, they point triumphantly to Ireland. "Here," they cry, "you have a Catholic country dominated by priests. What is the result? The priests do little or nothing for the welfare of the people, the population has dwindled to half its former size, and the people that remain are so destitute and shiftless that the English Government has constantly to be coming to their assistance." The smallest acquaintance with the history of Ireland during the last three centuries, should be enough to close the mouth of such critics.

Not even an outline of that history can be attempted here.* It will be enough to remark that every attempt of the Catholics of Ireland to build up a healthy and prosperous social order was for generations deliberately strangled by the English Government. Apart from the penal laws which deprived Catholics of their liberty, apart from the confiscations and exactions by which they were made to support the religion of their despoilers, deliberate measures were taken to crush, one after another, the industries by which the Catholics of Ireland strove to make a livelihood. "Forbidden to export their cattle to England by the Act of 1665, the Irish landowners turned their land into sheep walks, and began on a large scale to manufacture wool."† This woollen trade flourished exceedingly, and was crushed by Parliament in a series of enactments culminating in 1699. Similar enactments repressed other manufactures. "In fact," says Dr. O'Riordan, "persons engaged in any industry in England had only to make known their actual or impending grievances from a rival industry in Ireland, and an Act was passed according to their petition."‡ Agriculture

*Readers may consult Dr. O'Riordan's excellent book on *Catholicity and Progress in Ireland* (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., 2d ed., 1905) and Mrs. J. R. Green's *The Making of Ireland and Its Undoing* (New York: The Macmillan Co.).

†Lecky, *Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*, vol. i., p. 174.

‡*Loc. cit.*, p. 152.

became the last resource of the harassed people: but agriculture had been made impossible, for Catholics had been disabled from owning land or even from renting it, except on short leases; indeed, the tenants were even forbidden by their leases to break or plough the soil. In merchant industry they were similarly crippled. In short, we see the Catholics of Ireland for generations courageously taking up one after another every possible means of making a living, and being remorselessly driven from it as soon as they began to succeed.

It is, therefore, quite unjust to tax the Catholic clergy of Ireland with any responsibility for the economic troubles of that country. During the penal times the priests could take no public action on behalf of their people. They had to devote themselves in secret to the spiritual needs of their flock: and this they did with an unflinching heroism. Even when Catholic emancipation came, much political work had to be done before anything like social progress was possible. The battle of education remained to be fought. The question of tenure and rent of land remained to be settled. These and similar questions in the main "affected religion, charity, and the lives and existence of the people, and hence through the nineteenth century the Catholic Church took an active part in politics."* That the clergy should take the lead in such political action was inevitable. There was no one else to champion the cause of the people.

Nevertheless even before Ireland was given a chance of working out her social and economic salvation (her religious salvation had been secure throughout), we find bishops and their clergy doing what they could, with their hands tied, to reorganize a shattered social system. Thus eighty years ago we find Archbishop Murray vigorously urging before a vice-regal commission the adoption of certain measures for the restoration of agriculture and the relief of destitution in Ireland. His recommendations, endorsed by the Commission, were swept aside by the British Government, which imposed on the country a system of its own. This system proved a deplorable failure, and it is only now that return is being made to the recommendations of Archbishop Murray.

Now, however, that the disabilities of Catholics in Ireland have been removed, and security of land tenure provided, the clergy have for the first time an opportunity of showing whether

**The Practical Application of Christianity to the Lives of the Irish People To-day*, by the Most Rev. Dr. Kelly, Bishop of Ross. Dublin: Catholic Truth Society, 1906.

their unselfish interest in the people is limited to the performance of spiritual duties, or whether it extends to their social welfare. What use are they making of that opportunity? The clergy of Ireland to-day are, in proportion as the utility of social work becomes evident to them, throwing themselves into that work with all the energy which characterized their former efforts to secure religious and civil liberty for their people. This, it is hoped, will appear from the following pages.

We may begin with agriculture, for it is in this department of social activity that Ireland has made the most remarkable progress of late years. The development of agricultural coöperation in that country is, as Father Thomas Finlay, S.J., wrote ten years ago,* "a phenomenon which deserves the attention of students of economics. It confirms the suggestion of Leo XIII. that coöperation is the resource of the laboring poor, and that by means of it the claims of labor on the wealth it produces can be peacefully and effectually asserted." It is a phenomenon which should prove suggestive to us in England, where fields are deserted and slums overcrowded. Agricultural prosperity makes for national stability: it has an intimate bearing on the moral, social, and religious welfare of a people.

The modern coöperative movement in Irish agriculture began in 1889, when Mr. (afterwards Sir) Horace Plunkett and his friends set to work to apply the coöperative principle to butter making, an industry which threatened to become monopolized by the Danish farmer. A start was made in the south of Ireland, and farmers were invited to combine in order to erect central creameries, employing the most scientific methods, which they might own and work for their own profit and at their own risk.

The difficulties were prodigious, but at the end of five years thirty creameries had been established, and the number of shareholders was one thousand five hundred and nine. The turnover had amounted to £140,780. The milk-supplying farmers gained an increase of profit from their cows of more than thirty per cent. In 1894 was founded the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, with Sir Horace Plunkett as President and Father Finlay as Vice-President, the activities of which are too well known to need description.

Now the point which concerns us is this: the coöperative societies could not have been made a success without the active

*_The Messenger_, New York, December, 1903.

sympathy of the clergy, and as a matter of fact that sympathy has been cordially extended to them. No less than *six hundred* priests take an active part in the work as chairmen or members of committees. But perhaps it may bring the work of the Irish clergy in this matter more vividly before our minds if, instead of multiplying statistics, we examine a few particular instances in which a priest has been able to bring prosperity to his people by means of his social activity.

A case described by Dr. O'Riordan (p. 288) is that of Father Meehan, who some years ago came to Creevelea, a remote district among the mountains of Lietrim, several miles from a railway station. Living was such a difficult matter at Creevelea that a fifth of the population had emigrated in fifteen years. Father Meehan set about to find some means of finding a livelihood for his people. He decided in favor of poultry, bees, gardening, and the like.

> Even then he had first to learn and then to teach his people. .....It was not an easy change from science and modern languages, which he had been teaching with much success for some years before, to the study of poultry, bees, and the growing of apples and pears. But he suffered the change for the sake of his people.

His own proficiency became such that he was accepted as an expert on poultry and bees by periodicals dealing with these subjects; and the proficiency of his people was shown by the prizes which they carried off. The Creevelea Cattle and General Agricultural Show soon became a notable event, and Father Meehan at his own expense held a stall at the Cork exhibition.

> He has also a hall for concerts and plays, which are given by the young people of the place whom he has trained. Besides these and other local works, such as temperance and libraries, he takes a leading part in several public organizations (p. 229).

We must not omit to mention the agricultural credit banks of the Raiffeisen type, which have proved such a success in Ireland. Usury has, in the past, been the curse of the Irish farmer. It not only ruined him, but it demoralized him as well. The credit bank, on the other hand, both promotes his prosperity and develops his character. As a recent writer has said:

> It brings together the most social and economical class in the world, and gives a feeling of solidarity to a number of scattered individuals: it exerts a splendid moral influence by its insistence on a good character, on the proper employment of money, and on punctual repayment, and by the mutual sympathy which it evokes. It has taught the farmer the difference between borrowing to spend and borrowing to produce, the finest lesson in the use of credit which could possibly be learned by a class which has suffered much from dealing on long and ruinous credit.

Now in this matter again the priests have been to the fore. Their influence was required to break down the prejudice with which these banks were at first regarded, and it has been exerted very generously. We may refer to Dr. O'Riordan's account (p. 211) of a bank started by Father Dooley in Galway over twenty years ago.

In cottage gardening, too, the priests have given the lead. We may instance the splendid success which has attended the efforts of Canon Doyle in County Wexford. His Technical Instruction Committee, inaugurated about eight years ago, is not only increasing the resources of the cottagers, but is giving them a notable capacity for self-help and a pride of ownership. Canon Doyle's social activities are by no means confined to promoting cottage gardens. He has worked a veritable revolution in his parish of Tregoat, and his activities extend to the whole of Wexford. Many visitors have admired his "town hall," where he holds frequent meetings of his people, and where he gets them the most skilled instruction that can be obtained in matters agricultural, etc. A wonderful change has come over the homes of his people: they are models of neatness within and without.* The same might be said of the work done by Father Matthew Maguire, P.P., of Trillick, County Tyrone. All over the country halls and reading rooms are springing up, under the guiding influence of the parish priests, which are doing much to enlighten and educate the masses of the people.†

Some idea of the immense amount of social and charitable

*A penny pamphlet published at *The Irish Messenger* office, and entitled *The Reward of Industry*, presents in story form a picture, which is absolutely true to life, of the reforms effected by Canon Doyle at Tregoat.

†Some suggestive remarks on the educational possibilities of these parish libraries may be found in a pamphlet by the Rev. J. O'Donovan, entitled *Village Libraries*, and reprinted from *The Irish Homestead*.

work that is carried on by the parish clergy and the religious bodies in Ireland, may be gathered from the *Handbook of Catholic Social and Charitable Works in Ireland.** As our eye skims the index we come to the conclusion that every imaginable social need is here provided for. The arresting reference "Piscatorial School" makes us turn expectantly to page ninety. The school turns out to be at Baltimore, and the boys "are instructed in fishing industries, boat building, net and sail-making and mending," etc. There are one hundred and fifty pupils, and the manager is a priest. The Vacant Land Cultivation Society (unknown in many English towns where it is badly needed) is established in Dublin, and the Chairman of Committees is a priest. If you wish to join the sewing classes at Navan, you must apply to the local clergy; if, mentally afflicted, you seek a refuge at Stillorgan, you must present yourself to the Father Prior. There are numerous industrial schools under the Christian Brothers; there is an agricultural college conducted by the Franciscan Brothers at Mount Bellew. And so on indefinitely.

Besides being, as we have seen, the backbone of the rural coöperative societies, the priests have identified themselves with most of the industrial and technical movements which have been started in the towns.

> I know of hardly any industrial work [writes Dr. O'Riordan] carried on through the country for the benefit of the people in general, in which priests do not take an active and usually a leading part in initiating and promoting (p. 228).

He gives us an interesting account† of the work carried on by Father Maguire in the parish of Dromore, embracing a village and a country district in the County Tyrone. Father Maguire succeeded in stopping the emigration, which previously had been appalling. A school of lace, crochet, and similar industries was started in September, 1901, with the counsel of Father Finlay, representing the Irish Agricultural Organization Society. Father Finlay himself has described‡ how this work was begun.

> On a Sunday evening in September I met the parishioners, after evening devotions, in an open space outside the church. I explained to them the constitution of a coöperative society, undertook, if they would form a society, to carry their applica-

*Published at *The Irish Messenger* office. †Pages 213-215.

‡*The Struggle for Life in Industrial Ireland:* an article in the New York *Messenger,* December, 1903.

> tion for teachers to the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, and to supply them with designs, and provide a market for their products through a lace agency with which I was connected. At the close of the meeting two hundred girls enrolled themselves as shareholders in the new society. In a month they were at work under skillful teachers. Three months later they sent their first consignment of lace to the agency. Its quality was so good that the buyers found it fit for the London and Paris markets, and sent them a check for eighty pounds. By the end of the year they had sold lace to the value of one thousand pounds; this year (1903) their work will have brought them about three thousand pounds. Some months since I was invited by this society to attend a festivity which celebrated the opening of a new workshop provided by the girls themselves, and capable of accommodating two hundred workers. They did me the honor of presenting me with an illuminated address—gratifying no doubt as a personal compliment, but infinitely more gratifying for one statement which it contained, this, to wit: that since the foundation of the society not one girl had emigrated from the parish. Previously the parish had furnished a contingent of from fifty to sixty girls to the bands of emigrants which left the district about Easter time.

A particularly valuable adjunct to this lace and crochet industry at Dromore consists of Domestic Economy Classes, which are held in the same building. Nor is this all. Lectures, however excellent, require to be supplemented by actual practice in the homes. In 1904 Father Finlay went to Dromore to inaugurate a scheme by which a woman should go from house to house, employing the utensils which each family could afford, and showing how in various circumstances the teaching imparted in the lectures could be put into practice.

Turning from lace to bacon, we may quote a typical extract from the I. A. O. S. report for 1910:

> Mr. Welsh gave an interesting account of the foundation of the bacon factory at Roscrea. He regretted that the Rev. Father Cunningham was not present to tell the story of a successful enterprise in which he (the Reverend gentleman) had so large a part. The town of Roscrea was a poor dull town, possessing no industrial business above that of a shop. The country around was a good pig-raising country. The farmers felt that they had not been receiving a proper price for their pigs,

> and a bacon factory was suggested by an inspired person. But money was required to buy pigs, and a factory was required to deal with the meat. A meeting of the local people was held, but when money was asked they melted away. But Father Cunningham, who was the head and front of the business, was not discouraged. He said he would canvass his parishioners and those who had been at the meeting. The result was that he had got four thousand persons to take shares in the company that started the factory.....The business was going ahead.....Orders were so numerous that they were not able to fulfill them all.

Strangers seldom appreciate the significance of the Gaelic League as a social force. They are apt to regard it as a misguided attempt to resuscitate a vanishing native tongue. It is, as a matter of fact, a much-needed corrective to certain anti-social forces which threaten Irish life: it recalls to the people their splendid tradition in art and literature. It brightens their homes, and lifts their spirits out of the despondency to which centuries of oppression had reduced them. It is far more truly an educative force than many institutions which profess to educate.

Here, again, the priests have been the mainspring of the movement, though they did not initiate it. Dr. Douglas Hyde, the President of the Gaelic League, has dilated enthusiastically to the present writer on the cordial and unflagging coöperation of the Catholic clergy in the work of the League.

One of the most important and successful branches of social reform promoted by the clergy of Ireland has been the temperance movement. Here the priests are the chief and almost the sole workers in the field. The triumphs of Father Mathew have been repeated by Father Cullen, S.J., who has gathered some two hundred and sixty thousand people into the ranks of his "Pioneers," bound to total abstinence, and whose *Temperance Catechism* has reached a circulation of three hundred thousand copies. About one-third of the secular priests and a large percentage of all the religious orders are total abstainers for life. Some years ago the bishops especially entrusted to the Capuchin Fathers the task of promoting the temperance propaganda. This they have done with a zeal and an energy that are beyond all praise.

Lastly the western bishops, with the Archbishop of Tuam at their head, inaugurated a movement some years ago for the promotion of temperance in that part of Ireland. Their efforts have

been so successful (mainly through the medium of temperance retreats and missions in the various parishes) that drunkenness has largely disappeared in these parts.

Another need which is beginning to be supplied in Ireland is that of social education. *The Irish Messenger,* under the direction of Father MacDonnell, S.J., has long been publishing useful articles on domestic economy, cottage gardens, temperance, and the like, and from the same office, as well as from that of the Irish Catholic Truth Society, has come a certain number of useful pamphlets on social subjects. A few books have been published by priests, such as Father Kelleher's volume on *Private Ownership,* and Father O'Laughlin's *Elements of Social Science and Political Economy,* translated from Dardano. But on the whole the Irish clergy have given us singularly little in the way of social literature, as compared with the numerous works by French or German priests.

Of late years there has been an important movement in the direction of organizing study clubs, and interesting the educated laity as well as the working classes in social study. Prominent in this most necessary work stands the " Leo Guild," founded in Dublin in May, 1912, by a group of university laymen. A priest acts as director of studies, and many of the clergy take an active interest in this scheme, which promises to give a decided impulse and a right direction to Catholic social effort in Ireland. The cause of social reform in Ireland has received many warm expressions of approval from the bishops, who have encouraged the priests to take part in it. The Bishop of Ross, in the Inaugural Address delivered at the Catholic Truth Society Conference of 1905, said:

> This movement for agricultural and industrial improvement and development has reached our own country. The movement is yet in its infancy, but it is struggling to rise from its cradle, to stand on its feet, and to march steadily over the land. In many districts the priests have been active and successful workers. In other districts the priests have held more or less aloof. A few, perhaps, are still unconvinced of the necessity or utility of such work. I venture to plead for general activity along the whole line.

Cardinal Logue at the annual meeting of the Maynooth Union, June 27, 1912, spoke as follows:

> I do not see why we should not do in some way in this country what has been done in Belgium. In Belgium, I believe, they pick out a number of priests, and these priests take a special

> course in agriculture at the Catholic University at Louvain, I believe, for the purpose of being able to advise the people afterwards, and I think it would be a magnificent thing if, by summer schools or post-graduate courses in the new National University, there was some opportunity for a number of the priests to make themselves up in this subject.....We are only groping our way, directed simply by common sense, and without an adequate knowledge of the principles. If the principles were thoroughly studied the priests of the country would be able to advise the people, and, I think, it would do a great deal towards keeping them correct, and properly safeguarded against the danger of being carried away by agitators. When I speak of agitators, I don't mean honest men who are trying to benefit and improve the people, but there are self-interested agitators. In future Irish priests must do a great deal for the direction of the people. I don't mean that they should enter as much into politics as formerly, but in social questions you must do a great deal for the direction of the people, and be possessed of the necessary qualifications to enable you to direct them wisely and to direct them well.*

Besides Cardinal Logue and the Bishop of Ross (whose work on Parliamentary Commissions is so highly valued), other members of the hierarchy have stood forward prominently in this movement, and given it special encouragement, as, for instance, Dr. Foley, the Bishop of Kildare, Dr. Browne of Cloyne, Dr. Sheehan of Waterford, and Dr. O'Donnell of Raphoe, the last-named having been for many years a member of the Congested Districts' Board. This list is by no means exhaustive.

Even this slight sketch of the social activity of the clergy of Ireland may have made it clear that they have already accomplished much. Yet it is hardly necessary to add that more remains to be done. It is evident that Ireland has the prospect of a great period of social development, in which the priests are the natural leaders. Not that it is possible or desirable for them to take the whole of the work upon their own shoulders, since the coöperation of the laity is becoming increasingly necessary: but the clergy here may well be (as, indeed, to a great extent they already are) the inspiring influence, guiding and encouraging and training the lay workers, keeping prominently before the minds of the people the great social principles laid down by the Catholic Church. Perhaps in no country in the world has Catholicism such a splendid

*From the report in *The Freeman's Journal*, June 28, 1912.

opportunity as in Ireland of establishing a healthy social order, and of showing to the world an example of that fair and prosperous commonwealth for which Leo XIII. would have us strive. In other lands the issues have been confused, and the minds of large sections of the people poisoned by irreligion and its accompanying anti-social tendencies, or else committed to doctrinaire systems which promote hygiene at the cost of liberty. Hitherto Irish social enterprise, as we have seen, has been hampered and crippled. Now it is getting its opportunity. The Catholic world is watching with sympathy, trusting to see Ireland, inspired by that teaching of which the clergy are the custodians, display the beauty of a supernatural faith reflected in a worthy social order.

THE CONSOLER OF THE AFFLICTED.

BY DEBORAH TALLMAN.

Like Chryses, who, with priceless gems and gold
As succour for the "dear imprisoned feet
Of his fair daughter," sought the Grecian fleet,
And found that all his pleading left them cold,
His piteous offering spurned, then, sad and old,
Carried his bruised heart to Minerva's shrine,
Pouring his tears as sacrificial wine,
Showed her his wounds and all his sorrow told;

So for my child, with feet more firmly fast,
And pitifully still her lovely hands,
When all my faith in earthly help is past,
No human skill breaking those cruel bands,
Here to the Temple I have come at last
Bringing my grief to Her who understands.

THE WESTMINSTER VERSION OF THE SACRED SCRIPTURES.

BY JOSEPH KEATING, S.J.

FROM the facts of history, and from the intrinsic nature of written records, we have ample proof that God's providence never intended the Bible to be man's sole external guide to the knowledge of His will and purpose. It is totally unfitted for such a function. It needs some living authority to guarantee it, some actual intelligence to explain it. It is the result of the gradual growth of over twelve hundred years, and lay for many centuries out of the direct reach of millions of those for whose benefit it was designed. Moreover, it is equally plain that, in order to fulfill its providential function, God did not think it necessary that His Word should come to His creatures immune from all the accidents which transmission by human agency exposed it to; it is colored throughout by the circumstances of its origin—the varied occasions which called it forth, the different personal aims of its writers, their diverse mentality and education, the limitations of their literary vehicles—it has not wholly escaped the risks of documents confided to perishable material, and has been preserved through the ages only by means of the incessant transcription of fallible human copyists; finally, it reaches the vast majority of its audience merely through vernacular translations, all more or less faulty as all translations must be. Even in our Lord's day, the very race which produced the Old Testament used habitually an early Greek rendering of the Hebrew, the work of writers imperfectly acquainted with either language. And St. Augustine assures us that many even of the earliest Christians read the Apostolic message through the medium of imperfect Latin translations.*

The event shows, then, that God's purpose in the Bible has been secured, although we have not got absolutely correct copies of its original forms, or an absolutely faultless rendering of them. On the other hand, we are sure that what the Church has preserved for us represents with substantial accuracy the contents and purport of the divine Message. We are certain, of course, that no knowledge necessary for salvation has perished through accidents

**De Doct. Christ.*, II., 11.

to which the written Bible has been exposed, and we may further conclude that none of the uncertainties and obscurities which still baffle us in Holy Writ has ever actually prevented the access of any Christian soul to God. It is to His Church, not to His Bible, that He has entrusted the communication of the fruits of His Life and Death—His *copiosa redemptio*. The Bible is but one of the means of grace entrusted to the Church, and, in the exercise of her trust, according to the varying circumstances of the times, the Church has given to her children, or withheld from them, free access to the actual text of Holy Scripture. But never has she deprived them of the full measure of that Scripture Truth of which she alone is the Pillar and the Ground.

However, the need, the expediency, even the possibility, of disciplinary enactments of that kind have long since passed away. What was reasonable and advisable in a world mainly Catholic, to which printing was unknown, became impracticable under changed conditions. Henceforward, the Church's main concern was that her members should have not only the Bible, but the means of understanding it aright. The idea of vernacular translations was not new, but it had been abused by Wickliffe and other heretics, and therefore discouraged by authority. Now, although the principle of private interpretation was sufficiently discredited by the absurdities to which it led, it was thought the safe course to put into the hands of all a text provided, where necessary, with authoritative notes. Certain restrictions still remained, rendered advisable by the polemics of the day, but gradually the Tridentine legislation became in effect abrogated, as Pope after Pope began to urge the faithful, long unaccustomed to the practice, to seek direct nourishment for their souls in the fertile pastures of God's authentic Word. In our own days the present Pontiff and his immediate predecessor have been especially emphatic in recommending the Holy Scriptures to the perusal and meditation of Catholics.*

There is no doubt that their exhortations have been heeded, and an immense stimulus given to the study of the Bible amongst Catholics in these times. But it may be questioned whether their words have borne quite adequate fruit in regard to the practice of private Scripture reading amongst the ordinary faithful. Can we say, for instance, that the laity show a much more intimate

*For instance: "Let all understand how deeply the Sacred Books should be esteemed, and with what eagerness (the faithful) should approach this arsenal of heavenly arms. But this (eager reverence) is impossible unless the Scriptures are studied and read continuously." Leo XIII.'s Encyclical, *Providentissimus Deus* (1893).

acquaintance with the New Testament than can be gleaned from the Sunday Epistles and Gospels? One may hope so, and the large and continuous sale of the handy edition of the Gospels issued by the English Catholic Truth Society bears out the hope.* But if they do, they do so in face of many practical deterrents. This brings us to the immediate subject of our paper.

Our current English versions of the Bible are not only uncouth, inaccurate, and obscure in many places, but, owing to the prevalence of an unfortunate tradition, are commonly printed unworthily, and inadequately arranged and edited. They are neither as accurate or as readable as they might easily, and should properly, be. Attempts have often been made to remedy the first of these defects. The great Bishop Challoner in 1749, some hundred and forty years after its publication, revised the original "Douay" so drastically that Newman did not hesitate to call the result a new translation. As far as intelligibility goes, it was certainly a vast improvement on the work which it superseded. Once again, several years later, he revised his own work, whilst, after his death, several independent revisions, chiefly of the New Testament portion, were executed by various Irish ecclesiastics, with the result that we have now at least four distinct varieties of the Douay-Challoner version, substantially alike but differing in many small details, and all more or less unsatisfactory. Thus the improvements undoubtedly effected in the original have brought about hindrances of their own.

Dissatisfaction at this result was not confined to the British Isles, and at last an American prelate† essayed the rôle of Challoner and strove to apply a remedy. By a strange fatality, his attempt, whilst not itself achieving complete success, was partly instrumental in hindering the production of what would probably have been the definitive English Catholic translation. For the first time the story has become generally known through the publication of Mr. Wilfrid Ward's *Life of Cardinal Newman.* The second Provincial Synod of the Province of Westminster, held at Oscott, near Birmingham, in 1855, passed the following Canon on the subject of a new vernacular version: "To secure as soon as possible an accurate rendering of Sacred Scripture from the Latin Vulgate, the Fathers have decreed that the task of producing it should be committed to such learned men as the most Eminent Archbishop (Wise-

*The last annual Catholic Truth Society Report, dated April, 1913, states that, of the four penny Gospels, the aggregate number of one hundred and ninety-nine thousand has now been issued.

†Bishop Francis Kenrick of Philadelphia, afterwards (1851) Archbishop of Baltimore.

man) should select." It can hardly be doubted that the Synod had in view a certain "learned man," John Henry Newman to wit, one fitted beyond all others for the projected work, who was living at his oratory a few miles from its place of assembly. As a matter of fact, it was to Newman that the Cardinal did appeal, not indeed *quam primum,* as the Synod had ordained, but after the lapse of two whole years. Newman promptly accepted, and engaged the services of a large body of translators.

The work was in active progress when, a year later, and without a word of comment, Wiseman sent the editor-in-chief a letter from the American episcopate, deprecating the English enterprise on the ground that Archbishop Kenrick of Baltimore was engaged on a similar task, and, as long ago as 1851, had completed and published the New Testament. At the same time he forwarded to Newman a recent resolution of the Baltimore Synod, to the effect that the English forces should be asked to combine with the American in the production of a single authoritative version. Wiseman, with whom the decision lay, suggested no way of dealing with the situation, and Newman, after waiting some time in utter perplexity, took the Cardinal's silence as a revocation of his commission, and disbanded his staff. Two things at least strike us as extraordinary in this narrative. The first is the strange lack of intercommunication between the Church in England and in the States at that time, owing to which a representative Synod in England seemingly knew nothing of Archbishop Kenrick's great enterprise, although it had been before the world for several years.* The Synod, Newman himself or some one of his collaborators, could not have failed to take cognizance of the American venture had more than a very few copies ever crossed the ocean. The second is the curious apathy and infirmity of purpose displayed by Wiseman in the whole transaction—his delay in starting the work; his lack of interest in its progress; his practical refusal of financial help; his shirking the responsibility of an answer to the representations from America; his final silent withdrawal of his support. Considering the uniqueness of the opportunity he thus allowed to lapse, we cannot acquit him of blame, except by laying great stress on the physical lassitude and mental inconsistency which marked the last decade of his strenuous career. But the Catholic cause suffered in consequence. Archbishop Kenrick, it is true, persevered in his task, and completed the whole Bible in 1860. He called his work

*The "Four Gospels" was published in 1849, the rest of the New Testament in 1851, and the Psalms in 1857.

a "revision of the Rhemish Version," but it would appear that he made no scruple, when he thought fit, of deserting the Vulgate and following the Protestant rendering of the Hebrew. Father Gigot* tells us that this version never became popular, even in the land of its origin; the "Four Gospels" alone reached a second edition.

Such is a brief account of the various attempts made, since the Reformation, under the authority of the Church, to bring the waters of God's Word pure and undefiled through the channel of an English translation to the lips of the faithful. We cannot say that the result has been satisfactory. Whether we regard accuracy or style, we have been content with the less good. And as for the reform in material arrangement that is called for, we are where we have always been. Nay, we have gone back, since the ages of Faith, when our forefathers lavished all the resources of art on the embellishment of the Bible. It is sad that the invention of printing, which has so helped the diffusion of God's Word, should have had the secondary effect of diminishing the external reverence paid to it. The cult of cheapness in Bible production is hardly a sign that the Book is held dear.

Faced, then, with substantially the same question as confronted our ancestors in persecution times, and our fathers at the dawn of the "Second Spring," it has been reserved to our own generation to attempt the solution once again. The initial steps towards satisfying our twofold need of a correct rendering, worthily presented, have at last been taken. Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., of New York and London, have recently published in both cities the First Part of the Third Volume of a new translation of the New Testament, which from the diocese of its origin has been termed the "Westminster Version." The projectors of this undertaking, whilst debating how best to set about it, were advised by a prominent English bishop not to move for the appointment of an Episcopal Commission and the establishment of a Board of Editors and Translators, a process which, while giving a formal and authoritative character to the work, would probably have caused indefinite discussion and delay. They resolved accordingly to embody their ideals in a purely tentative effort, which should commit no one but themselves, and to solicit ecclesiastical approbation for their project on those lines. This approval was readily granted at the Low-Week meeting of the English hierarchy, and his Eminence Cardinal Bourne graciously accepted the dedication of the whole work.

*See *General Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures*, ch. xv., where a luminous account is given of the various vernacular translations.

The first care of the General Editors was to secure the coöperation of a representative body of Catholic Scripture scholars, taken, as far as might be, from members of the secular and regular clergy in England, Ireland, and America. At present only the New Testament is in hand, and accordingly the number of collaborators is not large. American scholarship is represented by Father Walter Drum, of Woodstock, and it is expected that Father Gigot will also be a collaborator. It is estimated that the whole New Testament will be comprised in four octavo volumes, of which the third is devoted to the *Epistles of St. Paul to the Churches.* The portion actually published contains the two Epistles to the Thessalonians, which are probably the first of St. Paul's extant writings, and therefore the earliest Scriptures of the New Testament. The idea of beginning with St. Paul was suggested by the fact that his writings admittedly suffer the most from the various imperfections of the current versions, and by the consideration that the Epistles lend themselves readily to the experiment of separate publication. The Thessalonians is intended to serve as a general indication of style and method; the desired uniformity of treatment will be further secured by the circumspection of those finally responsible for the editing.

So much for a general idea of the undertaking as a whole. Descending now to details, we may show separately how it is proposed (1) to improve the translation and (2) to reform the manner of printing it.

The aim, of course, of every translation from one language to another is to express, as exactly as the inevitable disaccord of the two allows, the ideas of the one in terms of the other. The faithful translator wants to say in his own tongue what the writer has said in his, giving not only the sense but the very phrase by which the sense was conveyed, so far as the genius of the two languages permits such approximation. At times some change of meaning is bound to result from transferring the thought from one vehicle to the other, and the best translation will be that wherein the necessary changes are reduced to a minimum. That being so, the first requisite for the translator is to have an exact copy of what the author actually wrote. In regard to the Bible, even in its very latest portion, this is manifestly impossible now; just as the original autographs of prophet and evangelist, or the scrolls of their amanuenses, have long since perished, so the first copies of these documents are now represented merely by the latest of a long line of transcripts. We have no Hebrew MS. of the Old Testament, I

believe, earlier than the ninth century, nor any Greek text going back beyond the fourth.* By dint of elaborate collation, by comparison with versions earlier than any extant original, by reference to quotations preserved in the first Christian writings, very much has been done to eliminate the errors due to the mistakes of scribes, which, after all, are not of the greatest moment. Speaking even of the uncorrected MSS., Westcott and Hort are not afraid to say: "The books of the New Testament, as preserved in extant documents, assuredly speak to us in every important respect in language identical with that in which they spoke to those for whom they were originally written." We cannot, of course, say that the text has yet been completely restored; a number of late "cursive" MSS., and some ancient versions, have still to be more thoroughly examined. But for all practical purposes we may take the Greek text, lately edited by von Soden, and embodying the results of the close modern study of New Testament Greek, of the collation of many new MSS., and of recently discovered Egyptian papyri, profiting, moreover, by the great classic editions of Tischendorf and Westcott and Hort, as representing fairly closely the original labors of the sacred writers. The appearance of this edition would alone justify the demand for a new version, whereas to wait until the last word in textual criticism should have been spoken, would postpone the enterprise indefinitely, and savor more of pedantry than of common sense.

It will have been understood ere this that the "Westminster Version" goes back to the original texts, and only uses the Vulgate† for purposes of reference and comparison. The critical value of the Vulgate is acknowledged by all scholars. The educated have no sympathy with the old gibe directed against the Douay Version, as being "the translation of a translation." The Vulgate, being itself largely a revision of the first Latin translations, is based on Greek and Hebrew texts very much earlier than any now extant. No translator can afford to neglect its readings, even when they are not represented by any surviving text. Still, as the Sistine and

*As is well known, the Bible has fared better in this respect than most of the ancient classics. Our knowledge of Sophocles, for instance, mainly depends on a single MS. copy written some fourteen hundred years after his death.

†Though the Vulgate is the "Authorized Version" of the Church, officially guaranteed to contain no doctrinal error, and enjoined for use in all liturgical functions, there is no law or even custom making it the only basis of vernacular translations. The chief French version, the "Crampon" Bible, is based entirely on the originals, and so of many other recent translations, both French and German. In English, we have Dr. Lingard's "Four Gospels" (1838), praised by Cardinal Wiseman, and in the States a similar work approved by Cardinal Gibbons, viz., the late Father Francis Spencer's "Four Gospels" (1898), both from the originals.

Clementine revisions show, the Vulgate has never been considered free from errors, and the fact that a Papal commission is at present engaged on its further correction, makes it still less suitable as the basis of a new translation. *Ceteris paribus,* there is more likelihood of reaching an author's meaning through the language he actually used than through another linguistic medium, and, with the Greek text so far satisfactorily restored, the obvious course seems to be to use it. The Old Testament opens up other considerations, for which we have at present no leisure.

Given the text, it further remains to decide how it should best be translated. The Sacred Books themselves were, of course, originally composed in the literary style current at the dates of their production; there was presumably no straining after archaic effects, nor any artistic devices, save such as were called for by their character and subject. Should they not then be translated into the current language of our time with an obvious gain to intelligibility? A modern version can be literary as befits the subject; why aim at being strange and old-fashioned? The answer is that we are dealing with a literature which is both sacred and historic, and which on both counts demands a certain aloofness of language. The sacred writers used the vernacular of their day; it is also true that they celebrated the sacred mysteries in the dress of the period. A return to common speech for the clothing of their thoughts, causes a shock of the same kind, if not of the same intensity, as would the sight of a priest celebrating Mass in ordinary garb. In fact, the accident of time has created a sort of Biblical language, in English at any rate, which, we feel, should not be discarded unnecessarily. Of course, the first requisite in every translation is intelligibility; no considerations of beauty or dignity should be allowed to outweigh that. But intelligibility is not sacrificed by a diction remote from common speech, unless the words or idioms used are practically obsolete. And so, without foolishly aiming at fine writing, or consciously striving to better the English of the Authorized Version,* as in some quarters seems to be expected, the "Westminster" writers will endeavor to cultivate a simple, dignified and harmonious style, according to the possibilities of their subject-matter.

*It seems not amiss to call attention to the fact that the boasted excellence of the Authorized Version is very often due to the sheer sublimity of the matter translated, which even a bare literal rendering cannot destroy. On the other hand, there are plenty of obscure and uncouth passages in the Authorized Version, just as the Rheims Version, the producers of which were in no way inferior to King James' divines in linguistic or literary attainments, is not unfrequently as lofty and melodious as the other.

This suggests a further remark. A conscientious translator has no mission to improve his author's composition, and what would be impertinent in regard to a secular writer savors somewhat of blasphemy in regard to one who is sacred and inspired. Consider the Apostle Paul, who was a difficult writer even in the eyes of his contemporaries (*vide* 2 Peter iii. 15, 16)—difficult, not only on account of the depth and strangeness of the truths he proclaimed —facts of revelation far beyond unaided human ken—but also on account of his own mental equipment and training, which made him use a style quite peculiar to himself—highly metaphorical, allusive, unpolished, and abrupt, fashioned on rabbinical models, and touched with Hebrew idiom, overcharged at times with the burden of his lofty conceptions, and often breaking down grammatically under the strain—the style of one who was an orator by nature but not a rhetorician, one who disdains the studied harmonies of language, and whose irrepressible vehemence of utterance repeatedly obscures his thought. All the translator can do with an author like this is to give the Apostle's words as accurately as possible, and indicate their precise bearing in a note. For, on the one hand, he sees the Scylla of a bald unintelligible literalism, on the other the Charybdis of a paraphrase. Let the reader in the following examples contrast these two dangers St. Paul is telling the Corinthians why he failed in his promise to visit them (2 Cor. i. 17-20).

Rheims New Testament (1582).

Whereas then I was thus minded, did I use lightness? Or the things that I mind, do I mind according to the flesh, that there be with me *It is and It is not?* But God is faithful, because our preaching which was to you, there is not in it, *It is and It is not;* for the Son of God, Jesus Christ, Who by us was preached among you, by me and Sylvanus and Timothy, was not *It is and It is not,* but *It is* was in Him: for all the promises of God that are in Him *It is.*

The Twentieth Century New Testament (1904).

As this was my plan, where, pray, did I show any fickleness of purpose? Or do you think my plans are formed on mere impulse so that in the same breath I say "Yes" and "No?" As God is true, the Message that we brought you does not waver between "Yes" and "No." The Son of God, Christ Jesus, Whom we—Silas, Timothy, and I—proclaimed among you, never wavered between "Yes" and "No." With Him it has always been "Yes." For many as were the promises of God, in Christ is the "Yes" that fulfills them.

In this difficult passage, the Rheims translators have kept strictly to their declared canon—"not to mollify the speech, but to keep to it word for word"—a rule which they made in protest against non-Catholic license—but they have not helped the English reader much; their rendering would still be "Greek" to the majority. On the other hand, the Twentieth Century translators, whilst making the sense of the passage admirably clear, practically desert St. Paul's language altogether and fall back on a paraphrase,* a fatally tempting and easy thing to do, especially in the case of St. Paul. Sometimes so very little is needed to remove obscurities and ambiguities—the expansion of an idea only half expressed, the insertion of a few connectives, disjunctives, etc., to bring out the structure of the thought, the construction of a logical bridge between two separate themes, the substitution of a more exact word, the straightening out of a tangled sentence, the toning down of a very mixed metaphor—that the translator has constantly to be on his guard against the tendency to improve St. Paul and to give what the Apostle may have meant, not what he certainly said.

Intelligibility, therefore, fidelity, dignity—these notes, we trust, will characterize the Westminster Version, and whatever other improvements may be effected on previous Catholic renderings, its merits may be expected to lie chiefly in these. But, whilst its first aim is to remove the mistranslations, clumsy phrases, Latinisms,

*In their preface they deny that their version *is* a paraphrase, while allowing that it is more than a mere "verbal translation." The question, of course, is: To what extent may we abandon an author's phraseology? Only so far, we maintain, as is necessary for clearness. However, there have been more obvious paraphrases than that of the Twentieth Century New Testament, and more thorough literalists than the Rheims translators. The following specimens may amuse the reader:

"Pursue love and be emulous of spiritual things, and rather that ye might prophesy.

"For he speaking in a tongue speaks not to men but to God: (for none hears: and in the spirit he speakes mysteries).

"And he prophesying speaks to men for building the house, and entreaty and encouragement.

"And he speaking in a tongue builds himself: and he prophesying builds the Church" (1 Cor. xiv. 1-4).

It was after this fashion that Miss Julia E. Smith, an American lady, thought it her duty, in 1876, to translate the whole Bible. She may have been provoked to this desperate literalism by the "liberal" translation issued in 1768 by Dr. E. Hardwood, who set himself "to cloathe the genuine ideas and doctrines of the Apostles with that propriety and perspicuity in which they themselves, I apprehend, would have exhibited them had they now lived and written in our language." This is how the Doctor begins the story of the Prodigal:

"A gentleman of a splendid family and opulent fortune had two sons.

"One day the younger approached his father and begged him in the most importunate and soothing terms to make a partition of his effects betwixt himself and his elder brother. The indulgent father," etc.

obsolete and ambiguous words, etc., that disfigure our current Scriptures and impede their devout perusal, its second, as before indicated, is hardly less important, viz., to reform our manner of printing, editing, and publishing the Sacred Books.

It has been well said by Professor Driver that the Bible is not a book but a library. Moreover, it is a library of very varied contents. It embodies the literature of at least twelve centuries, the products of many different minds, alike only in this that they were all the instruments of the Divine Mind. In the words of Canon Barry:

> All the kinds of literature practised among Orientals of the Semitic branch are to be found in our Bible. It contains "old history" handled with freedom, legends and folklore, chronicles quoted and abridged, genealogies of peoples and settlements of races according to current views, anecdotes relating the qualities of heroic men, laws in every stage of growth and decay, proverbs, parables, apocalypses, poems, and speeches. It offers us biographies viewed under a religious light; apologues and meditative prayers; and in such books as Ecclesiasticus, Wisdom, St. Paul's Epistles, St. John's Gospel, the principles of a theology based on reflection.*

Bearing this in mind, and reflecting on the transcendent importance of the divine Message, the reverence due to it, the desire that should be ours to understand it, let us glance at our ordinary editions of the Bible. We find this library packed between the covers of a single volume! From Genesis to Apocalypse there is a succession of narrow columns, filled with short numbered sections, chapter following on chapter, and book upon book, without even the break of a separate title-page, except it be between the two Testaments. As far as appearance goes, it might all be one treatise on a single subject, composed by the same hand in a uniform literary medium. And even were it so, what an uncalled-for tax would be thus put upon the intelligence of the reader by the meanness and monotony of its presentment. If we suppose a selection of English literature to be thus translated and offered to the foreign student, we shall realize better, perhaps, what serious material obstacles are put in our way when we try to savor the full meaning of God's Word. Imagine, then, a reader confronted with a series of selections from Cædmon and Alfred, Chaucer, and Holinshed, the Elizabethan dramatists, Bacon, Clarendon, the

**The Tradition of Scripture*, p. 236.

Statutes at large, Macaulay, Carlyle, Newman, Scott, Keble, and Tennyson, all translated into French or German of a single period and printed as prose, or, rather, all chopped up into short numbered sections, and grouped arbitrarily into chapters to the neglect of the natural and logical divisions of the matter, and, finally, the whole sewed up in crowded double-columns and small type—would such a scholar have the heart to pursue his studies? And, if he did, what would he make of them? Now, our case, when we take up our Bibles to seek light and consolation, is but little, if anything, better, and, if our powers of perception had not been blunted by long-continued use and wont, we should have long ago insisted on a remedy.

For, from the point of view of the devout reader, this arrangement is wholly arbitrary and unnecessary. It is no convenience to him (except on the rare occasions when he is changing his house) to have all the Sacred Books bound in one volume. At any given moment, he is not likely to need more than a small portion. It is no advantage, but much the reverse, to have to scan the small print and turn the thin paper which the compression of so vast a literature into one book necessitates. It is irritating to a degree to have the sense obscured by irrational chapter and verse sections; to find poetry printed as prose *vice versa;* to have dialogue arranged as continuous narration; to be left altogether without cross-headings, sub-titles, and the usual typographical devices by which the skillful and artistic printer aims at helping the mind through the eye.*

Now, the contention of the "Westminster" translators is that Holy Scripture is at least as interesting and as important as any heathen classic. Editions of the Greek and Roman classics, which aim at making their contents easily understood, spare no pains to smooth away difficulties of every sort, so as to bring the minds of student and writer into immediate contact. It is the same with the English classics: what learning is exhausted to make Shakespeare plain! What skill and care to make him easy and pleasant to read! Once more, it is the same with regard to popular books of devotion, like the *Imitation* or the *Fioretti,* books which owe all their value to the Bible, and in favor of which the Bible is neglected. No printer or editor has hitherto thought it worth

*Cf. *The Bible as Literature,* by Rev. Francis Gigot. Professor Moulton has reason to say (*The Literary Study of the Bible,* p. 45): "The Bible is the worst printed book in the world."

while to make the Scriptures readable, and, if the faithful want to feed their souls therein, they must put up with editions prepared for the sole convenience of theologians and preachers, for whom, indeed, it is imperative to have Bibles arranged for reference. It is reverence the faithful looks for—and in vain.

The new Version, which has been the occasion of this paper, intends to consult the devout reader first and foremost. In it the separate books of the Bible will be edited with something of the care bestowed upon profane classics. As the portion already issued illustrates, the text will be set up in large clear type, with only such divisions (into sections and paragraphs) as the sense requires, with sub-titles to indicate changes of subject, and with explanatory notes where needed for complete intelligibility. Moreover, in order to give each separate Scripture its approximate setting, essential aid to its full understanding, introductions dealing with date, authorship, place, occasion, etc., will be provided, as well as appendices on different points of dogmatic importance in the text. Finally, no attempt will be made to combine what are distinct in all their circumstances, and as many volumes will be occupied as the scale of the work is found to demand.

Thus it will be seen that the various sources from which have resulted the defects of our current version have been carefully eliminated in this. The influence of the Vulgate, in so far as it affected the quality of the English, will no longer be felt, the desire to consult primarily the needs of preachers and theologians is no longer operative.* The cult of cheapness, now pushed to the extreme with the laudable desire of increasing circulation, is not recognized in this case (yet the books will vie in price with current fiction for which money is found so readily), the various discrepancies produced by the many revisions at the hands of persons of unequal attainments and different ideals automatically disappear, and the natural processes of growth, change, and deterioration, to which language is subject, will be carefully provided against. Is it too much to hope that the English-speaking members of the Church, in America and the Colonies, as well as at home, will become increasingly familiar with the Book which is their birthright, by means of the "Westminster Version?"

*The needs of students are not neglected, for the old reference numbers are given in the margin.

HOW CALDEY CAME HOME.

BY A. H. NANKIVELL.

I.

THE beginning of great events is often found in the chance events of childhood. One day about thirty years ago it happened that a boy of twelve years wandered into his father's library, looking for something to pass the time. He found there a curious book, the like of which he had not seen before. It was a work entitled *Monks and Monasteries,* by the Rev. S. Fox. He took it out and read it eagerly. He was immensely interested. He even began to dream that he would be a Benedictine monk.

Many years after in 1892 a young medical student visited almost by chance the convent of the (Anglican) Benedictine nuns at Twickenham. They had been founded at Feltham in 1868, and we shall find them later at Malling Abbey near Maidstone, and later still at St. Bride's, Milford Haven. In God's good providence they " came home " with Caldey. These women were living according to the Rule of St. Benedict with the sanction of Dr. Temple, who was at that time Bishop of London.

The young student and the twelve-year-old boy were one and the same person, and his name was Aelred Carlyle. He naturally asked himself, why, if there were nuns observing the Benedictine Rule in the National Church, there could not also be monks?

Now the chaplain of the convent was at the same time the leader of a small group of men, who were already trying to live according to the Rule of St. Benedict. The young student was admitted into this band under the name of Brother Aelred, and there he received his first experience of the religious life. But the experiment did not last long, for the group soon broke up. Yet he did not lose courage at this disappointment. Already he had made the acquaintance of ten young men at Ealing, who shared his hopes and ambitions. With the cordial approval of the chaplain, this new group of enthusiasts hired a room where they met for prayer. And not long after we find them in possession of a house, where they lived and prayed together, while they

continued to work for their living, and also took some part in parish work.

In the year 1895 Brother Aelred and his companions received a hearty invitation from the Vicar of the parish of St. John's, Isle of Dogs, to come and share in the religious life and work of the parish, and to take yearly vows. The matter was considered very carefully, but Brother Aelred was the only one who saw his way to accept the offer. The result was that he separated from his companions, and came alone to his new home.

During the following months he lived at home, giving part of his time to his studies, part to parochial work in the Isle of Dogs. This "island" is really a peninsula on the northern bank of the river Thames, in the district known as London Docks. It may easily he imagined that the work in those parts is not attractive to flesh and blood.

In the Lent of the year 1896 he came to live in this parish, and gave himself entirely to prayer and good works. The Bishop of London (Dr. Temple) was informed of his decision, and gave it his approval, and at Easter the chaplain of the Benedictine nuns at Malling received him as a "novice" in the chapel of the Abbey. In view of the special circumstances of the case, the Bishop permitted him to take vows immediately for one year. It was his own earnest request that he might do so. A few months later he was joined by another novice.

At the end of the year 1897, Brother Aelred went to the Vicar of the parish, and represented to him that the multitude of his daily duties was hindering him from the attainment of the end he had in view, which was to live in strict accordance with the Benedictine Rule. And he added that it seemed to him that the time was approaching when he might be permitted to make his profession as a Benedictine monk. The clergyman agreed with him, and wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury, asking him to grant an interview to Brother Aelred. Bishop Temple had now become Archbishop of Canterbury, which is the highest office in the Established Church. He was always interested in the religious life, and so he gave authorization for his solemn profession as a monk under the Holy Rule of St. Benedict. This solemn profession was made in the chapel at Malling before the same chaplain who had given him so much support and sympathy on the 20th of February, 1898.

For several months Brother Aelred and his companions vainly sought a suitable home for their new life. Many weeks were

passed in the London House of the Cowley Fathers, and at last, at the end of 1899, we find them in a cottage near Milton Abbas in Dorset, where they remained till their departure to Caldey in January, 1901.

For those who flee from the godless world, what home can be more sweet than an island? In the island of Patmos St. John the Apostle saw the heavens opened. In Iona and Lindisfarne St. Columba and St. Cuthbert obtained the conversion of England by their unceasing prayers. But a hundred years before St. Columba came to Iona, a certain Abbot Pirus, "an excellent man and a holy priest," prayed and fasted on the Isle of Caldey. Thither came St. Iltyd, religious, preacher, and teacher; thither St. David, and many forgotten saints whose names are written in heaven. Thither also long afterwards the Normans followed the Celts, and from 1120 till the Tudor outrage the sons of St. Benedict ruled and prayed in Caldey. Happy island of the furthest west, it was one great altar of God, guarded on all sides by the unsleeping sea!

Now before the monks of St. Benedict ever came to Caldey, it pleased God to give the English a wise and holy king. And in many matters St. Edward the Confessor received from God the gift of prophecy. So when he lay dying many secret things were revealed to him in a dream, and chiefly the angel of the Lord told him of the divine judgments that should fall upon the English people. And the king wept, and asked him if there were any remedy. And this is the answer he received, as it is written in the Golden Legend:

"A green tree cut from his stock shall be divided from his proper root the space of three furlongs, and without man's hand shall turn again to his old root, and take again his sap and flourisheth and bringeth forth fruit, and when this is done there may come remedy."

Now whatever may be the true interpretation of the dream, thus it befell the Church in England. For in the year 1534 the cruel King Henry VIII. separated the Church by force from the Holy See and the common life of Christendom, and in 1560 Elizabeth finished the destruction of the Catholic religion in England. Three hundred years later the Catholic revival began with the famous sermon of Keble on "National Apostasy," preached in the University pulpit on July 14, 1833. In 1845 the first batch of Oxford converts joined the Catholic Church, and in 1850 the glorious Pontiff Pius IX. restored the hierarchy to England in spite of the angry protests of the politicians.

More than sixty years have passed, and the incoming tide of Catholicism still rises very slowly. Yet without ceasing it flows, and silently winds its way into villages and forgotten shrines, where of old the Mass was offered and the blessed saints wrought miracles of power and love. And so in the end it has come even to the lonely Isle of Caldey, by Tenby in South Wales. And this is the story:

In October, 1900, there was a change in the ownership of Milton Abbas, and the new landlord wanted the cottage in which the brothers lived. So they had to find a new home. At the same time the Rev. W. D. Bushell, who was the owner of Caldey, wrote to the brethren, and proposed that they should have the use of the rooms and church of the ancient priory on the island. It was understood on both sides that the arrangement could not be a lasting one. The monks accepted the offer. It was with the deepest emotion that they sang Vespers for the first time in the ancient church on January 10, 1901.

Being without money, the brethren tried to maintain themselves by labor in the garden of the monastery. Later on in the year the owner of Caldey wanted the whole house for other purposes, and for eight weeks the monks had to sleep in tents in the woods. And it so happened that the weather was unusually wet and cold that summer. Towards the end of September they were thankful to find themselves able to return to the sheltering roof of the house. Early in 1902 they received an invitation from Lord Halifax to come and live in a convenient house at Painsthorpe, in Yorkshire. And here we find them in the month of March, 1902, free from the harassing anxieties of former years. Their number had risen to nine, and continued to increase. With the approval of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, they elected Brother Aelred as their Abbot, and received from the Primate, Archbishop Temple, the charter of their Community.

In this document the Archbishop gave his sanction to what they had done, and to their observance of the Rule of St. Benedict. It seems to us beyond all question that the Archbishop knew quite well that the monks of Caldey were using the Monastic Breviary. The use of the Breviary with all the Offices of the Saints under Rule and Episcopal authority, was a strange innovation in the Protestant Church! But it may be replied, What about the Anglican nunneries? The answer is partly that they escape notice, partly that in most of them is used a form of prayer suitably adapted for the needs of Protestant persons. But in the matter

of Caldey Archbishop Temple simply refused to anticipate trouble. He shut his eyes and blessed the monks. And in 1903 he died.

The new Archbishop of Canterbury, Davidson by name, was a prelate of a different sort. The monks had now taken up their abode in the Archdiocese of York, and so they did not hesitate to turn to the Northern Primate (Maclagan), who was now their diocesan, for such help and guidance as they needed. He was only a very moderate High Churchman, but was notably free from the anti-Roman spirit that so disfigures English Christianity. They represented to him that they were still without any "priest" of their Order. There were excellent reasons why it was not desirable that the Abbot should be ordained in English under English laws. To avoid the red tape of Erastian declarations and obligations, Archbishop Maclagan sent Abbot Aelred to Bishop Grafton of Fond-du-lac, who "ordained" him according to the Anglican Rite.

After a while came the unexpected announcement that their beloved Caldey was for sale. And hard upon it followed news still more amazing: it was said the purchaser was going to present it to the monks of Painsthorpe. At last, about the end of September, 1906, the Community became the legal owner of the whole island. The brothers said farewell to their beloved home in Painsthorpe on October 17th. Leaving Painsthorpe, the brothers traveled the whole night, and reached Tenby in the early morning on the Feast of St. Luke.

Of the life in Caldey during the six years that follow we have no written history, save what may be gathered from the pages of *Pax,* which the brothers published every quarter. Their number and influence steadily increased. Many Anglican clergy and laity visited the Guesthouse from time to time. It is said that the brochure of the Abbot, entitled *Our Aim and Method,* gave much satisfaction to the genuine Benedictines of the Catholic Church. And the "Anglo-Catholics" joyfully exclaimed, "There you see what the Church of England can do!" But during these years a question made itself heard in the hearts of the Caldey monks that clamored for an answer, "What are you doing here? Why do you not obey the Head of the Christian Church? By what authority are you doing what you do?" Not only to others but even to themselves they seemed to be "poised between two systems," borrowing Breviary and Missal and Rule from Rome, and yet at the same time trying to keep their place in the Church of England.

To the problem so stated there is but one answer. Yet these devoted men did not easily arrive at it. It is said that the ancient Romans accounted him a hero who refused to despair of the Republic. With this in our minds, we may understand the loyalty of Anglicans to an institution which in no way deserves it. The men of Caldey found it almost impossible to despair of their Church. That is the real reason why so many Anglicans who are Catholic at heart remain in the schism. It was the oft-repeated saying of a great Anglican, "*Spartam nactus es, hanc exorna!*" It is the crowning glory of the monks of Caldey that they at last responded to the heavenly call, in spite of their intense devotion to their "Sparta."

II.

If the position of Caldey before and during the crisis is to be at all intelligible to us, it is necessary for us to bear in mind the extraordinary theory of the history of the Church which is held by the advanced school in the Church of England. The ordinary Protestant holds substantially the same view of the Reformation as is held by all Catholics. He knows that while the outward organization of the ancient Church was in the main carefully preserved, both in order to confuse the issue, and to preserve a sort of legal continuity, the actual changes were so great as to destroy the historic Catholic Church and to substitute a State institution. The only issue between Catholic and Protestant is whether such a proceeding was a proper and defensible one or not.

But the "Anglo-Catholic" Party in the Protestant Church have an entirely different theory of the events of the Reformation. In their view Protestantism is a true heresy which attacked the members of the Catholic Church in the sixteenth century in much the same way as Arianism in the fourth century, or Modernism at the present time. On the Continent the result of the epidemic was the almost total loss of vast districts of the Church. In England, it is maintained, events took a different course. The Church bent before the storm and did not break. As in the fourth and fifth centuries there is said to have been incredible confusion in the Church, so that sometimes an orthodox bishop, sometimes a heretic, sometimes a waverer, sometimes a time-server, would be elected to rule an ancient see, so similarly in England it is admitted that the orthodox bishops were few, and the general position ambiguous. The dogmatic teaching of the Church was obscured

by untrue and indefensible traditions. But in spite of all this, we are told, that there remained a root or a remnant which was Catholic up to the limits of its opportunity. And when the tide turned at last, the little group of faithful ones were found waiting, ready to work for the day when the Anglican Church, or rather the Anglican churches, shall return to the Catholic obedience. In their own opinion, they are soldiers guarding an outpost in the enemy's country, till the main army shall arrive and raise the siege.

The weak points in this amazing representation of history are too many to dally over now. For the moment it may suffice to observe that taking it at its face value, the fact is undeniable that the Vicar of Christ has given them a peremptory order to return to the main body, and that they simply refuse to obey.

Something of this sort was presumably the ordinary view of the monks of Caldey, when they thought about the matter in the years 1906-1912, though no doubt they may have eased the strain of it by dwelling on the apparent growth of the power of the Central Government of the Church throughout the ages. In their own estimation they were real Catholics in an abnormal position, owing to their unfortunate separation from the Holy See. If it were certain that the Established Church would never return to the Communion of the Holy See, their duty would have been clear. But, on the other hand, if the Romeward movement continued and gathered strength from year to year, and if they themselves by the mere fact of their existence, to say nothing of their growing influence, were greatly increasing the strength and speed of it, might it not be their duty to stay and to finish the work which lay to their hand? The fallacy of this argument has been already sufficiently exposed; it is sufficient to add that we are not permitted to do evil that good may come. "Obedience is better than sacrifice!"

In the earlier part of his religious life, Aelred was careful to obtain the authority of his bishop for all that he did; but after he left Painsthorpe for Caldey in 1906, he does not seem to have succeeded in doing this. In the opinion of the Abbot, for which there was much to be said, the island of Caldey had always been extra-diocesan and extra-parochial, as it had undoubtedly been by Papal privilege before the Reformation. At that time the Abbots of Caldey had received their jurisdiction immediately from the Pope. But in the present peculiar position of the Church of England, it seemed to the new Abbot that he ought to look to the Archbishop of the Province of Canterbury.

It is impossible to find a thoroughly satisfactory explanation of the fact that he did not do this before the year 1911. Probably he was influenced consciously and unconsciously by a variety of reasons. In his first letter to Archbishop Davidson, dated December 13, 1911, he excuses himself by saying that he should have asked for this permission when he first came to Caldey, but that he had been strongly advised to wait until it became clear that the work had passed the experimental stage. The explanation is not satisfying, and the advice is remarkable and perhaps significant. One would like to know who gave it.

It is reasonable to suppose that the Abbot knew instinctively that he would not find a friend in the new Primate; perhaps he even had a foreboding of the coming crisis. However it is certain that Abbot Aelred did not write to the archbishop until it became practically necessary for him to do so.

In the absence of definite information on the subject, we may confidently assign to the first of these six years at Caldey the adoption of some of those customs which precipitated the crisis of 1913. The course of events is too clear to leave much room for doubt. Aelred received Anglican Orders from Bishop Grafton of Fond-du-lac in November, 1904, while the monks were living at Painsthorpe. Before this date they had no "priest" among them. Under the friendly but watchful eye of Archbishop Maclagan of York they would naturally refrain from any course of action which might involve the loss of his valuable support. But at Caldey, where they were far from unfriendly critics and free from episcopal supervision, the conditions of their life and work facilitated the adopton of "Romish practices" without check or censure. We cannot fairly blame the Abbot in this matter. Archbishop Temple had already given them permission to use the Monastic Breviary in 1902, and had practically authorized them to live the lives of Catholic monks. But everybody knows that the Breviary and Missal are to all intents and purposes two parts of one book. One could no doubt use the Breviary without the Missal, but it is absurd to use the Breviary as a companion to the Anglican Book of Common Prayer. No one knows this better than that increasing body of Anglican clergy who are in the habit of "saying Office" as a matter of obligation. The Prayer, the Epistle, and the Gospel, which are the principal parts of the Proper of the Mass, are also the principal links between the Mass and the Divine Office. But it is just here that the Protestant Prayer Book follows a different arrangement. The discomfort of this must have been intense to

devout minds as long as it lasted. But secure in their distance from the Anglican centre of unity, the monks of Caldey allowed themselves to take the common-sense view that the use of the Breviary involved the use of the Missal.

Before we resume our narrative, we must ask whether there was any other reason, beside those we have discussed, why the Abbot so suddenly broke the silence of sixty years. It seems that the answer must be in the affirmative. We find that during the following Lent a serious crisis occurred at Caldey. In a letter to the Archbishop written after Easter the Abbot refers to it, and indeed it was no secret. The danger had then passed; but it had been very grave. For the Community had spent several weeks in discussing their duty to the Successor of St. Peter. Someone had doubts about the Roman question or about the position at Caldey. The question was inevitably raised by what authority the Abbot performed his sacerdotal functions. From whom has he obtained jurisdiction? And Abbot Aelred could never forget that he was the only Abbot of the Order of St. Benedict who was not in communion with the Holy See. The Head of Christendom did not know him. What about Canterbury? At least he ought to obtain formal recognition from the Primate of All England. He decided to seek it without delay.

The recognition that the Abbot required was not so easy to obtain. Anglican authorities reck little of jurisdiction, and they saw no harm in making him wait a little longer. Besides, the Abbot was trying to shut the door after the horse had quitted the stable. The discussion about the Papal claims continued at Caldey, and the Abbot could not stop it; though it was palpably inopportune. He himself was believed to share the general perplexity. Experts were summoned to Caldey, and did what they could to reassure the wavering monks. At last they were successful. Before Easter they met in council, and resolved unanimously that their duty was to remain in the National Church, and to pray and work for Christian unity. For the time the storm had passed by. But it had been a near thing.

As we have seen, the Abbot opened his correspondence with the Archbishop of Canterbury in December, 1911. He received a prompt reply from the private secretary, requiring him to forward all the documents which bore on the case. In the following February, Dr. Davidson himself wrote to the Abbot and proposed an interview, which actually took place on the 6th of March. The Abbot began by explaining the immediate needs of the Com-

munity. In the first place he wished for a license under the Colonial Clergy Act for officiating in the Province of Canterbury. Secondly, he asked that certain of the brethren might be ordained without putting them under the necessity of serving two years in an ordinary parish. At this time there were only three clergy in the Community besides himself. Then the Abbot went on to give a frank explanation of the faith and practice of the Community, calling attention to the use of the Breviary and Missal in the Chapels of the Community, and adding that they maintained the use of the Anglican Prayer Book in the village church of Caldey. The Archbishop listened attentively, and asked some questions without making any expression of opinion. Yet he gave the Abbot the impression that he was anxious, as he said, "to do what he could for all who were engaged in doing good work within the large and reasonable limits of the Church of England."

On the 20th of May he wrote to Abbot Aelred. The letter was friendly in tone, but cautious and non-committal. He advised the Community to elect an Episcopal Visitor, and recommended the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Gore), who was specially interested in these matters. And he added that he did not see his way to accede to the various requests of the Abbot, until that question of the Visitorship had been satisfactorily arranged.

The monks accepted the proposals of the Archbishop, which bade fair to give them what they wanted; but the Abbot delayed writing to Bishop Gore till October 3d, when he asked permission to elect him as their Episcopal Visitor at the Annual Chapter, to be held at Pentecost. He expressed the hearty desire of all the brethren that the Bishop would visit Caldey at the earliest opportunity, and see for himself what they did, and what were their special needs and requirements. The Bishop replied somewhat coldly to the Abbot's invitation. He was good enough to say that he would consider their proposals carefully; but he thought that there were a good many preliminaries. He would like to visit them, but he could not hope to do so that year. He asked them to send him all their books, and rules and constitutions. And he gave them his blessing.

It is impossible to read this letter, with the knowledge that the writer had already taken counsel with the Archbishop, without asking oneself whether the Anglican authorities had resolved on the expulsion of Caldey. Certainly no one can study the correspondence from start to finish without seeing plainly the Hand of God, guiding them slowly but inevitably to the final goal. But an

attentive observer can often discern the play of human free will seeking its own ends under the overruling providence of the Almighty. It was freely asserted, and not without some measure of malice, that the men of Caldey had really made up their minds and set their hearts on the Eternal City, and that they only sought an opportunity to throw the responsibility on others. That is incredible; their acts and words before and after their conversion alike disprove it. But it is not so easy to satisfy ourselves that the lengthy diplomatic negotiations which the Anglican authorities carried on with Caldey, were not calculated with great accuracy to bring about the result which was in fact attained, without incurring the odium of a frontal attack on Caldey. The only obvious alternative is to suppose that the Bishops acted with unusual want of perception, and extraordinary lack of sympathy, for a work which commanded more enthusiasm among devout churchmen than any effort of the kind that has hitherto been made.

The Abbot replied on the 21st of October, expressing his regret that the Bishop of Oxford could not pay them a visit, and adding the significant comment that "the life as it actually exists is the true explanation of our scheme of devotion, which .....ought not to be considered altogether apart from its proper setting." Accordingly he invited the Bishop to send two or three clergy in whom he has confidence to visit the island, in order to supply him with accurate information about the mode of life of the brethren.

In November Dr. Darwell Stone and the Rev. W. B. Trevelyan came to Caldey, and made a careful investigation and report. They consulted freely with the Abbot, and courteously sent him a copy of their letter to the Bishop. On February 8th Dr. Gore sent his ultimatum to Caldey. It contained four principal points, which we briefly resume:

1. The Bishop demanded that the whole property should be legally secured to the Church of England, and not remain private property, which might belong to any person or persons, regardless of their relations to the See of Canterbury.

2. The Bishop demanded that the "priests" belonging to the Community should make the usual oaths and declarations required of the Anglican clergy. As a result of this the Communion Office of the Prayer Book would replace the Missal to the complete exclusion of the latter, and the "priests" would be bound to recite Morning and Evening Prayer. The Bishop thus deliberately reversed the policy of the late Archbishop of York, who had sent

Abbot Aelred to Bishop Grafton for his ordination precisely in order that he might not have to make the usual declarations.

3. The Bishop demanded that the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception and (he should think) the Corporal Assumption should be "eliminated from the Breviary and Missal!" (Apparently he had already forgotten that he had just prohibited the use of the Missal.) He felt sure that these doctrines could only be justified on "a strictly Papal basis of authority."

4. The Bishop demanded that the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament and Benediction given with the Blessed Sacrament should be abandoned. "The same would probably be true of the Exposition of Relics and Benediction given with Relics." Finally, he could not promise that this list would be "exclusive."

Even from a strictly Anglican point of view this letter is sufficiently astonishing. The writer is the leader and champion of the so-called "Anglo-Catholics." This is the man, who, to quote his own confident words, has not hesitated to say, "I want to find myself, in the Church in England, now in the twentieth century, of one mind across the ages with the ancient Christian Church."* He is so careless about what he says that he "should think" that he could not tolerate the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, and he "probably" cannot permit the veneration of relics. And finally after these doubts and fears have found sufficient expression, he says that these preliminaries seem to him "to be obvious, and to lie outside all possibilities of bargaining and concession." After this the end was well in sight.

It was plain to the reader of this letter that the Church of England had hastened to disown its children. One of the most "Catholic-minded" of its bishops had been approached, and he had declined to tolerate for a moment the outward expression of their faith and devotion. He had clearly shown them that they could stay only on condition that they stood all the day idle. Or they might play at the monastic life without the faith and rule which could alone make it safe or possible. What the Protestant Church deals out to the laity ought to be good enough for the religious—fragments of the Catholic creed, wreckage of the sacramental system. The Protestant Church neither knows nor cares about nor comprehends the needs and dangers of the spiritual life. Without sympathy, without feeling, without love, it blunders as a politician might blunder if he found himself in a bishop's chair.

The Abbot of Caldey was a cautious man; he wished to be

*The Body of Christ, p. 216.

certain beyond all possibilities of doubt or mistake that the Bishop meant and stood by what he said. He was going to read the letter to the brethren on the 16th of February; he knew it would come as a sentence of death. And so he wrote in haste to the Bishop, to try and get something from him that might diminish the violence of the blow. He knew now what the Bishop intended to forbid; he sought some assurance about what he would allow. If it could make no real difference to the final result; it might soften the inward trials of the moment. He reminded the Bishop that their faith and practice was "identical with that of hundreds of Church of England people," and asked that he would give them some assurance in regard to the Real Presence, Invocation of Saints, and Prayers and Masses for the Dead. The Bishop was in no mood to take a hint. He replied shortly that he did not intend to make difficulties about the Objective Presence, or the worship of our Lord in the Holy Sacrament; and for the rest that he had rather hold to the method suggested in his letter.

The Monks of Caldey considered the demands of the Bishop on the following Sunday, with the words of the Antiphon still ringing in their ears, *"Libera nos, Deus Israel, ex omnibus angustiis nostris."* They resolved unanimously that they could not accept conditions which would make their life under the Benedictine Rule quite impossible. Twenty-seven of them signed a letter, saying, "The preliminaries that seem to your lordship so obvious as to lie outside all possibilities of bargaining and concession, concern matters which are vital to our conception of the Catholic Faith; and your requirements are so decisive that we are forced to act upon what we believe to be God's Will for us." The Bishop replied briefly, asking them to take further time to consider, and requesting them to withdraw their final reply.

The Abbot wrote on the same day an admirable letter reviewing the whole situation. He showed that the whole question had resolved itself into one of authority. Without the clear authority of the Church he could not continue his work. The Bishop had brought home to them that in the English Church this work could not be done. They could not give up what they believed; they could not continue to hold and practice what they had been asked authoritatively to surrender. The only course left to them was to accept, in the Bishop's own words, the "strictly Papal basis of authority." He added that the nuns of St. Bride's, formerly of Malling, had come to the same decision.

The last words of the Abbot on this matter are to be found in

a letter written by him in the seclusion of the Abbey of Maredsous on April 26, 1913, and published in the May number of *Pax,* which is the quarterly review of the Community. The simple words in which he records his own conversion are worth recording. "Just now," he says, "I am not speaking for others, but for myself; it is a personal spiritual experience, and I can only say that on February 18th the whole position became clear to me, and I was profoundly convinced that the Divine authority and unity of the Catholic Church were to be found nowhere else but in union with the Holy See. In Bishop Gore's own words, "I was thrown back upon the strictly Papal basis of authority, and I realized, with a clearness that will never leave me, what the words *Unam, Sanctam, Catholicam et Apostolicam Ecclesiam* really meant."

On February 22d, the Feast of the Chair of St. Peter at Antioch, the Abbot sent a letter to Dom Bede Camm, who reached Caldey on the twenty-fifth. The following Friday, which was the Feast of the Five Wounds, Dom Camm said the first Mass at Caldey, and on the 3d of March, Dom Columba Marmion, the Abbot of Maredsous, arrived, and began a retreat for the monks. The reception of the Community into the Catholic Church took place most appropriately on the Feast of St. Aelred, March 5th, the Abbots of Downside, Maredsous, and Caermaria were present, and the Bishop of Menevia himself received the converts, and said Mass and gave them Holy Communion.

How tender and how strong is the Mother of saints! How cheerfully and courageously she goes forth to meet the returning wanderer, and accepts the gifts he brings, and adapts them to her own ends! Some Catholics might be seen shaking their heads over Caldey, and saying that this sort of thing would never do, and that the only possible course would be to break up the whole institution and start afresh. And meanwhile the Abbot of Maredsous receives both the Communities of Caldey and St. Bride's as Oblates of St. Benedict, and leaves Dom John Chapman and Dom Bede Camm in charge of Caldey during the absence of Abbot Aelred, who is already a novice under Dom Marmion at Maredsous. And no one will be greatly surprised if in due course the hero of our story should return, a real monk and a real Abbot, to fulfill the task which has so long been the one desire of his soul. "Thou hast given him his heart's desire, and hast not withholden the request of his lips."

A CONVERT'S VIEW OF CATHOLIC LITERATURE.

BY FREDERICK D. CHESTER.

ONE of the first things that an intellectual convert must observe upon coming into the world of Catholic truth is his new, and at first unexplained, repugnance to the current literature. This will manifest itself no matter in what direction of thought his mind may naturally incline. Whether science, politics, philosophy, social problems, or literature absorb him; or, as is often the case, if he considers them all together, he will discover that all simultaneously are "out of drawing" to his critical sense when measured by the standards of absolute and divine truth. The hand that has for the first time grasped the hand of a Pasteur, a Windthorst, or a Newman in any kind of spiritual kinship recoils, instinctively, from a Huxley, a Bismarck, or a Kingsley. Intimate acquaintance with Joan of Arc, or Elizabeth of Hungary, makes one fastidious when it comes to embracing a Mary Eddy or a Dorothy Dix.

The so-called "high class" magazines, such as *Harper's Monthly, The Century, Scribner's,* and *The Atlantic,* appear to lose caste. Once hailed as acquisitions of our library table, and the harbingers of correct information, these now take on, to our altered vision, more or less of a "yellow" look, *déclassè* and even threatening. Obsessed with this unique misery, like the loss of a right hand, or our best front teeth, we seek to discover the cause of it. What is the matter? These journals were once our intellectual oracles. When they spoke our case was closed. Now, we are sick of the whole business. "Popular" Science, New Thought, Socialism, Eugenics—the fizzling output seems to be unworthy. Periodicals like *Harper's Weekly* or *The Independent,* which we formerly esteemed as educators of the common people, assume an air of mountebank distortions. Their vulgar flippancies, their "smart" dogmas, their blasphemous witticisms at the expense of truth—these things have become unbearable to us; grotesque and *inutile,* like Cubist and Futurist designs. The increase of divorce, and the greed of power, conceded by respectable people to be a menace and disgrace, are, nevertheless, whipped into flame by such serials as Sir Gilbert Parker's *House of Judgment* in

Harper's Monthly, or Edith Wharton's tales of social disorders in *The Century.*

The vague meanderings of religious doubt and moral weakness find their dreary expression in Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novels, while the agnostic, if not anarchistic, Russian Mary Antin is given the centre of *The Atlantic's* stage for months. Socialism and cunning crimes fairly deluge our public libraries and news stands, until their mire and muck threaten to engulf the most unwilling of us all. Again, and again, since the scales were stripped from our eyes, have we protested against paying out good money for scandalously bad reading. Serene in their editorial chairs, the arbiters of our fate smile ironically, and assure us that they are "giving the people what they want." It is a blessed day for us when our emancipation comes, by way of conversion to the Catholic Church; for like *The Child in the Vatican* we can say, humbly enough as God sees, "I know now things that many do not know." The inconceivable wealth of the Vatican—its art treasures, its history, its spiritual power—all belong, for the first time to *us,* individually, be we children of toil or masters of finance.

It is a stupendous, an almost overwhelming, heritage to come into by the momentary rite of baptism; and we are very slow in realizing it. Familiar toys, those gew-gaws of literature, travesties of art, makeshifts of intellectual and spiritual goods—still cling to our hands like outworn dolls and balls. Bad, and sometimes nauseating, as those old books and magazines in which we once pastured now seem, our willing holocaust of them leaves a void, which we are not at first able to fill. We resort to increased prayer and practical activities. We remind ourselves that we have perhaps hitherto lived too much in the world of intellectual things, not careful enough about things spiritual. Yet the ache of a lost love lingers. Gradually, we learn the names of some current Catholic books and journals, and languidly glance at their contents. The authors are generally unknown to us, save some ecclesiastical lights. The subjects under discussion, still more the handling of them, wear at first a foreign or an alien look.

It seems incredible that a priest of whom we had not heard should really have delivered what is called "the last word" on biological or seismic science, as a Mendel or a Searle; that the name of Christopher Columbus should have any other significance than that of a picturesque mariner, who enabled us to stake out our own particular claim on this delectable continent. Presently, we

behold such men as Newman and Manning of the Church of England from a fresh angle. Formerly regarded as arrant disturbers of the peace of good, jog-trotting Anglicans and Episcopalians, we now perceive them to be standard bearers, pathfinders, earth-related stars of exceeding magnitude. Huxleys and Tyndalls, idols of popular belief, seem wooden and inarticulate beside the still living voice of a Pasteur or a Mendel. Impressionists, Cubists, and Futurists, over whom our journals had made us pore in inquisitive despair, are forgotten in daily intercourse with Michelangelo, Raphael, or Botticelli. Is it possible to love a Cubist because he is Protestant, or loathe Murillo because he was Catholic? Yet many readers and observers do thus "reason." Little by little we get our bearings, groping forward with unexpected ecstatic thrills of discovery. On we go, through strange Catholic labyrinths of history, politics, theology, and the arts, amazed at the power and splendor of the manifestations of all these things. Catholic writers on such subjects are masters of thought, rarely disappointing, seldom to be disputed.

But one sphere—and it may be deemed unimportant—seems defective. When we enter the field of Catholic fiction, we may be merely surprised, or we may be seriously perturbed, according to temperament, by its weakness. True, there are encouragements. A recent article in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, entitled *The New Movement in French Literature,* tells us that religion and patriotism are once more dominating the thought of the greatest French men of letters. Brunetière and Bazin have been, and still are, higher lights among academicians than their more materialistic associates. In a personal note from M. Bazin not long ago, we have his own words: "Yes, I will keep up the fight. May God aid me!"

One of the most impressive appeals to patriotism, as well as to justice and mercy, in M. Bazin's novels, is the scene of the saluting of the French flag in that wonderful story, *The Nun.* We believe that nothing in modern literature surpasses it. Religion must stir and fertilize the heart before true patriotism can be born, and one may fancy the solace of our clerical conscripts in the thought that religious patriotism is worthy of the martyrdom of even sacerdotal dignity, under such stress of circumstances in France. If the salvation of country demands the stripping off of the cassock for the girdling on of the sword-belt, it means, still always means, that the love of God is greater than the love of country. Such patriotism, such heart-breaking rendering to Cæsar,

should forever silence the claims of bigotry that Catholic citizens are not loyal citizens.

But writers like M. Bazin, or such converts as Mrs. Craigie, Paul Bourget, and Monsignor Benson, and their kind, may hardly be accounted writers of fiction in the popular sense. So manifest is the truth of their moving personages, so poignant their activities, that one is at a loss to define where reality ends and imagination begins. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said of the average Catholic novel, serial, or short story. On the contrary, weakness seems to be its strong point. Our missionary reports and convert confessions contain romances far more enthralling and convincing than the so-called fiction which too often fails even to deceive. Such tales as *The Curse of a Mixed Marriage,* or *Nellie's Repentance,* are told far more judiciously in the confessional than on the written page.

A serial now appearing in one of our Catholic magazines—the author, if not the story, being much extolled—has all the color, and let us hope the authoritative value, of a Baedecker guide book. The scene being laid in Paris and its environs, we are dragged through street after street, church after church, mart after mart, fortunate if we can mentally pronounce them all, the sights and advantages of them being pointed out to us by a kind of automatic sign-posts, technically called "characters," in the story. One wonders what it is all about, and why our good old Baedecker would not do as well. In our literary novitiate we were instructed that what is vulgarly called "padding" is a form of commercial dishonesty, an imposture on the people who buy and read books. The hero, though "good," fails utterly to convince us that he is so. We are sure that the author desires to inspire in us the will to follow his example; yet we would not for the world resemble him, nor anyone at all like him if we could help ourselves. The heroine embroiders well, and nearly all the time. She is usually found in the dull but safe company of her brother. There is, however, a lover, who seizes the loneliness and security of a cell in jail as his opportunity to declare himself, he being temporarily suspected of having stolen what would seem to have been a worthless work of art. There is an aunt very busy about nothing, an angel little boy, and a dog. Stage properties and supernumeraries entangle us more and more as we advance, until, quite breathless, we stop to rest and skip one month's instalment.

True, we have not yet seen them out of their "troubles" and

into their glorification; for we have only followed them through twenty or thirty chapters, and the conclusion is not yet in sight. But the point is, we are impatient. The story irritates us. Such "troubles" do not move us, such virtues do not grip and goad us to emulation. We feel sure that so much space, so much printer's ink, so much industry of compositors, is needed for other and better things.

These "novels" lack the authority of the hour's need. Their reason for being would appear to be the author's empty purse, or desire for social and journalistic exploitation. Life does not cry aloud for them, as it cries ever more and more urgently for such romances as the *Abbot of Caldey's,* the *Apologia* of Newman, and the *Confessions* of Monsignor Benson. Justice and mercy do not demand them as they demand M. Bazin's *Coming Harvest* and *Davidée Birot.* Why can we not be silent until God bids us speak —as when the convert-artist Paul Bourget wrote *Divorce* and *L'Etape,* and Mrs. Craigie *The School for Saints?*

Like the sacraments of the Church, art demands both matter and form of the authoritative *right* quality. When either of these is defective the desired result is lost. Richard Le Gallienne may give us in *Harper's Monthly* words of poetic form, but he leaves us with a curse, instead of a sacrament of verse, by reason of his polluted matter.

When Francis Thompson wrote *The Hound of Heaven,* and Thomas Daly his *Ode to a Thrush,* they dipped their pens in sacred love, and the result has been—intimations of immortality. Mrs. Alice Meynell says in a striking *Remembrance* of her father, "He had an exquisite style from which to refrain. The things he abstained from were all exquisite." One is loath to tamper with so apparently impressive a statement; yet it raises the question: Is it lawful for a man endowed with gifts of the spirit to enfold them in a napkin of complacency, however "exquisite?" For ourselves, we like better the articulate resolve of M. Bazin, "Yes, I will keep up the fight."

THE CURSE OF CASTLE EAGLE.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE DOOM.

SHEER love of her own country, and a persistent craving for her own people, had drawn Meg Hildebrand back to Ireland from Austria, where she had lived in a luxurious state as English governess and companion to the daughters of the Archduchess Magda.

She had loved the gracious lady, and the beautiful girls who were a delight to the eye, and had all the consideration for a lady in a dependent position that one might have expected from their breeding.

It hurt her to go: but she had to go. Her heart turned from the gay court, where she was treated with a deference which almost hurt her, to the bare bogs, the wild mountains, the clouds, the soft airs of her own country. Her longing for home positively began to injure her health. When that fact was represented to the Archduchess by Dr. Buchheim, the Court physician, she withdrew her opposition to Miss Hildebrand's departure, on condition that Meg's sister, Pauline, took her place. She hastened her going. Meg left the Schloss loaded with gifts, covered with caresses. Not soon would she forget the gracious Archduchess, amid her flock of lovely girls. They remained in her mind like a group of the Graces, like houris, better, like angels, as she sped across Europe in the *train de luxe* by which the Archduchess had sent her home.

There was not much luxury at Crane's Nest, the out-at-elbows house where Terence Hildebrand did his best to keep a roof over his large, healthy family. The roof had a way of flying off in stormy nights, when the west wind carried portions of it clattering away over the rocks into the Atlantic. As the repairs were of the cobbling order, it followed that the upper floor of Crane's Nest was damp and uninhabitable. But there was plenty of room without it in the big square mansion with double wings, perched high on its hillside, where it seemed to catch all the winds and every ray of sun. The sunsets were splendid from the windows of Crane's Nest. So was the jewelled sky at night. From many windows you caught a glimpse of the distant lakes.

"You'll not be leaving us again, Meg?" said Terence Hildebrand, when he had detached his eldest daughter from the uproarious wel-

comes of her young brothers and sisters, who clung about her as though they could never be tired of admiring and caressing her. "You'll not leave us again? There's plenty of room at Crane's Nest for all my children, glory be to goodness. Now that Terry can go to college, thanks to you, and that we can put Agatha and Kathie to school, we'll be missing them, with Pauline away too, so you'll have to stay with us."

Meg said nothing at the moment. She would not talk of going away when she had hardly arrived: but, after Terry and Agatha and Katty, there were Dominick and Felix and Brian and little Sheila: and she was not really needed at Crane's Nest, where now that Pauline had gone, Terence's favorite sister, Mrs. Creagh, a widow without encumbrances, was ready to come to take charge.

Mrs. Hildebrand had been a great beauty. Meg was a plainer image of her. Where the mother's hair had fallen in golden ringlets, Meg's was brown, with just a shade of red in it. She had no pretension to the exquisite purity of complexion, the correctness of features, the blueness of eyes so blue as to be almost exaggerated. But there was a fawn-like grace about Meg—a shyness which came suddenly at the frankest moments. Some people had found that mingled shyness and candor irresistible. The Archduchess had praised Meg's discretion with a special warmth. It had prevented complications. If she had only known, Meg's discretion was disinclination. A white and gold Imperial Hussar had no dazzlement at all for Meg Hildebrand.

There was a picture of the late Mrs. Hildebrand before which her husband was wont to stand, pointing out its beauties to the daughter who was most like her in expression and character of all the children, although she had neither her eyes nor her hair nor her complexion.

"Look at her, Meg," he would say. "They used to say she was as like the Empress of the French as though she were her twin. If your hair wasn't brown and your eyes hazel, and if your color hadn't a bit of brown in it as well, you'd be the image of her. And to think when they were all running after her up in Dublin, that she gave up everything for me, and was just a good little woman, looking after the house and the children till the day she died! Ah, well, my poor girl," apostrophizing the picture, "you might have done better for yourself—but you couldn't have been better loved!"

For a short time Meg gave herself up to the joy of being at home. She loved every inch of the Irish earth and air; after her exile she felt as though she could take every soft-voiced old man or woman she met with on the road to her heart; she made friends with every blue-eyed child, and the fishermen, the urchins driving the cows to and from the bog, the shepherd with his sheep. All except the little ones remembered Miss Meg, and were as pleased to have her home as

though it was a personal matter to themselves. She loved the gray and brown country of stone walls and rocks and bogs. The animals, the wild, friendly dogs that pawed her all over on the slightest encouragement, the patient little donkeys under the carts, the cattle and sheep browsing on the scant pasture: everything was full of delight to her, perhaps the more delightful because she realized that she enjoyed them only for the time.

"Why would you be going?" Terence Hildebrand asked in an aggrieved voice, when after a month or six weeks his daughter talked of going out on the world again. "Isn't there plenty for you to do at home? You were always headstrong, Meg, or you'd never have left us. Not but what you were a good girl to me and the children."

"I'm not going to leave Ireland this time," Meg said. "I'm too fresh from the pangs of homesickness to have forgotten them. I'm going up to town next week to my godmother while I look for something. There won't be so much money—but there won't be the homesickness, and I can run down and see you all if the craving comes upon me."

She had arrived at her godmother's house in Stephen's Green, Dublin, one of those baffling houses which look mere slips outside, and are unexpectedly spacious and stately within. It was the thick of the Dublin season, and Lady O'Neill was out at an afternoon concert at the Castle when she arrived, but the servants took charge of her as though she were the child of the house. She was enjoying a generous tea by the fire, in the brown oak-panelled room, where, if you lifted a Persian rug before the fireplace, you saw on the boards the print of a little child's foot in blood—memorial of an unknown tragedy that not all the soap and scrubbing brushes in the world would wash out—when her godmother arrived.

"I hurried home for you, Meg," she said. "Don't thank me, child. What with the new music that I can't make head or tail of—give me Mozart—and the queer people one meets in society nowadays, I sacrificed nothing in leaving early. So you want to be at work again? I hope that young rascal, Master Terry, appreciates his sister. Why not stay with me till after Easter? I'd like to have a girl to take out: and I've some old lace spoiling for someone to wear it. You won't? Well, you were always obstinate, Meg."

She had to hear all the news of Crane's Nest. Then, having failed to persuade Meg to stay and dance through a Castle season, she became suddenly helpful and business-like.

"You wouldn't do it, Meg," she said, "if I wasn't a distressed lady. But since I am, and since Crane's Nest is in the case of the old woman who lived in the shoe, I'll do my best to help you. As a matter of fact I've been making inquiries, for I knew your obstinacy, and I've come upon something. The Dowager Turloughmore

put me on to it, poor old soul. Her daughter-in-law wants a companion. She must be a lady and accomplished, a good musician—and very discreet, else she'll be making eyes at Lord Erris the only son, who by all accounts is very handsome, poor boy. I said I thought I might answer for your discretion. The only thing is—it's a shame to send you there. Castle Eagle is not quite the place I'd select for my goddaughter, but you're healthy, Meg, and you're of a happy nature. Very sensible, too, and very kind. Poor Lady Turloughmore, I remember her; she was the merriest creature alive. It's no joke to be always looking out for a curse to fall on the one you love best. No wonder the son's delicate."

"What is it about the Turloughmores? There've been tragedies in the family, I know, but I've been a long time away and I don't know the story."

"Oh, it's a queer story: I don't suppose there's anything in it. They are a strange over-strung family, and I suppose they have got to believe in the doom, as all the rest of Ireland does. The doom began with a Lord Turloughmore in the time of James the First. It was a time they were burning witches in England, and Lord Turloughmore had lived a good deal in England, and had got a taste for hunting a human quarry. Well, there was an old woman who was reputed a witch, and she had a plot of land with a cabin on it right in the middle of the Turloughmore property, and he had tried to get her out of it—it was an eye-sore to him—but she had resisted all his efforts. There doesn't seem to have been anything in the accusation that she was a witch. She appears to have been a herbalist, and to have supplied the poor people with herbal remedies for this and that complaint; and no doubt she was a bit queer in her head, but—a kind creature, devoted to animals and they to her, even the wild ones.

"Lord Turloughmore would have been glad enough to try her for witchcraft as he had seen it done in England; but we had no witches in Ireland and we burnt none: we left the burning to the next world if there was burning to be done. Some of the foolish, ignorant people said that Biddy Pendergast could take the shape of any beast she liked; and that arose, I suppose, from the fact that animals were so often seen about her cottage. Lord Turloughmore was hunting one day when what did the fox do, and the hounds were just on top of him, but scamper in at the open door of Biddy's cottage, which was immediately bolted and barred behind him, although the huntsman swore he had seen Biddy just before the hounds found her, picking up sticks in a coppice three miles away.

"Lord Turloughmore was up first behind the hounds, and, pushing his way through them, he kicked open the door of the cabin. The hounds rushed in, and immediately there began the greatest hulla-

baloo you ever heard within, and Lord Turloughmore stood with a smile on his face, and would allow no one to pass.

"Suddenly a scream came from the house, and it curdled the blood of those who were standing near. An ancestor of your own, Sir Dominick Hildebrand, was there, and he shouted that the hounds were killing the old woman, and he would not stand by to see murder done. Then someone called out that the fox was sitting up on the thatch as comfortable as could be, having come up the chimney, so that it wasn't the fox the hounds were growling and snarling over. Then Sir Dom Hildebrand closed with Lord Turloughmore, flung him to one side and rushed into the cabin. There sure enough was poor old Biddy huddled up in one corner where the hounds had got her down, and were tearing her to pieces as they tear a fox. There was the greatest trouble to get the hounds off, but it was too late to save the poor woman's life. But while a spark of life remained in her, she put a curse upon the Turloughmores. They said she tried to put a blessing on your ancestor who had pulled a hound from her throat with his two hands, and if he wasn't so strong would have been unable to save himself from the brute. But while she blessed the Hildebrands the death-rattle was in her throat: she never finished.

"Turloughmore would have it that it was the soul of the witch that escaped the hounds up the chimney in the shape of a fox. They say the same fox is hunted to this day, and when they find him it means a run that leaves the hounds footsore and dejected, and the fox slipped over the edge of the world. He is known by a white star on his breast."

"And the curse?" asked Meg.

"Oh, the curse is, of course, that no Earl of Turloughmore dies in his bed. Oddly, not one has died in his bed, or so they say, since poor Biddy's curse. They've died in battle, in the hunting-field, in all sorts of accidents. The last lord but one was killed by the fall of a tower in his own grounds. The last was lost in the railway accident at Aberfoyle. The present lord disregards the doom, says that he may as well have a good run for his money. Poor Flora, with her delicate son, is to be pitied. Her husband is never at home. He is away yachting just now. Her heart has been so long in her mouth where her husband is concerned, that perhaps she grows used to the dread. A very dear creature is Flora Turloughmore."

"It will be a house with a shadow," said Meg.

"My dear, if you are afraid of it do not go. It is indeed a house with a shadow. But it is a very beautiful place, and the rule will be so gentle and sweet. There are not many places I should care to send my girl to as a companion. You will be safe with Lady Turloughmore. And—the salary is a large one. I wish that need not count with you, but it must."

The sound of the knocker upon the hall door reached them where they sat in the oak-panelled room.

"That will be Flora," Lady O'Neill said hastily. "She said she would come to-day if she possibly could. How glad I am that you know all about it! You will be able to decide now, knowing that you are asked to go to a house with a shadow. She is so charming a creature that you are certain to be attracted by her. You will know if it is worth it!"

The maid opened the door announcing:

"Lady Turloughmore."

Someone came in who had a fluttering air of youth in the twilight. It was such a figure as might have belonged to a woman in the late twenties. The lady came with a soft sound of silken garments, a delicate breathing of violets. She sat down in a chair facing Meg. The servant who had ushered her in brought a lamp. Before the shade was adjusted Meg saw the lady's face.

The dark hair was gray about the temples. The face was fretted with fine little lines, telling that Lady Turloughmore was not so young as her figure and carriage pretended. She smiled, and the expression was brave and sad as winter sunshine, with its pathetic suggestion of a natural merriment.

"We are very lonely, my boy and I," she said. "I hardly ever leave him, but I felt I must see you. Dear Lady O'Neill said I might come. You are better than I hoped for, Miss Hildebrand. I must always have people about me I can care for. I wonder—I wonder if you could come back with me to-night to Castle Eagle!"

"She has only just arrived from the west," said Lady O'Neill.

"How inconsiderate I am!" Lady Turloughmore said, in a soft, eager apology. "Forgive me, Miss Hildebrand. And, please, when can you come?"

Meg glanced at the charming face, and found Lady Turloughmore irresistible.

"Nothing is unpacked as yet," she said. "I can go with you to-night. Anything further I require can follow me. And—I am so glad to come."

Chapter II.

THE FOXES.

It was about eleven o'clock at night, and pitchy dark, when the travelers arrived at their destination. In the last stage of it they had driven for what seemed a long time up a steady ascent, and they had come within smell and hearing of the sea.

Meg, nodding with fatigue, could see nothing from the carriage

windows but a darkness of stone walls and trees either side the road. She came suddenly awake when Lady Turloughmore spoke.

"We are nearly there: look yonder and you will see Castle Eagle through a break in the trees. We shall soon be at the park gates. How dark it is! When the moon is up it will be as light as day."

Meg, wide awake now, looked from the carriage window, and had her first glimpse of Castle Eagle, revealed by its many lit windows against the darkness of sky and trees. It seemed a huge place, standing up there outlined by its lights.

"Your little boy will be gone to bed," she said. "I shall not see him till the morning, I suppose?"

"My little boy!" Lady Turloughmore repeated. "I have no little boy. Ulick is twenty-seven."

"Oh, of course. How stupid of me! I remember now that my godmother said—"

Meg pulled up short, remembering what it was that her godmother had said—then stumbled on again.

"She said he was not very strong. Somehow I imagined he was a boy."

"He is not very strong." There was a note of quiet sorrow in Lady Turloughmore's voice. "I blame myself for his ill-health. I would go hunting before he was born, though I was advised not to do it. His father met with what might have been a fatal accident before my eyes; we were riding together, and we came to a ravine spanned by a couple of planks. He took his horse across quite safely. He has a great power over animals. They trust him. He is so strong and gentle." She spoke with a proud and tender voice. "He left his horse on the other side, brought me over, and went back for the little mare I was riding. She was a sweet creature, very nervous and high-spirited. She came with him gently enough, and he had got her more than half-way across, when she caught sight of the depth below and stood still, trembling and sweating. Seeing the danger many men would have left her to her fate. My husband is not like that. He tried to coax her. Suddenly she plunged. The planks turned with her. I saw both of them fall. My dear—it is not a thing I talk about easily. I don't know why I tell it to you—at our first meeting too. The mare broke her poor pretty back in the fall. My husband, by the blessing of God, fell on a little ledge half-way down the ravine. He had to be pulled up by ropes, but till I saw him alive and well I thought he was dead. Wasn't it terrible?"

"It was very terrible," said Margaret. "But—his being saved was wonderful. I think I should take it that, as you say, it was the blessing of God."

"That is what I most ardently desire, what I pray for, for my husband and son, morning, noon, and night. My dear, I have learnt

to pray well. Even when I am doing other things, talking, or reading, or walking about, my spirit is on her knees."

"I should feel after that experience," said Meg steadily, and wondering why he should say it, "I should feel that they had special protection."

"I suppose I do feel it, in a sense," returned Lady Turloughmore, "else I should not have one happy hour, and I have many."

While they talked they had passed a lit lodge, where someone held open the gates. They had left the stone walls behind, and in the lifting of the obscurity, for the moon had just looked over a distant wall of mountain, Meg saw that they were in a park with groups of knotted and twisted trees standing out darkly against the lighter darkness of the grass.

The carriage rolled quickly over the smooth avenue till it stopped at a pair of gates, which the footman got down to open. Then on again past the shrubs and flower beds of a lawn. Presently it pulled up in front of a flight of stone steps, beyond which an open door showed the lighted hall.

Meg glanced over her shoulders as she followed Lady Turloughmore from the carriage up the steps. The house was situated on a high plateau, from which the country fell away in front. There was a balustrading beyond the flower beds in front of the house revealed by the light from the house door. Above it the tops of a row of poplars were revealed. Apparently the front of the house descended by terraces to the lower lands.

She followed Lady Turloughmore into an octagonal hall, from which doors went off between fluted and gilt pillars. The tone of the hall was gold and cream. In the upper part of the wall portraits took the place of the doors between the pillars. The hall was warmly carpeted with red. From a fireplace at one side came a warm glow, comfortable in the winter night. A red-carpeted stairs ascended in front of them. Down the stairs there came a young man walking slowly, one hand on the banisters.

"Ah, Ulick! We have got safely home."

"I hope you are not very cold, mother. I am glad you are back."

"Miss Hildebrand, my son, Lord Erris."

Meg bowed. The young man looked at her with quick interest. In her one glimpse of him, she saw that he was one of those invalids who ought not to be invalids. He was a big man. He looked as if he might be powerful. There was something very fine about the shape of his head. But the voice was languid, the handsome face fretted with lines of pain, the eyes sadly weary for young eyes.

He looked at Meg with sudden, quick attention.

"Miss Hildebrand!" he repeated.

Lady Turloughmore put her hand through her son's arm.

"Miss Hildebrand is so kind as to be willing to solace our lonely life, Ulick," she said. "Ah"—a bright-looking, black-haired maid-servant had just come forward. "You will take the young lady to her room, Kate. See that she has all she wants. Miss Hildebrand, there will be some food ready when you come downstairs. Please don't think of making a toilette."

Meg followed the maid up the stairs, down a corridor, and was shown into a warm, comfortable room. A fire glowed on the hearth, and there was a shaded lamp on a little table, which was drawn beside a comfortable looking chair. The room was lined with wardrobes and drawers, with mirrors between as though the occupant of the room was to have as many dresses as Queen Elizabeth, and to be as vain of her person. There was just space enough between the wardrobes and the drawers for a little French bed, prettily curtained in chintz. In a corner a small door opened, which gave access to a tiny bathroom.

"You'll maybe be likin' a bath before you go to your bed, Miss," said Kate. "I'll lave you some warm towels before I go, after I've unpacked. Here's your trunk now, Miss. Is there anything I could be gettin' out of it for you?"

Meg had a humorous sense of the incongruity of her solitary trunk with all the wardrobes.

"I think I'll go down just as I am," she said. "I mustn't keep Lady Turloughmore waiting."

"Indeed then she wouldn't say one word if you wor to keep her waitin' itself," said Kate. "Sure there isn't a sweeter nor a patienter lady in the len'th and breadth of Ireland, an' his young lordship the same, but the Earl's very hasty, yet that kind o' hastiness you'd forgive him. It isn't very good for the temper to be always expectin' somethin' to happen to ye, all on account of an ould villin that did somethin' wrong hundreds o' years ago. Is it now, Miss?"

"I suppose it isn't," said Meg, who had untwisted and shaken out her hair, and was about to coil it up again at the back of her head.

"It's a terrible shame so it is," said Kate, fussing about the room, "to see the terror in her ladyship's face sometimes. Well! well! My mother often told me not to be talkin' so much. What a beautiful head of hair you have, Miss! What name was it her ladyship said?"

"My name is Hildebrand," Meg answered, putting in the last hairpin.

"I thought 'twas that her ladyship said," the girl said, looking at Meg with an intent gaze. "You wouldn't be—wan of the Hildebrands? Wouldn't it be a quare thing if a Hildebrand of th' ould family was to come to this house?"

Meg did not feel at liberty to discuss family skeletons and so said nothing, but having completed her hair, moved towards the door.

"You wouldn't be thinkin' I was talkin' for talkin's sake," Kate

said, as though she divined Meg's thoughts. "'Tis because I love the family that my heart lepped up at your name. I thought if a Hildebrand was to come it might take the doom off them. There's quare ould ways in this house, for all it looks so cheerful. I don't know that I'd care to be in it if it wasn't for the family. There isn't much I wouldn't do for any of them."

Meg went downstairs to the dining-room. She was healthily hungry, for she had not eaten anything since her afternoon tea. While she was enjoying her meal, she gathered from what Lady Turloughmore was saying that the Earl was on his homeward way.

"With a good wind he might be home some time on Wednesday morning," she said. "I hope now he will put up the yacht for the winter. It is very cold. I don't see what pleasure he can find in it."

Lord Erris sighed, a heavy sigh that startled Meg.

"I wish I could be with him," he said.

"Dear Ulick! after all there is the hunting."

"Yes, there is the hunting."

Presently Meg having finished her meal, went upstairs, leaving the mother and son together.

"Don't be kept awake by the owls, Miss Hildebrand," said Lady Turloughmore. "The woods are full of them and the old tower. You will hear them unless you sleep very well."

"I am sure I shall not hear anything once my head touches the pillow," Meg replied.

Lord Erris came out into the hall to light her candle for her. There was something that hurt her heart in the way he walked. He had a halting and a dragging gait, and yet it suggested a free stride, somehow hampered and clogged. There must be something wrong with his foot, she supposed. In the candle light she saw his face clearly for the first time. It was a handsome face, regular-featured; a very handsome broad forehead, with a sweep of dark hair across it; a pair of fine dark eyes, a sensitive mouth. A masculine face in spite of the lines of weariness upon it, and something of mist and shadow that lay over it.

"I am very glad you have come, Miss Hildebrand," he said, cordially.

Meg flushed with pleasure; and looked down, with one of her charming, shy glances.

"I am very glad you are glad," she said. "I am very glad to have come."

"You won't want to go away when you know us better?"

"I am quite sure I shall not."

He watched her go up the stairs before he went back, with his dragging step, to the dining-room.

Meg slept. The room was warm in firelight. The night was

bitterly cold outside—bright moonlight, yet with a haze about the moon and an ominous bank of cloud away to the southeast. She slept and dreamt pleasant dreams, in which she was come to Castle Eagle as a deliverer, and Lord Erris begged her not to go away. In the dream she had an exaggerated sentiment of tenderness, of aching pity for him, such as one will have in a dream for a person to whom one is indifferent in one's waking moments.

She awoke with a start to the bright moonlight in the room, and a sound of the baying of dogs. She looked about the unfamiliar room. She had a sleepy wonder as to whether there were kennels at Castle Eagle. As she lay awake something thin and sharp in the quality of the baying struck her ears. Those were not hounds. She knew too much about fox-hounds to be deceived into believing that short, sharp yelping to proceed from a pack.

Suddenly the story Lady O'Neill had told her came to mind, and she was afraid. There was something sinister in the yelping, as though a pack of spectral hounds were baying. Could it be—was it possible that the hounds who had taken part in the killing of the witch came back as goblins to Castle Eagle? Ridiculous! Was she going to have nerves already? It would never do to cultivate nerves if she was to stay at Castle Eagle; and she had said to Lord Erris that she would stay.

She got out of bed and went to the window. After all, the matter might be simple enough; capable of a simple natural explanation. Why should a thin baying have power to frighten her like this? to set her heart beating? Indeed it sounded like the ghosts of dogs dead and gone, baying the moon. She said to herself that there was nothing to be afraid of only fear. She was in the hands of God; so long as her cowardice did not place her outside that guardianship.

The moon had risen splendidly, and was throwing its hard white light over the courtyard upon which her window looked. The courtyard, enclosed by the three sides of the house, was open on the fourth. The moon high above the mountains to the eastward, poured its full light without a shadow. The three sides of the quadrangle slept. Not a light moved in the windows, although Meg would have thought that the house must be wakened by the din.

She saw a strange sight. The courtyard was full of life. Foxes were everywhere, standing, sitting, prowling by the walls. Every time the barking seemed like to die away, one fox in the centre of the pack, bigger than the others, raised its head and started the yelping, and the others joined in afresh.

A curious sight! She had never heard of the like. Had the bitter cold—the earth had been frozen now for days—sent the foxes in search of food. While she watched, a fox came into the courtyard, plainly a tired fox, such as she had often seen at home at Crane's

Nest, going at a weary trot across the lawns some day the hounds were out.

Her first fear passed: she was reassured by the fact that obviously these were real, living foxes. While she looked one sat down, and very deliberately scratched his ear with his hind leg. She laughed. Certainly they were not phantoms.

While she stood looking out, absorbed in the curious sight, the foxes, as though moved by some law of their kind, wheeled about and trotted out of the courtyard. For the first time—she had been deceived by the moonlight—she noticed that a light snow had fallen. The courtyard was under snow: so was the surrounding country and the distant hills. There was more to come, for the wind rose and sighed; her windows shook, and somewhere in the house a door slammed.

It was like Kipling, she said to herself as she dozed asleep, too tired with her double journey to be kept long awake even by the strange thing she had seen. It was exactly like a story out of Kipling.

Chapter III.

THE HOUSE OF FOXES.

Meg awoke to a red dawn, and Kate standing by her bedside carrying a tray on which there was the morning cup of tea.

"Good morning, Miss. I hope you slept well," she said, as she proceeded to light the fire. "I wouldn't get up if I was you—not yet, till the room's warmer. I wonder you do be alive at all, havin' the windows open like that. It 'ud give any wan a cowld to look at them, so it would. There's my grandfather alive an' well, an' he a young man an' courtin' the night o' the Big Wind, an' he never opened his window, I've heard say, all his life, nor none of his family. I'll tell you sometime how he lost the first umbrella was ever seen in the parish that same night. It belonged to Father Pat McCluskey the parish priest. He'd brought it from London for a great curiosity, an' he lent it to my grandfather to hold over my grandmother: they'd been with him about the marriage. 'Twas as big as a tent, an' when the wind broke on them it very nearly carried them out to say."

The narrative ceased on Kate's stooping her head to make a bellows of her mouth for the purpose of blowing up the fire.

"I hope there'll be no wind now anyway," she added. "Not with his lordship on the say. The poor mistress does be heartbroke till she has him safe."

She came and took up the tray.

"Now you've a nice little fire to get up by, Miss Hildebrand," she said. "The mistress herself bid me make you comfortable, an' I'd die for the mistress. She doesn't be lavin' me to the housekeeper for orders. She knows I'd do more for herself, though Mrs. Burke's a dacint woman, an' not so strict as some housekeepers I've heard tell of. I'd better be goin', or she'll be callin' me a chatterbox. She says it's my one fault."

A bell rang somewhere in the house and Kate fled.

Meg lay awake for a little while before she got up, thinking of the foxes in the night. She considered whether it might have been a dream. But she was sure it could not have been. She remembered the natural attitudes of the foxes. She had never known them to go in packs and approach dwelling houses before. But she was quite sure there was nothing of the dream or the vision about it. They were real foxes: and she had seen them.

She got up and dressed herself. She was first downstairs, and there was no one in the dining-room when she entered it. There were no letters for her as yet: but there were the morning papers and some weekly papers and magazines lying folded on a side table. She looked about the luxurious room. Her feet sank in the pile of the carpets. There was beautiful china and silver on the table. Nothing was new, nothing of yesterday, or the day before. The carpets and curtains had had time to mellow their tints, as had the walls and the family portraits.

A beautiful Clumber spaniel, with a coat like grebe, and orange silk ears, came and thrust a friendly nose in her hands. She stooped and looked at his collar.

"I am Lord Erris' friend, Prince," was the inscription. The dog appealed to her. She loved all dogs; but there was something nobly condescending in the air of this dog as he made friends, which was a subtle flattery as though some distinguished person had trusted her. When she patted him he whined, ill at ease about something, and looked towards the windows. For the first time she noticed the windows. They were diamond-paned, deep-ledged. In each window there was a heraldic lozenge. She went a little nearer to inspect them. In the lower section of the windows the lozenges showed armorial bearings with the motto "Goddes Way is My Staye." In the upper lozenges was alternately a fox and a large-winged, grayish-winged bird. A swan: no, not a swan. She leant nearer to look. It was a wild goose. Often she had seen them of autumn evenings flying high over the gray sky across the stubble, in the strange wedge they form when they are flying.

She wondered if the fox derived from the uncanny story which had brought the calamity to the family. Calamity! She would not

believe it. Already her heart cried out passionately against the thought of calamity to the family of Turloughmore. Why should they suffer, innocently, for the cruelty and sin of a long-dead man? God would not permit it. Surely God would not permit it.

The wild geese were more easily explicable. She supposed some of the family must have been of the Wild Geese, those Irish who fought for King James against King William, and after the Treaty of Limerick sailed away from Ireland, and took service in the armies of France and Spain and Austria.

The dog's evident uneasiness attracted her attention. He wanted to go out. He was pacing to the last window in the room and back again, evidently inviting her to a morning walk.

She went with him, her hand on his head. She found that the last window was in fact a door. It opened on the courtyard surrounded by three sides of the house, on which she had looked last night. The sun had risen out of the red dawn, and was shining on the courtyard: no sign of storm yet, but a fine, clear, frosty morning. She opened the window and went out. The snow had frozen since last night, and was crisp under her feet. The dog began to move about, growling to himself. He had come upon the scent of the foxes. She looked down at the snow. Certainly it had been no dream, no illusion of the night, no uncanny happening. The track of the foxes was everywhere, frozen in the snow. She had been right when she said they were real, living foxes. A spectral pack does not leave the snow printed all over with its pads.

The dog whined. All of a sudden she was aware that she knew something she had not known she knew, as the mind will receive an impression and put it away without looking at it, to discover it later on. The fox, bigger than the others, who had seemed to be the chief of the pack, and to lead the chorus of barking, had had a white star on its breast. In the moonlight it had shone on the red coat like a star of silver.

She was for a moment in the grip of the preternatural. Then she pulled herself together sharply. What was she thinking of? There was nothing very remarkable about a fox being splashed with white. Why should he not be, any more than a dog?

She went back into the dining-room, the dog following her with a dejected air. He had barely flung himself, sighing heavily, before the fire when Lord Erris came in, his lame foot dragging.

"Good morning, Miss Hildebrand," he said, "you are down first. What a shame there should be no one to bid you welcome on your first morning! I daresay my mother is tired after her journey."

"Prince was very kind in making me welcome," Meg said. "He was a gracious host."

"Ah, I am glad of that. It is a tribute to you. Prince doesn't

take notice of everyone. Isn't he perfectly well-bred? I don't mean in the ordinary sense, but in the sense of good manners."

"He is indeed. He is a very fine gentleman."

"He is out of spirits this morning. Did you hear him howl in the night? It was very bright moonlight."

"No. I did not hear him."

"You slept well in spite of the owls? I am glad of that. You don't look as though your double journey yesterday had fatigued you over much."

Meg colored and glanced sideways at him with her bewildering shyness. She had seen her face in the glass, and she knew that in spite of the disturbance of the night it was fresh and glowing. The ease and satisfaction of heart which her home-coming had brought about had taken effect on her health and looks. She felt as though she would give anything if she could have imparted something of the healthy zest of life she felt in herself to the weary-looking man before her, with his sad air of distinction.

"I hope you will be happy at Castle Eagle," he said, wistfully.

"I am sure I shall be very happy," she returned.

"Will you make the tea or shall I? My mother may not be down for quite a long time. She wishes us not to wait for her."

She had an idea that it hurt him to stand long on his lame foot. So she held out her hand for the teapot, without disputing the question as to who should make the tea. She looked at him frankly, and again she had the shyness.

"I am considered a very good tea maker," she said; "for all that I have lived nearly six years in Austria."

He sat down as though the rest was grateful to him, and watched her making the tea with a light in his eyes as though he found the sight pleasant.

"You have been in Austria," he said. "My forbears had a great deal to do with that country, but I have never been there. I have not been strong enough to travel."

She understood. It would have been bitter, especially seeing that he was framed for strength, to drag a maimed foot over the world. She had a memory of Byron and his bitterness—how the club-foot poisoned his life.

As though he read her thoughts he smiled at her, and the smile was very attractive. There was something appealing about it. He had inherited his mother's charming smile.

"My mother is too tender to me," he said. "An only son. She wraps me in cotton-wool. I have not grown used to my fellow-creatures."

She made his tea, and brought it to him before he could rise to fetch it for himself. He got up and went to the sideboard to carve

something for her, explaining that breakfast was always an informal meal at Castle Eagle.

She took the first thing he offered her. She was healthily hungry, and quite ready to do credit to some of the good things. She was unconscious while she was eating that he watched her, toying with the food on his own plate. He smiled as their eyes met.

"It is nice to see anyone so hungry," he said.

"I've a disgraceful appetite," she confessed laughing.

"I like it. My mother eats nothing, and I have not much of an appetite. I don't get out enough, except in hunting weather."

"Oh, but you should get out always."

He winced, and she guessed that he did not like to face the world afoot.

"One can always ride," he said. "By the way, Hildebrand is not a common name. It is an odd thing that a Hildebrand should be under this roof. You are a Hildebrand of—"

"Crane's Nest in the County Roscommon."

"I wonder—"

He did not say what he wondered.

Meg opened her lips. It was on the tip of her tongue to tell him the curious happenings of the night.

"Crane's Nest," he said: "a pretty name. Birds—and beasts have had much to do with the history of this house. You noticed the foxes and the wild geese in the window? You will find the fox all over this house. Do you see him there in the carving of the mantelpiece? The newels of the stairs are supported by foxes. It was dark last night when you came, or you would have seen at the foot of the steps a pair of foxes carved in stone. The man who built this house flung defiance perhaps in the face of fate. This used to be called the House of Foxes. A hundred years ago it was changed to Castle Eagle. You must read about it in the county history."

It was a curious outburst of confidence, for it was a confidence, though he seemed to talk in an easy unembarrassed way.

"I wonder if you knew what you were undertaking?" he said. "A beautiful young girl like you. A Hildebrand. Odd that a Hildebrand should come to this house."

She answered him quietly, almost forgetting to be shy.

"I am not afraid of shadows," she said. "We are in the hands of the good God."

"Ah, you believe that. God allows strange things to happen sometimes."

"Not if we place ourselves in His hands, I firmly believe. If we choose to stay outside them, we may be afraid."

"Certain things may be of the devil and not of God. We may yield too readily to the devil."

"I believe that God is stronger than the devil, as the old people say."

Their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Lady Turloughmore, who came making profuse gentle apologies for the lateness of her appearance.

The dog went to greet her quietly, and lay down on the edge of her skirt when she had taken her place at the breakfast table.

"I am so glad it is a beautiful morning for your first morning here," she said. "No sign of wind. Are you fond of flowers, Miss Hildebrand? Ulick and I are devoted to flowers. You must see the houses after breakfast. Such a beautiful, quiet, golden day."

It was as she had said. There was no sign of the fulfillment of the promise of the wind given by the red dawn.

"The yacht will not make much headway in this calm," she went on. "We shall not see your father as soon as I hoped."

"We may get a bit of wind about sundown," Lord Erris said. "Besides—because it is windless here, it does not follow that there is no wind off the southwest coast of England. I think there is a promise of wind. The sun rose redly."

"But not of storm, Ulick," said Lady Turloughmore with something of anguish in her voice.

"My dear mother, we are not long without wind on this coast. I see no indication of a storm."

"I wonder if your father has started."

She turned to Meg with the bright appealing gaze which made the girl feel as though she would do anything to save or please Lady Turloughmore. Something of the same feeling she had given the Archduchess Magda, which had made leaving her a tearing-up by the roots, even though it was for going home.

"You will forgive the preoccupation with our own affairs," she said. "This is to be my husband's last yachting trip this year. The beautiful open autumn has made him keep to the yacht. But she will lie up after this voyage."

A footman came in with a telegram on a salver. For a second Lady Turloughmore's face whitened as she tore it open.

"The yacht left Falmouth Harbor last night," she said, "with a good wind. If he is not becalmed he might be in to-morrow. This frost will put a stop completely to the hunting. While it lasts there will be nothing for your father to do, Ulick, nor for you."

She was still a little white, though her lips smiled. Obviously Lady Turloughmore was one of those old-fashioned people to whom the sight of a telegram brings a pang of dread.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

New Books.

THE REAL DEMOCRACY. By J. E. F. Mann, N. J. Sievers, and R. W. T. Cox. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50 net.

According to the three members of the Rota Club, the disease of society to-day, so far as it is economic, is the concentration of ownership in a few hands, and the remedy the diffusion of ownership into as many hands as possible.

Society in its present condition is intolerable for the mass of men; its economic structure is unhinged, and it is itself socially degrading, and politically dangerous. Secondly, it is unstable; it is necessarily in a state of inequilibrium, and must therefore either end in a revolution, the force and extent of which will grow with delay, or must else continue to proceed rapidly along the lines already discernible, and so lose grip of that energy which alone can save it from degradation. Thirdly, an examination of the course of history must convince the inquirer that our characteristic social and economic evils were created and accentuated in precise correspondence with the continuous and increasingly rapid dispossession of the average man, who has been finally left without property, and brought into a position of dependence upon the increasingly few people into whose hands ownership has accumulated. Fourthly, if human liberty is to be restored in any real and lasting sense; if political life is to be made universally possible, and not left as a mere leisurely hobby for a few; if production is to be sanely moulded to men's needs, the life of the average man must rest on a solid economic basis; in other words, property must be restored to him. The common man must cease to be a mere machine to grind out toll for those who condescend to use his labor. He must become a free man in a free state.

In the chapter entitled "Contemporary Practice," Mr. Mann attacks bitterly the present wage system, and the mistaken policy of reform, which he claims is being advocated by the present labor leaders in England. Of their policy he says: "It will give a man anything but control; free food but not money to buy food; free baths but not money to pay for baths; free libraries but not money to support libraries; free medicine but not money to buy medicine; free doctors but not money to pay for a doctor; free everything but no money to buy anything." To prove his point he takes two

typical examples, the Insurance Act and the Minimum Wage Act, and tries to show that in each instance the disadvantage is all with the worker.

The Insurance Act, in his opinion, depletes the economic reserve of the worker, and weakens the effectiveness of the unions by direct raids on their funds, and by penalizing strikes. The Minimum Wage Act gives the mine owners a larger measure of control than they have possessed for twenty-five years, and reduces the workers to a condition like that of slave labor and the press gang.

Of the wage system he writes:

> Where the wage system prevails, as it necessarily prevails in the proletariat state, it is never even considered that a man has a *prima facie* right to the property and to the control of the industry. For in the proletariat state the worker has no property, and therefore cannot withhold his services so as to enforce his rights. He is indeed often thankful for his wage, but its amount represents not what was asked for or any modification of it, but what is requisite to keep him productively efficient. Consequently such rights are ignored; they are not represented by the wages paid, and it is, therefore, immaterial whether the wages are high or low. In fine, wherever the wage system exists in a community, those who come under its operation are regarded as not having any inherent right to control their lives.

The real democrat, therefore, is he who revolts against the present wage system; strikes that show the workers disapproval of it are "very hopeful signs."

Our authors advocate what they call the Associative State. The Representative System of to-day is not democracy, because it provides no surety that the conduct of civic life shall be the business of the mass. Real democracy must consist of guilds or societies of producers under the authority of the State. As the thesis is stated by Mr. Sievers: "Since material and spiritual independence and activity in the individual are conditional upon his possession and use of economic utilities, property must be kept distributed. The distribution of property can only be perpetuated consistently with an adequately high standard of productivity, if industrial undertakings be based upon a coöperative principle." The only real democracy, therefore, is an industrial democracy, and the only real industrial democracy is the Associative State.

How the process of repossession is to be brought about is of

course the main problem, but here our reformers are a bit vague. They plainly reject the three methods open to the collectivist, viz., confiscation, direct purchase, and loan. They show, moreover, that while they agree with the socialist in aiming to deflect property from the big capitalist, they differ in wishing to deflect it not into the hands of the State, but into the hands of the citizens, and of as many of them as possible. To secure the wide distribution of property which alone can bring about the future real democracy, they tell us it will be necessary to modify our legal and economic arrangements in such a fashion that where there is an exchange of utilities between men whose wealth is disproportionate, we can counterbalance the superior advantage of the man of greater wealth, and make the balance of advantage rather tilt up on his side and weigh down on the other side. Laws must be passed entrenching the man of small property, so that under no pretense whatever can the source of family livelihood be subject to seizure or distraint. Secondly, the conditions of commerce and industry must be so changed as to make it increasingly difficult for the big man to attack and undermine the resources of the small man. And, thirdly, remedial legislation should be framed, to the end of making a radical alteration in the conditions and customs which govern the creation of new businesses and of new sources of investment.

The book as a whole is most suggestive, although we think their picture of present social evils exaggerated, their strictures of the Representative System unjust, and their proposed remedy Utopian.

ROUND THE YEAR WITH THE STARS. By Garett P. Serviss. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.00 net.

The author of this popular manual maintains that while everybody may not be a chemist, a geologist, or a mathematician, everybody may be and ought to be, in a modest personal way, an astronomer. The charts illustrating this book have been drawn by the writer to meet the special needs of beginners in the study of astronomy, and therefore everything unessential has been omitted. In the four circular charts representing the aspect of the heavens, respectively, at the vernal equinox, the summer solstice, the autumnal equinox, and the winter solstice, few stars fainter than the fourth magnitude are included, and not all even of that magnitude, because the author's sole purpose is to enable the beginner to recognize the constellations by their characteristic

groupings of stars, and their relative situations in the sky. The name of the constellation will be found on the charts, and also the individual names of the most celebrated stars, but the constellation boundaries are not shown, as the precise limits of the constellation are not important for the novice to know, and any search for them will simply lead to confusion.

A special chapter is added on the planets, and an appendix on the names given to the constellations in the seventeenth century, when the sky was "Christianized."

GUIDE TO THE STUDY AND READING OF AMERICAN HISTORY. By Professors Channing, Hart, and Turner. Boston: Ginn & Co. $2.50.

This volume was originally published in 1896 by the two first-named authors, and has now been revised with the aid of Professor Turner. It will prove exceedingly useful to students of our general history, but even more so, we think, to those who undertake special research upon a given topic. The sources are subdivided and classified in so clear a manner that valuable time is saved, as the student is enabled to go at once to the article desired. The work is in six parts, and although all three authors assume joint responsibility for the whole, the portions were assigned with regard to the specialties of each of the collaborators. During the last decade many very important works, native and foreign, have been issued, and the authors have striven to make this "Guide" thoroughly complete and reliable.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES AND HIS FRIENDS. By Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.35 net.

"In publishing the papers collected together in this volume," writes the author in her Preface, "my hope is that they may help to supply a chapter in the history of St. Francis de Sales which has, of necessity, been curtailed in the different lives of the Saint. I think many of the readers of the latter will have longed, as I have done, to know more of the personages alluded to in their pages, and who were the intimate friends of St. Francis." Mrs. Scott has indeed succeeded in giving us some charming portraits of the relatives and friends of one who could honestly write: "I have a tenacious and almost immovable affection for those who give me the honor of their friendship. He who challenges me in a combat of friendship must be very strong, for I will not spare him. No

one in this world has a more tender or affectionate heart for his friends, nor suffers more acutely from separations than I."

In the book before us, which is made up of articles that have already appeared in *The Month, The Messenger,* and THE CATHOLIC WORLD, we are introduced to the Saint's mother, the two daughters of St. Jane de Chantal, and two dear friends, Mme. de la Flechère, and Mme. de Charmoisy, the Philothée of *The Introduction to the Devout Life.* On every page of this most delightful volume, we learn to love more and more the gentle, loving and human mystic, who could direct souls to God so easily and so perfectly. His motto always was: "Do all by love, nothing by force." The servants of Mme. de Chantal well express their sense of his wise guiding, when they remarked that under her former directors madame prayed four times a day and disturbed everyone, but that under St. Francis' direction, she prayed continually, and disturbed no one.

LEADING EVENTS IN THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH. Written for Schools by the Sisters of Notre Dame. In five volumes. New York: Benziger Brothers. 40 cents each.

This modest little work, in five separate parts, is well known in England and highly esteemed; here it will fill a long-felt want; for although we have excellent books on this subject, the writer knows of no other suitable for the higher elementary grades and high school work. It provides a course, adequate in its fullness, stimulating in its suggestiveness, and yet simple in language, and adapted to the purpose for which it was designed.

Necessarily, there is much condensation, but a uniformity of design is evident throughout, and events daily subordinated one to the other in their degree of importance. By this means a wide view is given of the varying fortunes of the Church in all places and in all ages, and it is a matter of surprise how much information is contained in these pages. Moreover, the writer has seized the salient features of each event, and in few words has recorded them. In the arrangement, the chief headings of the chapter are set off in marginal divisions and clear type, thus impressing the subject of the paragraph on the pupil. The edition of 1909 is illustrated by a wide selection of historical subjects, of eminent persons, emblems, illuminations, seals, coins, etc. At the end of each part is a well-chosen list of books, from which more detailed information may be obtained; also a historical chronology—not over-

crowded—of the most important events. Any Catholic school in search of an aid in teaching Church History, cannot do better than introduce their classes to this work.

Part I. goes as far as A. D. 431; Part II. ends with the accession of Gregory VII., A. D. 1073; Part III. leads us to the close of the fifteenth century; Part IV. to A. D. 1540, while Part V. covers the period since that date.

THE RELIGIOUS FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES. Enumerated, Classified, and Described. Returns for 1900 and 1910 compared with the Government Census of 1890. By H. K. Carroll, LL.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00 net.

Some one has rightly said: "There is no greater liar in the world than statistics." One feels the truth of this statement while reading the present volume. The author calmly gives the number of Protestant communicants in the United States as 14,180,000, and of Catholic communicants as 6,257,871. By multiplying the first number by 3½ he obtains 49,630,000 Protestant adherents, and adding 15 per cent to the second, he obtains 7,362,000 Catholic adherents. He is only about eight million or so out in his reckoning, but never mind. Are not the figures present to prove his point? We think his estimate of the Jewish "communicants" *(sic.)* is also quite below the mark, for he puts them at only 130,496. He might surely have made it an even 131,000!

As regards classification, it is absolutely inaccurate to classify the Russian Orthodox Church, the national Church of Greece, the Armenian Church (335 members), the Old Catholic Church (665 members), or the Reformed Catholic Church (1,000 members?) under the general heading, *The Catholics.*

The brief descriptions of the various denominations of Protestantism is most enlightening to the seeker after truth. One may be six kinds of an Adventist, twelve kinds of a Mennonite or Presbyterian, sixteen kinds of a Lutheran, or seventeen kinds of a Methodist, but not, *pace* Mr. Carroll, seven kinds of a Catholic. Our author is also inaccurate in his prejudiced statement that "Catholicism in the United States has been most profoundly affected by Protestantism." He also exaggerates our leakage, and in mentioning the causes of growth in the Catholic population says no word of the increase by convert-making, although the rate is over 33,000 a year.

THE POSTURE OF SCHOOL CHILDREN. By Jessie H. Bancroft. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

The importance of physical training has grown into recognition during the last twenty years, until it holds an acknowledged position in most school programmes. Owing to various scientific inquiries, and wide investigation concerning tuberculosis, child labor, army and navy enlistment, together with a score of other subjects of vastly different bearing, and, it must be added, neglect of home discipline and training, the need of some remedy has become a pressing necessity.

This volume enters very thoroughly into the matter, being the result of summer lectures at Columbia University, beginning in 1901 and continuing till 1910. The author does not base the exercises on gymnastic apparatus, but rather upon frequent practice and vigilant correction of harmful positions. It is therefore recommended to arouse the interest of the children, without whose coöperation results cannot be obtained. The sluggishness which induces and persists in a slouching posture must be combated in the same way as a distaste for study, and a persevering, devoted teacher will be rewarded by a great increase of her pupil's powers for work, energy, and concentration. An erect carriage, pose of the head, chest, spine, shoulders, etc.; sitting, standing, walking, stair climbing have each their own special discussion.

The practical part of the work is worthy of much praise, but the scientific theories propounded will be more than likely to give pause to judicious or conservative minds. With becoming modesty the author gives conflicting opinions of eminent medical authorities without pronouncing upon them, but the same cannot be said concerning science and evolution. The opinions, guesses and wild statements of popular science are all gravely alluded to as incontrovertible conclusions. Such want of discrimination mars the really useful side of the work, without adding to its value in any way, and shakes confidence in the author as a scientific guide. Is the writer totally unacquainted with such open admissions as the following from *The Theory of Evolution in the Light of Facts,* by a Professor of Biology, which ably summarizes the present actual findings in the various fields of positive science? This Professor of Anatomy in the Sorbonne, an eminent evolutionist, writes: "I admit that no one has ever seen one species arise from another, or transform itself into another, and that we have no absolutely formal proof of such transformation having taken place."

In the face of such testimony, it seems somewhat strange that even a difference of opinion among savants is not noted: and yet it would seem to be fair and just if nothing more, but possibly the author and her school of science are not aware that such difference exists.

UNIFORM SOCIAL LAWS. By W. G. Smith, Esq. Philadelphia, Pa.: John J. McVey. 10 cents.

This series of lectures forms a part of the Catholic Summer School Extension Course. Our Catholic people cannot do better than read and study the many lectures and pamphlets prepared by prominent Catholic laymen in various parts of the country. The one under consideration treats from the Catholic point of view "The Uniform Marriage Act, Child Labor, Divorce, and Workmen's Compensation Act." These matters are set forth in language so simple and clear as to enable all to interest themselves intelligently in the legislation best fitted to the particular needs of our country.

THE ROAD BEYOND THE TOWN. By Michael Earls, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.25.

Father Earls' "little verses," largely devotional or moralistic, will not be unfamiliar to magazine readers of the past few years. They show a very graceful and vivacious fancy, at its best in the felicities of the *Sea Shell* or *Father Tabb*. A lyric called the *Bonnie Prince o' Spring* marches miles ahead of most of its companions, perhaps because of its charming freedom from the didactic note. There is much in this modest but earnest volume to give present pleasure and to rouse future hopes.

HAPPINESS AND BEAUTY. By Rt. Rev. J. S. Vaughan, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 60 cents net.

Bishop Vaughan, in the first part of these all too brief sermonettes, writes eloquently of the old truth, that God Himself has implanted in our hearts the longing for happiness, and that nothing whatever can satisfy this longing save the possession of God Himself for all eternity. He aptly quotes Carlyle: "Will the whole finance ministers and upholsterers and confectioners of modern Europe undertake, in joint stock company, to make one shoeblack happy? They cannot accomplish it, above an hour or two."

Part II. treats of beauty, visible and invisible. Every imaginable object bears upon it some faint traces of the Infinitely Beautiful. Whatever sense we appeal to, it will always tell of beauty. Yet far more beautiful are those forces and principles of activity which the senses cannot grasp.

The author concludes with a few words on the beauty of man's soul, and the infinite loveliness of God's adorable countenance.

BEHOLD THE LAMB. A Book for the Little Folks about the Holy Mass. By Marie St. S. Ellerker. With a Preface by Rev. Vincent McNabb, O.P. 35 cents net.

A WREATH OF FEASTS FOR THE LITTLE ONES. By Marie St. S. Ellerker. 35 cents net. New York: Benziger Brothers.

The author of these two little books understands the psychology of the child-mind, and her simple, devout words make a direct appeal to young hearts. In the first she initiates little children into all the mysteries of Holy Mass in a way well calculated to foster their taste for the Holy of Holies. In the second she weaves for them an attractive garland of the feasts of the liturgical year. She quotes for the little ones' benefit some exquisite lyrics of Father Tabb, tells stories from the Gospel of St. John, and from the lives of St. Thomas and St. Dominic, and on every page inculcates a tender love of our Lord and His Blessed Mother. Most priests love to talk to children. If they would avoid the mistake of talking over the heads of little ones, they should read books like these to learn the art of winning attention.

THE WAY OF THE HEART. Letters of Direction by Monsignor d'Hulst. Edited, with an Introduction, by Monsignor A. Baudrillart. Translated from the French by W. H. Mitchell. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.50 net.

This volume contains nearly three hundred letters which were addressed by Monsignor d'Hulst to one of his penitents, whom he directed without interruption for twenty-two years, 1875-1896. His biographer, Monsignor Baudrillart, has published all those letters, or portions of letters, which might interest the Christian public, without compromising anyone's private affairs. They contain admirable reflections on all the great feasts of the Church's year; dogmatic treatises on faith; the salvation of souls outside the or-

dinary channels; true and false mysticism; illusions in the spiritual life; indulgences; purgatory, etc. The letters all seek to give peace to a mind troubled by the controversies and denials of modern rationalistic criticism, and to lead a devout soul into the highest paths of renunciation, recollection, and contemplation.

Monsignor d'Hulst always considered the direction of souls the work of priests *par excellence*. He regarded it as the indispensable ransom of his external and beneficent but manifold and overwhelming occupations. It was the really priestly part of a life devoted to the rush of business. Men sometimes thought him cold and distant, but at bottom he had a most tender heart. He writes: "If I am cold at the outset, so much the worse for those who are chilled; there are always quite enough who get through the ice; and if I had to begin my priestly career over again, I believe I should let still fewer get through it. I have often been sorry for having been too confiding."

He not only possessed the sound judgment and tact required in a good director, but he was a master of the science of the saints. His direction was eminently theological. He used the *Exercises* of St. Ignatius as his guide, and followed ever in the footsteps of the true masters of the contemplative life, St. Teresa, St. John of the Cross, and St. Francis de Sales.

GROWTH IN THE KNOWLEDGE OF OUR LORD. Being Meditations for every day. Adapted from the French of Abbé de Brandt by Mother Mary Fidelis. In three volumes. St. Louis: B. Herder. $6.50 net.

The title-page does not inform us, but these books must be a reprint of a highly-honored publication of ascetic literature.

There are two classes of people who practise mental prayer, those who make use of a book to aid them, and those who do not. For those who prefer their daily meditation laid out in preludes, points, colloquy, etc., few books could be more admirable than these volumes. For devout lay people busy with their avocations, for religious much occupied in the works of mercy, spiritual or corporal, they will prove a valuable auxiliary towards mental prayer. A second advantage is that the whole cycle of the Church's seasons is covered from the Incarnation to Pentecost, the public Life of Christ, and the chief devotions. A third advantage is that time is saved in selection, consecutiveness gained, and the temptation to fickleness of choice avoided.

To those familiar with these books in either their French or English dress, they are old and tried friends; they are sure, as they become more widely known by this re-issue, to win new ones.

After the many commendations bestowed by episcopal authority in England, and by several noted Catholic magazines, among others *The Dublin Review, The Month,* and THE CATHOLIC WORLD, in former years, it would be superfluous to add more. We gladly welcome this reprint, which is worthy of praise also because of the typography, binding, and general appearance of the volumes.

THE PRACTICAL CATECHIST. From the German of Rev. James Nist. Edited by Rev. F. Girardey, C.SS.R. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.75.

Father Nist, parish priest of Birkenhoerdt in the Palatinate, easily surpasses all his predecessors in the mastery of the science of catechists. He knows how to interest the children and keep their attention, while at the same time initiating them into the mysteries of the faith and the practices of the Christian life. We call special attention to his treatment of the Life and Death of Christ, the sacrifice of the Mass, and the Sacrament of Penance. We can recommend this book highly to priests and Sunday-school teachers.

THE INSIDE OF THE CUP. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

We took up Mr. Churchill's book to be entertained, but we must confess we were bored instead. It represents, as he tells us in his Afterword, many years of experience and reflection, and sets forth his personal view of religion, so far as he has been able to work one out. As one of the trained theologians to whom he appeals for leniency, we regret to state, that his years of study have been wasted, and that he is guilty of the greatest possible conceit and impertinence in daring to publish so inane and superficial a work. The novel is a long and tiresome arraignment of dogmatic Christianity, and a confused medley of undigested Scriptural criticism, pragmatism, history, theology, and Socialism. Mr. Hodder, the Episcopalian rector of a fashionable city church, loses his faith, because some of his wealthy parishioners are dishonest hypocrites, and because he falls in love with the unbelieving daughter of one of them. We would naturally expect our scrupulously honest discoverer of a new gospel to resign at once from a Church

whose dogmas he rejected. True, he was for a time tempted to act on the old traditional honesty of his fathers, but the new thought had, as was natural, begotten a new morality. He "manfully" resists the temptation, and determines in future "to interpret the creeds by modern thought, which is closer to the teachings of Christ than ancient thought." "If," he adds, "I can satisfy my conscience in repeating the creeds and reading the service, as other honest men are doing—if I am convinced that I have an obvious work to do in that Church—it would be cowardly in me to abandon that work."

Like the French anticlerical novel, all the orthodox Christians, clerical or lay, are either immoral, dishonest, or stupid. Mr. Parr, who finances St. John's and is present at every church convention, has driven women to prostitution, and men to poverty and suicide; Mr. Ferguson, the owner of a large department store, pays such starvation wages to his girl employees that they are forced into evil ways; the smiling, sleek-faced Mr. Plimpton owns without a scruple property devoted to immoral purposes; the orthodox minister of Madison is "a putty-faced man with indigestion." Who would not hate a putty-faced minister? Dr. Annesley of Calvary has "a rubicund face, which might have been seen at the Council of Trent, or in a mediæval fish market;" and the good Mr. Atterbury of course merits our condemnation, for he is "so punctilious in all observances, so constant at the altar rail, so versed in rubrics —what criminal perversity—ritual, canon law, and the Church fathers."

On the contrary, all who deny such old-fashioned doctrines as the Trinity, the Divinity of Christ, the Atonement, the Virgin Birth, sacerdotalism, sacramentalism, the concept of a divine authority, and the like are paragons of virtue. Mr. Bentley, who never mentioned theology, and who had no faith save a faith in humanity, was the most charitable man this world of cruelties, disillusionments, lies, and cheats ever knew; the Scotch curate, Mr. McCrae, whose enlivening sermons had never once in any way referred to doctrine or dogma, is a superlatively true man of God; the old bishop, on the verge of the grave, who wishes him Godspeed in his denial of every Christian dogma, is a noble soul, who would deny Christ himself if he were only younger; Alison, his sweetheart, "whose perfect sympathy voiced his thought," is willing to sacrifice all her father's wealth because it is ill-gotten, etc.

I suppose we must dub Hodder's—and of course Churchill's

—new religion the religion of humanity, although we remember to have heard of this novelty before, both in France and in England. There is no longer a divine teaching authority to speak the message of a divine revelation to mankind; there is no divine Teacher, Christ Jesus, to command us under penalty of sin to believe His Gospel and to obey His commands, but "the new religion is to lie in Personality." Instead of an Apostolic Succession, the truth has been revealed to the world by Personalities—notice the capital P—Augustine, Dante, Francis of Assisi, Luther, Shakespeare, Milton, and our own Lincoln and Phillips Brooks, and last but not least the inimitable novelist Churchill, who combines all the good qualities of his illustrious forbears. We beg him to remember the old adage: *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*

THE "SUMMA THEOLOGICA" OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS. Part III. Translated by the Fathers of the English Dominican Province. New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.00 net.

The English Dominicans are succeeding admirably in producing an accurate and readable translation of the *Summa of St. Thomas.* Many a non-Catholic student, who has fought shy of the original text for years, will welcome this English version. The present volume on the Incarnation is even more perfect than its predecessors. A non-Catholic professor, well acquainted with the teaching of the *Summa*—a rare accomplishment to-day—once said that it was impossible to translate the work of a mediæval Latinist into good, idiomatic English. If that be so, the English Dominicans have worked the miracle, and we are grateful to them for it.

AN AVERAGE MAN. By Robert Hugh Benson. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.35 net.

Monsignor Benson has, we are afraid, become infected with a disease said to be peculiar to Americans—speed. His latest book, *An Average Man,* was conceived and written in a hurry. One asks himself after reading it what purpose will it serve, and he is compelled to answer: no serious purpose at all. The reader would not, or might not justly, ask himself this question had not the author written for a purpose. His purpose is to show that wealth may lead a man away from religion, but that is a truth known of all men, and this book will not bring it home more closely to anyone's soul.

Monsignor Benson writes as usual with rare facility and

gracefulness. His sense of humor is keen and frequent. His drawing of character sharp and clear. More than once there are short, splendid passages on the worth of Catholic faith, on the new life that it gives to the soul. It is because Monsignor Benson can do these things unusually well that we venture to complain now, not because he has done them badly, but because he could do them with more thought and care in a far greater and more effective way.

Percy, "an average man," is a low-salaried clerk in London, who has little to stir his soul. Through a friend he is led to hear a sermon by a Catholic priest. Immensely impressed, he leaves the church "converted." He has the courage to tell his father and mother of his determination to become a Catholic; to meet his vicar and defy an ex-priest, who is brought to argue against the claims of Rome. He goes faithfully to his instructions. Suddenly a fortune is left to his family, and he of course will succeed to it. He has fallen in love with a woman who is divorced, but his love ceases because he meets another woman who wins his heart. Using Catholic teaching as a pretext, he heartlessly abandons the woman to whom he is engaged, and immediately becomes engaged to a bigoted Protestant. Of course he gives up his instructions with the Catholic priest.

The average man of to-day, while he might possibly read the story because it is quick in action and admirable in diction, would throw the book aside if he once looked upon it as apologetic.

THE FUNDAMENTALS OF THE RELIGIOUS LIFE. By Rev. J. P. M. Schleuter, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. 60 cents net.

Father Schleuter, S.J., has rendered a great service by translating this little volume. The writer's name is forgotten; he really lives in his work, which though short expounds remarkably well the first principles of the religious life. It consists of eight parts: the Religious Life; Conduct towards God; the Order; Self; Superiors; the Members of the Community; Inferiors; the World. Its quaintness; its brevity; its directness; its clearness, and methodical arrangement will make it a constant companion for those so happy as to make its acquaintance. It takes for granted the good will of those who have embraced the religious state, and its message, "This is the way, walk ye in it," will be an incentive to souls consecrated to God. The use of it, part by part, for the monthly retreats, customary in many religious communities, would be found a useful aid to fervor in our busy days.

THIRTY WAYS OF HEARING MASS. Compiled by the Rev. G. Stebbing, C.SS.R. St. Louis: B. Herder. 75 cents.

The number of books concerning the Blessed Sacrament, now issuing from the press, attests the devotion of the faithful to that sum and centre of the life of the Church. Jesus in the Mass, in Holy Communion, hidden in the tabernacle, commands all our love, drawing our hearts to Himself. This collection of methods for assisting at the Holy Sacrifice, will be esteemed as soon as it is known, providing, as it does, for all tastes and ages and conditions of soul. "The Mass binds us all round the throne of God, united in one great act of worship, but it leaves a remarkable width of scope to the worshipper," says the devout author. A list of these thirty ways would show forth the universality of the Church in all ages, beginning with the Mass of the Apostolic Constitutions of the fourth century, through the Middle Ages, with the prayers of St. Gertrude and her saintly sister, and of St. Thomas Aquinas' hymns, the "Lay Folks' Mass Book," the prayers used by our persecuted forefathers in Penal Days, of the venerated Bishops Challoner, Hay, and Milner, to those of holy men in our own days. We recommend highly this valuable little book to those who reverence the prayers that have fallen from the lips of the centuries, that have won grace and mercy for the faithful of past ages.

THE TEARS OF THE ROYAL PROPHET. St. Louis: B. Herder. 60 cents net.

The seven Penitential Psalms are probably the most familiar portions of the Psalter to the Catholic laity. For three thousand years have they remained the most perfect expression of contrition and grief; and unnumbered times have hearts, broken with sorrow, poured out their repentance in these hallowed words. These meditations are yet another tribute to their power of expressing the emotions of our human nature, contrite and humbled before God.

IT is with pleasure that we note the appearance of a series of new books by Irish writers, calling itself the Iona Series. It is published in this country by B. Herder in St. Louis; the books are priced at thirty-five cents. Only ten are as yet upon the list, but others are promised at a very near date. Among the ten we notice particularly a story by Mrs. Thomas Concannon, called *The Sorrow of Lycadoon.* Its setting is Ireland, and for the most

part Dublin, under the persecutions of Henry VIII. Its hero is Diarmuid, later Archbishop O'Hurley. The apostasy of his sister, Honora, through her love for Walter Ball, the priest-hunter, and later the Mayor of Dublin, and her misguided efforts to win over her brother to the King, form the other half of the story. Just as Monsignor Benson has shown us the heroism of English Catholics under the oppression of Reformation times, so the author of this tale shows that of Irish Catholics. And shows it dramatically and unforgettably, although we regret the compression and the omissions which have been necessary in the editing.

Another of these books is a biography of Cardinal Wiseman, written by Joseph E. Canavan, S.J. It is not lengthy, but complete, and is made very interesting. Each phase of the Cardinal's varied activities is described, and each side of his character portrayed. His restoration and management of the hierarchy, his literary achievements, his revival of Catholic architecture and Catholic ceremonial, his love of children, and even of children's books—all are made vivid to us.

THE AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY has lately published *Hygiene for the Worker,* by William Tolman, Ph.D., and Adelaide Guthrie. Edited by C. Ward Crampton, M.D. (50 cents.) It treats of the daily routine of a worker's life, and practical application of the safeguards to physical well being. It should be of material benefit to workers young and old.——*Hannah of Kentucky,* by James Otis (35 cents), tells the story in simple girl language of the blazing of the Wilderness Road, the building of Boonesborough, and the Indian conspiracies. The book is especially adapted for use in schools.——*Seth of Colorado,* by James Otis (35 cents), is a story of the settlement of Denver, giving the history of that western city in a manner attractive to both young and old.——*Reeve's Physical Laboratory Guide,* by Frederick C. Reeve (60 cents), is a carefully-prepared volume for use especially in a physical laboratory. The principles of physics are concisely stated, and apparatus are well illustrated by diagram.

THE idea of the Kenedy Popular Edition of stories by Catholic writers is deserving of much praise. It offers well-known favorites, and others that ought to be well-known favorites, in very satisfactory binding and print, for the small price of fifty cents, and thus bids fair to popularize some of our best Catholic

fiction. The list includes *Fabiola* and *Callista,* the stories of Isabel Williams, Mary Catherine Crowley, Rose Mulholland, and Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey. Among the less popular but no less deserving novels by Mrs. Dorsey, is *Tears on the Diadem.* It is an unusually good specimen of the historical novel, its sweet, pathetic heroine being the unfortunate Elizabeth Woodville, Queen of Edward IV. and mother of the two fair princes murdered in the Tower. Another splendid historical novel on the list is called *Faith, Hope and Charity,* and is by an anonymous author. Its setting is the French Revolution, those wild and horrible, yet fascinating scenes that have formed already the background for so many works of fiction. This one is particularly vivid, with a plot that would have been melodramatic in the most peaceful times. The fervor of the style well suits the material. Incidentally, it contains a fine character study of Robespierre.

A BOOK of practical value, written in easy and simple style, is the *Manual of Self-Knowledge and Christian Perfection,* compiled by Rev. John Henry, C.SS.R. (New York: Benziger Brothers. Paper, 20 cents net; cloth, 40 cents net.) The title is much larger than the book; but what the book holds will do much to set the reader on the road to perfection. It is particularly suited for those who have the spiritual care and direction of others.

A BOOK that will be of particular helpfulness to members of the League of the Sacred Heart is *Meditations on the Sacred Heart,* by the Rev. Joseph McDonnell, S.J. (New York: Benziger Brothers. 90 cents.) The volume includes three series of meditations, and an appendix that gives the history of the "Holy Hour" and methods of making it.

FATHER LASANCE, compiler of *My Prayer Book,* has just given us another work entitled *Blessed Sacrament Book.* (New York: Benziger Brothers. Cloth, $1.50; leather, $2.00 and upwards.) It is an almost inexhaustible collection of prayers and devotions, done with indefatigable zeal. It includes the old as well as the new, and all "in good measure, and pressed down and shaken together and running over." There is no one who will not find here many of his old favorites, and no one who will not make new favorites. It is an unusually exhaustive treasury, and aims, in the words of the zealous author, "to cultivate the spirit

of the *contemplative life,*" that is, the spirit of prayer and penance and sacrifice; for the interests of our Holy Mother the Church; for the sanctification and salvation of souls; for the spread of Christ's kingdom among the nations of the world.

THE MAKING OF A TRADE SCHOOL, by Mary Schenck Woolman (Boston: Whitcomb & Barrows. 50 cents net), treats of the development, the organization, equipment, financial standing, and problems of the Manhattan Trade School. Since its establishment in 1902, it has grown rapidly in its several departments, and the methods of its progress are of much interest.

THE FIFTH BOOK OF THE AMERICAN NORMAL READERS, by May Louise Harvey (Silver, Burdett & Co. 60 cents net), is, as its name implies, the fifth of a series. The whole series recommends itself for its intelligent pedagogical plan.

IN THE TEMPLES OF THE ETERNAL (New York: Christian Press Association. $1.00 net), the Rev. James L. Meagher gives us an exposition of the mystical interpretation of the sacrifices of the Old Law, the fittings of the temple, and the vestments of the High Priest, as they foreshadowed the symbolism of the ceremonies and liturgy of the Church, particularly of the Sacrifice of the Mass. Christian symbolism is treated in a detailed and interesting manner.

THROUGH REFINING FIRES, by Marie Haultmont (St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.60), is not a novel of any exceptional merit, we must say to our regret. The plot is commonplace, the characters second-rate, and the style throughout is colloquial. Four hundred closely-printed pages are wasted in the development of a story which could easily have been condensed into one-fourth of the space. The author would do well to make quality her object rather than quantity.

THE Franciscan Fathers of the Province of the Holy Name have issued the *St. Anthony's Almanac* for the year 1914.

THE Reverend Thomas S. McGrath has written a booklet of sixty-three pages, in which he carefully and devoutly reviews the life and work of *St. Rita of Cascia* (New York: Loughlin Brothers. 25 cents). We wish the little booklet success in its mission.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

IN *Immanence,* by Joseph de Tonquedec (Paris: G. Beauchesne) we have a most complete and detailed critique of the philosophy of Maurice Blondel, one of the most obscure and abstruse writers in France to-day. He has often complained during the controversies of late years that he has been judged, not by what he really said, but by what his opponents imagined he had said. To meet this objection our author cites continually the most important passages of his works under discussion, and permits the reader at once to judge of his loyalty and fairness. The errors of Blondel are denounced on every page, and in an appendix he endeavors to prove that they were condemned in the Encyclical *Pascendi.*——Lethielleux of Paris sends us an account of the French section of the *International Eucharistic Congress of Vienna.* It treats particularly of frequent communion and the communion of children. Some of the most striking discourses are *Blessed Jeanne d'Arc and the Eucharist, The Ideal of Piety, The Ideal of Love, Lourdes and the Eucharist,* and the closing sermon of the Archbishop of Paris.——Father Lahitton in his *Sacerdotal Vocation* (Paris: G. Beauchesne. 5 *frs.*) sets forth the Church's doctrine of the formal divine call to the priesthood, against those who exaggerated the interior call of the Holy Ghost. The Pope has approved the teaching of our author that the bishop need not regard at all the fact of an interior call, though he may suppose its existence in the candidate for the priesthood. All he is bound in conscience to demand is evidence of good moral character and intellectual fitness.——Lethielleux of Paris also publishes a most charming life of *St. Agnes,* by Father Jubaru, S.J. This is a simple story intended for children, and devoid of the critical erudition that characterized the author's former book, *St. Agnes, Virgin and Martyr of the Via Nomentana,* published by the same firm.——The same house also publishes *Louis Veuillot,* by C. Lecigne. (3 *frs.* 50.) Canon Lecigne, Professor of French Literature at the University of Lille, gives us a perfect portrait of the famous editor of *L'Univers* one of the most ardent defenders of the Church in France during the nineteenth century. The book is a panegyric from start to finish, and to our mind does not give due credit to his opponents in the Catholic camp, such as Montalembert, de Falloux, Bishop Dupanloup, Ozanam, Father Gratry, and others. As a poet and a novelist he really did not rank very high, despite the author's encomiums, but as a newspaper controversialist he holds the first rank. The writer sketches for us his early years, his first work as a journalist, his conversion from infidelity, and his great fight for Catholic principles against a host of hostile anti-Christian foes. He has been called the bulldog of the Pope, an illiberal fanatic, a hater of the Jew, a Catholic more ultramontane than the Pope, but in his letters we see him revealed as the most tender of men, forced by the circumstances of the times into bitter controversies, while he longed for the quiet of his home.——*La Jeunesse de Wesley,* by Augustin Leger (Paris: Hachette & Cie.), is a biography of John Wesley which takes us up to the days of the early preaching of Methodism. Especially interesting are the chapters which treat of the status of an Anglican parish in the eighteenth century, the Anglican Methodism of Oxford which began in 1729, John Wesley's love affair with Sophy Hopkey in Georgia, which culminated in his arrest and the abandonment of his American mission as an absolute failure, and the Moravian influence of Böhler and Count Zinzendorf, which begot the "conversion" idea of the new sect.——A. Tralin, Paris, publishes a life of *Ozanam,* by Charles Calippe. "The life of Ozanam," writes

the Abbé Calippe in his Preface, "is the greatest possible proof of the social vitality of Catholicism.....He was social because he was a Christian and a Catholic. And he was on many points more social than others, because he was more of a Christian and more of a Catholic than they; he was more true to his own faith, more logical and more heroic." The three men that influenced him in his social studies were Charles de Coux, the Abbé Gerbert, and Montalembert. De Coux, whose *Course of Political Economy* Ozanam followed most carefully, was one of the first Catholics in France who tried to free the science from the anti-Christian materialism which then (A. D. 1832) enveloped it. The Abbé Gerbert in his lectures insisted on "religious men becoming the defenders, the moderators, and the guides of the interests of the masses," and spoke eloquently of "the new career of charity which was opening up before the priesthood, or rather before every Christian, for *every Christian is a priest to accomplish the sacrifice of charity.*" At Montalembert's home every Sunday evening the élite of France met to discuss "literature, history, *the interests of the poor,* and the progress of civilization." In fact Ozanam at these meetings discovered that the great problem of the day was the social problem of the betterment of the laboring classes. We find Ozanam writing as early as 1834: "We are too young to accomplish much in the social struggle of our time. But are we therefore to remain inactive in the midst of a world that suffers and mourns?.....By no means. I see a preliminary way open. Before we attempt any work of public moment, we can try to do some good to a few individuals; before we endeavor to regenerate France, we can help some of France's poor. Moreover, I am most anxious to have all young men of intelligence and feeling unite in charitable work, and form throughout the country a vast association devoted to the helping of the poor." This was the spirit that prompted the foundation of the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, which are still carrying on the world over the work he inaugurated. The Abbé Calippe then discusses the social bearing of Ozanam's earliest writings, of his course of commercial law at Lyons (1839-1840), and of his historical lectures. He shows how he always denounced the two extremes of individualism and socialism, and insisted on the duties both of justice and of charity.—— G. Beauchesne, Paris, also publishes a volume entitled, *Ozanam: Livre du Centenaire,* by G. Goyau, L. de Lanzac de Laborie, H. Cochin, E. Jordan, E. Duthoit, and A. Baudrillart. The Ozanam Centenary volume is written by specialists, who discuss Ozanam as scholar, historian, man of letters, sociologist, apologist, and founder of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. All these writers portray for us one of the most saintly and lovable scholars that ever devoted his life for the defence of the Church and its poor. Ozanam's oratorical temperament prevented his being a great historian, and his conservative mind made him too credulous of the legendary content of the Middle Ages. But we must remember the progress made in historical criticism since his time, and give due credit to his lack of critical training. He never had a perfect grasp of the scholastic philosophy, for his first teacher, the Abbé Noirot, was a disciple of Descartes. But as an apologist of the Church, he holds the first rank, his honesty, earnestness, and persuasiveness winning all hearts.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Teaching of the French Seminaries on Military Service. By Monsignor Touchet. A journal called *Homme Libre (The Free Man)* in its issue of July 2d contained an attack on the bishops of France, written by M. Albert Bayet, charging them with an anti-military spirit, and with teaching that seminarians need not give the military service now required of them by the law of France. The author said: "In all the French seminaries it is taught that non-submission is blameless, and that Frenchmen have the moral right to desert."

This article by Monsignor Touchet is an effective answer to the attack. Monsignor Touchet says that M. Bayet has taken fiction for fact. Tanquerey, whose work is used as a text-book in seventy-five out of the eighty-seven seminaries of France, says: "In time of a just war the officers and soldiers are bound to serve their country, even at the peril of their lives, because the public good demands it. Whence it follows that they *cannot* desert, and if they have done so, they are bound to return to the army." Clermont, Mare, and Gury, other moralists whose works are used in the seminaries, hold the same opinion. Mare asks the question: "Are deserters bound to return to the army?" and answers, "Yes, in virtue of obedience and legal justice." When M. Bayet tries to blame the Church for the seventy-six thousand seven hundred and twenty-three men who refuse service or desert, he trifles with the truth.—*Revue du Clergé Français,* August 15.

Pius IX., Leo XIII., and Pius X. By J. Bricout. The definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, the loss of the temporal power, the "Syllabus," and the Vatican Council were the four great events of Pius IX.'s memorable reign.

On December 8, 1869, the Council was declared open by Pius IX. Four permanent Congregations were appointed. The most important, that on Faith, included among its members Manning, Pie, Dechamps, and the Bishop of Padeborn, Conrad Martin. The *Schema de fide Catholica* was adopted on the 12th of April. In the meanwhile four hundred and eighty bishops had signed a petition urging the necessity of the definition of Infallibility.

Other bishops, a minority, in a counter-petition, urged its inadvisability. The battle waged fiercely, especially in Germany. Döllinger especially wrote several virulent articles, and roused Germany to a high state of religious excitement. In France, too, the battle waged furiously. Montalembert himself, from a sick bed, wrote a letter siding with the opponents of Infallibility. The letter wounded Pius IX. deeply, and caused a sensation in Roman circles. Pius IX. answered it indirectly in a letter to the learned Benedictine, Dom Guéranger.

The great discussion began in the Council on the 13th of May, 1870. Fourteen sessions were allowed for debate, in which over sixty speakers took part. The most remarkable speeches were those of Monsignor Darboy, Archbishop of Paris, and Monsignor Manning, Archbishop of Westminster, the former against, the latter for, the *Schema.* On the 18th of July was ended the greatest work of the Vatican Council—the definition of The Infallibility of the Supreme Pontiff.—*Revue du Clergé Français,* August 15.

The Social and Religious Laws of Deuteronomy. By J. Touzard. The author first reviews the history of the discovery of the Book of Deuteronomy as related in 2 Kings xxi. To see that justice was rendered to all men in every phase of human relationships, was the great purpose of the legislation. The Deuteronomic law was superior in many respects to other codes of antiquity.—*Revue Pratique d'Apologetique,* August 15.

The Tablet (August 9): *The Holy See and Mixed Choirs:* An article stating the exact position of the Holy See. Owing to various circumstances, two decrees were issued in 1908 permitting mixed choirs of men and women, provided they be kept wholly separated. The Diocesan Commissions for the approval of Church music are untouched, so that the theatrical tendency may be guarded against. The decrees are printed in full in Latin.

(August 16): *Catholics and Crime in the Reign of George II.:* Father Thurston, S.J., in a two-part article, cites prison records showing just where Catholics stood as regards crimes committed in the early eighteenth century. Their crimes were not of the grosser nature, but mostly crimes of stealing committed by a downtrodden class in the larger cities. The article consists largely of examples.——*Literary Notes* comments on the question of a Gaelic translation of the Bible as desired by the Gaelic League. While

the work presents great difficulties, notably the one that there will be a lack of sufficient laborers competent for such a task, there is a hope that an effort will be made to produce a good translation.

(August 23): *Greek Atrocities:* Cardinal Bourne has received a report from Catholic missionaries of Greek outrages in Macedonia. Details of date, place, and persons are given. Villages have been pillaged, priests murdered, convents destroyed, fathers of families imprisoned, women and girls violated and burned, and Catholic churches profaned. One typical example is detailed.—— *The Great Sacrament,* by Father McNabb, O.P. The nineteenth century is responsible "for secularizing and uncrowning a social rite which has its roots far beyond the Christian era." "There is hardly a people, civilized or uncivilized, that has not surrounded the wedding of their young with a wealth of ceremony." The Church of Christ preserved all that was best in pre-Christian wedlock, the clear water of the "natural love," and "dyed it into wine by the spilt blood of Jesus crucified" after the manner of the miracle at Cana. "The chief change made by the Church" was to link the "wedding ceremony....with the mystic offering of Christ's death." Tertullian (200 A. D.) and the ancient Leonine, Gelasian, and Gregorian Sacramentaries testify to the early existence of the Nuptial Mass. The Council of Trent gave the marriage rite its present authoritative setting, safeguarding the essential elements, and leaving to local church custom the form of the ceremony. "As it stands the whole wedding ceremony is one calculated to stir up those feelings which should be the accompaniment of a mutual love covenant stronger than death." "The whole atmosphere of human love is charged during the Holy Sacrifice with that uncreated love which carried self-sacrifice to self-immolation." "Marriage becomes not a mere mating of two chance acquaintances, but the tragedy of two hearts daring to promise each an eternity of love." "In these days of denial, we priests of truth should make it part of our duty to surround Catholic wedlock with all the pomp and ceremony of the Holy Sacrifice.——The Castellane-Gould nullity suit is the subject of comment under *Notes.* First, the statement is made that the recent pronouncement of the Rota is not a final decision; second, that the entire judgment is printed in the *Acta Apostolicæ Sedis* of July 7th, showing that no "hole-and-corner decision" is intended; third, that the evidence presented warranted such a decision. The case is very unique, in that the former Miss Gould seems to have entered the contract most re-

luctantly, and to have been very anxious to safeguard her rights of divorce.

(August 30): *Catholic Social Action in Holland:* "Catholic Action" is an organization in Holland which unifies the various Catholic labor bodies which have risen since the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum* (1891). It aims at the "gradual solution of social problems by the application of Catholic principles." The work has the cordial support of bishops and clergy.——*The One Scottish Cardinal,* by Rev. H. G. Graham, M.A. An appreciation of Cardinal Beaton based on the researches of Rev. Dr. Herkless and Mr. R. K. Hannay, as recounted in their fourth volume of *The Archbishops of St. Andrew's.* "The Cardinal stands forth as an ecclesiastical statesman of the first rank, and as an illustrious patriot, who by his commanding genius overcame Henry VIII. at every turn, and staved off the Reformation till the hand of an assassin put an end to him." Cardinal Beaton has been regarded as a "monster of debauchery and a fiendish persecutor without one redeeming virtue," but State papers prove him the opposite.

Revue des Deux Mondes (August 1): Count d'Haussonville was most fortunate that his *Eight Days in London* should have covered the important time of the Leicester election, the affair of Lloyd-George and the Marconi Company, President Poincaré's visit, etc. His point of view as an impartial foreigner is very interesting. He lays particular stress on his conviction that England's fortune is on the wane.——In *A New Lyric,* M. André Beaunier analyzes *Le Cœur Innombrable* by Mme. de Noailles, which he considers typical of modern French poetry.——*The War of 1870* and *The Progress of the Defence of the Coasts of Germany,* betrays the prevalent anxiety and excitement of the French people in regard to their powerful neighbor.

Recent Events.

France.

A General Election for the Chamber of Deputies will be held next spring, and this gives a certain degree of interest to the election which has recently taken place of the Councils-General of the French Departments, serving as it does in some degree as an indication of the trend of public opinion. The extreme Radicals in the present Chamber have opposed the Army Bill, Proportional Representation, and other measures of the present Ministry, and of its two predecessors, measures which were supported by the various parties of the Right—Conservatives, Action Libérale, and Progressists. The indications given by the Departmental elections show that there is a distinct movement of opinion away from the Right towards the various shades of Radical Republicans and Socialists. The former lost fifty-seven seats, while the latter, including the Socialists, gained the same number. Local interests, however, have to be taken into account, thereby rendering it impossible to look upon these elections as a decisive indication of the political character of the next Chamber.

Times have changed in Paris since the people lived in dread of the army: it is now rather the army that lives in dread of the people. Of late there have been a succession of military tattoos, which have proved very obnoxious to a number of the Parisians; these combined together to render them impossible. The consequence was a succession of riots, which led to the Republican Guard being called out. No great importance, however, need be attached to the matter, except as an indication of the anti-militarist feeling which exists among certain classes of the population. The number of those who share this feeling it is impossible to estimate.

While these riots show the existence of a disorderly class ready to take every means to overturn existing conditions, it is gratifying to be able to chronicle the existence of a movement in the opposite direction. Hitherto the Confédération Générale du Travail has been the source of the many efforts that have been made to revolutionize modern France. Anti-patriotism, anti-militarism, the Malthusian theory, the right to steal, and other political and theoretical questions have been the subjects to which it has directed its

attention. At a Congress recently held, however, all these subjects were in abeyance; the discussions which were held were concerned with practical matters concerning the hours of labor, the wages of the working man, and similar matters. In particular, the efforts of the Confédération, in the immediate future, are to be directed to securing for France what is called the English Week, that is to say, a week of five days and a half. The Weekly Rest Law passed eight years ago, securing one day's cessation from work in every seven, has had a very beneficial effect. Before that the laboring classes had no day of rest. The recognition of this beneficial effect has led to the Confédération taking action to secure a further extension; and the fact that this is to be done by means of political pressure on the government, and not by strikes, whether general or local, shows the greater moderation of the counsels that now prevail. It is not, however, to be concluded that the Confédération has repented of all its old ways. The most that can be said is that they have for the time being been put upon the shelf.

The new army law is now being put into effect, and the readiness to enlist shows that anti-militarism has not affected the mass of the French people. It was with a certain degree of anxiety that the proposal to enlist young men of twenty years of age was adopted, as it was feared that they would be immature and unfitted to endure the hardships of military service. So far, however, the medical boards have found that by far the larger proportion have been able to pass the examination.

The death of M. Emile Ollivier, at the age of eighty-nine, removes from the scene the statesman who, "with a light heart," declared war against Prussia. He has since explained that by a light heart he meant a clear conscience and confidence in a just cause, and not a want of recognition of the gravity of his action. The last years of his life have been devoted to the vindication of his reputation from the attacks made upon it. This was done by his work, *L'Empire Libéral,* the sixteenth volume of which appeared a few months before his death, nor was he able to bring it to completion.

Germany.

The Krupp trial caused a great deal of comment throughout Germany. The fact that military officials, not actually officers indeed, but holding officers' rank, had been convicted of receiving

payment for surrendering secrets entrusted to them, some of them affecting the national defence, created, especially in military and Conservative circles, strong feelings of disgust. The Court of Law itself declared that the reputation of the army had suffered from the disclosures, and that its prestige had been shaken. The downward path had been entered upon, and this for the sake of insignificant sums. On the other hand, the Socialists, through whom the disclosures were made, failed to prove the existence of any far-reaching corruption. The culprits acted without thought or due care, with no intention to betray their country, and in an innocent belief that the Krupp firm might be looked upon as a branch of the government.

In the course of the celebrations of the War of Liberation which are now taking place throughout the Empire, the Kaiser ventured upon a visit to the Province of Posen. The Poles are somewhat agitated at the present time by the effort which is being made to enforce the expropriation law passed a few years ago. The Emperor made a conciliatory speech, in which he expressed the hope that the inhabitants of the Province, of whatever nationality and creed, would be closely bound by the ties of loyalty to their King and Fatherland, and would make the achievements of German culture their own, and rejoice in its blessings. The Polish nobility gave the Emperor a most friendly reception. The attitude of the people, however, was not so encouraging. Some windows of Polish houses which had been decorated were smashed, and a crowd jeered at the nobles as they returned from the banquet. In the streets the Emperor's reception was friendly, but the cheers which greeted his majesty came from the German Leagues. The Press as a whole declared that there could be no reconciliation so long as the expropriation policy was pursued, and in this respect the Emperor made no sign of being willing to make any concession.

If such signs show a want of perfect harmony within the Prussian dominions, a great manifestation has been made elsewhere of the unity which exists between the various States which make up the German Empire. At Kelheim on the Danube, at the invitation of the Prince Regent of Bavaria, there met an assembly of the Sovereign Princes of Germany and the representatives of free towns, which is said to have been one of the most imposing in the history of the Empire. It took place in the Temple of Liberation, dedicated by King Ludwig I. to the memory of the war against Napoleon. Three hundred and seventy-five persons were

present, representing the four kingdoms of the Empire, its free towns, and nearly all its duchies, grand duchies, and principalities. The Prince Regent of Bavaria made a speech emphasizing the part that Bavaria had taken in promoting the union of the Empire, and declaring that any one abroad who should ever count upon a lack of unity or a feeling of jealousy among the members of the Empire, would find his calculation bitterly disappointed. It was the evident intention of the present ruler of Bavaria to emphasize the strong desire now felt in that kingdom to work in perfect harmony with the Prussian and the other constituent elements of the Empire.

For something like a third of the people of Germany, the death of Herr August Bebel will be looked upon as a great loss; while those who feel bound to condemn many of the principles he advocated, and even of the objects for which he worked, cannot leave without notice the passing away of a great force in the history of the German people. He was wont to claim that he was an advocate of the union of the various States of Germany at a time when the Hohenzollerns and the Junkers, including Bismarck himself, were its strong opponents. When he first took part in the Social Democratic movement, there was only one Social Democrat in the Reichstag; at his death there were under his leadership one hundred and nine, representing more than four millions of electors. He was the founder of the organized Social Democracy of which the influence has been so great, perhaps even greater in other countries than in that of its birth, and its leader for two generations. Bebel was a great parliamentary tactician, and had to spend nearly five years in the prisons to which he was sent for his opposition to Bismarck. He knew how to appeal to the new Germany which has grown up before our eyes—the industrial Germany which is supplanting the feudalism of the past. To him in some degree the fall of Prince Bismarck was due, for the refusal of the Reichstag to renew his anti-socialistic legislation was the occasion of that fall. It remains to be seen what effect his death will have upon his party. There are those who already see signs that the movement has reached the crest of the wave. Its last official annual report shows that the increase in membership was only 12,748, of which 10,744 were women. The party is now engaged in choosing a successor to the leader who has just died.

Austria-Hungary.

The Emperor Francis Joseph has been celebrating his eighty-third birthday. It ought to have been with no merely conventional rejoicings that the day was kept, for there is no doubt that during the year just past he has saved his dominions from a war which might have resulted in the most disastrous consequences. Notwithstanding his great age and the many anxieties with which his years have been laden, his majesty's health remains unimpaired.

Every effort is now being made to recover from the effects of the prolonged crisis from which the Dual Monarchy has been suffering during the recent wars in the Balkans. Recruits are being sent to their homes before their terms of service have expired. This, however, will prove only a temporary relief, for it has been decided that the annual levy of recruits is to be increased, after the year 1914, by thirty-six thousand men. These proposals will, however, have to come before the Austrian and Hungarian Chambers, and may meet with no little opposition, especially on financial grounds. The peoples of Austria and of Hungary will not easily be induced to take fresh burdens on their shoulders.

The Premier of Hungary, Count Stephen Tisza, distinguished himself as President of the Chambers by the drastic methods by which he maintained order in that house. The use of the police, and even of soldiers, became the normal methods by which the parliamentary opposition was brought to reason. In private life, too, he is showing his addiction to violent methods. Within the present year he has fought no fewer than three duels. Such is the character of Magyar civilization.

Italy.

Austria-Hungary and Italy acted in close conjunction during the Balkan war. To their joint efforts was mainly due the formation of the new State of Albania. But just as the second war ended, an incident occurred which caused great excitement in the Italian Press, and threatened a revival of the Irredentist agitation. The Governor of the Province of Trieste issued a decree dismissing all foreigners employed by the municipality of Trieste. This chiefly affected Italians, and was denounced by the Nationalist Association as an iniquitous and vexatious action against Italian citizens, and as the culmination of a series. It does not appear, however, that the decree represents any deliberate action of the

Austrian government. It was due to the inconsiderateness of the local governor, who only meant to carry into effect a law already in existence. It is expected that a way will be found to settle the difficulty.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Treaty of Lausanne was supposed to have put an end to the war between Italy and Turkey, reports come to hand from time to time that fighting is still taking place in Tripoli. The conclusion has been drawn that the task of pacifying the annexed provinces may prove protracted, and even that the Italians may find it beyond their power to penetrate into the interior. Well-informed correspondents, however, declare that the greater part of Italy's new possession is already effectively occupied. The opposition which is being encountered is confined to the eastern half of the Cyrenaican plateau. It is the Arab tribes that are offering resistance, although they are said to be inspired by two Deputies of the Ottoman Parliament. These succeeded in establishing a Berber kingdom. Energetic action, however, on the part of the Italians has reduced this kingdom to extremities. Assertions have been made that Turkish regular soldiers have been found taking part along with the Arabs, but for this there seems to be no foundation.

The Balkan States. The Treaty of Bukarest, by which an end was put to the conflict between Rumania, Servia, and Greece on the one part, and Bulgaria on the other, was signed on the 10th of August, and has since been ratified. That it cannot be looked upon as a final settlement is almost certain, when all the circumstances are taken into account. In fact such is the present state of unsettlement that little trust can be placed in any treaty, however just it may be in itself, and however freely and solemnly made. Austria-Hungary, by her annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, in violation of the Treaty of Berlin, led the way. Italy trod shortly afterwards on the same road by making an unjust war upon Turkey. Servia, by entering upon the recent war, broke a treaty with Bulgaria which had been made scarcely a year. And more recently Turkey, by marching upon Adrianople, has broken the Treaty of London when it had been in existence only a few weeks.

The Treaty of Bukarest, however, is considered by many so harsh and unjust in its treatment of Bulgaria, that it cannot possibly be made a permanent part of the public law of Europe. It

is recognized by all that while both Servia and Greece did well in the war with Turkey, its success was mainly due to the efforts and sacrifices of Bulgaria. The treaty, however, strips her of the main object which she had in view—the protection of the Bulgarians who are settled in Macedonia. The districts in which these dwell have been allotted to Servia, while Salonika, the chief seaport, has been given to Greece. In fact, no place fit for seaborne commerce upon the Ægean has been given to Bulgaria, every effort which was made to secure Kavala for that purpose having failed. While to Rumania, a state which did not do a thing to help in the war against Turkey, the Treaty of Bukarest gives a part of Bulgaria's territory, and requires the dismantlement of fortresses on the frontier, thereby giving a military advantage to a potential enemy. The seizure of Adrianople by the Turks and of the territory around it, has deprived Bulgaria of so large a part of what was left to her by the Treaty of Bukarest, that the extension of her territory is insignificant. That Bulgaria will not accept this as a permanent settlement, may be looked upon as quite certain. In fact, King Ferdinand, in his address to the troops, said as much. What the future, therefore, has in store is another war as soon as Bulgaria feels herself strong enough to secure a just settlement.

While all agree that the treaty is harsh in the terms imposed on Bulgaria, opinions differ as to her conduct towards Greece, and especially towards Servia. In insisting on the strict observance of the treaty made with the latter State before the war with Turkey was entered upon, Bulgaria acted no doubt within her rights, but it would have been more generous to have given consideration to the sacrifice which the Powers had imposed upon Servia by forming the new State of Albania out of territory which Servia had won from the Turks. To this fact no equitable consideration was given. Then again there are charges, which rest upon what seems the best of evidence, of the commission by the Bulgarians of outrages similar to those perpetrated by the lowest savages. On this point judgment, however, should be suspended until the International Commission which has been appointed to investigate the matter has made its report. It is to be hoped that it may be proved that these charges are unfounded. In the maze of contradictory statements which have been made, it is impossible to form a sound opinion. Whatever virtues the dwellers in the Balkans may have, truth-telling is not one of them.

It is almost as common among them to invent a false statement as to deny a true one.

The conclusion of the treaty caused a slight coolness between Austria-Hungary and Germany. Austria was on the point of insisting that the treaty should be submitted to revision. For Austria is a chronic enemy of Servia, and for the time being friendly to Bulgaria. The German Emperor, however, was a supporter of Rumania, to the efforts of which State the treaty is chiefly due, and sent its King a telegram in which the treaty was declared to be a final settlement. This made it clear that revision would not meet with the support of Germany, and as the demand for revision required unanimity on the part of the Powers in order that it should be entertained, the proposal fell through. The German Emperor, however, took the opportunity of the celebration of the Emperor Francis Joseph's eighty-third birthday to assure the world that the Triple Alliance was in no way impaired.

Between France and Russia, too, the same treaty caused a slight divergence of views. Russia warmly supported the claims of Bulgaria to the possession of Kavala, while French opinion was in favor of its being given to Greece. Charges also were made in Russia that France was a party to furnishing the funds which enabled Turkey to go to Adrianople. The latter charge seems to be without foundation, while the former is not of sufficient importance to affect the alliance between the two countries.

That the war between the Great Powers was averted which for long years was looked upon as certain in the event of the collapse of Turkish dominion in Europe, is due, of course, to several reasons. It is worth noting, however, that a potent agent in leading to this result was the fact that the Ambassadors of all the great Powers throughout the whole period kept holding conferences, in which all points of difference as they arose were discussed. The Ambassadors had no authority to settle any question, and had to refer everything to their respective governments. This fact, however, precluded hasty individual action, and on two or three most critical moments, when war seemed on the point of breaking out, this calamity was by this means averted.

It was at this conference that the boundaries of the new State of Albania were settled. Its northern and eastern boundary was made several months ago: that at the south has now been laid down approximately. The claims of Greece, too, to have this southern boundary pushed a long distance towards the north, were

resisted by Italy, as the security of its own coasts would have been imperilled. Greece has been induced to accept this arrangement in the hope that all the Ægean Islands, which are now in the possession of Italy, will be allowed to her.

The Constitution of Albania remains to be settled, and this settlement is not likely to prove an easy matter. Some of the Albanian tribes are as wild as the prehistoric races. For reasons of its own, the Turkish government had left them practically independent. No taxes at all have ever been paid by several tribes. The attempt to take away their privileges was one of the mistakes made by the Young Turks. Moreover, there are included within the boundaries just mapped out a considerable number of Greeks, who have already taken up arms to resist incorporation into an alien State. On the other hand, some of the Albanian tribes that have been allotted to Montenegro have refused to accept the decision.

The most pressing question, if it may still be called a question, is who is to be the possessor of Adrianople? The Powers made a collective representation to the Porte, calling upon it to respect the terms of the Treaty of London, and to withdraw within the Enos-Midia line. This the Porte politely refused to do. It then became evident that the use of force would be necessary. The Powers were unable to unite for this purpose, or even to delegate any one of their number to act on their behalf. A shameful reason for this inability was soon disclosed. The Emperors and Kings of Christendom were suitors at the Turkish Court for the grant to their subjects of industrial and commercial privileges in the remaining provinces of the Turkish Empire. This involved the abandonment of Bulgaria, an abandonment all the more unjustifiable, as the Treaty of London had been imposed upon Bulgaria by the Powers themselves at the time when it was at least probable that Bulgaria might have taken Constantinople. Bulgaria was now powerless, as under the terms of the Treaty of Bukarest she was obliged to demobilize her troops. In fact, the troops were too exhausted to be willing, or, if willing, able to wage a second war with Turkey, the Turks having more than three hundred thousand men in Adrianople. It was even probable that this army would invade Bulgaria. This, however, was more than some of the Powers would allow. Turkey received a firm intimation from Russia that this would involve a war between Turkey and Russia. Even Austria-Hungary gave to Turkey a

plain warning that such an invasion would not be permitted. Bulgaria has been obliged to enter into direct negotiations with Turkey. It has yielded, as the starting point of these negotiations, the line of the Maritza, including Adrianople. The Turks, however, claim a very large area west of the Maritza in order to render themselves secure in the possession of that city.

The Palace of Peace.

Not many years ago it was the boast of many Americans that they took no interest in the effete countries of the Old World. Since that time our policy has broadened, and the gift by an American citizen of the Court House for the Permanent Court of Arbitration just opened at The Hague shows how great is the change. The new building is declared to be worthy in every respect of the object for which it is erected, and of the state buildings by which it is surrounded. While its cost was defrayed by Mr. Carnegie, the chief nations of the world contributed to its embellishment by gifts of various kinds. The only definite symbol of religion came from the Argentine Republic—a bronze statue of Christ.

The opening ceremonies took place in the presence of the Queen of the Netherlands, and the representatives of the forty-two States affiliated to the Permanent Court of Arbitration. The speeches delivered dwelt upon the blessings of international arbitration, and described the measure of success already achieved. No extreme confidence was shown that the opening of the Palace of Peace marked the conclusion of the era of warfare. No one entertained such an illusion. But the Palace was a symbol of the feeling widely cherished in favor of the discussion of international difficulties, and as in the words of Mr. Elihu Root, " the matters in dispute between the nations are nothing; the spirit which deals with them is everything," the Palace would be both an evidence of the existence of the right spirit and a means of its further propagation. The foundation stone of the Palace bears the inscription: *" Paci Justitia firmandæ Hanc Ædem Andreæ Carnegii Munificentia Dedicavit."*

With Our Readers.

IN the September issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD we spoke of the prurient discussions that occupy the pages of many of our so-called popular magazines. We wish to insist further on our statements of last month, and to plead earnestly with our readers that by personal example, by public protest, by every means in their power, they fight this great and growing evil. An unhappy sign for those who would promote innocence and virtue is the alarming indifference of many to the widespread propaganda of indecent and evil things. Can they be so dense as to not recognize it, or so short-sighted in the matter of Christian responsibility as not to see that they are obliged to prevent an evil in so far as they can? To advertise in a magazine that deliberately cultivates immorality; to purchase it; to read, it is sinful coöperation in sinful work.

And lest any of our readers think that we are over severe or too scrupulous in the matter, we wish to lay before them a plain statement. We spent some valuable time last month in reading carefully through one of these "popular" magazines, which boasts a very large circulation. This is what we found: There were illustrations of nudes, and of a woman that would have appeared more decent had she been nude. One story told of a shipwrecked sailor who sees a woman "unbelievably lovely" coming out of the sea. He desires her at once, and at the end, even when he believes he is about to die, knows no thought but of sin with her. The language of this tale goes beyond the limits of even the gross indecency ordinarily found in these magazines. Another story tells of a husband who becomes an "angel" to a girl of the stage chorus. His wife "has set her face like a flint against having children." She is jealous of the chorus girl, not from love of her husband, but because of her love for another man whom she thinks the chorus girl will win. There is much plain talk of filthy things.

Another story is of the Peck's Bad Boy variety. Still another depicts drunkenness, brutality, prostitution, and bohemianism. Another is saturated with the atmosphere of loose sex relations. It too has the "angel" and the chorus girl; and this tale is advertised as "very helpful." Another story is of a jealous woman who "nags" her husband, and it ends with the pleasing sentence, "And I know that in all our married life he had never been faithful to me in thought, word, or deed."

Now it must be evident to all that in such a Niagara of filth, there

can be no other purpose than to allure the reader by the appeal to things forbidden, things that arouse the animal passions, and thus make the magazine sell. No sensible person would even pretend that this was literature; that there was art here; that any of these writers aimed honestly to express an honest soul. Black will always be black, and white, white. And the necessity of championing what is white is becoming more and more urgent, because unprincipled men, with money at their command, are sowing through the alluring pages of the cheap magazines the seeds of hell upon earth.

THE matter of sex hygiene instruction in the public schools is still being vigorously pushed by many. It is a happy sign, however, that even some of the radicals are abandoning the extreme attitude which they first assumed. The rapidity of life nowadays, and the driving power of money, have this advantage, that they make clear in short order the disastrous consequences of a bad start. Publicity, the keynote of the radical sex hygiene campaign, is arousing the public not to approval, but to protest. The reading matter served up in the cheap magazines and in the costlier ones, too; the free exhibitions held in our large cities; the rotten plays exhibited in our theatres; the prominence given to the question in illustrations and bold face type in our daily newspapers, have sobered to some extent the champions of "knowledge itself is virtue."

* * * *

TO these we may add what we think is the most effective factor of all, the intelligent explanation and defence of Catholic teaching and Catholic doctrine on the question. There is no educator, worthy of the name, who, though he may not believe in her claims, will not listen at least to the voice of her who has brought the world from paganism to the ideals of Christian society, and who has studied for centuries how she can save and protect the young. So great are the absurdities, so endless the wild theories championed by many to-day, that one is tempted to make them the target of shafts of easy ridicule, or else to abandon the world that professes them.

But it is for us always to leaven the world with the wisdom of sympathy, of consideration, of love and of light that has been given to us by Holy Church. Ridicule may subdue, but it does not convince. Contempt may hurt and wound, but it does not win. Silence may show our disapproval, but it does not make disciples.

* * * *

THE intelligent declaration of Catholic principles, with an equally intelligent view of all sides of the question, if it does not always win the day, will at least do much good. And in this respect we

feel that words of gratitude and of praise are due to the Rev. Richard H. Tierney, S.J., for his courageous and capable work at the Fourth International Congress on School Hygiene held recently in Buffalo. The effect of his words has already been far-reaching. Journals that champion an altogether different school of thought, have been compelled to consider his paper; and more than one, not in any way Catholic, have given him warm words of praise.

Such work is blessed and hopeful. Imitation of this intelligent and apostolic spirit, particularly in many of our Catholic papers, would do much for the advancement of Catholic truth.

* * * *

FATHER TIERNEY showed clearly that the question of sex hygiene is not merely pedagogical. It is essentially moral, and resolves itself into the abolition of sexual sin. Detailed instruction in the schools does not make for such an abolition; it may contribute to the very opposite. For the main effect of instruction will be information, not will power. The emphasis, therefore, is put in the wrong place. Information cannot keep a man upright before God, cannot cleanse a heart or keep it clean. From a thorough course of sex hygiene we might have a race of hygienists, but never a race of saints. Father Tierney dwelt upon the evil effects of the indiscriminate presentation to the minds of the young of these questions of sex.

"At the ages of ten and twelve, and even of eighteen and nineteen years, the faculties are untrained and to a large extent undisciplined. The imagination is flighty and irresponsible, and extremely susceptible to sensuous images. These images impress themselves on the phantasy, and notably influence the actions and often the whole life of the youth. Moreover, the will of child and youth is weak and vacillating, and subject to the allurement of pleasure in whatever form it may appear. Now the sex passion is for the most part aroused through the imagination. As a rule the first impulse is not physiological. It is psychological. It almost invariably begins in the phantasy.

"A vivid and sensuous image occupies the phantasy. Sensible pleasure is then experienced, and there is no force to combat it effectively. The will is weak, untrained. It appreciates a good, and either falls to it forthwith or delays its poor resistance till the soul is aflame with the fire of concupiscence. The detailed teaching of sex hygiene—especially if it be done through book and chart—will make a strong impression on the young imagination. Sensuous images will crowd the faculty as bats crowd a deserted house. The condition already described will follow, viz., sinful thoughts, sinful desires, sinful conversation, preludes to other crimes which we prefer to pass over in silence."

* * * *

THE truths brought out by Father Tierney were brought again before the public in an article by Professor Münsterberg of Harvard, published in the New York *Times*. Editorally the *Times* itself said that the movement for promoting morality by widespread knowledge of sexual questions was a mistaken one. "The movement

has had bad results, and now the need to check it is generally recognized by intelligent persons. The obvious evils have not been removed, and will never be lessened by discussion."

* * * *

WE will give but one quotation from the article by Professor Münsterberg, and we regret that our space does not permit us to quote more. Following Father Tierney, he shows that instruction may not be a deterrent but an incentive to sin.

"The sex information may also have as one of its results a certain theoretical willingness to avoid social dangers. But the far stronger immediate effect is the psycho-physiological reverberation in the whole youthful organism, with strong reactions on its blood vessels and on its nerves.

"The cleanest boy and girl cannot give theoretical attention to the thoughts concerning sexuality, without the whole mechanism for reënforcement automatically entering into action. We may instruct with the best intention to suppress, and yet our instruction itself must become a source of stimulation, which unnecessarily creates the desire for improper conduct. The policy of silence showed an instinctive understanding of this fundamental situation. Even if that traditional policy had had no positive purpose, its negative function, its leaving at rest the explosive sexual system of the youth, must be acknowledged as one of those wonderful instinctive procedures by which society protects itself."

* * * *

AND while we are on the subject, we wish to mention another happy evidence of healthier public opinion on the matter, a strong and definite championing of fundamental Christian truth in the current *Nineteenth Century,* by Canon Lyttelton. At the close of his article he writes:

"Nature tells us in tones now of menace and heart-rending appeal, now of gentlest persuasion, that truths planted in the earliest years of life are the truths that live and bear fruit, and that the planter is the parent, whose responsibility cannot be given to another without loss. It may be, in short, the truest eugenics to revive in every class of society the meaning of home, as the place where the seeds of physical, moral, and spiritual life are sown."

HOW *The Field Afar,* the organ of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, can sustain its great spirit of cheerfulness and hope is a mystery to the faint-hearted and the pessimistic. Surely Father Walsh must have unusually heavy burdens on his hands, and ample reason to complain of the indifference and the parsimony of many who ought to assist him, and who do not, but never once, in the pages of his journal, does he weep over the terrible conditions of the day or mourn in sorrow the failure of men.

He has brought to perfection the personal touch of an attractive editor bound to win with his readers. His voice is gentle and em-

phatic enough. His smile is always pleasant, a Christian smile that tells of a soul that believes strongly in the next world, and does not by any means despair of this one. A leader who fights in this spirit will surely give to his followers the same spirit, and rally many to his standards. If he who fights in the heat of the sun can be cheerful, hopeful, confident, we surely can afford to be so. We recommend Father Walsh's example to editors, and even to editors who need not solicit funds for extraneous work.

When Father Walsh asks for a cow, he fills the reader with a desire to go out and buy one, and ship it to Maryknoll, that it may support those who give through *The Field Afar* that other milk of kindness and of hope of which there is so little in the world.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WESTCHESTER, NEW YORK, August 7, 1913.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

DEAR SIR: Will you permit me to reply to some criticisms of my lately published *Life and Letters of John Paul Jones,* which appeared in a recent number of your valued publication? Your critic, while admitting that I have written the best life of Jones; that I have contributed much "independent investigation to the subject;" that I am "honest" and do not garble facts; bases his somewhat contradictory opinion of my inability to write biography on the advisability of the introduction of certain "doubtful" material in my history of Jones' career, more particularly that contained in the narrative of one of Jones' seamen, a certain Thomas Chase. In June, 1773, Paul Jones having killed a mutinous sailor at Tobago, in the absence of a proper tribunal, was compelled to abandon his ship and take to flight. From this date until the autumn of 1775, there is no information vouchsafed in any of the biographies written before mine, or any documentary evidence in official archives, to indicate his whereabouts or occupation. The narrative of Thomas Chase contains information regarding these lost months in Jones' life; orally dictated to his grandson, and privately printed. It was transcribed by his great-granddaughter, a writer of considerable distinction, and of perfectly reliable character, and offered to me. It contained several errors, and in the portion which related to the *Ranger* cruise was inaccurate, as I have stated, because the writer was at that time locked up in Mill prison in England, and was not an eyewitness of the events. The narrative of Jones' descent upon Martha's Vineyard in 1773 was, however, a part of his own personal recollections; as was also his account of the engagement between the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis,* and contained no material which seemed to falsify his veracity or cast doubt upon the general truth of his extraordinary story. His narrative contained in fact so invaluable a body of truth, and was so unique and illuminating a document, that I considered myself not only privileged but obligated to present the portions above referred to. Your critic asks me to explain why Thomas Chase is stated in my text to have fought in the battle on the *Alliance,* when the narrative would indicate that

he was on the *Bon Homme Richard.* As a witness of the engagement in which the *Alliance* took part, as one of the ships which belonged to Jones' squadron, Chase was in a position to comment upon the battle. Mrs. Akers drew the not unnatural conclusion that he was on the *Bon Homme Richard* itself. I stated that he was on the *Alliance,* for the reason that his name is found on the roster of that vessel; but as records were lost when the *Bon Homme Richard* went down, it is not impossible that he was first on the former ship, and transferred to the *Alliance* after the battle. I did not think it possible for me to alter Mrs. Akers' transcription of the narrative of Chase to suit my wider knowledge of the subject. Your critic presumes to doubt the credibility of Colonel Wharton Green, who wrote me a letter in which he quoted Major Knox, who has known Jones personally, in the latter's repetition of a remark which he had heard from the lips of Jones himself. The remark was made by Jones in the house of his benefactors, to whom he confessed the fact that he had in truth served for a time in the sort of ship which Thomas Chase described. This remark, so strongly corroborative of Chase's narrative, was not only repeated through but one sole intermediary, but contained certain details, incomprehensible to Colonel Green, which proved incontestably the verbal accuracy of the remark as it came from Jones. Colonel Green, although an old man when he wrote to me, was in perfect possession of his faculties, a historical writer in regard to the war of the rebellion in which he was an officer, and a member of Congress. His credibility as a witness is further attested by the Honorable Junius Davis, a well-known lawyer in Wilmington, North Carolina, and son of George Davis, Secretary of War for Jefferson Davis. I make no apologies for introducing Colonel Green's testimony. Official corroboration that Jones did visit Martha's Vineyard is found in the fact that the widow of one of the sailors who first visited the island on the ship in question, a resident and native of the place, received her share of her husband's prize money from his subsequent service with Chase, under Jones, as is recorded at Washington. An eight years' search in the libraries, private collections, and archives of Europe and America has possibly rendered me a better judge of the historicity of the material I have presented than your critic, who has only perceived that there was some alloy in the gold of the material that I was fortunate enough to discover.

The government of our country has been pleased to order my book upon the ships, and that within a month of its publication.

While not a "naval expert," careful study of the battles of Paul Jones has enabled me to write a book which has as yet received nothing but praise from the naval journals, as well as from officials in the Navy Department and the Congressional Library, who, with a full knowledge of its aims, have been pleased to consider those aims successfully accomplished.

Your critic, I fear, is not as honest as he admits me to be, when he claims that I am responsible for the statement that Paul Jones was the son of George Paul, as I definitely stated that this, while a possible hypothesis, was not one susceptible of positive proof.

Very sincerely yours,

ANNA F. DE KOVEN.

The question is whether Mrs. de Koven was justified in saying Jones was a pirate, when her only evidence was Chase's narrative coming to her third-hand, and Major Knox's indefinite statement coming to her second-hand. Knox is hardly worth considering, I think, and Chase is so palpably incorrect

in several particulars that his whole narrative must stand discredited. (Note, for example, his remarks about Jones' "clipper-built" ship in 1773, at least fifty years before clippers were built!) I do not say that Jones was not a pirate; I say that Mrs. de Koven has given as proof that he was, evidence which is worthless.

I wish I could apologize for fastening upon her the responsibility for the discovery that George Paul, the putative uncle of Paul Jones, was really Jones' father, but I will be judged by this, her statement:

"The statement of Jones' fellow-lodger.....that Jones had told him he was the son of Lord Selkirk's gardener, coupled with the knowledge of George Paul's descendants, that although of doubtful parentage Jones was a Paul would point to the identification of George Paul, gardener of Lord Selkirk, as the actual father of Paul Jones."

In my review I gave these two examples of Mrs. de Koven's methods. Let me add another:

Among Jones' female correspondents in France were two sisters. Mrs. de Koven says he intended to marry one of them, so as to legitimatize the child she had had. Her reasons for saying this are found in two passages of a letter Jones wrote to the sister. One passage reads:

"She [the mother of his correspondent] was a tried friend, and more than a mother to you. She would have been a mother to me also had she lived."

The other:

"Present my best respects to your sister. You did not mention her in your letter, but I persuade myself she will continue her share of her sweet godson, and that you will cover him all over with kisses from me. They come warm to you *both* from my heart."

"It is impossible," says Mrs. de Koven, "to come to any other conclusion than that the 'sweet godson' whom Jones wished Madame T. to 'cover all over with kisses from him' was his son."

Now, no one can read far in Jones' letters without seeing that he was, especially when he wrote to women, a very sentimental letter-writer, who nearly always wrote in an exaggerated vein; and I say it is monstrous to base such an accusation as Mrs. de Koven has made upon this letter alone. If she be correct she has shirked her duty towards Jones, for she tells us nothing more of this episode. She leaves us free to believe that Jones abandoned his son. He never spoke of him; he did not marry the mother; although he left some property, he left none to this child.

I wish I could say more for this book than that it is the best of the lives of Jones, for that is saying very little. Sherburne's life is an incomplete compilation; there are several boys' biographies which have little merit, and several old, prejudiced books and pamphlets on Jones, written when the material was scant, and when biography and truth-telling had very slight relationship to each other. Besides these there is Buell's two-volume work published in 1906—a false book, full of reckless fiction, capping the climax of its crimes by putting forth as Jones' a manufactured spurious letter. I recall with pleasure reading Mrs. de Koven's able exposure of the fraud printed in the New York *Times* several years ago.

THE REVIEWER.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

On a Hill: A Romance of Sacrifice. By F. M. Capes. 50 cents net. *Landmarks of Grace, or the Feasts of Our Blessed Lady.* By a member of the Ursuline Community. 90 cents net. *Our Lady Intercedes.* By E. F. Kelly. 75 cents.

D. APPLETON & Co., New York:

The Business of Life. By Robert W. Chambers. $1.40 net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

The Story of Mary Dunne. By M. E. Francis. $1.35 net.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

An Average Man. By Robert Hugh Benson. $1.35 net.

FREDERICK PUSTET & Co., New York:

Saint Rita's Treasury. By Rev. A. Klarmann, A.M. Cloth, 75 cents; leather, $1.25.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

Merrilie Dawes. By F. H. Spearman. $1.35 net. *Marsh Lights.* By H. Huntington. $1.35 net. *The Marriage of Mademoiselle Gimel.* By René Bazin. $1.25 net.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL Co., New York:

History of the Discovery and Conquest of Costa Rica. By R. F. Guardia. Translated by H. W. Van Dyke. $3.00 net.

REV. THOMAS S. MCGRATH, 363 East 145th Street, New York:

Catholic Soldiers' and Sailors' Companion. By Rev. T. S. McGrath. 35 cents.

J. FISCHER & BROTHER, New York:

Messa in onore di Santa Agata. (Music.) By P. Branchina. 80 cents.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:

The Cure of Alcoholism. By A. O'Malley, LL.D. $1.25 net. *The Catholic Church the True Church.* By Very Rev. C. J. O'Connell. $1.25 net. *Eucharist and Penance in the First Six Centuries of the Church.* By G. Rauschen, Ph.D. $1.25 net. *Alleged Socialism of the Church Fathers.* By Rev. J. A. Ryan, D.D. 50 cents net. *Vengeance is Mine.* (A Drama in Four Acts.) 25 cents net.

THE PILGRIM PUBLISHING Co., Baraboo, Wisconsin:

Holy Land and Holy Writ. By Rev. J. T. Durward. $4.00.

WILLIAM HEINEMAN, London:

Social Renewal. By George Sandeman.

R. & T. WASHBOURNE, LTD., London:

The Seventh Wave, and Other Soul Stories. By Constance E. Bishop. 3 *s.* 6 *d.*

AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Melbourne:

The Sacred Heart. By Rev. M. Forrest, M.S.H. *Should the Irish National Scripture Lessons be Introduced into the State Schools of Victoria?* Speech delivered by Dr. Pearson, M.L.A. *Avourneen.* By Lady Gilbert. Pamphlets. 1 penny each.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XCVIII. NOVEMBER, 1913. No. 584.

THE CHURCH AND FRENCH DEMOCRACY.

BY HILAIRE BELLOC.

I.

DURING the celebration of Ozanam's centenary, with which so many Catholic pens have been occupied this year, one topic has perpetually returned because it was the chief interest of Ozanam's own life: and that topic is the relation between what is called democracy in modern France and the Catholic Church.

The great majority of those who deal with this topic use in connection with it (and with Ozanam's own work) such phrases as "the reconciliation between the Church and democracy," or "the antagonism between the Church and the Revolution in France." In other words, they take for granted a conflict more or less inevitable, and more or less acute, between the Catholic Church in France and what is called modern French democracy. Some think this conflict to be artificial, others regard it as fundamental and inherent to the nature of the two things. But all who make even the most superficial examination of the state of religion in France, recognize the existence of such a conflict, and most of those who write upon French Catholicism find themselves compelled to deal with that conflict in the course of their study.

It is the object of these few articles to explain, so far as my own experience and reading enable me to do so, the nature of this

Copyright. 1913. THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

antagonism, its historical causes, and the future that probably awaits it.

Unless a man be personally acquainted both with French society to-day and with its history in the past, his first difficulty in the matter is to understand why any conflict should exist at all.

The word "democracy" signifies a form of civil government in which the mass of the citizens coöperate to administer the State, regard its magistrates as their servants removable at will, and initiate and obey only those laws which are the product of their general will. Every community of men which is small, original, and untrammelled (for instance, a group of half a dozen young men going out upon a walking tour together) recognizes this ideal of government as natural and satisfactory to the human appetite for justice—that we should confer with our fellows upon what we should all do in common, and only agree to regard as binding such laws as we had come to by association and common agreement.

Of the difficulties in *realizing* such an ideal where many men and many interests are concerned (not to speak of a mass of inherited custom and right), I will say nothing: but at any rate democracy, whether we like it or dislike it, whether we think it feasible in our own nation or Utopian, is a recognized form of human government, and, in its mere definition, a just and simple form consonant to the nature of man.

The Catholic Church, on the other hand, is not a theory but a thing; it is not a political ideal, it is an institution. All those who have even an elementary acquaintance with it, and who care to think lucidly about it, know very well what that institution is. It is an organized body of men incorporated under certain officers, and possesssed of certain modes of action, which body, through its officers and through their modes of action, professes to know and to teach the truth in those matters which concern the ultimate destiny of man.

It would seem self-evident that no conflict could arise between a body of this kind and any particular doctrine of political government, and this self-evident truth is expressed by the Church herself in the quite obvious doctrine that the Church is indifferent to the various forms which human government may assume, so long as her right to exist and to practise is not interfered with.

All this has nothing to do with whether the Church is right or wrong in her claim. It has nothing to do with the truth

or error of the religious dogmas which she propounds for acceptance. You may be the most humble of believers in those doctrines, or the most skeptical of disbelievers, but it must be clear to you that if there is a society which will give you an answer to, let us say, the question whether man is immortal, or to the question whether the universe has behind it an intelligent Creator, that society will answer you "yes" or "no" with equal ease under a despotism, an oligarchy, or a democracy. It is equally evident that, to turn from the doctrines to the practice of the Church, a democracy might set out to kill people who went to Mass (if the populace thought going to Mass a crime) just as much as might a despotism or an oligarchy: the form of government would have no essential connection with such persecution. The plain man, therefore, if he knows something of the Catholic Church, and can define it, and who is acquainted with the meaning of the English word "democracy," and can define it, cannot see what there is in the two definitions which can possibly lead to antagonism between them. And I am convinced that foreign observers, especially if they are not European, are always puzzled at the outset by this existing conflict in the particular case we are considering—the case of France since the Revolution, and of the whole of European society which France has influenced. My object, then, is to try and show how and why in that particular case conflict has arisen and still exists.

Now the first point to recognize is that the foreign observer's difficulty here is primarily due to the fact that abstract words, when they are used with regard to concrete human affairs, convey very little of reality.

Thus, if I tell a man that the English polity is a "monarchy," while the polity of the United States is not a monarchy, I am still leaving him ignorant of two essential facts in the living, concrete organism which we call, respectively, England and the United States: the essential fact that the strongest political thing in England is a comparatively small group of rich men, and the strongest political thing in the United States one supreme officer called the President, who can actually veto laws passed by a representative assembly, and who has it for a traditional and solemn duty to issue to those whom he administrates a personal message of counsel and policy. Of course I am leaving out a great deal more than that; in thus merely using the abstract word "monarchy" I am saying nothing of the thousand differences in the

distribution of property, the deposit of custom, and all the rest of it which may differentiate the two societies.

Again, if I say that a public force of armed men has been sent into a disturbed district "to protect the rights of property," the meaning of the phrase is wholly different according to whether the property protected is the property of a few against whom the mass of their dispossessed fellow-citizens has arisen, or well-divided property which some criminal man already possessed of property was setting out to steal.

When troops fire upon a proletarian mob which is marching to destroy the wealth of a dishonest monopolist, what they are doing is a world asunder from the same troops defending a body of farmers who own their land against a raid upon their crops undertaken by savages, or an attempt to dispossess them made by the servants of some unjust, insolent, and powerful neighbor. The two actions are not only a world asunder, they are directly contradictory. The troops defending well-divided property against aggression are doing that which would *prevent* a State from becoming capitalist; the troops defending a single capitalist from thousands of his dispossessed fellow-citizens are *establishing and confirming* capitalism. Yet each of these contradictory actions may be rightly described in the abstract terms "a defence of property by the armed forces of the State."

If, to the contradiction in essence between these two actions, we add all the complexity of the different history, psychology, customs and speech, inherited prejudices and enthusiasms, geographical situation and comparative prosperity of the capitalist society on the one hand, and the society of free farmers on the other, there would be not only a contradiction which can be intellectually defined, but a revelation of two totally different worlds, each a reality, and a reality which a man must know before he can understand so much as the meaning of the phrase "rights of property" in the one or the other.

If you were to say to one of that community of farmers, who had never heard of a capitalist State or dreamed of it, "a mob was marching to destroy the barns and stores of Mr. Smith," the farmer would certainly answer, "What was the State about to allow such a thing? The authorities ought to have used force at once to prevent such injustice!" That reply would be due to the fact that the farmer was thinking of a Mr. Smith owning property like any other one of his fellow-citizens in a society where the

ownership of property was normal to citizenship. But if you were to say to people in a capitalist State, who had never experienced well-divided property or even heard of it, "the troops were called in to defend the property of such and such a farmer," a member of that proletariat would probably reply to you: "It was a gross injustice, and the farmer by his pretended ownership of this property was refusing bread to his fellow-citizens."

It is, I repeat, a difficulty of this kind which leads to the grossly erroneous judgments passed upon the conflict between the democracy of the French Revolution and the Church; a conflict which (I also repeat) was not confined to France—has indeed probably passed its worst phase in France—but covers the whole field of European politics. To understand the matter, it is first essential for us to understand not only the intellectual formulas governing the two things, but the two things themselves.

I shall in my succeeding papers emphasize the case of France in particular, because through it one can understand the atmosphere of conflict between "democracy" and the Church, which has radiated from France throughout Europe. I will attempt to discover to the reader, both by contemporary observation and by an inquiry into the past, what appetites, habits, suspicions, and the rest grew into the body of that political effort in France, whose ideal was and still is—however imperfectly realized—a democratic constitution of political society. That done I can show how the conflict arose.

In order to aid the reader to a just comprehension of this, I will take for my starting point in history the death of Louis XIV. (in 1715), and as my starting point in contemporary observation the society of one of those French provincial towns which are the essential units of the French polity. I can thus describe how in the process of two hundred years that unit has come to be what it is. When these two processes are combined I think that the cause of the quarrel between the Church and the Revolution, the remaining acuteness of that quarrel, and the probable fate which awaits it in the future, can be more rationally conceived.

Before undertaking this task, however, I would like to warn my readers (most, and perhaps all, of whom will be living in a society predominantly non-Catholic) of a factor in human effort which is constantly neglected: I may call it the factor of *direction of force or potential.*

Men tend to forget, when they seek to explain or to forecast

any human effort, that it makes all the difference in the world whether they are dealing with action facing in one direction or in the opposite direction: to put it briefly in a mathematical metaphor, whether they are dealing with a potential *positive* or *negative*. For instance, ten years ago thousands of newspapers and public speakers were discussing whether Japan or Russia were the "stronger" power, whether Japan could "win" against Russia or Russia against Japan. But most of them forgot that the question could not be put in those terms alone, because those terms as they stand exclude the *factor of direction*. If the direction of the Russian effort were towards the occupation and retention of Korea by Russia on the one hand, and the prevention of it by Japan upon the other, the result was doubtful. But if the direction of the Japanese effort had been towards the reduction of Russia, the occupation of any of her European territory and the retention of it, it was certain that Russia would be victorious.

Take another question—whether a man should be content upon a certain income refers to two totally different things, according to whether we are considering a diminution or an increase. Many a man has broken his heart because his income has suddenly *fallen* to a level which, had it been *risen to* by another poorer man, would have been taken by that poorer man as a proof of success. When you say, "You will find Jones thoroughly content, he is getting three thousand dollars a year," the statement will be a reasonable one if Jones is a small clerk who has just received promotion to that comfortable salary, but it would be an extremely foolish statement if you made it of a man who for years had owned a large and prosperous business, bringing him in fifty thousand dollars a year, which business had suddenly collapsed, leaving him with three thousand dollars a year paid him as salary by some friend after his misfortune.

Now we find this *factor of direction or potential* of the utmost importance in approaching any historical phenomenon, and in the particular case of a conflict between the Catholic Church and an ideal of civil government, we must take account of that *factor of direction* if we hope to come to any just conclusion. The position of the Catholic Church in a country (like Portugal) where it was once supreme and has slowly declined, is necessarily totally different from its position in a country (like Scotland) whether it was once virtually unknown, and is now rapidly increasing in numbers. The force and meaning of "democracy" is one thing in a country

like, say Norway, which has been democratic for centuries; it is quite another thing in a society which attempts with violence and at great risk an experiment in democracy, having for many generations lacked any experience therein. And what may be meant by the phrase "the Catholic Church in its relation to democracy" will radically differ according to what the combination of these various factors of direction may be.

We are only too familiar with the confusion a neglect of this *factor of direction* introduces when, for instance, the word *toleration* is discussed. Applied to a body of thought novel and increasing in vigor, it has a totally different meaning from what it has when applied to a body of thought long familiar but declining in vigor. The "toleration" which the Roman Empire long refused to the Catholic Church is quite different from the "toleration" of Christian doctrine in Prussia or England to-day. Again, it makes all the difference in the world to that one word "toleration" whether it applies to something about which most men are indifferent, or about which most men feel keenly. The "toleration" of sexual wrong by the modern world is in quite another category from the "toleration" of cannibalism. Again it makes all the difference in the world whether we apply it to the establishment of an *institution,* or to the propagation of an *idea:* an idea out of which an institution may indeed ultimately arise, but which has not yet given birth to one. Thus, a society upon the whole theistic (that is, believing in God) may choose to tolerate ideas and speeches which attempt to disprove the existence of God, but the same society would not in the same mood tolerate for a moment a body of men organized to live their lives and to affect those of their fellow-beings upon the assumption that morals had no sanction, that an oath was valueless, etc. Or again, a society which will freely permit argument for and against Christian marriage, will (and has) put down by force of arms a distinct body in its midst which shall practise organized polygamy.

I say all this at such a length because this prime *factor of direction* will be found to color all our conclusions upon the subject I have in hand.

France is and has been for at least fourteen hundred years a Catholic country. The direction of French activity in this matter is positive and not negative. A French bishop is not one of the "clergy of all denominations" to which amiable Freemasons offer toasts at public dinners. He is, and has been for centuries, a

ruling power. The French Huguenot is not a Frenchman just like any other, one who happens to differ from his fellows on minor points of opinion; still less is he the normal type of citizens among his fellows. He is a man of a peculiar cast, commonly in fortune, nearly always in temperament; he proceeds historically from a body which was at one time acutely at issue with the State and in league with foreign enemies; a body wealthy out of all proportion to its numbers, and yet a body whose numbers are and have been for a long time past diminishing.

Similiarly, the anti-Catholic forces in France do not as they do in a Protestant country, constitute a general, circumambient atmosphere, as it were, against and through which the Church pierces as against and through a resistant medium: they are a compact and organized special array attacking a Catholicism which is older, more rational, more diffused, much larger, usually less conscious than its adversaries.

From this preliminary I shall proceed in my next paper to describe how the religious question would strike a traveler who should for the first time (but intelligently) observe some typical portion of French society to-day; and I will take for my typical example so observed that which is most typical of France, historical and contemporary, a provincial town, the capital of its province, such as are Tours, Toulouse, Rheims, and some fifty others.

A BEGINNING—AT RAILHAM.

BY JOHN AYSCOUGH.

I.

AILHAM is not an ugly place, but its beauty is of a sort not commonly admitted. The country round is mostly flat, though a long shallow hill hides it from Market Railham, four miles away, "and better," says Stephen Drub the carrier, "and worse," says his cinnamon-colored horse with one wall eye and one pinkish.

Besides being flat, the country is, not to mince matters, bleak: fenny, and with very few trees. What trees there are have never grown tall, and they have a lop-sided look, for their tops are all blown landwards by persistent winds from the cold North Sea. People in loose clothing are apt to have the same landward-blown look on two out of three days in every autumn, spring, and winter, for there is mostly a hard wind, and it mostly comes from the northeast.

The Railham we talk of is Railham Maris, but it is not on the sea: there are three flat miles between the long sandy shore and it. But there is no village on the coast nearer than Orpham, five miles off; and Railham is Railham Maris—"Morris" half the folks call it, some indeed pretending that Morris, or Maurice, was the name of a family once powerful hereabouts, and that of the originals of certain crusading-looking figures on defaced tombs in the church. Whatever name was inscribed upon them once, none is legible now.

It is a fine church, big enough to accommodate double the whole population, even if three-fourths of them did not go to chapel. It stands on a mound that seems quite a hill here, and can be seen for miles; it has a plain, but beautiful, square tower, gray and mellow with the grayness and mellowness that centuries can give. In the churchyard are half a dozen yew trees not much younger than the church.

Opposite is a fine old house, that looks like a Manor House, and is a farmhouse, and should be the vicarage; but the clergyman, who is also rector of Railham Stephens, two miles north-

ward, lives at the latter, and clearly cannot live in two places at once. He is very old, but his son is also a clergyman, and it is he who comes over to take the Sunday service: on one Sunday in the morning and on the next in the afternoon.

Nearly all the houses and cottages in Railham are old, and even the ugly ones are picturesque: some are far from being ugly; and the Star Inn is both big and attractive. It was once the real Manor House.

It must be confessed that Railham Street is long and windy, straggling too, but only captious and dull critics could call it ugly. Nor does it look mean, or even poor: there are three farmhouses in it, besides the vicarage farm opposite the church, and well-to-do farmers live in all four.

The real doctor lives at Railham Stephens, like the rector; but his assistant, who is young and not unpleasant, lives in Monk-house, a queer-shaped, comfortable, roomy house that turns its best face away from the street into a delightful garden—where Miss Trimp, the doctor's sister, works as hard as two farm laborers, for love of flowers and her brother Valentine.

The beauties of Railham have not, I confess, been proved, but if you saw it at sunset you would never again ask for proof. Nowhere could there be more gorgeous sunsets. Your hilly, thick-wooded places have so little sky; and at Railham there is sky everywhere: on days of rain and wind, when skyless places are dull enough, it is grand here. The rainy gleams upon the flats; the ragged, heltering clouds, with great blue spaces between; the huge wide stretches of empty lands, not of a dull monotone, but flecked with fifty shades of light and color and blackness—all this is worth a dozen "landscapes."

Nevertheless Railham is asleep. If she be a beauty, in the eyes that can see it, she is like the Sleeping Beauty waiting for her prince to come and bid her wake. And the prince came; in a fashion that took all Railham aback. It happened in this wise: Stephen Drub was jogging home from Market Railham, conscious of an extra glass or so, for it was Thursday, as well as "carrier-day," and market-day of course.

Mrs. Drub was chapel-bred, and attended Arannah: Stephen had no objection—it kept a certain hold on his chapel-going contemporaries, who might else have conceived the monstrous notion of a rival chapel-going carrier; but Mr. Drub clave to the church. That is to say, he never escorted his better-half to Arannah, except when

there was a magic lantern entertainment and tea there. On Sundays he read the police news, and, when service was in the afternoon, occasionally betook himself to church, especially if he and Mrs. Drub had a new pledge of their conjugal affection to be christened. One thing Mr. Drub held out against, and that was "teetotalation:" which he held to be a sign of dissent, and incompatible with true, if broad-minded, devotion to the Establishment.

"Miriam was chapel-born and chapel-bred," he argued, "let her stick to it. All the Drubs has been church folk, and aren't I Church Warden? Let them teetotal as belongs where *it* belongs, and that's Arannah."

Mr. Drub was jogging home then; and Mrs. Yest, the baker's wife, was seated beside him, and Mrs. Sheen, the butcher's mother, was next her; and they were discussing measles which Tommy Yest had not had (though he'd most had everything), and his mother was thanking her patience for it.

"Well, and you've no call," opined Mrs. Sheen. "'Tis best to get 'em over. If children's ordained to have 'em, let 'em have 'em, and be done with it, says I. They'll have 'em, praps, when grown women else like Liza Parkis, as died of 'em at thirty-four."

"Whatever in life's that?" cried Mrs. Yest, with as much animation as she ever exhibited.

Her remark or exclamation was addressed to Stephen Drub as likely to know all about vans, and she alluded not to measles, but to a very peculiar vehicle that had dashed by.

Mr. Drub did not know, but he would not say so.

"Conveyances aren't what they was," he replied, sticking to general principles.

"That's true enough," agreed Mrs. Sheen. "Since the motors come up them above us knows, for we don't, what sort o' things ye'll see on the road next. Good meat don't want no ingine to drag it. That's what I say."

"Nor bread as is bread either. When it's half alum folks mun have it brought to the door in motor vans to regoncile 'em to digest it. Was that a furniture van, think you, Mr. Drub?"

"It had partly the look of it. But this road goes only to Rellum Morris, and no one ain't flitted, un yet no one ain't furnishing there. Deuce is in it, says I."

A horrible misgiving struck him that it might be some new (diabolical) species of carrier van.

"Like enough," agreed Mrs. Yest, a polite woman, with a

mealy disinclination to contradict anyone. "But who elst I wonder?"

"There was two gentlemen i' front," called out a lad from the back of the van, who had been peeping out of the tilt behind.

"The gentry's up to anything now," said Mrs. Sheen, "i'stead o' riding a Christian horse, they goes scrammin' through the country, dressed like the Lord knows what, with a strup-strup-strupping thing under their backses, as might as well be a machine knocker."

"Gentry!" scoffed Mr. Drub, "Bill calls them two gentlemen! Parcel deliv'ry, more like."

The cinnamon-colored horse saw Railham close ahead, and mended his pace. Presently the carrier was nearing the first house for which he had a parcel. But before you reach the first house, there is a plot of waste ground where once a circus pitched itself for four days.

"Lor'!" cried Mrs. Sheen, "there it is! As large as life."

"Twice the size," said Stephen, severely.

There it was, true enough. A longish van, on high wheels, and two gentlemen were standing near it.

"Does this bit of ground," one of them called out, "belong to anyone in particular?"

"It belongs," said Mr. Drub, who was used to answering questions, whether he knew the answer or no, "to the County Council."

"Well I never!" said Mrs. Yest admiringly. "'Tis where the lads plays football as has no place else."

"'Tis where the tramp was found froze to death," added Mrs. Sheen, "in the great frost year."

"Well," said one of the strange gentlemen, "it is not freezing now—"

("That's true, too," said Mrs. Yest: being August, and rather sultry, she felt sure of contradicting nobody.)

"Can we quarter our motor chapel here?" asked the strange gentleman.

"Certainly," said Mr. Drub with sudden urbanity. Evidently the two gentlemen *were* gentlemen, and clearly the odd-looking vehicle was not a rival carrier van. How it could be a chapel he could not understand, for, though the ministers belonging to chapels were often, as he reminded himself, locomotive preachers, he had never heard of a locomotive chapel. Still, if it was a chapel, he felt that it behooved him to show a brother-in-lawful interest in it.

"Certainly," he said. "Nobody won't say nothing to ye, sir."

"Thank you, Mr. Drub, we're much obliged," said the second gentleman.

"There now!" whispered Mrs. Yest to Mrs. Sheen, much impressed.

Mr. Drub was flattered. It showed he was a public character. It did not strike him that the strange gentleman had been reading the little board over the fore-wheel on which was painted, "*Stephen Drub, Carrier and Haulier, Coal Merchant and Briquettes.*"

"Is there such a thing as a butcher here?" the first gentleman inquired casually.

"Certainly," spake up Mrs. Yest, with friendly recommendation, "a good un. *'Jacob Sheen, Purveyor,'* o'er the window front; you can't miss it, sir. Opposite the Star."

"And a baker?"

Mrs. Yest held modest silence, and Mrs. Sheen did as she had been done by.

"A first-rate baker, sir. *'Simon Yest, and French and Fancy Bread;'* first shop before you come to the post office. Nobody could miss it."

Mrs. Yest bowed a conscious acknowledgment.

"There'll be a service here to-night—at eight o'clock," said the second gentleman. "A sermon and some hymns; and answers to questions."

"I hope you'll come, Mrs. Sheen," observed the first gentleman to that lady.

"Look there!" murmured Mrs. Yest, more impressed than ever.

"And you, too, Mrs. Yest," said the other gentleman, addressing himself to her.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Sheen under her breath.

The cinnamon-colored horse, to whom nothing had been said, tired of the conversation and moved on.

"They knowed us by our names as pat!" cried Mrs. Yest. "'Twould ha' been nature for 'im to think as I was Mrs. Sheen, if anything, and you Mrs. Yest—well I shall go, and Simon too."

"Well, and I don't say but what I'll come; Jacob bein' as he is a young man and a bachelor, I can't answer for'n."

"I told 'ee they *was* gentlemen," the lad at the back called out, not without triumph.

"And so they be," Mrs. Yest agreed.

"If my eyes growed in the back o' the van I'd ha' told *you*," said Mr. Drub, sourly, over his shoulder.

"But the dark one is the handsome one," declared Mrs. Sheen, who, unlike Mrs. Yest, was apt to cast her remarks into an argumentative form. "Don't tell me as he's not handsomer nor Sir Reginald. A sight *handsomer* say I."

"But Sir Reginald's not a preacher," mildly protested Mrs. Yest, without controverting the general position.

"Rather the contrary," observed Mr. Drub, darkly.

"These aren't preachers nether," said Mrs. Sheen. "I knows a preacher when I sees un. Two lodged wi' my sister Fells, one last year, and one i' the year o' the blight, and they were none like these. These talks like the regular gentry—free and jolly like."

"I'll come if Miriam comes," declared Mr. Drub. "They'll have a collection, mark my words else, and I'd like to see how they doos it. There's different ways—at Arannah they makes them full different from my way in church. I never looks when folks puts anything in; I judges by the sound. That's the church way; and more well-bredder than givin' a shake o' the soup plate, like Seth Brawn at Arannah, and fixen your eyes on the coppers."

"I often wish," said Mrs. Yest, "as bakers could mek a rule o' no change, like in church. 'Twould mek the profits quicker."

II.

At eight o'clock there was a larger assembly on the waste plot than it had seen since the circus went away.

"Lor' it minds me o' the lion comin' here agin," observed Mrs. Sheen. "I doubt he had the gapes, same as chickens does. He niver left off yawning whilst the man went round namin' the beastes, and which was amphlibious and which carnivrious. *There's* the handsome one."

The elder folk and the young women kept together, pretty near the van; the lads hung on the fringe of the company, and tried not to look sheepish by nudging each other and making easy jokes. Mr. Drub, with the carrier half-sunk in the Church Warden, frowned at them, and said "Sst" between his teeth. He had on carrier shorts and leggings, but a dark coat, and he had a sixpence he wasn't sure of in his pocket for the collection.

The hinder end of the van was open, and a sort of staircase

ran up to it. Inside, at the other end, was, as Mr. Drub noted, with approval, "a Communion Table." But it was not exactly like the one in Railham church, for it had a crucifix, and pictures, and also candlesticks.

Mrs. Drub was not pleased to see them, but her husband (as though he had been a Prime Minister) merely advised her to wait a bit. It slightly mollified her that the two gentlemen were dressed in coats and trousers, and wore no surplices. She pointed out the circumstance, but Stephen only said, "wait a bit," again, as if he believed that the surplices were tucked away inside, and would ultimately arrive.

The van was brightly lighted up, though it was not dark outside yet; and presently the elder of the two gentlemen went up and sat down, easily, on the top step.

"That," Mrs. Sheen explained in a stage whisper to Jacob, who *had* accompanied her, "is not the handsome one."

"Very true," remarked the gentleman seated on the top step, cheerfully, "that's my friend."

The friend was leaning against the back of the van, in a week-day attitude, and merely said, "Cut along."

"I daresay," said the gentleman, whom Mrs. Sheen did not call the handsome one, "you are wondering who we are, and what we have come for. It doesn't matter much *who* we are: the point is *what* we are, and what brings us. So I'll out with it."

("Like the burglar with the jemmy," said a voice from the skirts of the crowd.)

Mr. Drub was personally affronted by this remark, which proceeded from a journeyman plumber, not native to Railham.

"Ush!" he cried. "Let's 'ear the *gentleman*. Them as knows so much about burglars had better stick to the company where they feels most at 'ome."

The neatness of this repartee was so highly appreciated that the young plumber set off in dudgeon towards the coast, as though about to embark for Norway, and unable to linger a moment longer.

The gentleman on the top step smiled and nodded, and went on.

"Well, then, ladies and gentlemen—"

(Mr. Drub was not certain that "ladies and gentlemen" was "parliamentary at a sermon;" but Mrs. Drub liked it, and adjusted her cape to a more fashionable angle.)

"Ladies and gentlemen, I'll tell you at once what we are.

My friend and I are priests, Catholic priests, and that's what matters most about us. If, however, you would like to know our names I have no objection to telling you. My friend's name is Doctor Catesby and mine is Father Longcliff."

("He's fully young for a Doctor, poor thing," murmured Mrs. Yest plaintively. The only Doctor of Divinity she knew of was Dr. Pross, who used to keep a school at Market Railham, and might then be about ninety.

"Longcloth," whispered Mrs. Tick, who kept the post office and a small shop, "is what the white shirts is made of. Maybe he's Lancashire bred."

"Like enough," agreed Mrs. Yest.)

"But," Father Longcliff went on, "our names are not the point. The point is that we are Catholic priests, and what brings us here is to tell you what being a Catholic means, what the Catholic religion is; what it is for; what it teaches, and why there are more Christians belonging to it than to any other religion that professes belief in Christ. That is what we want to tell you; and we want to explain all this because we do not think it likely that anyone ever *has* explained it. We know that in this our dear country of England, there are millions of our dear fellow-countrymen who are quite ignorant on this subject. It is not their fault; they do not wish to believe evil of people who have never injured them; but they have been taught very little about Catholics, and of that little most is untrue, and so they have wrong ideas about them, and many of those ideas are unjust and unfair.

"If the people living in towns far away from Railham, people who had never lived here, or been here in their lives, people who really knew nothing about you all, were to go about saying that Railham was a bad place; that it was famous for dishonesty and immorality; that it was sunk in black ignorance, and loved cruelty, and worshipped idols, and was ignorant of God—all this might be said without your hearing a word of it; but if you did hear, you would not like it. No one would expect you to like it. No one could expect you to put up with it if you saw any way of putting a stop to it.

"Perhaps you would say that such lies must be sheer malice, that someone was putting them about who had a bitter spite against Railham, or against some of them who lived here; and that might be the real explanation as to the beginning of the lies—and lies you would feel them; but it would only be a part of the

explanation, for the lies might be repeated—would be sure to be repeated—by other people; not the people who invented them at first, but well-meaning folks who only told *other* folks what they had been told themselves, and who supposed it must all be true simply because it *had* been told them. It might get into the newspapers, and be read by thousands of strangers who had never even heard of Railham before, but who would conclude it must be a bad sort of place.

"Well, then, suppose some of you really loved your own place, and were truly grieved to find that the decent, honest, respectable place that was your birthplace and home had falsely got a wicked character; grieved that your neighbors, whom you knew well to be good-living, sober, industrious people, kind-hearted, and by no means cruel, not immoral but good husbands and wives, loving fathers, and tender mothers, and dutiful children—that all these neighbors of yours were held up to shame and scorn; and suppose some of you had the power to go away and tell the truth, and destroy the fables spoken against you and your home, would you not go? Would it not be an honest thing to do, even though it cost some pains, and a good deal of trouble, and some risk of your being laughed at?

"You might say, I know, let those who love to tell lies go on telling them: Railham is *not* a bad and wicked place, whoever says so. It is not an atom worse, *in fact,* because ignorant or spiteful strangers talk nonsense about it. Of course it isn't. It is just what God knows it to be, not an atom better, and not an atom worse. But I do think you would, if you loved your home, and loved truth and justice too, be glad if some of your own people, who knew exactly what Railham was like, could and would go off, not minding the trouble, or the worry, and at least try to speak up for the good name of your well-beloved home. And, what is more, some of those who had helped to spread the lies, not knowing them to be lies, but only out of ignorance, would be glad too. Some would not, for some people are malicious and spiteful, and many are jealous, and some who have once told a lie will stick to it like glue—"

("He mun be thinking o' Robert Barker," whispered Mrs. Sheen. "'Tis won'erful how they do seem to know all about Rellum: an' names and all so pat.")

"Well, my dear people," Father Longcliff went on, "that's the sort of business my friend and I are come about. The Catho-

lic Church is our home, and we love her. We know the truth about her. Because she *is* our home, and we have lived all our lives in her. We know what she is really like—just as you know better than any stranger what Railham is like. We know what she *is:* just as you know what Railham is. A stranger who had seen a picture of Railham might think he knew just what it looked like, and talk as if he did; and another stranger might believe his account of the place, and really know uncommon little about it, after all—"

("Miss Pallot as stopped wi' Miss Trimp drawed a picture of Rellum street," murmured Mrs. Tick, "and there was no lamp o'er the post office, and on'y two steps up to our door.")

"We know what the Catholic Church teaches, for she taught *us,*" said Father Longcliff. "We know what she makes Catholics worship, for she made us. We know what she tries to make her children do, and what she won't let them do, if she can stop them—because we know what it is she has tried and is trying all the while to make *us* do, and what she will not let us do. We know what sort of people Catholics are, because we know what we are ourselves, and we *are* Catholics, and because we know all sorts of other Catholics—for we had Catholic fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters; our playfellows, when we were little children, were Catholics; our schoolfellows, when we were boys, were Catholics; our oldest friends are Catholics; and, now we are men, we mix with other Catholic men and women—and so we must know what sort of people Catholics are; and we should be idiots if we didn't know better than people who never knew a Catholic child, or a Catholic boy, or a Catholic man, or a Catholic woman. I daresay there's not a single Catholic in all Railham—"

"That's right," said Mr. Drub aloud. "So there isn't, only Percy Byrne the ragman, and he's a widower."

Doctor Catesby and Father Longcliff laughed, which Mr. Drub again suspected to be unparliamentary.

"Well, it seems there's only one," Father Longcliff continued.

"There's two at Market Rellum," the postman called out, "in the 'sylum."

The two priests laughed again, and Father Longcliff went on.

"Thank you! I wonder how many lunatics there are in the asylum altogether—"

"Better than three hundred, 'tis the county 'sylum," said the postman, whose talent was statistical.

"Well, I'm glad that out of three hundred lunatics," observed the priest, "only two are Catholics. Evidently you're not more likely to go off your head in my religion than in some others. But it seems to me that, under the circumstances, you are not likely to have heard very much about my religion. The population of Railham is over seven hundred; and, even if Mr. Byrne was a very learned Catholic, and had nothing to do but go about and explain the Catholic religion, he would have his work cut out."

"He goes about," the young butcher called out, "buying bones and rags and that."

("I'm glad you spek up," whispered his mother approvingly. "There's no call for Mr. Drub and postman to do all the explainin'; your father was Church Warden afore Stephen Drub was breeched, and postman's teks weekly wage, as you and your father *niver* did."

"Well, they bought four pound o' loin chops," observed Jacob, "and the truth's the truth—as I can speak to so well as 'er a carrier, *or* a postman as learns French by post."

"That's what I say; but hark the gentleman's agoin' on. And he's bowin' to ye, Jake. Move to him, will 'ee.")

"Thank you," said Father Longcliff again—he was used to much less friendly interruptions. "Thank you. Mr. Byrne, in the pursuit of his blameless calling, has evidently but little leisure for explanation. There is all the more for my friend and me to do. I shall let him begin. I am sure you will listen to him in the same friendly way in which you have listened to me. If he says anything you cannot follow, just say so. We have not come here to muzzle you, but to tell you the truth, and what we want is that you should understand it.

"The glory of some speeches in public places is that nobody does understand them. The speaker does not mind that. At elections the great point often is that no one should quite understand what the gentleman means, except that he means to get into Parliament, and that you had better help him to get there. He does not exactly want to make you understand all he may have to do when he does get there. It suits him just as well that you should not. So he talks a lot, and he is not a bit annoyed if nobody's a penny the wiser.

"Now that sort of thing would not be in our line at all. If we stayed here a fortnight, and talked all the time, and you knew no more about the Catholic religion at the end than you know

now, we might as well have stopped away. We're not going into Parliament; we have no desire to, and we've no chance if we did desire it. We want to go to heaven, and we want you to, and it isn't the best way to tell lies about other people, even if the lies have been told you first by someone else; so we would like you to know the whole truth, and the best way is not by puzzling you. If anything I say, or anything my friend says, does puzzle you, speak up and say so, and we'll try to explain. Don't mind interrupting. It's not manners to interrupt the preacher in church—"

("Hear, hear!" said Mr. Drub.)

"But we're not in church, and you can interrupt as much as you like. All we want is that you should find out from us exactly what the truth about Catholics and their religion is, because we believe you are straightforward and kind-hearted, who would not wish to go on believing evil, or speaking evil, of people who never injured you, of people whom God created as He created you, and whom God will judge as He will judge you. If there's any harm in that you can say so, and we can go away as easily as we came; and see if other people in some other place care more to learn the plain truth about a thing we know."

III.

As Father Longcliff paused, there was a mild stir throughout his audience. They were quite willing to go on listening, and equally ready to hear either gentleman, but as the one gentleman had begun they would have thought it more natural that he should go on; they did not quite perceive how a sermon could be preached by two different people. Perhaps Mr. Longcliff was only chairman, and it was his business merely to introduce the speaker of the evening, in which case this must be a meeting and not a service at all.

("Depend," said Mr. Drub behind his hand, "it *is* a meeting, and that's why they wears no gownds—assicks, they calls 'em nowadays—nor yet surplusses."

"Like enough," assented Mrs. Yest, who would have agreed just as readily had she been informed it was a choral festival.

"Mark my words, Drub," said that gentleman's better-half, "there's more sincerity in coats and trousers than in all your assicks and surplusses. The truth don't need to be buttoned up in a narrow petticoat wi' a row o' little buttons—"

"Ush; it'll be the collection now, you'll see else.")

But the pause was not utilized as Mr. Drub expected.

"My friend," said Father Longcliff, "will sing a hymn: and if you will join in, all the better."

In the chapel was a small harmonium, and the two priests drew it forward; then Dr. Catesby distributed large cards, on which some prayers and hymns were printed, while Father Longcliff played through the hymn they were to sing. It was one that nobody in that audience had ever heard, and there was a vague curiosity and readiness to be astonished; that Catholics should have hymns at all was odd enough, but no one could in the least guess what a Catholic hymn would be about. That it proved to be about the Good Shepherd was at first almost felt as an anticlimax; but the words were of such a homely simplicity, and the air so kindly and attractive, that long before the last of the many verses was finished, a good part of the audience was joining in.

The priest, whom his friend called Dr. Catesby, did not stand by the harmonium, up in the little chapel, but among the people, and that made it easier to join him. Jake Sheen, a strapping, stalwart, young fellow of two or three and twenty, was next him, and Jake had a good voice, clear and true, full, and with a pleasant tone in it. He was reckoned the best looking young man in Railham, and he knew it, but he knew that the priest by his side was much handsomer than himself, and he could not help admiring his well-knit, graceful figure. He imagined that there was not more than four or five years difference in their ages, though in reality there was more than a dozen. He knew very well that the priest was well-born, it seemed to him stamped on face and figure alike; and he could not help thinking how strange it was that such a gentleman, with all the world to choose from, as it seemed to him, should choose to give his time to such a task as this. "He might be anything he liked—a cavalry officer like young Squire Henham, or a guards officer like Sir Reginald—and instead he goes about just trying to let folks know the truth about his religion."

Had Father Catesby been thinking of himself, as Jake was thinking of him, the young butcher would have been aware of it instantly. But he saw, as plainly as he saw his neighbor's face, that it was not so; and he saw, what appealed just as much to him, that the singer put on no sanctimonious air, struck no attitude, and had none of that queer in-church look, the seeing of which in church was one of the reasons why Jake was not fond of going there.

I was wandering and weary,
When my Savior came unto me;
For the ways of sin grew dreary,
And the world had ceased to woo me;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way:
"O silly souls come near Me,
My sheep should never fear Me,
I am the Shepherd true."

That first verse the young priest—for he looked very young, as he looked very manly—sang alone. He had a voice singularly pure and liquid, and every syllable was heard: simpler words could hardly be, but it was a simple audience, and many were touched when the singer's tone altered to match the pleading gentleness of the last three lines.

Jake had not taken a card when Father Longcliff handed them round, and as he was singing those final lines of the verse, Father Catesby, quite naturally, without the least fuss, but with the briefest gesture of invitation, half-turned to the young man, and their eyes met. The priest gave a little smile, and held the card nearer Jake, with a finger pointing to the next verse. He knew the words by heart himself, and, as soon as Jake had the card in his hand, Father Catesby let it go altogether. Jake liked singing, and he had the air in his head already, but there were dozens of other young fellows there who knew all about him: he was not the pattern young man of Railham by any means. He wouldn't have sung if he could have helped it. But he could not help it.

"Sing," said the priest quietly, and immediately began the next verse. No one was more surprised than Jake's mother to hear his voice joined with that of Father Catesby.

At first I would not hearken,
And put off till the morrow;
But life began to darken,
And I was sick with sorrow;

And now at least twenty voices joined in the refrain:

And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way:
"O silly souls come near Me,
My sheep should never fear Me,
I am the Shepherd true."

Stephen Drub's was one: he considered that he sang "second" —and it was at least that. Mrs. Drub had a penetrating treble, not unlike a canary's, but she liked the hymn, and liked singing it; and so did 'Melia Swipp, whose father kept the Star; so also did Roob Capper, the young gamekeeper from Henham, who had really walked over to see her. And Roob was not ecclesiastically minded, alleging that it was not possible for gamekeepers to attend divine service "alonger poachers." Jake Sheen was not sorry to hear so many others joining in, though he had experienced a sort of exaltation in singing the first four lines of that verse alone with Father Catesby.

In the last verse nearly everyone joined, but it was not hard to pick out the voices of the young priest and of the young butcher: they were well matched in strength and clearness, though the advantage in tone and quality was, as Jake knew very well, not on his side.

I thought His love would weaken,
  As more and more He knew me;
But it burneth like a beacon,
  And its light and heat go through me;
And I ever hear Him say,
As He goes along His way:
  "O silly souls come near Me,.....

It was deep dusk now, and the lights in the little chapel on wheels seemed to shine much more brightly. A few stars were visible in the darkening sky, and from far away over the flats, landward, came the weird call of a corn crake in the standing corn. A dog bayed in a lonely cottage half-way to the sea. When the hymn ceased, there was no other sound except the rustle of the little crowd as it settled itself to listen. Father Catesby had gone a step or two forward and turned, so that he stood leaning against the open end of the van-chapel.

"I shall not begin to-night," he said, "to try and tell you anything about the things which my religion teaches and yours does not. I want you who listen to listen as friends, if you will let it be so, and so I would not care to begin with things about which, perhaps, we differ. However we may end, let us begin in agreement. You have sung that hymn with us because we are all of us, you and we, strangers, silly sheep, and the same tender and kind Shepherd is looking for us all, and calling us all.

"Who is He, and what right has He? It is a great thing to

do—to call all men silly who will not hear Him; to claim every lad and girl, every old tired man and woman, every stalwart busy man, of every nation for His own sheep: to make Himself the Shepherd of a fold whose limit is the big world and all who dwell in it. No one else ever dared to ask so much; how dare He?

"Kings have claimed much; in old times they claimed a great deal more: absolute obedience and hard service. Did any king ever claim what this Shepherd with the quiet voice asks? You know what He asks—yourselves. Not obedience only, or service only. He only claims them as proof that you are His, you yourselves: that He is Master, not just of your outward acts, but of your thoughts. Does any other king claim that? Has any other master demanded not only service but perfect love? He does. The Pharisees in the Bible gave the outward service, and He turned from them, because they kept their hearts for themselves, to do what they liked with. I do not want to make as little as possible of His claims for fear you should refuse and turn away: I want you to remember fully how much it is He does claim. He claims all you have to give, and the most astounding claim of all is that He asks the gift of *yourselves.*

"Though in His name you moved mountains; though you called to yonder far-off sea in His name and bade it come hither, and it obeyed; though you sold every little thing you have, your clothes, the things that make up your homes, and gave the money to the poor; though you let them who deny His name take your bodies and burn them, He would not be content if you held back one thing, one coin in all this great price; just the one thing every man wants to keep—himself: his heart, his own dear secret will. This Shepherd, with the gentlest voice ever heard on earth, asks that, all that, and will take no less. How dare He?

"It is not my business to pretend that the claim is little: it is enormous; it would be monstrous; it would be the most awful, terrific insolence ever heard of—but for one thing. Listen: I stand here knowing that He is hearing, and to your faces and to His I dare say that to make such a claim proves Him to be one of three things. Jesus Christ is His Name. You know it well, you have heard it all your lives. Do you know *Him?* Do you know Who He is? If not, I do not wonder if there be some here who have never given in to His claim.

"Listen, as He is listening. If He makes those claims, and He does make them—He has been making them for nineteen hun-

dred years—well, then, He Who lays such a claim to every human heart and every human life: to yours, and yours, and yours, and mine; to every king's life, and every beggar's heart, He must be one of three things: an impostor, or a maniac, or God. There is no alternative; no other way out of it. If you say He was the holiest man that ever walked this world of ours, it is nothing to the point. If you call Him God's greatest prophet, it has nothing to do with it. If you admit His teaching is better and nobler than what any other man ever taught, but no more, then I say that is no excuse. No saint, no holy man, no prophet, no teacher, could make a claim like His upon the whole race of men, and escape man's just rebellion. For man belongs to God, and to no one less; if there were no God then man would be his own, and belong to himself and miserable despair. But there *is* God, and you know it. So Jesus Christ is God, or He has no right to make a claim like His.

"You know His life. It was your earliest lesson. You know His language and His acts. Were they the speech and deeds of an impostor, a cheat, of one who came to embezzle the heart of mankind? Were they the words and acts of an impostor? Was His teaching insane on the one hand, or hollow and insincere on the other? Were His acts the deeds of a madman, or the deeds of a cheat? If so you are right, all men are right who ignore His claims and brush them aside as a folly or an impertinence. But, if not, then He is God.

"Never forget that He claimed to be God. Only God is eternal, and He claimed to be eternal; and in claiming to be eternal He used of Himself the Name that His hearers knew belonged to God alone. 'Before Abraham was made I am,' He said, and the Jews knew that He was calling Himself God, so they sought to stone Him. But He not only said that He was God Himself, He taught others that they should say it. He asked His Apostles what men called Him, Who it was they made Him out to be, and they told Him how some said He was one of the old prophets risen from the dead, and others that He was a new prophet greater than any that had come before Him; but that He would not have. 'But Whom do *you* say that I am?' He asked. And there was only one even of the Apostles who could answer. Simon, whom they called Peter, that is Rock, answered: 'Thou art the Christ the Son of the Living God.' If Christ had not willed that men should call Him God, then would Peter have been rebuked. But Christ said to him: 'Blessed art thou, Simon, son of John, for flesh and

blood hath not revealed it to thee, but My Father Who is in heaven.' And He gave him a great reward, because he first had called and acknowledged Him God. 'Thou art Peter,' He said, 'the Rock, and on this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it: and to thee will I give the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and what thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and what thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.' Thus we see that He called Himself God, and that He gave a unique blessing and a unique office to him also who first called Him God.

"But He did more: that He was right, and that Peter was right, He proved by doing what none but God can do. He not only commanded angry waves and they obeyed Him; He not only healed incurable diseases, but He raised those already dead to life, and among them *Himself*. After they had killed Him and buried Him, He Who had called Death to Himself as a master calls a servant, and had made the frightened servant do its work even on Him—while the day turned black with fear and horror—He, I say, called Life, His other servant, and bade it come back to Himself though He was dead. He had died because He chose, and when He chose to live again, He lived. No one could do that unless He were God.

"And that is why He has a right to make the claim He does make. There could be no other excuse or justification for it. Are you men? Are you creatures, or a race of gods uncreated? If you are creatures, He created you; for there is only one Creator, God, and He is God. If you are His creatures the claim is on you too: on each of you. He does not claim one here and another there, passing some by; He does not merely call the human race as a whole to come to Him; He comes to each, and to each separately He puts forward the same claim. He wants each of you; each of your hearts; the whole thing that makes *yourself* in each of you. Has He got it? Have you listened, have you obeyed? He is your Master: whose servants are you? I ask you that, not for you to answer *me,* but for you to answer Him; do not tell me, but tell yourself. Are you the servant of Jesus Christ —or whose? There are other masters: He is not the only one. Is one of them your real master? As little children you learned of the world, and the flesh, and the devil: and the three names meant nothing to you. You could not understand them. Do you understand them yet? Perhaps you say: 'Eh the world! The

world has not much to do with me. The world is not for poor folks.' That is true. The world has not done very much for you; and most likely it never will. The less reason you should do much for it. But though the world is not for you, are you all for the world? Can poor folks never be worldly, or greedy, or selfish, or grasping, or cheating, or cruel, or unjust?

"It is not always the busy masters that get best served. There are mean servants who will do ten times more for a hard and selfish master than they will do for a master who does only too much for them. The more he does for them the less they make of him. Is Jesus Christ or the world the best master, think you?

"What did you know of the flesh when you were a child? You know now. Is it your master? The flesh does not pick his servants among the rich and great only. One need not be a fine gentleman to be a scamp; if there be broken hearts and ruined lives, and women that were sinless girl-babies once, and now are rotting down into death and hell—common men and lads, working fellows, have done their share of the foul accursed business—it has not all been done by the fine fellows of the big cities; no, country lads and farm hands have done their share. In villages that look all peace and purity the flesh has its servants, willing and laughing: it sows seed up and down the country, not in towns only—his rotten harvest is everywhere. Of the flesh shall be reaped corruption, and it is being reaped every day in a million souls and bodies that belong to Jesus Christ.

"The devil! When you were children you thought of him as a bogey and were frightened; now, perhaps, he seems a sort of joke. But in reality he is a friend. You never thought when you were a little child of such a horrible friend; but how is it now? It is our friends we like to please, and our friends who please us: which do you like to please, Jesus Christ or the devil? Which pleases you, Jesus Christ or the devil? You know very well how you can please Jesus Christ, and you know best whether you try. You know well what things please you, are they *His* things or the devil's?

"Friends who love each other, and keep together, grow like one another, because they love the same sort of things, and do the same sort of things, and talk of the same sort of things, and think of the same sort of things. Are you grown like Jesus Christ, or are you growing like the devil? You can judge by your habits;

by the things you do, or want to do; the talk you love; the thoughts you love. Well, are they the sort of habits, the sort of deeds done or longed for, the sort of talk that Jesus Christ loves, or the sort the devil likes? Tell yourself, do not tell me; you need not tell God for He knows, and you need not tell the devil for he sees and hears. Who is your Friend? What are you growing like?"

They all thought the priest was going on a long while yet; they expected a rounding off and a summing up. But he stopped abruptly. And so it was that his last brief question went on asking itself in the minds of some of them long after he had ceased. Another hymn was sung: "Sweet Savior, Bless Us Ere We Go;" there were a few very short and simple prayers, and the first "meeting" was over.

"It was suttingly a meetin'," Mr. Drub maintained on his way home, "ther'd ha' bin a collection else. 'Tweren't a service."

"And meetin's are a far deal better nor services," said Mrs. Drub. "Times I could a'most ha' fencied me'sel in Arannah."

She meant nothing but praise, however, and was resolved to go again. Many did. Some were pretty sure they would not. "Who is your friend? What are you growing like?" is not a question everybody, even in a simple place like Railham, cares to be forced to answer.

Jake Sheen answered it, and answered it with an honesty that was part of his by no means perfect character, and he knew very well he should go again. He was not at all desirous yet of changing masters; but he knew he could not keep away. Father Catesby had fascinated him in an odd, half-human fashion. If the priest had announced a course of addresses on Euclid, or the Differential Calculus, he would have attended them all, for the sake of looking at him and hearing his voice. But he knew, uneasily, that the priest would conquer him, and, though he did not welcome the idea, he could not prevent its realization by simply staying away.

He was one of the first to slip off when the "meeting" broke up, though he would have liked to linger, and presently an intimate friend overtook him, and inquired with flippant intimacy what he was growing like.

"If you want to go on looking like yourself you'd better hold your jaw," Jake retorted grimly. "If you go on, I'll make you look as different as no one i' Rellum 'd know who you was meant for."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE DISINTEGRATION OF SOCIALISM.

BY HENRY SOMERVILLE.

WHAT is Socialism? The question is often asked by its less intelligent adherents, and in answer they offer a neat little definition which is supposed to clear the word of all charges of ambiguity. Or the question is similarly asked the less intelligent critics, who scoff at Socialism because the statements of its advocates are so vague, and so rich in inconsistencies. But the question is also asked honestly and earnestly by the student who really wants to know, who realizes that a thing may be true though it can only be stated vaguely; but who nevertheless cannot be content as long as there is vagueness, for he knows that though vagueness means sometimes an obscure truth, it more often implies some hidden error. Socialist controversial literature is full of complaints of misrepresentation, and though these complaints are often justified, the opponents have much excuse for their mistakes, for it is a matter of the extremest difficulty to ascertain what is the representative, I won't say the authoritative, teaching of Socialism, as distinct from the views of individual advocates.

Perhaps the present writer will be pardoned if he relates a personal experience. I was one of three men who as students at Ruskin College, Oxford, were eagerly interested in Socialism. We were each workingmen who had gained scholarships for the college, and when we first went there we had, as we thought, our minds made up on the question of Socialism. I was an opponent, my two friends were very enthusiastic advocates. We did not dispute as to the meaning of Socialism; we considered it accurately and adequately defined as the collective ownership and control of the means of production, distribution, and exchange. In our final year at college we were preparing for the examination for the Oxford Diploma in Economics and Political Science, and all three of us chose Socialism as our special subject in the examination. As a consequence, we were obliged to acquire a first-hand knowledge of the chief exponents of Socialist doctrine. We all studied assiduously, and were rewarded by gaining the diploma; but at the end of the course none of us could say what Socialism was! My two friends (who had distinguished themselves in the examination)

admitted as readily as I did the impossibility of giving a positive definition of Socialism. Yet they still remain sincere believers in Socialism, and ardent workers in the Socialist movement; and I remain an active, though I hope a sympathetic, opponent. This little story illustrates what almost every inquirer feels: that there is something very strong and something very weak in Socialism. The man who succeeds in showing clearly what is this strength and what is this weakness, will make an important contribution to human knowledge.

There is one characteristic which is common to every historical and contemporary form of Socialism. Socialism always represents a revolt against the system called capitalism. And capitalism means this: That the natural resources and the instruments necessary for the production of wealth are owned and controlled by one section of the community, whilst the rest of the population, having no property, are compelled to gain a livelihood by hiring themselves out as laborers to the owning class. The terms of hire, or wages, are determined in this system not according to any ethical standard of what is just, but according to the "forces of demand and supply," that is to say, the employer gives as little as he can, and the laborer takes as much as he can. This is capitalism in its essential nature. The system prevails to-day, with some modifications, in all industrial countries; it is of quite recent origin, and was practically unknown to the world until the latter half of the eighteenth century. In its early stages, before it had fully asserted itself as an accomplished fact, capitalism was regarded as an ideal economic system by the classical economists of the early nineteenth century. A century's experience of the working of capitalism has taught us that under that system the laborer is normally the weaker party in the wage bargain, and thus one of the incidents of capitalism has ever been the evil of sweating. The philosophic defenders of capitalism were humane men, and would have deplored oppression of labor, but they believed that the natural working of the capitalistic system would ultimately bring to labor a greater share of wealth than it could possibly attain under any other system.

Socialism, I say, in all its forms, has represented a protest against the capitalism above defined. This is about the only point which all the historical forms of Socialism have in common. Parenthetically it may be observed that, though this is a position common to Socialists, it is not peculiar to them. Other opponents of capitalistic theory and practice have been conservative idealists, as Coleridge and Southey; humanitarian teachers, as Carlyle and

Ruskin; and the whole school of Catholic economists, notably Pope Leo XIII.

Since the time of SS. Simon and Fourier, Socialism has gone further, and one of its characteristics has been hostility to all individual ownership of productive wealth. Except on these negative points, Socialism shows endless variations. There is not a single positive proposal, which can be said to be distinctively socialist, on which Socialists are agreed. Socialism is spoken of by Mr. H. G. Wells as "a developing doctrine," but this is contradicted by the whole history of the movement of Socialist theory. The history of Socialism divides itself into three stages: the Utopian stage, the "scientific" or Marxian stage, and the present revisionist or reformist stage. Utopianism crashed to pieces as soon as it came in contact with human realities—for corroboration of this verdict see Marx or any Socialist handbook written since his day. The "scientific" Socialism of Marx, based as it was upon a rigid theory of economic determinism, succeeded and superseded Utopianism, but it was a negation of, not a development from, its predecessor. There is about as much relationship between Utopianism and Marxism as between the utilitarianism of Bentham and the idealism of Thomas Hill Green. Of course they are akin in some respects; but so are all the most alien systems of thought. The third stage of Socialism, reformism, is the outcome of the bankruptcy of Marxism. We shall not waste time discussing the barren question whether Mr. Wells and Mr. Sidney Webb and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald have developed the doctrines of Marx, or whether they have not entirely repudiated them. It is sufficient to say that "scientific" Socialism is utterly exploded. Of all Marx's predictions of the necessary course of capitalistic development, only one, that with reference to the concentration of industry, has been even partially verified by events. As a consequence, the policy of the prevailing Socialism is no longer shaped according to the Marxian theories.

What is Socialism to-day? We do not expect that all Socialists should agree on the methods of realizing their aims, or on the details of the Socialist State. But have Socialists any distinctive general principles to which they all assent? The latest re-statement of Socialism is Mr. Philip Snowden's book just published under the title *Socialism and Syndicalism*. Mr. Snowden quotes the definition of Socialism given by Mr. Balfour in 1907:

> Socialism has one meaning only. Socialism means and can mean nothing else than that the community or the State is to

> take all the means of production into its own hands, that private property and private enterprise are to come to an end, and all that private property and private enterprise carry with them. That is Socialism and nothing else is Socialism.

Read now Mr. Snowden's objection to Mr. Balfour's definition:

> That definition is not an accurate and precise statement of the aims of present-day Socialism. Socialism not only can mean, but does mean something else than that the community is to take over *all* the means of production, and that private property and private enterprise are to come to an end. *Socialism only proposes to make such of the means of production into public property as can be conveniently and advantageously owned and controlled by the community.*

The italics in the last sentence are mine. The obvious comment on that sentence is that if Socialism "only proposes" so much, then indeed Sir William Harcourt's celebrated dictum, "We are all Socialists now," is literally true, and not only are we all Socialists now, but we have all been Socialists always. Herbert Spencer, Mr. Sidney Webb, and Lord Rothschild could equally well subscribe to Mr. Snowden's proposition; but though they agreed on the general principle, they might differ about its application, as to which particular industries could "conveniently and advantageously be owned and controlled" by the community. Mr. Snowden simply reduces the issue to a question of the comparative efficiency of public and private enterprise in particular cases. After admitting, as Mr. Snowden does, that "if private enterprise can carry on any productive works, or conduct any public service better than the community can do it, a Socialist State might certainly be trusted to encourage that form of enterprise which would bring the best results to the community," it shows mere confusion of thought to say on the next page that the Socialist State would not allow capital to be employed for the purpose of appropriating profit or surplus-value. To prohibit the employment of private capital for profit, is practically to prohibit its employment absolutely.

Socialism is equally meaningless according to the definitions of other of its acknowledged leaders, as, for example, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and Edward Bernstein, chief of Revisionists. The latter defines Socialism as "the movement towards, or the state of an order of society based on, the principle of association." But as "the principle of association" is implied in the very idea of

society, it is impossible to conceive of a society that would not be Socialist according to Bernstein's definition. Of course it would be possible to quote many definitions from other Socialist writers that do express a distinctive doctrine. For example, the official programmes of Socialist organizations, as the Fabian Society and the Independent Labor Party in England, and the Socialist Party and the Socialist Labor Party in America, give definitions which, though expressed in very general terms, it would be pedantic to quarrel with for insufficient precision. My point is that Socialist leaders do not all hold to these relatively precise statements, and, therefore, they cannot be taken to express principles considered as essential by all Socialists. What we want, and what no one has yet given us, is a definition of Socialism which can be accepted as expressing a creed held by all Socialists and only by Socialists. All the current definitions are either so narrow that they would exclude the most influential Socialist in England, Mr. Sidney Webb, or else they are so wide that they would admit a high Tory like Lord Hugh Cecil. Indeed, some recent definitions are comprehensive enough to stamp the whole peerage and all Wall Street as Socialist.

The qualifications which are being introduced in modern re-statements of Socialist theory, would be of little importance if it were not for the fact that they correspond with certain changes in the actual policy of the Socialist movement in all countries where it has reached an advanced stage, as France, Belgium, Germany, England. I do not include the United States, because the Socialist movement there is as yet young. It is full of enthusiasm and vigor and hope, as the young should be. But it has also other characteristics of youth: it is undeveloped, and it has yet to experience power and responsibility. When American Socialism has passed the stage of mere propaganda, when the Socialist Party begins to take a responsible share in the actual work of national legislation and administration, then we shall see whether the character of Socialism is not metamorphosized in the States as it has been in the older countries. The two great facts that strike the student of the contemporary Socialist movement in Europe are these: first, that Socialism as a political force is ceasing to contend seriously for the transfer of the means of production from private to public hands; second, that the proletarian discontent which has hitherto supplied the Socialist movement with its driving force, is now turning in an anti-socialistic direction.

I shall speak of the second fact first, as its significance is the

more readily apparent. The most recent movement of the proletariat is the Syndicalist movement; and Syndicalism is essentially a revolt from Socialism. It may be objected that Syndicalism is nowhere very strong, except in the Latin countries, and also that Syndicalism is not opposed to Socialism in its fundamental aims, but only in its methods of realizing those aims. It may be urged that Socialism and Syndicalism are at one in aiming at the abolition of capitalism, but whereas Socialism trusts to political methods, Syndicalism relies only on economic action. It is true that Socialism and Syndicalism agree in their hostility to capitalism, but there their agreement ends. On questions of positive methods and aims, they are not only different but antagonistic. If anything at all can be said about Socialism as a positive doctrine, it is that it places great trust in the State; it proposes a great extension of State action and a great increase of State power. Now it is incontrovertible that Syndicalism has as its most essential characteristic a strong dislike and fear of State action, and it most resolutely opposes the increase of State power. And this opposition to the State is not merely instinctive, nor is it merely directed against the present class administration. The writings of French Syndicalists abound in subtle analyses of the working of State machinery and of the State mind, and on grounds both of economics and psychology they are anti-political. This difference between Socialism and Syndicalism is absolutely vital; and such irreconcilable opposition on positive doctrine is far more important than their agreement on the negative point of hostility to capitalism. This interpretation of Syndicalism as a revolt against Socialism is confirmed by the fact that the Syndicalist forces in France are recruited mainly from the ranks of the State employees, the railway workers, the post office servants, and the school teachers!

Even if it were true that Syndicalism is strong only in France, its strength there would be very significant, for France is the country where political Socialism has made the most progress. German Socialists can boast of a greater number of voters, but as Germany is not governed by the Reichstag, the German Socialists have had little real power. In France every government since 1906 has been more or less dependent for its existence on Socialist support, and two Socialists, M. Vivian and M. Briand, have been Prime Ministers. Yet as French Socialism advances in political power, it rouses more and more proletarian opposition. Nor is the phenomena of Syndicalism seen only in France. The number of English

workers consciously holding Syndicalist theories is very small, but in practice the English labor movement has been profoundly Syndicalist during the last three years. It has exhibited a growing zest for "direct action," and a growing indifference to political action. The years 1911-1913 have been years of almost unparalleled labor unrest. Strikes have been extraordinarily numerous, and of record extent. In Marxian language, there has been a period of very acute class-consciousness and class-war. But it is remarkable that in this exciting period the political Labor and Socialist movement has been stagnant, if not actually declining. The labor candidates have been at the bottom of the poll in every by-election contested. At Hanley and at Bow and Bromley they lost seats that they had previously held. During the same period the trade unions increased their membership enormously, but the membership of Socialist organizations remained stationary.

Having said so much of the proletarian drift from Socialism, I now come to discuss the other aspect of Socialist disintegration, the fact that Socialist parties are ceasing to aim at the abolition of capitalistic ownership, and are working to establish such ownership on a basis even firmer than exists at present. This is seen clearly in the agrarian policy of continental Socialist parties, and it is seen also, though less palpably, in the social reform measures proposed and supported by Socialists in all countries. Agrarian Socialism means that peasant proprietors are to be helped to maintain their position as *owners* of the land they cultivate. The early Marxians confidently predicted that the peasantry would disappear before the progress of capitalistic, large-scale production in agriculture as in industry. But the peasants have not disappeared; they have more than held their own against their bigger competitors, and, more important, they present a solid anti-Socialist voting force. Socialists have therefore tried to placate the peasants. Says Mr. R. C. K. Ensor, one of the most scholarly of English Socialist writers:

> The nearest approach to a *volte-face* which Socialists have attempted since Marx, has been in relation to agrarianism. We have noted how largely the resistance to Socialism on the Continent depends, electorally speaking, on the peasants. Marx thought that the advantage of concentrating capital would be felt in agriculture as in other industries; but in spite of a temporary confirmation of this view by the mammoth farms which sprang up in Western Australia, it now appears very doubtful.

> Figures for or against the persistence of peasantry are conflicting; but at any rate great numbers of peasants remain..... Reformists have substituted a policy of actively assisting the peasants for the orthodox policy of leaving them to succumb to capitalism.*

As Mr. Ensor goes on to say, the policy of championing the peasant has important supporters in France and Germany, though not the acknowledged party policy in either. Socialists like Kautsky are favorable to the protection of the peasant, though they do not all go as far as Dr. Edouard David, the Revisionist leader who strongly supports peasant proprietorship.

Agrarian Socialism quite openly admits and confirms private ownership of capital. Reformist Socialism generally admits and confirms private capitalism, practically if not professedly, by the policy it pursues with regard to social reforms. This point has been brought out most forcibly by Mr. Hilaire Belloc in *The Servile State*. The chief argument of that book is this: that you cannot possibly establish Socialism except by confiscating the property of the capitalists. It is a mere confusion of thought to suppose Socialism can be brought about if you give the capitalists compensation. Now there has not been any confiscation of capital effected. Socialist parties are not even demanding confiscation, they are giving and offering compensation; and accordingly they are not advancing one step towards Socialism. Socialism involves a transfer of the means of production from private owners to the State. If the State, in taking over any particular undertaking, gives the owners less than the full value, then there is confiscation. If the State does give the full value, then the private owners lose none of their capital, and the State gains none. So there is no transfer of property from capitalist to State! Hypothetically the State might give full compensation, and still gain capital if by more economical working or some other cause the capital which it acquired subsequently rose in value above its purchase price. Conversely, the State would lose if the capital subsequently fell below its purchase price in value. In either case the wholesale change required by Socialism is hardly to be expected from such fluctuations.

Socialization by compensation is more than impracticable; it is inconceivable. Socialism by confiscation is at least conceivable, but the difficulties against it in practice are so great that Socialist pol-

**Modern Socialism*, by R. C. K. Ensor.

iticians do not dare to propose it. Accordingly the Socialists are contenting themselves with a policy for merely regulating capitalism. They will establish labor exchanges to adjust the supply of labor to the demand for it, and thus regularize employment; they will establish wage boards and courts of arbitration to settle the lowest wages which an employer will be permitted to give, and the terms at which the worker will be compelled to work; they will establish a great many more compulsory things, like State insurance, all for regulating the relation between capitalistic employer and proletarian wage-earner, but still they will leave the one a capitalist and the other proletarian. All this is beautifully evident in England, where the Socialist Labor Party works so harmoniously with the Liberal Party. Perhaps the solution is the best possible one; but it is not the solution that Socialist theory demanded until a short time ago. And as I have already indicated, the rise of Syndicalism seems to show that the solution is not giving universal satisfaction.

In this article we have seen something of the obscureness of Socialist theory, of the despairing compromises of Socialist policy, and of the Syndicalist revolt against both theory and policy. However we regard contemporary Socialism, it is plainly in a process of disintegration. A Socialist deputy in the French Chamber recently designated his party "*un parti sans doctrine,*" and bitterly criticized the contradictions between its principles and its actions. He attributed the defect to a neglect of theoretical studies by French Socialists. An able critic, M. Lemozin, writing in the *Mouvement Social* of January, 1912, offered a different explanation. He asked: "Is not Socialism finding itself opposed by experience, by life itself, which rejects it as an inassimilable element?" The same writer concludes:

> Socialism is now hardly more than an electioneering springboard; as a body of principles it is in course of dissolution not only in France, but in all countries; its dogmas die one after the other; it will survive only by constant adaptations and transformations in unceasing "revisions," and this revisionism will be its disintegration. For the mass of the workers it is neither a doctrine nor a Utopia of the future; it is merely a collection of immediate demands. As sociology, it has but superficial roots in the popular mind. Syndicalism is gaining to Socialism's loss.

SAINTS ROUND THE ALTAR.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

Oh, they throng, the countless Hallows, round the altar where He lies,
Whom we see by Faith's high vision, Whom they see with open eyes.

These, the glorious Saints of Jesus, women and men who held on high
Fast the standard of the Lamb through all their sharpest agony.

These, the lovely Saints of Jesus, women and men whose lives confest
Through the good of God's bestowing the perfection of His best.

These, the darling baby Hallows, crowned with golden crowns that press
No whit heavier than the daisy wreaths of childly happiness.

Oh, the whiteness of their raiment, raiment washed in priceless Blood!
Oh, the brightness of their faces, blest in Love's beatitude!

Saints of Jesus, Saints of Jesus, who your blest reward have won,
At His altar we are kneeling, in your sweet communion.

We the erring, we the feeble, we by storm-winds tossed and driven,
We the conquered in the battles where so faintly we had striven.

We with sordid spirit meanly who look down and thus deny
To our eyes the unuttered grandeur of God's generosity.

We who grovel, seeking, searching—we, the children of the King—
Soiled possessions, worthless havings, with a muck-rake gathering.

Pray for us, O happy Hallows, ye who bring to this high place
Honour folded in His honour, grace reflexion of His grace.

Pray for us all weak and needing, yet who say in faith serene,
This your Monarch is our Brother, and our Mother is your Queen!

THE OBERAMMERGAU OF CALIFORNIA.

BY C. STUART MADDEN.

THE true pageant play, the object of which is to portray the early history of a people or community in an inspiring light, has been eagerly sought after in America, but found very difficult of attainment, in that the tableaux that constituted it, however splendid, appealed only to the imagination of the spectators, and failed to reach their hearts. A further difficulty has been due to the fact that, generally speaking, our nation lacks a past and romantic ruins for a background; that her beginnings are comparatively new; that we have not sufficient perspective as yet to permit of a haze of romance and historic poetry; that we have no ancient heritage.

But there is one chapter in American history, well suited for such a purpose, that has hitherto been overlooked, namely, the old mission days of California. Everyone knows in a general way of the California Missions, and has admired their picturesque structure; but their vast importance in the history of California is not yet fully appreciated. Our present California is the superstructure built upon the work of these missions as a foundation. The impression prevails with some that, because the mission buildings have fallen to decay, the work itself was a failure; but it must be remembered that the buildings and the material wealth possessed were but the exterior evidences of an interior spiritual work. The buildings have decayed, but the real work and object of the mission Fathers—the planting of religion and of true wisdom—remain, for neither earthquakes, conflagrations, nor commercialism can obliterate them.

The Franciscan Friars, who joyfully undertook the great and glorious, though highly dangerous, task of Christianizing and thus civilizing California, led a life rigorous in the extreme, quite devoid of carnal desire for self-indulgence or gain of any sort for themselves. They had very few comforts, and their privations were ofttimes tragic. Yet the stage on which their lives were set supplies such a wealth of color, action, and grandeur, that it yields rich and ample material for a spectacular, historic drama, such as is now wrought into the first American production of this character ever successfully offered to the public—"The Mission Play."

To John Steven McGroarty, already prominent in literary circles in California as one of its foremost historians, as well as a talented poet, belongs the honor of this brilliant triumph. So great an achievement could only be possible to a soul deeply imbued with sympathy for the work and longings of these devout men of indomitable purpose, and restless, unquenchable zeal. Mr. McGroarty has, with consummate art, depicted the various types of human beings that were a feature in the lives of these loved and loving Fathers, of their many responsibilities, emergencies, and difficulties, as well as the various innocent pastimes upon which they benignly smiled. The incidents of the play are entirely true to historical facts.

This project was accompanied by the appropriate idea of building for the play a theatre on mission soil, in the immediate vicinity of San Gabriel Mission, which was founded in 1771 under the direction of, and visited very many times by, the saintly Father Junipero Serra. Though now scarred and worn, it has escaped destruction. The ground on which the playhouse stands is historic, having been donated by the parish for the purpose. On this spot the Indian neophytes, under the direction of the padres, made the stone and brick with which they built San Gabriel Mission. Two gigantic pepper trees, planted by Father Junipero himself during the last years of his life, grace the entrance to the theatre grounds. Most of the stage properties, and many of the costumes, are historical relics, loaned by enthusiastic Californians. Every performer in the cast of three hundred is a native of California, and so great is their pride in the play that many are serving without pay. Thus we have here a combination of perfect conditions for a truly great pageant play—historic ground and appointments, also community enthusiasm.

The decoration of the theatre has been most appropriately and attractively arranged by Mr. Henry Kabierske, a well-known director of pageants. Like the missions of old, it is surrounded by a stockade, leaving a broad promenade all around the theatre building. The promenade is a miniature of El Camino Real—"The King's Highway" of the old days—inasmuch as along it are built tiny facsimiles of the entire twenty-one missions, the spaces between which represent the rough mountainous country. The little missions are true reproductions, about two feet high, having tiled roofs, plastered walls, and are complete with patios, arches, towers, belfries, and bells, even to lights in the windows. An excellent idea is thus formed of the comparative style and extent of the

different missions. In the days of their great work, they were so established along the King's Highway that each was one day's journey on foot from its neighbor, and any traveler of whatever race or faith was warmly welcomed and gratuitously entertained as long as he wished to remain.

The interior of the theatre is artistically simple, arranged to reproduce the atmosphere of the old missions laboriously built by the Indian neophytes. This is most successfully accomplished by the use of rough, heavy rafters, windows with tiny panes of colored glass, great altar candles, mission lamps, and on the walls large paintings and skins. The orchestra is cunningly concealed under a latticework of vines and flowers.

The chime of the sweet-toned, eloquent bells of the old mission announce that the play is about to commence. A three-foot band of ornamental gilt work around the stage gives it the effect of a picture in a frame.

The curtain is withdrawn, revealing picturesque San Diego Bay, the "Harbor of the Sun," with the great purple promontory of Point Loma on the right, and moored in the clear waters of the bay the quaint Spanish ship *San Carlos,* which brought to this land part of the first expedition to colonize Upper or Alta California that had ever been attempted. The other part, headed by the saintly Franciscan Father, Junipero Serra, in charge of religious affairs, and the pious, energetic Don Gaspar de Portola, Governor, representing the military interests, made the journey on foot. The expedition had been sent out from Mexico as the result of the earnest efforts of Don José de Galvez, Visitor General, the fondest desire of whose heart was to bring the California Indians into the fold of the Church. Two more enthusiastic and energetic leaders he could not have chosen. Great was the joy when the two divisions met at the beautiful, sunny port of San Diego. They numbered in all one hundred and thirty souls, padres, Indian neophytes from Mexico, a physician, soldiers, and muleteers. The journey had been long and hard, and many of their number fell ill and died. Galvez had promised to send a ship with provisions within a month, but, though it was now nine months since their arrival in San Diego, the ship had not appeared, and great was the consequent suffering. The little band was on the point of starvation, nearly all were ill, and scarcely a day passed without one of their number being taken by death.

On the stage are visible some of the tule huts erected by the little company. In the foreground, three Catalonian soldiers and

their corporal are on guard, discussing the situation. They complain of their hunger, regret having come to California, and deplore the sickness and suffering in the camp. The California Indians they pronounce to be quite hopeless, as being too dirty, too degraded, and too bestial to be attracted to baptism by even the loving kindness of Father Junipero, whom, no matter what they may say of anyone else, they greatly revere.

True it was that, in spite of all the efforts and zeal of the Fathers and the Indians from Mexico, they had not, during their nine months' stay, succeeded in making one convert among these Indians.

The soldiers also discuss how, two weeks after their arrival here, sixty of their number, led by Don Gaspar Portola, had set out on an expedition to find Monterey Bay, and, as they have not yet returned, grave fears are entertained as to their fate. Father Junipero has spent all the day in fasting and prayer for the safe return of Portola and his men. This holy man now appears, pale and worn, but with a spiritual calm illumining his face. At his request the soldiers go to the top of the hill to look once more for their missing companions ere evening falls.

Junipero now sends for Vincenzo, his most reliable neophyte worker among the Indians. Beautiful is the Father's manner toward this Indian; beautiful, too, is the ardent love shining in the dark face of Vincenzo, as he reports no success, and eagerly announces his willingness to go forth again, even now to endeavor to bring just one child for baptism before the day shall close. He departs, taking bright-colored pieces of cloth and beads as presents for the Indians. Junipero falls upon his knees, and prays, with all the fervor of his earnest, loving heart, that their efforts at Christianizing the natives may have even some little fruit.

While he is at prayer, the soldiers rush in, shouting wildly that Portola and his men are very near. All the members of the little band, who are able, joyously assemble and go forth to meet them. Shortly, they all swarm in upon the stage in excited clamor, but it is a sorry cavalcade of wounded, half-starved, exhausted men, some of whom are carried on rude litters. The poor creatures pass on to their quarters, leaving Portola and the Friars to talk with the reverend Father. Portola, in the now bedraggled costume of a Spanish captain, announces, to Father Junipero's consternation, that the fort of Monterey has not been found; and that the many months of hardship have wrought great havoc among his men. Portola, in turn, is shocked and deeply disappointed to learn that

the promised ship has not arrived, and no Indians have yet been converted, for these hopes had been his greatest strength in his recent struggles.

Portola has one piece of news, however, namely, that, led by some of his hunters, they had climbed a steep hill, when their amazed eyes beheld a great arm of the sea, extending far inland, forming a port grander, more noble than any the European ships had ever entered—the grandest harbor in all the world. Father Junipero's spiritual face glows with enthusiasm as he joyfully assures the staunch old Governor that his journey has by no means been in vain, nor a failure, for it is surely St. Francis himself who has led him to discover this great and glorious harbor, which Junipero now declares shall be named San Francisco, and a mission founded there. He calls Don Gaspar's attention to how richly God has blessed him by bestowing upon him this honor. Portola, however, is of a practical turn of mind, and cannot see that the discovery is of any real avail, when they are all starving. His decision is quickly made, and he announces that to-night, with the turn of the tide, they will return to Mexico and happiness. Father Serra is dismayed, and pleads with all his soul against the abandonment, but Portola is firm.

Just here a strong note of contrast is struck. The indefatigable Vincenzo appears, followed by some half dozen native Indians, one carrying a baby brought for baptism. Their brown bodies, decorated with many strings of bright beads, but naked except for fox skins hung from their shoulders, and their highly-painted faces, give a striking effect. Father Junipero is greatly impressed by this early answer to his prayer. The other members of the band are summoned. All is ready for the ceremony of baptism, and Father Junipero, after a fervent prayer of gratitude, carefully takes the child from the half-unwilling Indian, and reads the service. The Indians, however, stand tiger-like, ready to spring upon him if aught should go wrong, their brown muscles taut, and eyes sharp as eagles'. At the first touch of the holy water the Indians spring, snatch the baby, and rush angrily away. Poor Father Junipero, in tragic anguish of soul, construes the unfortunate occurrence as a punishment upon himself, because he had allowed pride to enter his heart. Portola declares it is useless to try to make any impression upon these scarcely human savages, but the devout padre replies that their condition only shows how great an opportunity there is for mission work.

At the repeated assertion of Don Gaspar, that they will sail to-night, the assembled people are overjoyed, but Father Serra impressively declares that "if we abandon California, God will abandon us," adding that he will remain alone. At his earnest pleading, Portola grants him one more day—just one. Junipero throws himself into an agony of prayer, pathetic in the extreme. The sun sets, and the violet of twilight falls upon the awe-struck group; the moon appears, and the waves of the rolling sea are crested with its silver gleam. Suddenly Vincenzo shouts: "A sail! A sail!" True enough, at that moment a Spanish galleon rounds Point Loma, and glides toward them on the moonlit water. The group is wild with excitement, but the remorseful Father at prayer seems not to hear, or know of the relief at hand. The act closes.

The dominant character of the play is presented by Ben Horning, an actor of wide experience. Mr. Horning is so fervid in his impersonation of Father Junipero Serra, that he carries his audience with him, too absorbed and impressed to applaud. No greater compliment can be paid an actor. The prayers and religious ceremonies do not appeal to one as being strange upon a stage, but seem entirely appropriate; the hearts of the spectators are thrilled, for the act is a magnificent triumph of patriotic and religious emotion, and is so vivid that we seem really to live in the past; the actual Father Junipero and other celebrities are before us—they command, exhort, pray, and work.

The beginning of the second act is announced by the oldest mission bell in California, suspended from the ceiling. The curtain disappears, and we are confronted by the patio of the beautiful Mission of San Carlos at Carmel, near Monterey. This was the civil and military, as well as religious, headquarters of all the missions, and the home of Junipero, the Father President. The calm blue waters of Carmel Bay are visible beyond the series of mission arches in the rear. At the right is the chapel, and at one side of the patio a large pepper tree. Near the chapel stands a tall wooden cross.

It is a gray dawn; a mocking bird trills a joyous, rollicking song. The acolytes and brown-robed Franciscans appear, singing in rich voices the morning hymn. Scores of Indians of the mission follow, as well as Spanish men and women, all joining in the melodious chorus, and reverently kneeling at the great cross as they pass. The music grows faint, and the tones of the Mass can be heard in the chapel, with the hymns and the occasional sound of

the chapel bell. In the patio are the same Catalonian soldiers whom we previously saw, but they look much older, and we glean from their conversation that it is fifteen years since their painful experiences at San Diego. We also derive the information that this is to be a great day at San Carlos, for the Superiors of all the nine missions now established are here to make a report of their progress to the Father President, after which there is to be a general holiday, with many visitors from other missions.

They discuss Father Junipero, who, though now seventy years old, and always suffering from a wound in his leg, received in Mexico, and which never healed, still journeys on foot from the "Harbor of the Sun" to the "Valley of the Seven Moons." He sleeps only upon a bare board or on the ground.

Conditions have changed greatly in these fifteen years. The missions are in a high state of prosperity, and thousands of Indians have been baptized by the loving Fathers. The patios are thronged with dusky faces, lit with a mystic joy, for the neophytes have been shown a new life, have been taught many useful arts, and are a very happy people.

The Mass is ended, and the procession of padres and their people reappears, zealously singing the recessional. The padres gather about their President, now grown very old and white, to report the results of their efforts in the nine missions. They tell of thousands of converted Indians, as well as enormous numbers of sheep, cattle, and horses, and great quantities of grain. These Indians are all well clothed, are able to speak and read Spanish, sing the music of the Mass, and are masters of many trades. Several stone churches have been built by them; the San Gabriel Indians have built and launched a ship; the San Luis Obispo Indians have become proficient in the making of curved tile for roofing. Father Junipero speaks very touchingly of his great love for California, from San Diego, where the first palm and olive tree were planted, and "the roses are so like the roses in Castile," to the boundary on the north, the grandest harbor in all the world. It is an impressive speech, one to arouse in us all a greater patriotism.

A highly dramatic touch is here introduced. Captain Rivera, Commandante of all the King's soldiers in California, arrives from San Francisco for the purpose of obtaining a beautiful half-breed girl belonging to the mission. He is in all his fine array of scarlet cloak and gold-trimmed velvet suit, and effectively presents the vivid contrast of the worldling to the brown-robed, sandaled padres.

In spite of his proud demands, reinforced by an attempted show of authority, the calm Father is obdurate in the refusal. The calm Father knows that he is right. Rivera, quivering with anger at being thwarted in his purpose, even attempts to use force, but Junipero, with a commanding dignity, assures him that, "were he ten times the Commandante, he would not fear him nor yield to him," eloquently threatening him with the curse of the Church should he touch the girl. Rivera cringes under these lashing words, then, furious and defeated, storms out of the patio. The air is tense with righteous indignation, and then the situation is relieved in a most pleasing manner. A tiny Indian girl, perhaps four years old, clad in a little buckskin dress, fringed and beaded, races upon the stage with a bunch of flowers for "Padrecito." He is lost in thought, and does not see her. She tugs vigorously at his robe, for none but the evildoer has need to fear him. His anger is immediately gone, as he lovingly clasps the "dear little daughter of the Gentiles" in his arms, asks her if she loves God, and talks very tenderly to her.

Capatejeno, chief of the San Carlos Indians, clad in a handsome buckskin suit, proudly brings his people to show the visiting padres specimens of the handiwork they have been taught by Father Junipero. They exhibit woven baskets, tile, carved altar pieces, bridle bits, horseshoes, chairs, lamps, dressed buckskin, and embroidery work, which speak eloquently of the miracles that have been wrought in the fifteen years the missionaries have been among them. Father Serra warmly commends the chief, lovingly calling him "brother," and assuring him that his ability to hold his people so well in hand is because he himself is such a good Christian.

The mission bells call the Indians and the visitors to their festivities, and through the mission arches they come in merry groups. The wealth of color, the various costumes, historically correct for the different classes, creates a most striking scene, for nearly two hundred Spaniards, soldiers, padres, Indians, and muleteers are assembled. With keen enjoyment and hearty applause they watch the Indian Sun Dance, the participants in which are in their old-time savage costume of only the fox skins hung from their shoulders. The little kettle drums of sheepskin furnish a weird accompaniment. An Indian recites the Sun Prayer. A charming Spanish duet, "La Playeria," is rendered. Four Spanish youths and maidens give the sombrero dance, and a señorita,

in yellow satin and black lace, executes a most graceful dance with castanets. At length, the games and dancing over, the crowd disperses and twilight gathers. In the distance the evening hymn can be heard, sung by many voices. Father Junipero wanders alone in the patio, fondly listening to this well-beloved sound. As it draws to a close, he kneels at the cross, praying yearningly that "all the wild Gentiles of the hills and plains may come to the cross of Christ."

The curtain closes, leaving him praying alone in the deepening twilight, a solitary, symbolic figure.

Though his death occurred soon after the events here portrayed, the name of Father Junipero is to-day the best known and loved of any in California.

This act is a masterpiece in its variety of types of people and emotions forcefully depicted, showing as it does almost every phase of the life of those glorious days. It brings the work and spirit of the self-denying padres very near to us, and helps us to realize what a priceless heritage to our present commonwealth are the missions. How deep and vast the influence effected by the Holy Cross of the Missions. Mr. Horning's impersonation of the Franciscan Fathers is masterly and satisfying in every way. He mirrors well the voice, the exaltation and spiritual purpose, the dignity of bearing, the benign smile ever ready for his beloved children, of the great missionary Friar.

In the third act we have an entire change, for forty years have passed, and we are brought nearly to modern times. The mission glory is gone. The scene is the patio of San Juan Capistrano, strewn with straw, and used for a stable by the Americanos who have bought it. The once beautiful edifice is in decay, and the Indians, to whom it rightfully belongs, have been driven away into the hills. A señora, who has known the missions in the days of their prosperity, visits the sacred ground. She tells of the freedom of Mexico from Spain, and the commercialism which quickly followed—the rich Indian lands seized by the government and sold to eager Americanos. She relates to the aged Spanish guard, who was baptized by Father Junipero, how the other mission lands have been sold, resulting in desolation for their once happy occupants. After a touching farewell to the dear old mission with its wrecked hopes, the señora takes her leave.

Out of the gathering darkness a tall, glowing cross appears in one of the mission arches, and the curtain closes.

THE OTHER LOVE.

BY ELEANOR THÉRÈSE DOWNING.

Love came to me with gold-dust on his hair,
  In white and purple raiment meetly drest,
With lip vermeil and laughter debonnair,
  And blossoms in his hands and on his breast.
Love came to me and claimed me for his bride;
  "Thou art my king," I spake, "for thou art Love."
Love raised his two white arms and flung them wide,
  And caught me in the ivory flash thereof.

"And who art thou who standest there beside,
  With ashen cloak and features coverèd,
Say, who art thou, and who art thou," I cried,
  "With dust and thorns upon thy hooded head?"
"I am the Other Love that calls to thee;
  Unloose this love and come away with me."

Love took my rosy hands between his own,
  I twined my supple fingers round his wrist
Like the curled petals of a rose down-blown
  On fountain-rim of marble silver-kist.
Love held my hands—and lo! where warmth had leapt,
  And where my palms had clung and found it sweet,
Like twilight wind a sudden coldness crept
  Between the pulsing of each blue-veined beat.

"And what is this that like a steel-bright blade,
  Cuts through my heart and chills the coursing blood,
Ah! what is this, and what is this," I said,
  "Thou sad intruder in the cowlèd hood?"
"The lethargy Remorse that shall entwine
  And slay love's passion if thou be not mine."

Love bowed him down; I looked within his eyes,
  And lost and steeped my being in their light;
In silence spake we, as when deep replies
  To star-gemmed deep, or height to dawn-flushed height;
Love's glance met mine, and seven-circled hell,
  Heaven and earth, and life and death waved dim
Within that look—when lo! a shadow fell
  Between mine eyes and the dear eyes of him.

"And what is this that drops like curtained cloud,
  So that each other's eyes we may not find?
Grim guest what may this be," I mourned aloud,
  "That to my lover's soul my soul grows blind?"
"This is the night shall fold thee utterly
  If thou heed not, nor come away with me."

Love kissed me, and the flower of my lips
To the red flame of his was rendered up,
As when the passionate gold sunbeam sips
The honied dew-drop from the primrose-cup;
Love kissed me, and the sweetness of his mouth
Grew sudden rife with fever-flame and gall,
Scorching my lips as winds from desert-south
Before whose wilting feet red blossoms fall.

"And why is this my lover's lips are fraught
With searing poison I did not guess?
Thou fearsome shape, so tell me," I besought,
"Whence springs the well of so much bitterness?"
"Yea, even from the draught of passion's wine
Thy lips are tasting, for those lips are mine."

Love bade me close mine eyes and shut mine ears.
"Thou art no bride," he spake, "for such as he,
Whose speech is silence, and whose food is tears,
Whose sweetest service is captivity.
Come thou with me where we shall roam at will
In fountained courts of gold he dreams not of,
Girt in by rose-starred grove and purple hill"—
But I drew free and cast aside my Love.

Trembling, I wept, "Then, since it must be so,
Tell me, Sad Heart, hast thou not anything,
Girdle, nor starry gem, nor crown to show;
Stretch forth thy hands, let shine thine offering:
Lo! If I leave my Love and follow thee,
Hast thou no bribe wherewith to solace me?"

"I am the Love that comes with empty hands,
My staff Humility, my path Disdain;
I am the Love that no man understands
Till he has worshipped scorn and courted pain.
No treasure in my bosom do I bear
As need wherewith to tempt the worldling's loss;
My mantle Poverty; my comfort Care;
Mine only gifts, the thorn-crown and the cross."

"But when I cast aside my pilgrim-gown,
And on my breast I hold thee consecrate,
My love shall be thy jewel and thy crown,
And I thine own reward exceeding great.
I am the Sacred Love that calls for thine:
Spurn thou and fly all lesser loves for Mine."

THE SQUIRE OF SAINT LOUIS.

(A CHRONICLE OF THE SIXTH CRUSADE.)

BY JOSEPH MILLS HANSON.

GIVE you to know that this is a tale set forth touching a certain matter of the love of a knight and a maid, by a chronicler of olden time who followed good King Louis the Ninth—may God rest his soul! —the saint of the royal house of France, when that the latter made crusade against the Saracens for the redemption of Jerusalem in the year of our Lord 1249.

Now the spring of that year being come, the army of King Louis set sail from the isle of Cyprus, where the winter had been passed; the great lords, vassals to the crown, Robert of Artois, Charles of Anjou, the Counts of Melun and Jaffa, Baldwin of Rheims, and many others with their trains, as also the Knights Templar and the Knights Hospitaler. Nigh eighteen hundred vessels there were, large and small, and so vast an array they made that the sea was darkened beneath their sails, and the spread of their banners was like leaves in the forests of Auvergne. Their course was shaped for the city of Damietta, at the mouth of the river Nile in Egypt, since there the King believed that so sore a blow might be struck the infidels as would force them to yield up the road to Jerusalem. But adverse seas and heavy gales made such head against the ships, that numbers of them were scattered, and many days passed until the coasts of Egypt lay spread before the eyes of the crusaders.

On the King's ship, the *Mountjoy,* there sailed with him his virtuous and lovely Queen, Marguerite of Provence, who had sworn a vow, when her spouse took the cross, that she would never part from him however great the hardships might be in Eastern lands. Now in the retinue of the Queen was a young gentlewoman of Provence, named Eleanor, daughter of a powerful lord of those parts, who was loved tenderly by her royal mistress, both for her nimbleness of mind and her much learning, though by men she was yet more highly esteemed by reason of the great beauty of her person. So fair she was, indeed, that nobles from the uttermost

parts of France had sued for her hand, but of late they had given over a vain pursuit, since she had been betrothed at her father's desire to Sir Bertrand de Chargny, a nobleman of large estates who was now following King Louis into the crusade, the better that he might command the royal favor.

But the Lady Eleanor's heart was not in the betrothal, for Sir Bertrand was of a rough and overbearing nature, more famous for brawling and roistering than for minding the duties of knight and vassal. Moreover, it was whispered among the other gentlewomen in attendance upon the Queen, that a certain young squire of the King's retinue held the happiness of the Lady Eleanor in his keeping; howbeit, this youth, by name Gauvain, though of worthy blood, being without either lands or title, could by no presumption aspire to the hand of such an one as the Lady Eleanor. Nevertheless, on the voyage from Cyprus, both being on the King's ship, they held frequent conversation together, and gave proof by their demeanor that unhappiness was their portion, for they spoke together in all innocency, knowing that such a dream of love could not come true. All of which the good King marked with sorrow, after his habit of concerning himself with everything, both great and small, touching the welfare of those around him. But by reason of knowing the cause of it, he gave no sign.

After many days of exceeding rough weather there came a morning, which was the Thursday after Pentecost, when the fleet lay at rest off the shore of Damietta, and the crusaders saw before them the town, wherein a great confusion reigned by reason of their appearance. Now King Louis bade signal be made to the other galleys that the principal chiefs should assemble on the *Mountjoy*. With them came Sir Bertrand, but when he met the Lady Eleanor, who came right loyally as in duty bound to greet him, he faced her coldly, for well he guessed what feelings lay between her and Gauvain. Albeit, he held his peace at that time, which was not his wont.

When all the paladins were come together, the King took counsel with them as to what should be done about disembarking. As always, there was much dissension of opinion, some holding that they should wait until the ships scattered by the tempest might rejoin them, and others being favorable to immediate action. While the talk was at its height, one count who was of them stood out for biding only until next day, making reason that the sea, which was exceeding high, might go down with the falling wind and

let the landing be easier. At that Sir Bertrand strode forth and cried in a loud voice:

"My lord seemeth to shrink from the fling of salt water on his hauberk. Can it not be dried in yonder town? I say, plunge in at once and put the infidel curs to rout; they dare not stand before good Christian arms!"

Then many of the council looked one at the other and frowned, knowing that he spoke as a wild youth having no knowledge of the valor of the Saracens, and the count he had bearded would have drawn sword upon him had not the King interposed. But Sir Bertrand grew still more wroth, and vowed he would go on shore alone. Then the Lady Eleanor, not yet witting how far his speech was prone to outrun his acts, stepped before him and besought him, as became his plighted bride, not to chance so great a risk. But Sir Bertrand straightway flung her hand aside, and before all the company cried right harshly:

"How now, my lady, thou wouldst prate to me of care for my safety; thou who hast accepted the caresses of a low-born churl at dead of night? Go whine thy woman's cajoleries to him; I take no commands from thee."

All stood aghast that such words could be in presence of the King, and for the space of a minute there was none to speak, while the Lady Eleanor, whose face was crimson with shame at so unjust a calumny, retired from the circle. The young Gauvain was by, and he would have thrown himself upon Sir Bertrand, but King Louis laid hand upon his shoulder and stepped before him. With all the dignity which ever was his, the King addressed Sir Bertrand:

"My lord, by such words as thou didst utter but now, foul wrong is done to four persons: that virtuous maiden, who has done naught to merit them; my faithful squire, who is as innocent as she; myself, thy liege lord, who have held them ever under my watchful care; but most of all, thou dost wrong thyself. Thinkest thou, Sir Bertrand, that we who are come to rescue the place of the Redeemer from profane hands can deserve the blessing of God, if, at the very spot where first we shall need His help, there be displayed among us such bitter uncharity and such carnal rage? Bethink thee what the spirit of a Christian knight should be and how far thou hast fallen from it? Nay, speak not, but reflect; thou art given overmuch to speaking. When thy thoughts have cooled and crystallized there will be time enough for words, sobeit words can in any wise

amend those thou hast already uttered. The poison of speech, Sir Bertrand, can seldom be cured by its balm."

Then, turning once more to the discussion of plans, he left Sir Bertrand in no lightsome mood. Presently the King settled himself to a conclusion, and thus made speech to the company:

"Friends and followers, we are unconquerable if we are undivided. The Divine Will has brought us hither; let us land, be the enemy's forces what it may. It is not I that am King of France, not I that am Holy Church; it is you yourselves, united, that are Church and King. In us Christ shall triumph, giving glory, honor, and blessing not to us, but to His own Holy Name."

It then remained only to make the land, so the chiefs dispersed to their several vessels, and when the time was come the fleet moved in toward the beach. And afar off across the sands could be discerned clouds of dust and many horsemen moving. At the prow of his ship, clad all in armor and full of pious ardor, stood King Louis, and Queen Marguerite by his side. But she was sore perturbed lest in his zeal he should put himself into harm, and for all the great matters he had in hand, he yet found time to comfort her right tenderly.

Among the King's attendants stood Gauvain, who leaned upon his sword, and gazed toward the shore with such light in his eyes as was in none others there, save the King's alone. In truth, so enraptured seemed his face that when they were drawn close to the beach, the Lady Eleanor could not forbear in her emotion to pluck him by the sleeve and whisper him, saying:

"Good Gauvain, thou dost gaze upon yonder land as thou beholdest there the gates of Paradise and angels walking. I pray thee, I pray thee, run not heedlessly into danger."

Then he turned his face toward her and answered:

"Dear lady, I do, in sooth, see yonder the gates of Paradise, for if I fall there my spirit shall go where pain comes not to the heart, and if I fall not but bear myself worthily, I may perchance win to the honor of serving the Master in the ranks of the Knights of the Temple. Right well thou knowest, lady, that neither my heart nor my reason can bid me hope for other joy in this world. Wherefore, should I not welcome the combat which promises so much?"

But the Lady Eleanor could not answer for that, her voice was shaken, so she left him. But as she went she laid in his hand a

knot of ribbon from her hair, the which he took right tenderly and bestowed within the breast of his shirt of mail.

Now arose there among the people on the King's galley a great noise and shouting:

"The banner of St. Denis is on the shore! Follow! Follow!"

When the King heard the shout he rushed to the side, and beheld in truth the royal standard on the beach. Then naught could restrain him, not even the protests of the Pope's legate, who stood beside him on the deck. As others of his people were doing, he leapt into the water, which came nigh up to his armpits, and struggled toward the shore, notwithstanding that his armor and the shield hung about his neck sorely weighed him down. But Gauvain and sundry more, seeing him thus, leapt in after him and supported him to the beach. Here already were assembled many crusaders from the other ships, Lord Baldwin of Rheims, and the Count of Jaffa, and John, Lord of Joinville, among others, and through them the King made his way to the foot of the oriflamme. Then first he paused to look about. Across the sands he beheld many men approaching, some of them being on foot, but most on horseback. A brave show they made, and a dreadful noise with Arabian horns and kettledrums. When he beheld them, the King asked:

"What folk are those?"

There answered him a knight who had followed the Earl of Cornwall nine years before, and who well knew:

"Those be the Saracens, my liege."

When he heard that, the King became as one distraught. Calling loudly for his horse, when it was brought him, he flung himself into the saddle, and set his shield and lance in rest, and would have charged alone upon the infidels. But his knights caught hold of the bridle, whereat he was sore displeased until they had at length dissuaded him.

But meantime on a part of the beach, not far distant, the battle had already begun, for there a body of the Saracens, more boldly advancing than the rest, fell upon the Christians who had landed from several ships. The infidels pricked forward right valorously, and the crusaders, who were yet crowded together, having had no time for putting themselves in proper array, gave back for a space in disorder. Among them when they were assailed was Sir Bertrand de Chargny, still fuming because of the reproach of the King. Now it chanced that Sir Bertrand bore with him for

his own standard a banner belonging to a certain church in his dominions, which was held in great love and reverence by all the army, because that it had gone into Jerusalem with Godefroy de Bouillon on that morning long ago when the Holy City was taken by the army of the Lord. Sir Bertrand, when he saw the Saracens engaging those in front, little witting the vigor of their arms, and thinking only to win a cheap and easy glory, seized the banner from the hands of its bearer and, surrounded by a half-score of his followers, charged headlong into the midst of the infidels. Such speed did they make that they were carried some way into the press ere they could check their course. But the Saracens did not yield them before the rush of a Christian, as Sir Bertrand had made avowal they would. Instead, they stood their ground right stoutly, and belabored his heavy armor with their curved blades. Then did Sir Bertrand an act which no true valorous knight ere would do. Albeit he was but a short way beyond the front ranks of the Christians, and they were moving steadily on, he flung from him the banner of sacred memory, and fled shamelessly back toward the shore.

At once there rose from all the army of the crusaders a howl of rage and grief. The Saracens leapt upon the fallen banner, which they waved with cries of derision and bore away, while their bands, emboldened by this success, pressed forward more closely upon the Christians. When King Louis, afar off, beheld the disaster, he was deeply moved, and spurred toward the thick of the fight, crying:

"Rescue for the banner of St. Sepulcre! Rescue!"

He placed his lance in rest, and again would he have attacked the foe had he not been restrained. Still with the utmost vehemence he called up his mighty men, exhorting them by every symbol and promise of the faith, to win back the deserted standard. But the Saracens had come between in such numbers and bore themselves withal so boldly, that the knights held back from so great a hazard, even Count Robert of Artois, than whom never was a paladin more fearless.

But now, while they were yet hesitating, crowded round about the King, there rushed by them the riderless horse of some knight who had been overthrown. As he came past, a man near them who bore neither lance nor shield, but only a simple long sword, put out a strong arm and seized him by the bit. Leaping nimbly into the saddle, he gathered the steed upon its haunches and then, ere there

was time even for any to mark who he was, he launched forth in full career straight into the midst of the Saracens, swinging his mighty sword left and right with terrible swiftness. The banner of St. Sepulcre waved a full cross-bow shot away behind the host of foemen, and it seemed not in the power of man to save it. Over all the army a silence of wonder fell as they beheld the unknown champion rush on, and even the Saracens who stood not in his very path made pause in amaze to look on him. As for those before him, they threw themselves upon him with fury, seeking to cut him down, or to break his career by sheer weight of numbers. But the steed he bestrode was a mighty gelding of the North, barbed with breast and neck plates of steel, and before his stride the light horses of the Saracens went down like sheep, while the hissing sword of him who rode clove through turban and scimitar as it had been the lightning of the Lord. Ere those who watched him had let their lungs take breath again, he had ridden full half the distance toward the banner of St. Sepulcre. Then did the King find his voice.

"Surely," cried he, "St. Peter doth ride with him and ward the blows from his body, for such a career never was ridden by knight before."

Then once again he couched his spear, none hindering him, and pricked his steed to the gallop, shouting:

"Forward! Let not the savior of the banner of St. Sepulcre be lost!"

And all the army of the Christians, as if broken of a spell, surged forward like a sea, with a great roar of voices. Before their resistless sweep the infidels gave way, and they rushed on, the King and his household knights pressing ever in advance. Far in front the fearless champion still held his course. But as he won to the very spot where the captured banner was held, he had, perforce, to check his career that he might seize the relic. Those who held the banner fought desperately against him, and he was seen to reel beneath a storm of blows, whereat King Louis, maddening, urged his horse to topmost speed, leaving all others behind. But ere he, even, could come up, the unknown warrior tore the banner from its captor's hands and smote him down in gore, and then, still firmly grasping it, went prostrate to the ground, as his gallant horse sunk under him, pierced by a mortal wound. Howbeit none could touch him, for the King and a score of knights were upon them, and the King himself sprang to the earth and knelt, lifting upon

his knee the head of the fallen man. Blood was flowing upon the face of the latter from a wound in his forehead, but the King had no more than commenced to wipe it away than he started in amaze, crying:

"Gauvain! Is it thou?"

And he who lay made answer:

"It is I, my liege. Is the banner safe?"

"Aye, safe," said the king. "Thou hast done such service to Christendom this day, Gauvain, as it is given to few knights to perform, yet thou art not a knight. But, good friend, thou art sorely hurt, I fear?"

"Nay, my liege, I am but bruised by blows and the fall," Gauvain made reply. "My wounds are naught."

Thereupon in very truth he rose lightly to his feet, to the much surprise and satisfaction of all, but most of the King, who in his joy, embraced him. Then, grasping the staff of the banner of St. Sepulcre, and turning to his followers, who could stand at ease since the Saracens now were all flying over the sands toward Damietta pursued by the Christian army, King Louis said:

"Can any tell who he was that first in such foolhardy madness, and after in such coward panic, did let this sacred emblem fall to the infidels?"

And many voices answered at once:

"Bertrand de Chargny!"

On hearing this such a look of sternness came upon the face of the good King as was not often there.

"It was even as I thought," said he. "Those who boast much, of a truth most commonly perform little. Let him come forth."

"He is not among us," said some, looking about, and others added, "He is still at the beach."

"There let him bide," said the King. "His punishment shall be that he go no further with us, but be divested of the sign of the cross, and return to France until such time as reflection and remorse shall teach him the meanings of manhood and knighthood. As for you, Gauvain, my faithful squire, kneel!"

In wonder the young soldier did as he was bid. The King drew his sword, and with the flat of the blade struck him thrice across the shoulders, saying:

"In the name of God, St. Michael and St. George, I dub thee knight. Be valiant, bold, and loyal. Rise up, Sir Gauvain!"

Scarce witting whether he dreamed or no, but with joy and

amaze in his face, the warrior came to his feet again. Then pursued the King:

"For this day's service to Christendom, Sir Gauvain, I endow thee in fief with the chateau and all the lands round about Grand Montfort, eastward to the river Indre and westward to the river Cruse. And thou hold them as faithfully and justly as thou hast to-day held thy Christian and martial duty, no regret shall ever come to me for having given them into thy keeping."

But, despite the gratitude born within him by all this sudden good fortune, a shade of sadness passed over Sir Gauvain's face as he looked into the eyes of his lord. Nor was the King slow to mark it, nor to say:

"Is it not enough, Gauvain? Is aught more I could give thee?"

"Nay, my liege. Already thou hast given me more than ere I dreamed."

"What, then, canst thou wish?"

Gauvain looked about upon the company, and in a low voice that none but the King might hear, he said:

"That which I wish, my liege, it is not even in thy power to give."

Then came upon King Louis' face the shadow of a smile.

"And I wit what thou thinkest of," said he, "truly thou sayest I cannot give it thee. But I have given thee the wherewithal to win it. Him who an hour ago stood in thy path, hath forfeited all claims to consideration of man or maid. For the rest, if thou be the true knight in all things that thou hast shown thyself in arms, why, thou knowest where the Lady Eleanor bides."

Then did the cast of sadness pass from the young knight's face, and a great happiness shone thereon instead. But ere he could say more a messenger came up to the King in haste, dispatched by one of the counts who were in pursuit of the foe. The word he bore was that the Christian host was well nigh up to the streets of Damietta, which the infidels were making haste to abandon, setting fire to many houses as they went. But the bridge of boats across the Nile they had not been able to destroy, so the army might march thereby straight into the town.

When the King had heard the messenger, he stretched out his arms toward heaven, as ever was his wont whether in thanksgiving or in supplication, and cried:

"Most fair God, for this, Thy great mercy to my people, I thank Thee!"

And then he gave instruction to another messenger to go back to the ships and summon the Papal legate and all the prelates and the women, for that the army would sing the *Te Deum* by the gates of Damietta. Which same was done, so that very evening Sir Gauvain did again meet the Lady Eleanor, whereupon their troth was plighted. And though thereafter there fell much bloody warfare, and the Christian arms suffered many sore losses whereby brave knights without number won their way to Paradise, Sir Gauvain was spared scatheless, and he and his spouse came back at last safely to France, where they lived such long lives of piety and Christian grace as brought great peace and contentment to all who owed them liege duty, and great joy to their sovereign lord, the saintly King Louis.

I give all men to know that the foregoing is a true account of the happenings set down therein which befell in the year of our Lord 1249, and of the reign of King Louis the Ninth of France, the twenty-third.

ERIN'S RESURRECTION.

BY P. J. COLEMAN.

THEY bruised thy palms, they pierced thy feet,
They smote thee with revilings rude;
They stripped thee bare, a virgin sweet,
Before a ribald multitude.

They deemed thee crucified and dead
Upon their hatred's Golgotha;
The world went by and wagged its head
And cried its cold derisive "Vah!"

With frenzied malice born of hell
Their blasphemy at thee they hurled,
And set thee for a spectacle
Unto an unbelieving world.

They wreaked on thee their ghoulish spite,
Then went their way without remorse,
And deemed thee buried out of sight,
Where they had cast thy mangled corse.

Forgot of men and lost to fame
They thought thee whom their hatred slew,
Then rolled their centuries of shame
To hide thee from the nations' view.

But God the Just the record kept,
Who renders Truth's eternal law,
With strictest scrutiny, nor slept
But every foul injustice saw.

And, biding patiently His hour,
With bright reversal of thy doom
He sent His angel full of power
To rend the portals of thy tomb.

Thy beauty to reanimate,
To quicken thee with vital breath,
To crush the venomous head of Hate
And set thee victor over death.

Yea, in His love He clothed thee round
With glory of His Paschal morn,
And sceptred thee with joy, and crowned
The victim of their brutal scorn.

Inscrutable is God's design
Past mortal ken, but this we know:
The blossoms of His love divine
Shall in their season surely blow.

Nor aught His justice hath decreed
Shall fall amiss; His mercy's flower
Shall hear His whisper in the seed
And burgeon in its punctual hour.

And who would share His Olivet,
In meek obedience to His law,
With crimson of His Passion wet
Must bear His Cross up Golgotha.

GENOA THE SUPERB.

BY JOSEPH FRANCIS WICKHAM.

THE Mediterranean coast is a never-failing enchantment for those who are wearied of the workaday world, the plots and contrivings of a prose age, the long endless hum of busy money-getting, the eternal rush and roar of metropolitan streets. The Italian Riviera, that long stretch of wave-loved beauty from Bordighera to Spezia, is a gift than which God has given no better to man. Orange groves, vineyards, olives, palms, camellias, oleanders—loveliness flowers all the way, adorning the tufted green slopes, bordering the splendid roads, peeping from behind the legended stones of ruined castles, blooming in sunlit precious gardens; and all the time there is the lulling music of the old sea, blithely glad in the opalescent light of evening, dancing happily in the dazzling whiteness of the morning wave. Midway in these miles and miles of sea-fringing grandeur, lies the old-time proudest town of Italy, the sunny city of Genoa.

Genova la Superba—and as she stands upon the hillsides at the foot of the wide-circling Apennines, one may not deny her the title. From the water's edge the city rises gradually up the slopes, with terrace after terrace of mansions and ancient palaces, gleaming white in the sunlight, and fashioning majestic jewels for the dark-green raiment of the wooded hills. Everything is soft and tender—the caressing fingers of the sea, the song of the children, the odor of the blossoms, the placid joy of the blue sky. Why should not Genoa be proud?

And if she is, it is not alone for her superb setting on the hillside over the bay, for she glories, too, in being the greatest port on the Mediterranean. Her splendid harbor welcomes the ships of the world as it did six centuries ago, and speeds them forth with the calm serenity which it has had since the days of the crusades. Almost alone among her sister cities in Italy, Genoa of the Middle Ages let no interest rival attention with her maritime ventures. Where are her painters, her poets, her goldsmiths, her architects? Why do we find her pictures painted by Rubens and Van Dyck and

Ribera, and her lovely Renaissance palaces erected by a son of Perugia? Genoa knows, and knowing the secret, smiles. Her story is not of the golden laurel, or the waiting mould, or the color-laden palette, but of the sea wave and the galley, and the snow-white sail tugging in the good west wind.

When you visit the beautiful Duomo, you will read there that Janus, a Trojan prince, founded Genoa, but it may be that the fourteenth-century historian confused him with the old gate-deity of the same name. For surely Genoa is a gateway, the northern gateway to the heart of Italy. At all events Genoa is an old, old city. It is chronicled in her records that the Carthaginians under Mago sacked the town in the year 205 before Christ. But not long after the end of the second Punic War, Genoa became a Roman municipium, as, at one time or another, did so many of the towns of Italy. The city was the scene of successful Christian missionary labors in the earlier half of the first century. Loyal to her bishops, Genoa lived on quietly in her daily life until the Lombard invasion. Then came Charlemagne, and Genoa was a part of the Holy Roman Empire. After this perhaps no very important event entered her history until the Saracens burned the city in the tenth century, and took half of her citizens captive.

Soon after the town had adopted the organization of a commune in the middle of the eleventh century, the splendid fire of the crusades swept over Europe. Godfrey de Bouillon had been insulted near the door of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem; Peter the Hermit was earnestly urging the Christian soldiers toward Palestine; Urban the Second was listening to the call of Christendom, the appealing cry of *"Dieu le veult"* was in the air. The Pope gave the word for action, and the mighty movement was under way. The Genoese acted a noble part in the crusade, setting sail in the year 1097. The city's knights fought right valiantly at Antioch; and two years later, with much song and cheering, under Embriaco's leadership, they scaled the walls of the Holy City, and would have made Godfrey king. But the good knight refused to wear the golden crown his Lord had never worn, so he was proclaimed, instead, Defender of the Holy Sepulchre.

By the end of the crusade, in addition to having rendered the expedition signal service in Palestine, Genoa had won possessions for herself in Jaffa, Jerusalem, Antioch, Acre, Tyre, and elsewhere, and was displaying the cross of St. George as her arms, conferred by the grace of the Pope. So, indeed, her trade, her

shipping, her wealth received the great impetus. Then she forged ahead until Pisa became jealous, and war came. Pisa finally went down before Oberto Doria at the sea fight at Meloria, the famous Count Ugolino playing the feminine rôle of Cleopatra—sailing away with never a blow. Genoa next defeated Venice, and her supremacy was secure, until at last in the year 1381 at the battle of Chioggia, Venice won the day.

In the meantime the great families of the nobility—the Avocato, Spinola, and Doria, as Ghibellines, on one side, the Castelli, Fieschi and Grimaldi, as Guelphs, on the other—were becoming the leaders of the city. Since the year 1052 the city had been governed by the Podestà and the consuls; two hundred years later the government was divided between the Podestà and a Captain of the people. But in 1339 Genoa overthrew the ascendancy of the nobles and elected a doge, and from this time until 1797, except when foreign rulers were in command, a doge, usually chosen from one of the principal families, was at the helm. France was often overlord in the city, and Milan was, too, and in the year 1522 took place the famous sacking of the town by Pescara, the general of Charles the Fifth. Then the French returned, and would have stayed, perhaps, had not Andrea Doria sided with the emperor and overthrown them in 1528. He then reigned as oligarch, and peace was in Genoa. He died in 1560, and his death seemed to mark the eclipse of Genoa's splendor. She had been losing her grip on her colonies, and five years after Doria was gone her Eastern possessions were only memories. Still everything went tranquilly in the city itself, until the bombardment by the fleet of Louis the Fourteenth in 1684. In 1797 a democratic republic was set up under the patronage of the French. In 1800 the city endured a terrible siege at the hands of the English and Austrians. In 1805 the Duchy was annexed to France, and in 1815 to the kingdom of Sardinia. A varied life Genoa has lived, a full sharer in all the light and shadow of the centuries.

Such is Genoa's history—and as one walks about the city, the monuments of her material greatness are not hard to find. Most symbolic of her old financial importance is the ancient palace of Guglielmo Boccanegra, the Captain of the city, a structure erected in 1260, and in 1407 occupied by the old bank of San Giorgio. This institution was the model of the Bank of England and other noted banks throughout Europe. Adorning the principal portal are three Venetian lions' heads, reminiscent of the ancient hatred for the

city on the Adriatic. Indeed the palace itself was originally built of stones taken from the Venetian fortress at Constantinople that Michael Palæologus, the Byzantine emperor, had given the Genoese. The Great Hall within is adorned with the statues of Genoa's most generous benefactors from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century.

Genoa is nothing if not a city of palaces. Whole streets of them, all splendid, some more strikingly elegant than their fellows, are waiting for the visitor to pass and admire; or they invite him to enter and leisurely examine the halls where mediæval nobility dreamed of greatness, and war, and the wealth of the picturesque caravels of the blue seas. Near the Piazza delle Fontane Morose is the Palazzo della Casa, a fifteenth century structure, originally the Palazzo Spinola, where dwelt the oldest Genoese family. From the Piazza extend the Via Garibaldi and the Via Balbi; and on these all the splendor of the palace-city may be seen in superb fullness. The first street, despite its modern name, is of the sixteenth century, and the older of the two; practically all the palaces here were designed by Galeazzo Alessi. The Via Balbi dates from the seventeenth century, and, with its fine palaces, is a monument to Bartolommeo Bianco.

On the Via Garibaldi, in olden days known as the Via Nuova, stands the Palazzo Rosso, which was formerly the residence of the Brignole-Sale family. The Duchess of Galliera, the last member of the family, presented it to the city in 1874, so now one may visit all of its halls and galleries. Of the art works here there is little of surpassing worth, unless we except the portraits of Marchese Antonio Giulio Brignole-Sale and Marchese Paola, which Van Dyck rode down from Antwerp to paint. As we look upon them, we remember how Genoa, with no worthy art school of her own, welcomed the northerner to her heart. And we remember, too, that it was Italy, in the person of Titian, that really taught Van Dyck, freed him from the barbarisms too often found in the Flemish school, and gave him just that touch of Latin refinement which made him immortal.

More strikingly splendid, perhaps, than the Via Garibaldi, is the Via Balbi. The Palazzo Durazzo-Pallavicini, standing close to the Piazza dell' Annunziata, is one of the most notable of all the palaces on this street. Among its other details of magnificence is an excellent collection of pictures, the most famous of which is the "Boy in White Satin," one of Van Dyck's finest creations in

Italy. Opposite this palace is the Palazzo Balbi. It is here one must come to see the loveliest cortile in the whole city. The court is inclosed by three-fold rows of exquisitely beautiful columns, and has an orange garden which glows refreshingly in the green and gold colors of nature. In the Great Hall is a fine collection of pictures, among them Van Dyck's portrait of Philip the Second of Spain. The members of the old family still occupy the splendid residence, but in kindly courtesy allow the stranger to visit the rich apartments of their fathers.

It is on the same street that you may see one of the most magnificent things in Genoa, Bianco's grand lion-guarded staircase of the Palazzo dell' Università, the old college of the Jesuits in Genoa. At the avenue's end, in the Piazza Acquaverde, rises the great marble statue of Columbus, emerging proudly from the shading palms, within easy view of the sea that called the mariner ever westward across the Atlantic paths to glory.

There are beautiful churches, too, in Genoa. One will wish to visit the cathedral of San Lorenzo, founded in the year 985, but rebuilt in the Gothic manner in the early part of the fourteenth century. The façade presents a most striking appearance in the alternate courses of white and black marble, an effect not unusual in a great many of the noted buildings of Genoa. The dome was constructed by Galeazzo Alessi in 1567. Within, the church is shadowy, and the twilight is intensified, perhaps, by the dark marble pillars which divide the long-sweeping nave from the aisles. Halfway up the left aisle one may turn to the Cappella San Giovanni Battista, beautifully decorated with statues by Matteo Civitale and others.

Close to the Duomo stands the church of San Matteo, built in the Gothic style in the year 1278, of black and white marble. The illustrious Doria family is commemorated in this church. The façade is covered with inscriptions telling the glories and prowess of the noted house, of battle, of conquest, of noble death. In a crypt within the edifice rests the tomb of Andrea Doria, and many memorials of the family collected from various places.

Many another interesting building there is in Genoa: the Palazzo Doria, with its celebrated fountain; the Palazzo Municipale, which contains Peganini's long-silent Stradivarius; the house in which the peerless violinist was born; the house in which Daniel O'Connell died after his lifetime of battle against his country's oppressor; the grim old tower of the Embriaci; the early home of

the world's great sailor; the beautiful church of Santissima Annunziata, with its lofty columns of red marble; and Alessi's domed church of Santa Maria crowning the heights of Carignano.

Perhaps the most wonderful single thing in the entire city is the Campo Santo, the beauteous place of rest of Genoa's dead. Set in a lovely valley with high mountains encircling, it seems indeed a fitting place for peaceful sleep after the fever of life. Before you reach the portals, you can see the ghostly death-city lying low in the plain, the white marble of the tombs contrasting vividly with the dark green masses of the hills. Down the long colonnades of the quadrangle the visitor wanders, beholding exquisite representations chiseled out of the pure stone from the Carrara slopes. There are to be seen here noble examples of first-rate modern sculpture, depicting in life-like realism sorrow's pathetic coming to the loving home. Sometimes the monuments may appear too grandiloquent for souls that played but humbler parts in life's stirring drama, but no one will wish to question the taste of the mourners of well-beloved relatives and revered friends. No burial place in Europe can rival the magnificence and splendor of Genoa's Campo Santo.

Before leaving Genoa one should not omit to visit the walls, from which an excellent view of many miles of land and sea may be obtained. It was here that the people gathered in those far-away, dream-like knighthood days of the crusades, to watch the thousands of Christian soldiers march into the city, or slowly sail into the harbor. The crusades will probably never be undertaken again; men have grown too practical, too sordid, too selfish, and have lost the old ardor that fired the chivalry of the Middle Ages. Still, dreamer or sage though you be, as you watch from the old ramparts to-day, it is not hard for you to see in imagination the long lines of cross-blazoned knights, moving into the city's streets, with pennons flying and lances glistening in the flashing of the sun; rulers of fair earldoms and sons of kings, a prince of Saxony, a count of Flanders, a duke of Acquitaine, a lord of Lombardy, gallant knights come from the sorrowed cities of the north and east, all confident and puissant on their noble, shining chargers; and full many a thousand of valiant fighting men following in the paths of the doughty leaders. And one can behold bearing in from the open sea the white-winged ships, with decks crowded close with the ranks of hundreds of stout-hearted enthusiasts gathered about the dauntless person of their liege lord, and every man,

from leader to humblest camp-follower, eager to reach port to prepare for the voyage to the East.

A right glorious spectacle it must have been—all this great white squadron majestically blowing landward from the unvisited cities of the far countries, all these gray and grizzled old warrior-heroes of many a field, all these glad, buoyant, maiden knights with shields unscarred and swords never drawn. Even now, as you look toward the water's edge, you can see the mighty throng quickly disembarking on the welcoming quays, amid the salvos that echo back from the green hills. Joyously they would unite with the forces that had come overland, and in a few days the great host of Christian soldiers, with many a holy monk and many an ambitious adventurer, would sail forth in the galleys Genoa had fitted out, amid the prayers and farewells of the cheering city. And if it should be the third crusade, down at Messina a Richard Cœur de Lion would join a Philip Augustus with England's flower of knighthood. The fleet of the lion-hearted Genoa had also made ready; and in characteristic compliment of courtesy, Britain's monarch linked Genoa and England in everlasting association by choosing as his ensign the Genoese emblem of St. George.

You like to think of all those pageants of noble chivalry as you stand by the old ramparts. But as you give free play to your imagination, another scene comes flitting before you, beautiful, too, in its way, but mingling with its charm a pathos which asks your tears. For you are thinking now of the seven thousand children of France and Germany who arrived in Genoa in 1212, with a Vendôme shepherd boy and a youth from Cologne as their leaders, all seeking the paths to Palestine in the superb and child-like ecstasy of the new-found battle-cry. They never reached the far-off countries where Saracen crescent was waving over splendid camp fields; they never returned to the hills and valleys that they once knew. Slavery became the lot of throngs of the fair children, and starvation claimed the others for its cruel share.

You hesitate to leave the old ramparts; land and sea have too much to tell you, and ask you to stay and listen. As still you linger and find yourself fascinated with a large, full-rigged sloop in the harbor, you wonder if it were not right here that the people of Genoa watched their admiral come back home, with victory pennons flying from the mastheads of his swift ships, and trying to signal the news of Lepanto. For that great battle had been fought, and was a thing of history. In 1571, under Don Juan of Austria, the

Spanish, Venetian, Papal, and Genoese fleets met their Turkish foes, and defeated them in a decisive engagement. Not only did the allies take two hundred of the enemy's war vessels, but they liberated no less than fourteen thousand Christians whom the Turks had consigned to a life of slavery at the galley oars.

All this was a long time ago, and yet what is time when one is dwelling on the noble and soul-stirring things of yesterday? The years roll aside most marvelously, when we bid them go; they thrust themselves before us as a barrier only when we suffer their presence. So it is very easy to imagine the fearless voyager, Columbus, dreaming here on the city walls; dreaming, as a little boy, when he would watch a tiny speck on the red horizon grow large and come into port a full-panoplied ship; dreaming, as a youth, and wondering how far the ocean rushed on before it washed the sweet-odored shores of India; wondering if someone would not some day sail westward to that eastern land; wondering, perhaps, if that someone might not be he.

Columbus made not discovery for his beloved Genoa, as he would well have wished; Genoa was a little too fatally practical to fall captive to his dreams. To Spain he gave the new lands of the West.

To-day as you stand near Genoa's long piers, you may see a great ship from that western land of Columbus slowly steam in from the open sea. There will be a cheer from home-come Genoese; there will be the scurrying of many little boats about the lordly steamer, with the flowers and the fruits of Italy's soil; there will be the gay lilting of mandolins and the songs of sweet-voiced maidens; and the sun will be shining, and the water dancing, and the sky blue, so blue, with never a cloud large as a baby's hand upon its lovely face. And if a friend walks down the spacious pier, you will greet him right gladly, and take him away to the cool of some palace-inn high up among the shadows of the olive and the pomegranate, and bid him speak of ships and seas and the loving days at home. But if no one comes, you will still stand near the sea and look upon the friendly smiling of stranger faces from the west-land, and be happy in their joy, and glad in the benediction that will fall upon them from the bounty of the fair Italian skies.

SOLDIER SONGS OF A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

BY MYRTLE M. CAVEY.

UT of the abundance of the heart, even if it is a prosaic one, the mouth speaks; and if it is a poet's heart, the speech readily turns to impassioned song. So trite an observation needs no enlargement. An acquaintance with, or even a casual reading of, any volume of poetry will suffice to show how, from the treasure-house of his heart, the poet coins his magical words and phrases. And a closer reading will lead to the observation that there are favorite moods and predominant colors and facile symbols with which the poet likes best to invest his thought—word-raiment, as it were—which he employs frequently to set off his optimistic yearnings, or, alas, his pessimistic negations.

But here at the very outset, in regard to some citations that we intend to make from the poems of Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, we must have it clearly understood that her poetry is not clothed in one or two monotonous colors. Her harp of song is not a slender thing of one string; rather is it one of harmonious chords reaching wide in many octaves. And, therefore, to note some of her exquisite thought that has been phrased in martial metaphors, wearing a warrior's armor, is not to cast out from appreciative recognition her marvelous achievements in other themes or the habiliments that they wear. Any reader of Miss Guiney's poems knows well the diverse realms she has visited in song: the academic sonnets of Oxford and London; *Fifteen Epitaphs,* in a spirit so exquisitely exotic that the author felt constrained to say of them in a note, "It may be well to state (as these have often been taken for translations) that they are only pseudo-Alexandrian;" her motifs out of classic Greek and Latin; her true rendering of Irish moods, showing how deeply she has felt the Celtic pulse; *Five Carols for Christmastide,* as if breathing from some perfect mediæval manuscript; these and various other themes and *loci poetici,* not merely in lyrical but in narrative and dramatic form as well; one example, and that of conclusive evidence, being *The Martyr's Idyl.*

But with these departments of Miss Guiney's poetry we have no concern here: our present purpose is to notice some fragments

of her work wherein the military atmosphere breathes through the phraseology. And the warfare that she pictures is not of the kind that has to do with the smell of powder and the booming of cannon, nor with the sack of towns, nor with the slaughter of men—in a word, with the species of war that Sherman defined in three sharp monosyllables. Hers is rather the atmosphere and entourage of chivalry and of the methods of knighthood, romantic but real, and of the steadfast pursuit of honor, and of a goal that is beatitude. Of such does she sing in *The Knight Errant* (though in a sub-title we find suggested Donatello's *Saint George):*

Spirits of old that bore me,
  And set me, meek of mind,
Between great dreams before me,
  And deeds as great behind,
Knowing humanity my star
  As first abroad I ride,
Shall help me wear with every scar
  Honour at eventide.

Let claws of lightning clutch me
  From summer's groaning cloud,
Or ever malice touch me,
  And glory make me proud.
Oh, give my youth, my faith, my sword,
  Choice of the heart's desire:
A short life in the saddle, Lord!
  Not long life by the fire.

Forethought and recollection
  Rivet mine armour gay!
The passion for perfection
  Redeem my failing way!
The arrows of the upper slope
  From sudden ambush cast,
Rain quick and true, with one to ope
  My Paradise at last!

This "passion" for the pursuit of honor, for "the better things," to which the mind and heart of man aspire, is a recurring theme; and it will be well to quote, even entirely, another of Miss Guiney's songs upon that subject: *The Colour-Bearer.*

Thy charge was: "Hold My banner
  Against our hidden foe;
To war where sounds no manner
  Of glorious music, go!"
And like Thy word my answer all joyless:
    "Be it so."

Ah, not to brave Thy censure
  But win Thy smile of light,
My heart of misadventure
  Will end in the losing fight,
And lie out yonder, wattled with wounds from
    left to right.

The day will pass of torment,
  The evenfall be sweet
When I shall wear for garment
  The nakedness of defeat.
But when afield Thou comest, and look'st in
    vain to meet.

That eagle of the wartime,
  That oriflamme, outrolled
With strength of staff aforetime,
  With cleanly and costly fold—
Ride on, ride on! and seek me with lanthorns
    through the cold.

And take from me (turned donor
  That night on blood-soaked sand),
The stick and rag of Honour
  There safe in a stiffened hand,
Not left, not lost, nor ever a spoil in the
    victor's land.

The sources from which comes the inspiration for these songs are patent to the general reader: Miss Guiney voices in her unique manner the aspirations that all other people have who follow the Christian ideal. Yet, on the supposition that every person may apply to himself, and have applied to him, that line of Tennyson upon Ulysses, "I am a part of all that I have met," it will be to good purpose to adduce a notable association (if we so call her father's life in her regard), one that was an influential part of

the poet's life—the career of her own father, soldier and chevalier, General Guiney.

We will preface our remarks with a poem that Miss Guiney contributed to *The Ave Maria,* and in which the abundance of her heart spoke and gave living testimony to the enduring inspiration of the "Unforgotten Soldier Mine."

THE WOUNDED PLAYMATE.

Half the dreams my spirit hath
Urge me back on thy lost path,
Looking for love's aftermath;
  Aye with some fond gift to share,
Some light trouble soon o'erthrown;
  Some old outburst, frank as air,
Transient as a bugle tone.
  Angels best can understand
  How I sometimes miss thy hand
Yet; and in this indecision
  For thy footfall pause and pine,
Beautiful quick-going vision,
  Unforgotten Soldier mine!

One who knew not pain was dire,
Trampling out that boyish fire,
Spurred thy hope with zest entire;
  Ours what stealth of bow and bat,
What rash truant oars at sea,
  Games to last forever, that
Brake betwixt the child and thee;
  Many a grudged adventure vast
  Under orchard branches cast;
And at winter's slow dispersal
  (On thy shoulder my hushed mouth),
Scarce allowed, adored rehearsal
  Of the battle-tented South.

Well it was that Heaven did give
To a joy so fugitive
Soul, all others to outlive!
  Though to final risks begun
Early exhortation cling;
  Though a sudden deed, ere done,

Lean on thee for sanctioning;
  Though thy knighthood me constrain
  Through age, death, and life again,
Father, most thy memory guiding
  Is a song and star of May:
And the land of thine abiding
  Always Childhood, always Play.

The minutiæ of a biographical record need not be detailed here; and such items as shall be given may fortunately be selected from notes made by his daughter's hand, which, therefore, are not merely accurate, but the expression of a devoted memory as well.

General Patrick Robert Guiney was born in Parkstown, Tipperary, in 1835. "He came of curiously mixed blood, and belonged to an adventurous and early-dying family: people always breaking away from their pleasant fields and putting forth to sea, or 'to the warres.'" He died in Boston on the afternoon of March 21, 1877. "Crossing the square toward his house, he had sudden warning by a slight spurt of blood to the lips. He took off his hat and knelt down by a tree: his loyal and instinctive way of meeting his Lord. A child playing near, who knew him, was the first to reach his side; but already he was no more." And of the years between these two dates—his school life, the Civil War, and the subsequent career in the legal profession—a few notes will suffice to show that General Guiney held towards "the higher things," and that his unwearied service in the pursuit of them is worthy to have for carved epitaphs his daughter's words in praise of chivalry and the quest of honor. "General Guiney's I regard as a very perfect character," said Father Robert Fulton, S.J., in the funeral oration. "He conformed himself not only to what is lawful, but to what is great and fitting. He tamed and attached to himself the severer ideal."

The first notable period of his life began in 1854, when he matriculated at Holy Cross, "owing that fulfilling of his own and his father's hope rather to his instinct for the best books, than to any graded technical preparation." Circumstances arose to prevent him from completing his collegiate course. But he managed to make a private course in law under Judge Walton in Portland, and was subsequently admitted to the bar. Then "as an intellectual pastime, as well as a minor duty," he acted as sub-editor of the Lewiston *Advocate*. Later he wrote regularly for the Boston *Times*.

"These early journalistic skirmishes hardly indicate the very great, though undisciplined talent for letters, which clung to him all his life. His verse was somewhat Byronic and super-romantic, as all verse of *les jeunes* was at any time between 1830 and 1860; but his little prose sketches, some of them written, like Winthrop's, on the march, are capital reading: terse, vital, and graceful." Always keenly interested in the philosophy of public life, and an ardent supporter of reforms that unquestionably merit the name, he exhibited a steadfast loyalty to his ideals in that great (if sometimes much-abused) science of politics.

Then came the Civil War. It meant domestic sacrifice to him, and the sure breaking up of his chosen career, and that ever-hovering possibility of the battlefield, death; but these he compared not with the jeopardy of the Union which he loved. He enlisted as a private, but Governor Andrew made him Lieutenant of the infantry regiment organized as the Ninth Massachusetts, but recruited as the Thirteenth. General Guiney led this regiment more than thirty times to battle; its most heroic achievement being at Gaines' Mill. He was promoted to the Brevet Brigadier Generalship with the endorsement of Charles Sumner, of Adjutant-General Schouler, and of others equally famous. In May of 1864, at the Wilderness, he received the wound which eventually caused his death.

He returned to Boston after the war. "And now again at home in the little house with the big fragrant garden, with his old mental landmarks swept away, with his fine constitution shattered, his spirited beauty ruined by the loss of his left eye and the deep scar in the cheek, with only his courage and his wife's never-failing care to sustain him, he patched up, in a measure, his civic existence as Assistant District Attorney, and as expert counsel in many celebrated cases." He had just rounded his forty-second year when death came to him, a parallel in age to the Knight of whom his daughter sings:

> Oh, give my youth, my faith, my sword,
> Choice of the heart's desire:
> A short life in the saddle, Lord!
> Not long life by the fire.

And finally (to quote again the pen of her who calls herself "his young Amazon"), "Those who know him knew that he was in all processes of noble growth when he died. His thirteen years

of pain, the life 'hidden with Christ in God,' a strange exchange for the outlook of his masterful youth, he endured not without thanksgiving and a certain ultimate satisfaction.....His friends, his books, and the open air (where his later attitude was that of a quiet but not uncompensated spectator, as he drilled at Green Hill a company composed of martial small boys and his own young Amazon) were his refuge and delight."

From this epitome of General Guiney's life, we may without any far stretch at inference, see an influence that could and may have entered into the making of his daughter's poetry. His was a career that was a reality to her, not an imagination. And close to her experience, an intimate one indeed, was a personal history that could inspire her metaphors and similes. If, as her note said, General Guiney wrote prose, "like Winthrop's, on the march," notice with what perfection in the imitation of the sound of a galloping cavalry troop she sings *The Wild Ride.*

I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses
All day, on the road, the hoofs of invisible horses,
All night, from their stalls, the importunate pawing and neighing.

* * * *

The trial is through dolour and dread, over crags and morasses;
There are shapes by the way, there are things that appal or entice us;
What odds? We are Knights of the Grail, we are vowed to the riding.

Thought's self is a vanishing wing, and joy is a cobweb,
And friendship a flower in the dust, and glory a sunbeam:
Not here is our prize, nor, alas! after these our pursuing.

A dipping of plumes, a tear, a shake of the bridle,
A passing salute to this world and her pitiful beauty:
We hurry with never a word in the track of our fathers.

* * * *

We spur to a land of no name, out-racing the storm-wind;
We leap to the infinite dark like sparks from the anvil.
Thou leadest, O God! All's well with Thy troopers that follow.

And it is of no mere spasmodic warfare, nor of an occasional tourney on certain days of consolation that this poet sings. Her ideal must endure to the bitterest end, in all the magnificence of

great perseverance. "Back to the ranks!" she commands the dejected soul who wants to quit under the feelings of desolation that beset him.

Though out of the past they gather,
  Mind's Doubt, and Bodily Pain,
And pallid Thirst of the Spirit
  That is kin to the other twain,

And Grief, in a cloud of banners,
  And ringletted Vain Desires,
And Vice, with the spoils upon him
  Of thee and thy beaten sires.

While Kings of eternal evil
  Yet darken the hills about,
Thy part is with broken sabre
  To rise on the last redoubt;

To fear not sensible failure,
  Nor covet the game at all,
But fighting, fighting, fighting,
  Die, driven against the wall.

These few excerpts, not by any means all that might be culled from Miss Guiney's volumes of exquisite poetry, make manifest one of the themes that her gift of song has enriched. Her devotion to her own Ideal in Character rings clear, as a bugle call from the battlements. She is conversant, from her historical studies, with the purposes and manner of those ages when knighthood was in flower; and, as we have been able to observe from a cursory glance at her father's life, she had the good fortune to be of the household of one who was, in her own words, "the good knight of Boston town, who was my father."

THE PERSONNEL OF THE INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS COMMISSION.

BY JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.

NOW that the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations has become, through the recent confirmatory action of the Senate, a living reality, an attempt to estimate its competence and efficiency may not be without some interest.

Two or three facts should be kept in mind as fundamentally important. The first is that the Commission is instructed to investigate the general condition of labor, but especially to seek methods of ensuring more satisfactory and peaceful relations between employers and employed. So much is stated in the text of the law. Second, there is implicit in the law what was explicit in the minds of its promoters, the conviction that labor is not on the whole receiving completely just treatment, nor its fair share of the product of industry. Third, the law recognizes the normality of labor unions, inasmuch as it requires that at least three members of the Commission should be representatives of organized labor.

1. *The Representatives of the General Public.* The Chairman of the Commission, Mr. Frank P. Walsh of Kansas City, has been active in movements for general social improvement, for better wages to underpaid women, and for industrial arbitration. In all of these he has shown himself an intelligent promoter of wider social justice. His proficiency in the law should be of considerable value to a body that will have to determine how far present unsatisfactory conditions may be remedied by legislation. As compared with Senator Sutherland, who was named for the same position by President Taft, he is the exponent of the progressive as contrasted with the "standpat" view of political and industrial conditions. Mr. Walsh is a Catholic.

Professor John R. Commons is undoubtedly the best-equipped and most-valuable member of the Commission. He has probably a wider, more concrete, and more scientific knowledge of labor conditions and employment relations than any other person in the United States. His large experience as an industrial expert

will be most helpful in organizing and carrying on investigations, while his achievements as legislative adviser, and as administrator of new and difficult labor laws, indicate great constructive ability exercised along sane lines. He will be *par excellence* the scientific member of the Commission. Over the best of President Taft's nominees in this division, Mr. Barrett, his superiority is easily conspicuous.

The activities of Mrs. Harriman in connection with the National Civic Federation and elsewhere, show that she is aware that permanent industrial peace is attainable only on condition that the workers shall receive a larger measure of industrial justice. At the very least, she is a more promising member of the Commission than President Taft's third choice to represent the general public, Mr. Chandler of Connecticut.

2. *The Representatives of the Employers.* Mr. F. A. Delano, who was also on President Taft's list, is apparently well fitted by knowledge and experience to represent the interests of the railroads, while his cordial relations with trade union leaders suggest that he is at least open-minded on the question of labor organizations.

Mr. S. Thurston Ballard, although very prominent in the Manufacturers' Association of Louisville, has been an efficient promoter of child labor legislation in his own State. He is said to have a deep sense of the employer's obligations toward his employees. Whatever may be his attitude toward unionism, it is probably less objectionable than that of Mr. F. C. Schwedtman, who was nominated by President Taft. Mr. Schwedtman's part, as described by Colonel Mulhall, in the pernicious campaign of the National Association of Manufacturers against humane labor legislation, and against trade unionism, indicates a viewpoint that has become socially impossible. For the sake of team work, conservation of energy and time, and obedience to the spirit which created the Commission, its members should take for granted the propositions that labor unions are legitimate, and protective labor legislation necessary. The presence on the Commission of any person who questions either of these postulates would be anomalous and obstructive.

Whether Mr. Harris Weinstock is better qualified, either by knowledge or ideals, than Mr. Adolph Lewisohn, I do not know. He was entrusted with important labor investigations by two kinds of Governors of California, and acquitted himself well in both instances. After reading his report on labor conditions and the operation of the minimum wage in Australasia, I am glad to find

that he is a member of the Commission. He will undoubtedly represent the enlightened and humane employers rather than the other sort.

3. *The Representatives of Labor.* Mr. Austin B. Garretson is excellently qualified to take care of the interests of the railway unions. Messrs. O'Connell and Lennon are equally satisfactory representatives of the other *craft* unions. All three have to their credit a record of honest, intelligent, and sane achievement. Mr. O'Connell is a Catholic, but Mr. Lennon is not.

Nevertheless the labor members do not reflect, as well as those in the other two groups, all the elements and views that should be represented. The condition and interests of our eight million women workers are sufficiently distinct and peculiar to require representation by one of themselves. It is they and not women in general, or the public, that should have the woman representative. A man can care for the general interests of the female population more successfully than for the special interests of the female wage-earners.

Again, the principle of organization by industries, rather than by crafts, should have been given expression in the make up of the Commission. In the first place, there is a considerable and steadily increasing section of the American Federation of Labor which believes in this principle; in the second place, it seems probable that only an insignificant fraction of the unskilled workers can ever be effectively organized into craft unions. If organization is necessary and normal, the *kind* of organization that is likely to be most effective among the millions who are still unorganized, and whose grievances are greater than those of the men already in unions, ought to receive full and impartial consideration from the Commission. A man like John Mitchell, who is favorable to the industrial union idea, and yet is not a narrow partisan, would have met the needs of the situation admirably. On the other hand, he would have helped Mr. Garretson defend the craft union principle in its proper field.

The Socialist element has no place on the Commission. This seems entirely logical and sensible; for the work of the Commission is based on the theory that the wage system is to endure, at least for that part of the future with which the Commission will have any practical concern. It is to strive for industrial peace between employers and employed, while the Socialists do not believe that such peace is desirable or possible, nor that any satisfactory arrange-

ments will be obtained until the wage system is abolished. A Socialist member would be merely a time-killer on the Commission. His presence would be quite as anomalous as that of an anti-union employer.

On the whole, the personnel of the Commission is such that the country may well feel satisfied and hopeful. Its superiority over the old Industrial Commission of fourteen years ago, and even over the group nominated by President Taft less than a year ago, is concrete and eloquent testimony to the advance that has been made toward social and industrial justice in the last few years. May its achievements be productive of still more rapid progress in the near future!

THE HOUSEWIFE'S PRAYER.

BY BLANCHE KELLY.

LADY, who with tender ward
Didst keep the house of Christ the Lord,
Who didst set forth the bread and wine
Before the living Wheat and Vine,
Reverently didst make the bed
Whereon was laid the Holy Head
That such a cruel pillow prest
For our behoof on Calvary's crest,
Be beside me while I go
About my labors to and fro.
Speed the wheel and speed the loom,
Guide the needle and the broom,
Make my bread rise sweet and light,
Make my cheese come foamy white,
Yellow may my butter be
As cowslips blowing on the lea.
Homely though my tasks and small,
Be beside me at them all;
Then, when I shall stand to face
Jesu in the judgment place,
To me thy gracious help afford,
Who art the Handmaid of the Lord.

THE CURSE OF CASTLE EAGLE.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

Chapter IV.

"IT WOULDN'T BE THE FOXES."

BY noon the heat of the sun had somewhat thawed the roads, and Lord Erris and Lady Turloughmore went out riding. Meg felt glad that Lord Erris was not too much of an invalid to ride. She had the sympathy to absent herself while he mounted, but, coming to the door to receive a message from Lady Turloughmore, she saw Lord Erris already in the saddle. On horseback his weakness and disabilities vanished. She seemed to see already what manner of man he ought to be, doing the things his fellowmen did.

After they had ridden away she went up to the little room at the end of an upper corridor, where old Julia, who had been Lord Turloughmore's nurse and his son's, sat, spectacles on nose, darning and mending.

Lady Turloughmore had explained to Meg about Julia, how she was very old, yet liked to think herself of importance in the house, so did such sewing and mending as her eyes permitted her.

The message was concerned with some of the preparations for Lord Turloughmore's home-coming. When Meg reached the room which was sacred to Julia and her sewing—there was an inner room leading off it in which Julia slept—there was linen airing before the fire, and the room was full of the warm, sweet smell of it.

"Indeed her ladyship ought to ha' trusted me," Julia said with some offence. "I'm not that ould nor bothered in my head, though I've my good days and my bad days, that I'd forget the damask towels for his lordship. 'Tisn't likely that I wouldn't give my best to him that was the child at my breast."

"Is that a rent I see in your skirt, Miss?" she asked, distracted by her professional interest from her little grievance. "Sit down there, Miss Hildreth, if that's your name, an' I'll put a stitch in for you. Her ladyship calls this room 'The Sign of the Stitch in Time.' Her ladyship's very pleasant. I'm not sayin' I always know what she's laughin' about. But why wouldn't she laugh while she can?"

"Why not, indeed?" responded Meg, sitting down obediently in the low basket chair made of twisted straw ropes, while the old

woman lifted up the skirt which must have caught in something or other during Meg's garden progress, and been torn unknown to her.

The light was very strong in the room, which was as warm as a hothouse because of the sun beating on the window panes. There were three windows to the room, which projected in a bow at the end of the corridor, and the sun in its mid-day strength was on two of the windows.

She could see the innumerable fine lines of age in the old face as Julia leant nearer to her darning the rent in the skirt. The kindness in Meg's eyes, the compassion, was charming to see.

"What a beautiful warm room you have, Julia," she said. "And what a beautiful view from the windows! I'd no idea the sea was so near."

"I wouldn't care if it wasn't. I don't like the same say," said Julia. "It drowns many mothers' sons. An' I don't like the look of it to-day, though I wouldn't say it to her ladyship for the world. 'Tis frettin' me so it is to see thim cat's paws on the water an' his lordship comin' home. I never seen them yet that they didn't betoken a storm."

"There was a red dawn," said Meg.

"There was so, and 'tis always red for wind," Julia said, in a queer monotonous tone, "but I never seen it as red as the mornin' of the day the hooker from Galway was lost, and his lordship's father's body was washed in on the next tide. I ought to know about wind and the signs of it. Why wouldn't I? Didn't I lose my own man and my three fine sons by that same treacherous baste of a say, that's lyin' out there now purrin' and shovin' out her claws like a cat in the sun? Och, indeed, if I didn't know, who would?"

"His lordship's father! You mean the last Lord Turloughmore?"

"Who else, alanna? I was nursin' his present lordship then, and havin' the finest of everything. These rooms were the nurseries. I used to turn from the good food, fond and all as I was of the baby, thinkin' of my own child that I was robbin' for him. Her ladyship—her old ladyship, I mean—sent for Michael at last, fearin' the frettin' would injure her baby. Michael never grudged his lordship anything. Poor Michael, he was lost the time the ferry went down between here and the islands. Deary me, I've had a long life, child! I'll be seventy-nine years of age come Michaelmas. Many's the fine man and woman I've seen down: an' sometimes whin I'm here by myself I can't tell whether 'tis the last lord is in it or the present lord. They brought the ould lord—not that he was ould then—no oulder than his lordship is now—an' they laid him just there on the rug at your feet. They carried him along the passage in a sail, an' they brought him here because it was a summer mornin' an' the fires all low, but there was a beautiful fire burnin' here, and

the blankets and sheets airin' for his bed, just the same as they are now for his son's."

She looked up at Meg, still holding the skirt between her fingers, and her gaze was very far away, as though the old wits were wandering.

"There do be times," she said, "whin I hear the drippin' of the water from the sail an' the feet of the men comin' along the passage to this room. An' I do see the drowned man lyin' stretched out just at your feet where they put him down. We couldn't bring him to for all we tried."

Margaret started and looked down, almost as though she could see the drowned Lord Turloughmore lying at her feet.

"Am I frightenin' ye, dear?" the old woman asked, with lingering tenderness. "Sure, I wouldn't do that, not for anything you could give me. But isn't it a terrible thing to live in a house where you can't be happy for one minnit for fear of what'll happen? Isn't it awful for the happy to die? Look at her ladyship!—she was young an' lively, an' so much in love wid his lordship that she wint agin everyone to marry him. God help her, isn't the joy crushed out of her for fear of what'll happen? An' her beautiful son that ought to be a fine man by rights, look at him! 'Tisn't only the poor lame foot. It's the doom of the family that's lyin' upon him, for all her ladyship blames herself for his misfortune. I wish his lordship was safe home."

"So do I," said Meg. "But all the same, Julia," she put her hand on the old woman's arm kindly. "I can't believe all this story of a doom. God is stronger than the devil. We are all in the hands of God. I can't believe that it is He Who goes on punishing innocent people for one cruel and wicked action done hundreds of years ago. If the Earls of Turloughmore have died as they have died, it is because they have taken more risks than other men. Everyone knows how brave and adventurous they were—"

"God help you! You won't be long in this house till you change your mind."

Meg began to feel creepy in spite of herself, but she refused to be frightened by these vain fears and shadows.

"It might be," she said, "that because they were expecting the doom it came upon them. Who can say now but that the memory of the doom paralyzed a drowning man who might else have made a brave fight for his life. I believe these old stories are nothing but superstition. I should refuse to believe them in the Name of God."

Julia bowed her head with an air of resignation.

"God forbid, Miss Hildreth, that there's anything I'd tell you not to believe in that Name. Indeed, why would I be makin' you sorrowful? Didn't I feel the minnit I laid eyes on you that you wor

come to this house for its good? It isn't me that 'ud be frightenin' you out of it: I said to myself when I seen you, that you had the bravest lookin' face I ever seen."

Meg's heart lifted oddly at the old woman's praise. She blushed as she stood up. The rent in her skirt was mended and mended neatly.

"Thank you very much, Julia," she said. "It's beautifully done. I'm so glad you have a good opinion of me. Look at the sun shining on those hills and the Thousand Isles far away. I can't believe that God put all that brightness into the world to leave us to the powers of darkness."

"Say it to her ladyship, Miss Hildreth. Say it to her ladyship. Often she wants the heart in her lifted up."

"I shall do my best, Julia, you may be sure of that. But my name is not Hildreth. It is Hildebrand, Margaret Hildebrand."

"*Eh?*"

Julia leant a little nearer eagerly.

"You said Hildebran', did you? Sure that was the name of the other gentleman—the one that done what he could to save ould Biddy Pendergast from the dogs."

"Hildebrand is my name," she said. "As a matter of fact, Sir Dominick Hildebrand was an ancestor of mine."

"An' ye prospered, dear, ye prospered? Ould Biddy's blessin' was as good for you as her curse was bad for the Earls of Turloughmore."

"We're happy and healthy," Meg answered. "If money is a blessing we haven't got that. We're poor."

"So is the best in Ireland. The dirty money is as often a curse as a blessin'. You're good and lovesome and bonny, an' your head's as right as your heart. You've come, a Hildebran', into the house of the Rosses of Turloughmore."

Meg was looking out over the expanse of waters shining in the sun. The sea had a turbidly gray tinge, and the long ripples Julia had called "cat's paws" crept over its surface.

"I saw something very strange last night," she said. "I was awakened by barking."

"It would be the hounds. Their kennels are down in the hollow, out of sight of the windows. I hope they didn't disturb you, Miss."

"I thought they were dogs," Margaret said, "but they were not. I went and lifted the blind and looked out. The courtyard was full of foxes."

"Glory be to God! What are you sayin' at all, at all?"

The words rang out in a scream of mortal terror. The old woman was staring with an expression of terrible fear and anguish.

"You don't know what you're sayin' at all, child," she said. "Is it foxes? Sure it wasn't *foxes?* Ye only dhramed it. Ye might well

dhrame it, for aren't the foxes all over the house? Ye wor dead-tired last night, an' in the mornin' ye woke up an' ye thought ye saw the foxes whin ye wor only dhramin'."

The old woman's agitation was extreme. Great tears began to roll down her cheeks.

"It wasn't foxes," she whimpered. "Sure it 'ud kill her ladyship if ye wor to tell her ye seen the foxes. Ye'll hould your tongue about it for the love of God. What 'ud bring the like into the court-yard by night at all?"

"I'm very sorry," said Meg, frightened herself, she hardly knew of what. "I wish I hadn't seen them. They were really foxes, and I did see them. I found their tracks in the snow this morning when I went out."

"I heard the dogs meself. They wor barkin' terrible hard about three o'clock. Why would you see the foxes, a stranger, that doesn't belong to the family at all? A Hildebran'! Ye'd have no right to see them."

"Perhaps," said Meg, more and more frightened at the effect she had produced. "Perhaps, after all, it was only a dream. But why should you be so alarmed about the foxes, if they were real foxes and not ghostly ones? They couldn't do any harm."

She remembered the fox with the star on its breast, and how it had lifted its head and barked towards the window.

"It might be possible," she went on, "that the foxes might be driven to the habitations of men by excessive cold or starvation, and it has been cold. Why should they frighten you? They are harmless beasts enough, except to the hen-roosts."

The old woman sat rocking herself to and fro, the tears still flowing.

"It would be the greatest of bad luck," she said, "that brought ye to Castle Eagle if you was to see the foxes. But how could ye see them, barrin' ye wor wan o' the family an' you're not that? Ye dhramed it, I tell you. I wouldn't be sayin' a word about it to her ladyship if I was you!"

Her voice was suddenly wheedling.

"I won't say there's anything in the foxes," she went on. "Sure it might be that they'd be dhruv in, it bein' a hard winter, an' the ground froze as gray as a stone. 'Tisn't as if they wor seen by wan o' the family. God help her, she has enough to bear without being bothered by dhrames."

"I won't say a word about it. I'm so sorry I said anything to you, Julia."

"So am I. I'll be shakin' like an ould leaf in an autumn wind till the Earl's safe home."

She got up and began to fold the sheets with shaking hands.

"Ye gev me a fright, Miss Hildebran', wid them ould foxes," she said, with a piteous air of offence, "but I've thrown it off, for it couldn't be the foxes, you bein' a stranger. The night the hooker from Galway wint down the wild geese was flyin' agin the windows of the house, batin' wid their wings fit to break them into smithereens. I heard them myself; an' there was a terrible desolation in their cries. His lordship was very kind to bird and baste. There's more than Christians fed from Castle Eagle in the hard weather, whin ye couldn't break the ice on the ponds, and the say itself is frozen. Why wouldn't they lament him? And wasn't Earl Patrick wan o' the Wild Geese an' the greatest. It might be *their* spirits that was in it that night."

In many and many a night to come Meg heard the crying of the wild geese as they swept over the stubble fields, bare as your hand and frozen hard, an eerie sound in the night.

Chapter V.

THE TOWER.

The evening of that first day the sun went down in pale splendor behind the hills. The sky was orange and amber. There was going to be a sharp frost Meg thought as she stood by the balustrading of the terrace, looking out over the wide expanse of country, dotted with little roofs and church-towers stretching away to the mountains. At the other side of the house, Castle Eagle on its precipitous cliffs overlooked the sea. It was a frosty evening already. The frosty stars were visible in the sky, hard as steel, and the twigs and grass-blades crackled under foot. There was a strange stillness on the evening where one little cloud, the shape of a porpoise, floated in the serene expanse of sky. While she looked Lord Erris came to her side.

"You will be cold, Miss Hildebrand," he said.

"Not I," Meg replied. "I have been walking, and I am tingling with heat."

"I am always cold," he said, and shivered in his heavy coat. "I can hardly believe that other people are not cold too in this bitter weather."

"Feel!" she said, and laid one warm hand over his.

She was dismayed at the result of her simple action. He withdrew his hand as though hers stung him. The blood rushed to his face, then ebbed away. His eyes, looking out at the expanse of sky, took on a cold and forlorn expression, as though they reflected the chilly grayness of November.

"You should not mock me with your health and strength," he said, as though the words had been wrung from him with bitterness.

"I am so sorry. I never thought of such a thing." Tears rushed to her eyes. "I only wanted to prove to you that I was warm. I beg your pardon."

"I ought to beg yours. I am like a sick wasp; I must sting what touches me. Forgive me, Miss Hildebrand. Do you see that cloud over there?"—with an air of changing the subject—"what do you suppose it means?"

"I have been thinking how odd it looks floating so darkly on the gold. I daresay it will drift away and be lost. See how bright the stars are!"

"I'm afraid it will not drift away. It will call companions to it. It is for wind. The glass is going up rapidly—too rapidly. I fear we shall have a storm. My poor mother! I wish the yacht was safely in."

They turned and walked towards the house. The sun had dropped now behind the mountains, and Castle Eagle stood up darkly against the sky. At one end of it was a square tower or bastion. Through the arrow-slits in the second story they could see from where they were standing the light from the arrow-slits on the other side.

"How strong and dark the tower looks against the sky!" Meg said. "Would you think there was a light in it?"

"It is the lit sky on the other side showing through the arrow-slits. See the after-glow! We are going to have a sky of wonderful rose leaves as we have it here sometimes."

The sun had sunk indeed, but there was a mighty conflagration going on somewhere out of sight. Ridge upon ridge of rosy fire began to tremble and burn in the west. It spread upwards and upwards. It broke into delicate flying feathers of rose that might have been lost from the wings of angels. The soft, wild, rosy fire burned and throbbed all over heaven. The sea reflected it. Every pool of bog water in the country at their feet was on fire. The east had caught the glory and bloomed like a rose garden.

"Did I not tell you?" said Lord Erris. "They are scattering rose leaves in heaven. Let us look while we may. It will die out suddenly, leaving a grayness behind."

"It is splendid!" Meg said, drawing a deep breath. "It is like seeing heaven opened. I remember such skies sometimes—not often so splendid as this. Look at the tower! Wouldn't you think someone had lit a fire in it. How strong it looks! how mysterious! You remember:

> "'What in the midst lay but the tower itself,
> The round squat tower, blind as the fool's heart,
> In the whole world without a counterpart?'"

In her excitement she forgot to be shy, and looked at him with a glowing face.

"I remember. There is always something splendid in a strong tower against a lit sky!"

He blinked, looking at her as though she dazzled like the sky.

"What is that in there? Who could be warming his hands against those fires? Isn't the delusion of a fire perfect?" Meg said, pointing to the tower, where the arrow-slits were filled as with the reflected glow of a great fire.

"Unless it might be Conal M'Garvey."

"Conal M'Garvey?"

She looked her inquiry.

"You won't be frightened if I tell you. No? It was another pretty deed of one of my ancestors. Oh, we have had our share of sins, to be expiated by a later generation. It is time the Rosses should cease. There is a far-away young cousin in a counting-house in England—he has the Rosse blood so much diluted that he might escape the sins of the fathers—who would succeed. He is coming to stay with us this summer, so you shall see him, Miss Hildebrand, if you do not fly away from us before then. A very proper jolly young Englishman is Algy Rosse. He should know something of finance, perhaps, which no Rosse on this side ever did."

He had forgotten about Conal M'Garvey. While he spoke the conflagration in the heavens died as suddenly as it had begun. There were only dead ashes for roses. The armies of the night seemed to advance from every side. The tower was in darkness, the arrow-slits showing no light.

"Conal M'Garvey's fire has gone out," Meg said gravely.

They walked into the house, where the fire-lit hall sent out a warm breath to greet them. Prince who had been standing by them as they talked outside went in with them: there were a medley of dogs lying about before the roaring fire of coal and driftwood, some of whom came and fawned on them, while others thumped a lazy tail by way of recognition. There was no one in the hall, but a tea table was set just within the screen, and a kettle sang over the lit spirit lamp.

"Tell me about Conal M'Garvey," she said. She had no idea how her furs became her. She had thrown off her coat, leaving it lying on the back of the tall chair in which she sat down. The golden brown of the fur seemed to throw up with a subtle flattery her white neck, her warm color, the golds and browns of her shy eyes and her hair.

"You are sure you will not be frightened?" he said, looking at her and then looking away.

"I am not nervous. There were oubliettes at the Schloss—where I was with the Archduchess Magda. We spent our summers there. A river ran under the Schloss and then away to the Danube. It was supposed to carry the poor things dropped through the oubliettes away

to the Danube and the sea. As a matter of fact skeletons were found there in the hot summer when the river was low."

"Ah, I see you have been in training for Castle Eagle." A gleam of humor came into his sad eyes. "Conal M'Garvey was rather worse than the oubliettes. He was an Irish chieftan, who originally owned the tower and the lands on which this house is built. An obliging early ancestor of mine, a Norman brigand, wanted M'Garvey's tower and lands, and since M'Garvey didn't quite see it, he took the abominable course of building him up in his tower. If you inspect the tower by daylight, you will see where the arch was filled in. The Rosse of that day was a great church builder. He knew all about masonry. He built up Conal M'Garvey so substantially that the filling of the arch will last as long as the tower itself. The tower keeps its secret."

Meg listened, trying to shake off a strange feeling which was coming over her. Was Castle Eagle bewitching her? The beautiful fire-lit room, the sensitive worn face of Lord Erris, the sleeping dogs —all the warm familiar things seemed to pass away. She was in a dream, an enchantment. She saw Conal M'Garvey in his saffron coat, haggard, wolf-hungry, perishing of hunger and thirst in the impregnable tower. She saw the famine in his eyes, the hollow misery of his cheeks. She heard a voice at her ears—Lord Erris was speaking to her in a tone of tender compassion and self-reproach.

"I am so sorry. I frightened you after all. You are not going to faint? Ah, that is better! You frightened me."

"I don't know what came over me," she said, and tears stood in her eyes. "Perhaps it was that I realize Conal M'Garvey more than the prisoners of the Schloss."

Lady Turloughmore came down the stairs into the hall, and shivered as she sat down in the warmest seat within the screen.

"I hope your father will not be becalmed," she said to her son.

"He will not have enough wind to carry him home. I think there will be some wind before morning."

"But not a storm, Ulick, not a storm," she said, as she had said last night.

He answered her again as he had answered her, and with a tender patience.

"My dear mother, did I say a storm? The yacht must have some wind else she cannot get home. I think there will be some wind."

Lady Turloughmore's face assumed the expression which Meg came to know well later. She gained peace on her knees. Sometimes she lost it in a sudden terror, but it would come back to her face, a wonderfully young, smooth face though it was so sad—like the waves of the sea, filling her quiet eyes and composing her to a great tranquillity. Now she drew a little frame towards her on which she was making point lace, and put in a few stitches.

"You have been out for a walk," she said to Meg. "I saw you go from my window. I hope it was a nice walk."

"It was lovely. The ground rang under my feet with frost as I walked."

"Prince went with her, mother," put in Lord Erris. "Did you ever know such a quick capitulation?"

"Prince is slow to make friends. You should be gratified, my dear."

"So I am," Meg replied. "There is something beautiful about Prince. You feel so flattered, as if a great and distinguished person had offered you friendship. His eyes are so beautiful when he wants to go and gobble up some yapping cur and you forbid it. He has an air of conceding it to you because he loves you."

"I've been promising Miss Hildebrand that, if she will only stay with us, she shall have the privilege of making Algy Rosse's acquaintance this summer."

A little cloud fell over Lady Turloughmore's face.

"Why 'privilege,' Ulick?" she asked. "Surely the privilege would be the other way."

"Algy would be the first to accept that," Lord Erris said suavely.

The kettle began to fling itself into convulsions, dancing a St. Vitus' dance on the spirit stove.

"I wonder if you would be so good as to make the tea, Miss Hildebrand?" said Lady Turloughmore, as though she asked a great favor.

Meg flushed again, as she took the silver teapot and warmed it. She was very impulsive, too impulsive Terence Hildebrand said, he having transmitted more of himself to Meg than any other child he had.

"I love to do it, Lady Turloughmore," she said. "I wish you would give me lots of things to do, hard things."

Lady Turloughmore looked at her very kindly.

"These are early days, my dear child. You will find that I can be very exacting. You are going to take all sorts of things off my hands when Lord Turloughmore comes home."

As she said it a little clap of wind sighed in the chimney and rattled the doors; then subsided as suddenly as it had come.

"Julia is very bad to-night," Lady Turloughmore said, turning to her son. "I don't know when I have seen her so bad. She keeps talking about the hooker from Galway and the night your grandfather was drowned. She is very old, poor Julia."

"It is a doom to live to be very old," Lord Erris said, and it was as though the room was suddenly cold: as though some shadow glided by the warm hearth and froze the blood in their veins.

The storm, if there was to be a storm, delayed in coming. There was a calm over the evening that could almost be felt. On her way

up to bed, after she had sung through her ballads—she had a small, soft and tuneful voice, and she sang with such a tender expression as befitted the Irish ballads she chose to sing—Meg opened the hall door, still unbarred, unbolted, and stepped out into the night. The air was milder, and there was a magnificent galaxy of stars. She gazed up at the sky in delight. There was Orion; there were the Plough and the Great Bear. The Milky Way was a road of broken stars across the heavens. She said to herself that the frost was breaking up. Yet the stars were extraordinarily brilliant, though not with the hard twinkling brilliancy they had had earlier. Rather it was as though they leant near earth.

She was about to go back again into the house when she was arrested by the strange appearance of the tower. The moon was rising at the side. It hung in the east, and a ray had penetrated the tower, giving again an impression of a light within. The illusion was extraordinary.

"Conal M'Garvey is lighting up," said Lord Erris at her elbow. She started to find him there. "If you will brave the winter night to see him light up, at least you had better have something more about your shoulders than that flimsy scarf."

While he spoke he laid a warm wrap carefully about her.

"Come round the other side of the tower," he said, "it is splendid over the sea on a great night of stars like this."

They went round by the side of the tower, and stood on a terrace overlooking the cliffs and the sea. There was a track of shimmering light on the dark water, which reflected, broken up, the millions of stars. They went back again into the house, where he lit her candle, and stood looking after her as she went up the stairs.

They were very kind, she thought, wonderfully kind, as she stood in her comfortable room, rosy in firelight, and noted the luxury of it. An essentially modern room fitted up and made luxuriously comfortable ages after the house was built. She was not sure that she altogether liked the luxury. She had a love for bareness and space, and great stretches of air to breathe in. The many wardrobes, the deep carpet, the pretty lace-hung bed, were for the daughters of the rich not for Meg Hildebrand, a poor gentleman's daughter.

The windows were carefully closed, blinded and shuttered. She unfastened the bolts of the shutters, and folded them back in their places. She pulled up the blinds and flung wide the windows. The courtyard itself was in gloom, but it framed a square of sea silver in moonlight, and the sound of the sea came to her ears. She leant out into the cool salt air to catch another glimpse of the firmament full of stars, and had a revelation. The other side of her bedroom wall was the tower, the tower itself. They were close neighbors, she and the grisly secret hidden in the tower.

Chapter VI.

THE DOVE.

The storm broke in the night with a great screaming of wind and roaring of the sea. It whistled and shrieked about Meg's window, tearing loose the blind and sending it streaming and wildly flapping into the room. The wind had come up from the southeast. The courtyard was sheltered. Even so the rain that came with the wind, drenched her as she tried to capture the blind and shut the window. She understood now why the long ranges of outside windows were fitted with storm shutters. Castle Eagle sat high in the wind, a-top of the cliffs, open to the Atlantic. She was not going to sleep through the storm, for her heart was troubled for her hosts. What a night for Lord Turloughmore to be on the sea!

Though the room was light and bright, she was suddenly seized with fear. What evil web were they spinning, those victims of the cruelty of the Turloughmores long ago before the world had emerged from its days of darkness? Surely God and not the devil ruled the storm. He said to the winds, "Be still." The winds were the messengers of God, leashed by Him, and ready at His command to come fawning upon Him. Would He remember to-night the need of all creatures on the sea, or was it that He took His own way with the world, recovering to Himself the souls He had lent to the world what way He would? She prayed for all those in peril on the sea. In the midst of her prayers there came a knocking at her door. She got up from her knees and opened it, to find old Julia outside, her gray hair about her shoulders, her teeth chattering with cold.

"The hooker's gone on the rocks," she said. "I daren't tell her ladyship. You didn't see the foxes for nothing. For the love of God don't tell her about the foxes. Let her be in the hands of God, not in the hands of the divil."

"Go back to bed, Julia," Meg said. "It is bitterly cold. You are dreaming. It is fifty years ago since the hooker was lost. I don't believe Lord Turloughmore is at sea to-night. He would see the wind coming and run for shelter."

Julia looked at her in a dazed way.

"I'd be goin' to her ladyship if I was you. She'll want comfort this sorrowful night," she said. "But for the love of God don't tell her about the foxes. Let her think she's in the hands of God."

"You'll go back to bed?"

"I'll be lightin' up the fire and puttin' the blankets to it to air. They'll be wanted to-night surely, if it's only for the dead. Heard ye ever such a wind, Miss?"

The screaming of the wind had indeed increased. There was an incessant rattling of hail and sand against the windows that made

the din almost deafening. Closely shuttered as the room was, the carpet was rising in waves under their feet.

"I'll come with you and see you into bed. Be sure the yacht's run for shelter. You must say your prayers. Remember God is stronger than the devil."

"I'm not sayin' He isn't strong an' good. He has His own ways. He left me widout a husband or child in my own age: an' He's dealt hard wid the Turloughmores. Haven't they wiped it out? They're good to the poor. Aren't they famous the country over for their dalin's wid their own people? If all the gentry was like the Turloughmores, there'd be little trouble! The Lord has dealt hard with them, blessed be His name!"

"Come, I'll see you into bed."

Meg had been hastily donning some clothing while the old woman talked.

"You'll go to her ladyship?"

"When I'm sure you're in bed. Come!"

She got Julia to her own room and into bed. The din of the storm was momentarily growing more terrifying. It was added to by some of the outside shutters, which had become loose and were banging about in the gale. The noise deafened her. She had a feeling that if it was to become much greater, she could not endure it. She heaped all the clothes she could find on to Julia's bed. While she did it, she was surprised and touched to find her hand caught and kissed by dry old lips.

"There now, you are quite comfortable," she said. "The storm must soon spend itself."

"Honey, did ye say ye wor a Hildebran'?" asked Julia, clutching Meg's sleeve in her eagerness. "Did ye say ye wor a Hildebran,' or did I only dhrame it?"

"I am Margaret Hildebrand. You did not dream it."

"Then ye must have come for good. A Hildebran' couldn't have come for anything but good to this house. Maybe the Lord sees it's time to give us the luck an' the blessin' after the years of affliction."

"Oh, I hope I am come for good!" cried Meg fervently, and the tears were in her eyes.

Having left the old woman lying with closed eyes and breathing quietly, Meg went down through the corridors where the feet fell soundless always on a deep carpet, although to-night any lesser sound than the screaming of the wind could hardly be heard. She paused by Lady Turloughmore's door, her head inclined in the act of listening. While she stood there, she began to be aware that other people in the house were about as well as herself. The lights had been turned on in the corridor. She heard the slamming of the door that led to

the servants' part of the house. Prince suddenly pushed an insinuating nose into her hand. She turned and saw Lord Erris.

"I was coming to my mother," he said. "She will not sleep through this storm. You had the same kind thought."

The door opened, and Lady Turloughmore appeared on the threshold, fully dressed.

"Ulick!" she said, "I thought I heard voices through this wind. I wasn't sure. The wind is full of voices."

"We met at your door, mother. We both came to see if you wanted anything."

"Go back to bed, Ulick. Miss Hildebrand will stay with me, if she will be so kind. There is no sleep possible on such a night. Are the servants about?"

"I think so. You had better ring for some tea."

He came into the room, rang the bell, and went out again.

"I have a good son, haven't I?" Lady Turloughmore asked, smiling. She was very pale. Her prie-dieu by the fire had a crucifix upon it. Meg felt sure she had been praying.

A dishevelled maid answered the bell, and was told to bring tea and some coal.

"What an ark this house feels in a storm like this!" Lady Turloughmore said, looking about the bright room in lamplight and firelight. "If only the ark might hold all that one loved to-night!"

"The yacht will have run for shelter somewhere. The storm has not come suddenly. There have been abundant warnings."

"I am glad you have come to help me through the night. I have prayed myself quiet; but I have felt that the wind must get into my head as it does into Julia's. We can do nothing with her in these winter storms. She seems to go clean off her head."

"I know. She has been with me, and I have got her safely to bed. I was on my way back to my room when Lord Erris and I met at your door."

"You were not coming to me then?"

"I was, as a matter of fact, listening at the door for any movement that should tell me you were awake."

"That was kind. I am so grateful to Lady O'Neill for giving me you. It was a thousand chances to one against finding a girl like you. You fit in as I could not have hoped you would. We are a very solitary pair, Ulick and I, when Lord Turloughmore is away. He is restless and is often away, often enough to keep my heart in my mouth. My heart returns for such very short periods to its proper position," she smiled her faint bright smile, "that if I die suddenly I think the verdict will be, 'Died through misadventure from always having her heart in her mouth.'"

Meg did not smile.

"I think superstition the cruelest thing in the world," she said. "Faith is to live in the sun. Superstition is to sit in darkness. Dear Lady Turloughmore, why do you, living in the sun, choose to sit in the darkness?"

She blushed for her own temerity as she said it, and an apology was on her lips.

"If I could only take strong hold on what you say," said Lady Turloughmore apparently finding nothing amiss. "You seem so sure. My dear, I was as brave as you once. But—superstition! You know the history of the Rosses?"

"I know. I am like the scientist who finds cause and effect for everything."

"You don't know what it is to see the shadow of the doom, superstition, whatever you call it, creeping over those you love best. I was as brave as you. I laughed at the doom when I married my husband. I could not know that it is in their blood to accept and believe it. I have come to accept and believe it myself. I wish I had had a household of children. They might have banished the shadows of which this house is full. My husband loves it and keeps away from it. My son shuns the society of his kind, being sensitive. We play a part to each other; but each sees through the other. What do you mean by cause and effect?"

"I will tell you a story—an anecdote to explain what I mean. A fortune teller at a bazaar wickedly and foolishly told a certain Mr. Dick Burke, who is a friend of my people, that he would die within the year of drowning. Well, everyone laughed, because Dick Burke is as much at home in the water as on dry land. You might as well be trying to drown a Newfoundland dog. Well, it happened he was staying at a French bathing place. There were dangerous currents in which people were drowned every year. Dick knew all about currents. There were plenty about Loughfinn. He got into a current one day; and finding it rather strong for him, let himself go with it a bit, never doubting that they would see his plight from the shore and launch a boat. He drifted out. He wasn't at all afraid. He felt that he could keep himself going in the current till the boat came. They were always on the lookout for accidents to bathers there. The water was very warm. He felt quite comfortable, when, suddenly, as though the sun had gone down behind a great black cloud, the memory came to him of what the fortune teller had promised him—death by drowning within the year. Terror seized him. The boat was not coming. He was in the fatal current. He began to struggle. He threw up his hands. Fine swimmer as he was he'd have drowned to a certainty if in the nick of time the boat had not arrived. He is married now, and the father of six children. He is death upon fortune telling, because it once nearly drowned him."

"I see," Lady Turloughmore said slowly. "You think the doom comes because the doom is expected. Child, if you could make my son think so! I will not speak for his father. He runs into all sorts of dangers. I don't know if he is fleeing from the fear. It is easy to be brave when it is not one's life and heart. For nearly three hundred years not one Lord Turloughmore has died in his bed."

"Did she not care for the doom?" Meg asked herself the question, wondering. And if she did care, why should she, beyond the common human sympathy? She did not give herself away easily. She loved her father and her own people, and all the dear people and creatures about Crane's Nest. In another way she loved the Archduchess and her lovely flock. But she had never been one for foolish and unconsidered friendships. Yet here was she, who had not known these Rosses of Turloughmore a week ago, feeling that there was nothing she would not do to fight their phantoms, to lift from them the shadow of doom which so long had lain over them. Was it possible that her world must be dark if the shadow did not lift from theirs?

"With your hair behind your ears like that," said Lady Turloughmore, "you look like the St. George of Donatello."

"I wish I might slay some dragons," Meg answered, shyly yet with a tightening of her lips that made her soft face almost stern.

She had a sudden thought.

"Julia seemed to be comforted," she said, "with the thought that a Hildebrand was come to the house of the Rosses."

"Is the wind lulling?" asked Lady Turloughmore, listening.

The wind had dropped certainly. It had been dying away since the storm broke, only to renew itself and spring upon the world with a greater fury. In the momentary lull something thudded against the window.

"It is the wild geese," said Lady Turloughmore with a loud cry.

Meg ran to the window and opened it, hoping to shut it again before another blast of wind. She hardly heard Lady Turloughmore moaning to herself that the wild geese were crying about the house as they always did for a death. Everything blew about the room with the opening of the window, and the lamp went out. Something had come in, driving against Meg's breast, into her arms, with a soft thudding force. The fire shot up into a flame as she closed the window again, and picked up the thing which lay on the floor, its wings extended. It was a pigeon, beaten and battered by the storm, not dead, but spent.

"See," she said, drawing down Lady Turloughmore's hands from before her eyes. "There are no wild geese. It is a dove. The dove has flown into the ark."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

New Books.

THE NEW FRANCE. By Wm. S. Lilly. St. Louis: B. Herder. $2.25 net.

The purpose of these papers, Mr. Lilly tells us, is "to assist ingenuous and inquiring minds towards a right judgment upon New France—to help them to discern the true character of the relations between the revolutionary spirit and religion; to seize the real significance of the careers of some representative men; to appreciate rightly the existing condition, moral and intellectual, of the Third Republic." In Chapter I. he shows clearly that the fundamental principles of 1789 are neither great truths nor serviceable fictions, but palpable lies fraught with the most terrible mischief; neutralizing what there is of good in the famous Declaration in which they are authoritatively embodied, and rendering it what Burke pronounced it to be "a sort of institute or digest of anarchy." He does not deny that there is much in the Declaration that is unquestionably good; for example, its proclamation of equality before the law; its statement that government exists for the benefit of the governed, and that rulers are responsible to the ruled; its police regulations presenting so favorable a contrast to the savage criminal jurisprudence which it superseded, and, lastly, its vindication, as admirable as inoperative, of the sacredness and inviolability of property. But he shows that the whole declaration is founded on the false principles of Rousseau, as we find them in the Preamble and the first three articles. They may be summed up in the two following propositions: First, that the true conception of mankind is that of a mass of sovereign human units, by nature free, equal in rights, and virtuous. Second, that civil society rests upon a compact entered into by these sovereign units.

As a matter of a fact, man is born in a state of more entire subjection than any other animal. Again, that men exist in a quite startling inequality, whether of natural or adventitious endowments, is one of the things which first force themselves upon the wondering observation of a child; and, certainly, as we go on in life, experience does but deepen our apprehension of that inequality, and of the difference in rights resulting from it, as necessary constituents in the world's order. Not a shred of evidence is adducible in support of the doctrine of the unalloyed goodness of human nature. It is certainly not true of man as we find him, at his best, in

any period of the world's history of which we have knowledge, and under the conditions of life most favorable to the culture and practice of virtue. The conception of Rousseau as to the contractual nature of civil society is also historically false. There is no instance on record, in any age, or in any country, of a number of men saying to one another, "Let us enter into a social contract and found a state." Civil society is a normal state of men and not the result of convention.

The principles of 1789 are fatal to liberty. They make the individual nominally free and a king, but in fact they mean the unchecked domination of the State. We can see this in the France of to-day, which still boasts of the principles of 1789. In no country, not even in Russia, is there less individual freedom. The state is as ubiquitous and as autocratic as under the worst of Bourbon or Oriental despots. Nowhere is its hand so heavy upon the subject in every department of human life. Nowhere is the negation of the value and the right of personal independence more absolute, more complete, and more effective.

Chapters II. and III. treat of the French Revolution and the Catholic Church. Our author gives us a very sad picture of the evils in Church and State under the old régime. Feudalism, which had ceased to be a political institution, cumbered the ground as a civil and social institution. The huge possessions of the nobility were augmented by profuse pensions, and the money used in their profligate expenditure was wrung from the underfed and overworked poor. The Church being intimately related with that system, for its prelates were mostly all from the privileged caste, shared in the popular hatred.

Mr. Lilly describes the origin and progress of the Revolution, and shows that its supreme end was to eradicate the Catholic religion from France. The Legislative and Constituent Assemblies set up a schismatic church, requiring adhesion to it under penalties.

The Convention did not want any church at all. Chaumette, in November, 1793, set up the mistress of the Printer Momoro as the goddess of reason in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. The next year Robespierre sent Chaumette to the guillotine, and recommended the Assembly to recall men to the pure worship of the *Etre-Supréme*. At the death of Robespierre, a third religion was invented, called Theophilanthropy, by Haüy. This sect lasted, in spite of ridicule, until the decree of the Consuls in October, 1801, legislated it out of existence.

Mr. Lilly's description of the persecution of the French clergy is taken from M. Biré's *Le Clergé de France pendant la Revolution.* He calls to account Thiers, Mignet, Louis Blanc, Lamartine, and Michelet for their ignoring or travestying the history of the crusade against Christianity.

Chapters IV. and V. treat of Fouché and Talleyrand. He sums up Fouché as

> a devout Oratorian; a violent apostle of atheism; a bitter persecutor of those whose faith he had professed and shared; a profaner of churches, and steeped in all kinds of sacrilege; a missionary of Communism; a murderer not only of his sovereign, but of thousands of guiltless people; a multimillionaire by means of secret speculations, and scarcely avowable profits; the creature of Barras and Sieyès, one of whom he betrayed on the eve, and the other on the morrow, of Brumaire; a Napoleonic minister and Duke, and a traitor to the Emperor, and now Secretary of State to the most Christian king; the hope, the great resource of capitalists; the friend of dignified ecclesiastics; the favored guest at aristocratic houses, and the husband of a lady of great personal charms who belonged to one of the noblest of them.

He was certainly the most vile of all the *canaille,* who have been called most unjustly the giants of 1793.

Mr. Lilly's sketch of Talleyrand is the sketch of a grand *seigneur* of the *ancien régime.* A thorough Voltairian, cold, skeptical and elegant, a man dominated by love of women and the lust of lucre. His marriage with Mme. Grand was never recognized by the Church, although Napoleon announced in the *Moniteur* that the brief of Pius VII. restored Talleyrand to the secular and lay life. Rome protested in vain against this cheat, but no French journal was allowed to reproduce the protest.

Chapter VI. treats of Chateaubriand, whom our author styles a Paladin of the Restoration. He shows how the *Génie du Christianisme* brought back into French life and literature what may be called the Christian note; how it repaired, and set flowing anew, fountains of emotion, which had been supposed to be ruined forever. No one reads it now except professed men of letters, but it had a wonderful effect upon the generation for which it was written. Lilly gives a just tribute to Chateaubriand's unswerving loyalty to his convictions; his refusal to sacrifice one jot or tittle of them to his personal interests; his elevated conception of public duty; the

amplitude and the presence of his political vision, while at the same time admitting the immorality of his private life.

The last chapter discusses the greatest novelist of contemporary France, Paul Bourget. Mr. Lilly analyzes two of his novels, *Le Fantôme* and *Le Disciple,* and shows how their every page is marked by sagacity and subtlety; by depth of feeling and delicacy of touch; by intellectual distinction and by wide culture. Bourget has much in common with Balzac. Both possess the singular faculty of description by minute delineation of details, which, so to speak, makes us see with our own eyes what they picture. Both have, in common that curious gift of fascination which commands the reader's attention in spite of himself. Both have that wonderful psychological power which enables them to lay bare the innermost secrets of the human soul. But while Balzac's psychology is that of the seer, Bourget's is that of the moral anatomist. Balzac is the great inquisitor of human nature; Bourget is the accomplished analyist of human passions.

GRACECHURCH. By John Ayscough. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75.

We might say of this book what the author himself says of his conversion—it is the best thing that he ever did. These papers were not written, as we at first suspected, to embody the story of the author's conversion to the Catholic Church, although now and again he records an incident which plainly shows that his heart was naturally Catholic. He himself writes in his Dedication:

> The thread on which these Gracechurch papers are strung together is stronger than any of consecutive narrative working towards the climax of a plot, for it is a simple and indestructible one of love for the dear old place, and the kind, dear people who live there. It was for the sake of being again in their quaint company that the small episodes were called up out of childish and boyish memories: and that is why there is as little autobiography as possible, and why the total exclusion of anything autobiographical was impossible.

These essays give us a perfect picture of a small, commonplace English village near the Welsh border. The characters, mostly women, are drawn to the life. There was plenty of bigotry, which tolerated the most extreme High Churchism, but could not stomach the Pope; plenty of snobbery, which prevented one's "mixing with the shopfolk;" plenty of kindliness, which lavished pots of jam

on Master John, and invited the poor child to play with the wealthy children of Gracechurch House; plenty of goodness, for one of his teachers, "though it would have astounded her to hear it, was in fact cut out for a contemplative nun." Our author has a happy faculty of seeing, or shall we say inventing, the humorous side of life. He tells us of the brewer who had retired from the manufacture of beer to consume it. He writes of Llewelyn "who proved the absurdity of the dictum that it is not possible to do absolutely nothing." He speaks of Zerubabel Pott, the small solicitous clerk with damp hands and oily skin, who visited Miss Mildstone and her five thousand pounds four times a year, and was thought to propose to her at every visit. He describes the one thousand nine hundred and forty-seven yellow roses and the one thousand one hundred and twenty buds on the wall paper, which an indefatigable old maid painted out with Chinese white first, and painted in again with crimson to go with the cherries in the chintz.

Our author occasionally ceases to be reminiscent, and draws upon his novelist's imagination to give dramatic effect to his narrative. Some of the best stories of this kind in the book are Miss Snollett's Ring, Matty Kickstone, Counting Handkerchiefs, and Primpley.

There are many passages worthy of quotation. I will cite one which tells us what first led our author to consider the claims of Catholicism!

> Honestly I must confess that the first attraction of the Catholic Church itself lay for me in the glamor that lay around it as a great, wonderful thing belonging to the old, noble past, when all the world was gilded with a light since faded from sea and land. I only mention this because I think it has been so with many others; that, at first, they drew near with reverent step, to do homage to an incomparable relic, appealing to them with all the poignant force of pathos and immemorial, sacred, but monumental beauty: and presently found that the relic was more, that the *Corpo Santo* for which they had brought only wistful sighs and tears was alive; that it spoke still, and with a living voice—a voice still heard in many lands, still obeyed by folk of many rival aims over all the world, still wording the same Physician's same prescription for sick and sorry men, always teaching the One undying hope, never falling old, because eternal; a voice that cannot be heard without the perception of irresistible invitation.

A HOSTING OF HEROES, AND OTHER POEMS. By Eleanor R. Cox. Dublin: Sealy, Bryers, & Walker.

Some months ago—more, indeed, than a penitent reviewer cares to remember—there came to THE CATHOLIC WORLD a very small volume of verses on Irish themes. Now it might be difficult for anyone not connected with this office to realize just how many little volumes, by new poets and on Irish themes, do drift into the reviewer's hands in the course of a year. And so it chanced that only very recently were the pages of *A Hosting of Heroes* critically opened; but let it be understood, immediately, they were not quickly closed again!

A quite uncommon rush of music, a splendid vitality of concept, and a fire of beauty with something of Celtic mystery and Celtic magic at its heart, confronted the weary reviewer. Here were the Ulster legends of Cuchulain, the tragic romance of Diarmuid and Grainne, the dreams of Angus Og, retold with a new melody and a passion nowise old from the passing centuries. A fragment from the flight of Grainne and her hero-lover will illustrate.

> Stars lingered yet in the lap of the night,
> Waiting their pleasure and wooing them on,
> Yet for a moment they paused in their flight,
> Hand touching hand in the sweet-scented dawn.
>
> Lip pressed to lip in a virginal, new
> Rapture that sped like white fire down each vein,
> While in that Love's first communion they grew
> Wise as the Gods are of Bliss and of Pain.

There is a second half of Miss Cox's volume, given over to lyrics on various themes, all the way from Psyche to the Hudson Palisades. They have charm always, and delicacy of fashioning; but they lack the brave inspiration of the Celtic poems which, she tells us, were the fruit of an Irish visit in 1910.

Some few months back one of our ablest Catholic contemporaries *(The Rosary Magazine)* published an excellent study, by Eleanor Cox, upon Irish poetry in general. Let us hope she may continue to speed the work of one Irish poet in particular—yet always and only "as the spirit listeth." For so must the work of all true poets be achieved.

A Hosting of Heroes is but a slender little book, scarcely more

than half a hundred pages, bound together with much taste and but slight expense. It should find its way to every lover of Celtic lore.

PIONEERS OF THE CROSS IN CANADA. By Dean Harris. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.50.

In a form that is neither too long, nor too dryly historical for popular reading, we get the story of the march of Christianity in Canada, and of the standard bearers of the missionary armies, in the new volume by Dean Harris, the author of *Days and Nights in the Tropics.* Under the title *Pioneers of the Cross in Canada,* the author gives us the chronicle of the attempts, repulses, and achievements of the mission Fathers, Franciscans and Jesuits, among the Canadian Indians of the seventeenth century. Such a chronicle is, of course, already in existence in so far as the Jesuit missionaries are concerned, in the letters, the *Relations of the Jesuits,* but in too lengthy a form for ordinary use, and Dean Harris' volume should prove very serviceable. It deals largely with the missions to the Hurons, under the heroic Father Jogues and his heroic companions. A chapter at the end, however, is devoted to the coming of the Sulpicians. The subject of the book is one that would touch with fire the dullest pen, which is not that of Dean Harris. He has given us descriptions as picturesque as Carlyle, and tales as vivid.

THE IRISH CONTRIBUTION TO AMERICA'S INDEPENDENCE. By T. H. Maginniss, Jr. Philadelphia: The Doire Publishing Co. $1.00.

Throughout this interesting volume, Mr. Maginniss denounces that pernicious falsehood promulgated by pro-English writers, that America owes her liberty, her benevolent government and even her prosperity to her English forefathers and her Anglo-Saxon blood. He shows conclusively that the American people derived their character more from the Celt than from the Anglo-Saxon. He shows that more than one-third of the officers, and a large proportion of the soldiers, of the Continental army in the American Revolution, were of Irish birth or parentage, and that the Irish were an important element in American colonial history.

Many Americans are not aware of the following facts, viz., that eleven signers of the Declaration of Independence were of Irish descent; that of the total amounts subscribed to supply the

Continental army, £315,000, £112,000 were subscribed by members of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick and the Hibernian Society. That nineteen generals of the Continental army were Irishmen; that one hundred and thirty-five Irish names were on the rolls of the Minute Men of Lexington and Concord; and that two hundred and twenty-eight Irish officers and soldiers fought at the battle of Bunker Hill.

THE MOTHER OF JESUS IN HOLY SCRIPTURE. Biblical-Theological Addresses by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Alois Schaefer, Bishop of Dresden, Saxony. Translated from the second edition by the Very Rev. Ferdinand Brossart. New York: Frederick Pustet & Co. $2.00 net.

The substance of this book was delivered in a series of lectures at the University of Muenster in Westphalia during the winter of 1885 and 1886. They contain a wealth of Scriptural material concerning the Blessed Virgin under the chapters of The Mother of God, the Virginity of Mary, Mother of the Redeemer, Mary the Mediatrix, etc. They were published with the view of offering a systematic exposition based on an accurate interpretation of the Scriptural references to the Blessed Virgin. The translator has done his work well. We are certain it will be appreciated not only by the Catholic public, but by our non-Catholic brethren, who have vague and inaccurate notions regarding the place of Mary in the Divine plan, and the clear testimony given by the Sacred Scriptures to her many prerogatives.

HOLY LAND AND HOLY WRIT. By Rev. J. T. Durward. Baraboo, Wisconsin: The Pilgrim Publishing Co. $4.00.

Non-Catholics have done more for Holy Land exploration and literature than we have. But the most conscientious of them are often unsatisfactory, because they often sneer at Catholic dogma, misunderstand Catholic devotion, and set aside without reason the traditional spots sacred to Catholic sentiment. Hence the crying need of a book which shall treat the Holy Land from the standpoint of Catholic faith and tradition.

Father Durward, in the volume before us, has interpreted the Holy Land for Catholics as William Thompson, over thirty years ago, interpreted it for non-Catholics in his well-known work, *The Land and the Book*. He explains adequately the interrelationship of Palestine and the Bible; he explains the Catholic's rever-

ence towards the holy places; he gives a clear insight into the meaning of the Old and New Testaments as interpreted by Catholic authority and tradition; he shows plainly how the Holy Land proves the essential identity of the Catholic faith of to-day with the Gospel of the Savior.

The book is written in a pleasing style, and the many beautiful illustrations help greatly in the elucidation of the text.

BODILY HEALTH AND SPIRITUAL VIGOUR. By Wm. J. Lockington, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 90 cents net.

Although the material for Father Lockington's book on *Bodily Health and Spiritual Vigour* was selected from lectures given to members of the Jesuit Order, and although it specifies itself as intended for preachers and teachers, yet one cannot help believing it to be of great assistance and inspiration to laymen as well. There are really only four chapters that can apply only to clerics; the remainder of the treatise will lend itself to general usage. In beginning his subject, the author discusses the opinions, teachings, and practice of St. Ignatius with regard to the training of the body. The Saint considered frailty a sure impediment to entrance into the Order, looked carefully after the health, exercise, and leisure of his followers, and, from the military experience of his earlier days, brought stern and sensible theories to bear upon their physical welfare. "An unhealthy religious," he is quoted as saying, "bears much the same relation to the Order of which he is a member that a badly knit or dislocated bone does to the physical body."

Next Father Lockington gives us a similar review of the beliefs of St. Teresa. That most wonderful and most human of saints, who was distinguished for her common sense and her humor, as well as for holiness of life and splendid achievements, had ideas that we fondly believe the product of our own twentieth century. The interdependence of soul and body, the efficacy of fresh air and sunshine, the need for hours of relaxation—these are among the so-called modern theories that we find advanced again and again by St. Teresa. In the matter of mortification, moreover, she always advocates obedience and a sane restraint. "Never forget," she cautions, "that mortification should serve for spiritual advancement only. Sleep well, eat well. It is infinitely more pleasing to God to see a convent of quiet and

healthy children who do what they are told, than a mob of hysterical young women who fancy themselves privileged."

Father Lockington, in the course of his treatise, considers the moral effects of body training, and the diseases, or at best the deficiencies, that result from its neglect. He devotes a chapter to food, its quantity and quality, and the varieties suited to men of different pursuits. Then in eight or nine chapters he takes up the subject of exercise, giving detailed and illustrated directions for many kinds, and stating their purposes and results.

The book will prove of especial interest to teachers, both lay and clerical. It deserves the heartiest recommendation.

SOCIAL RENEWAL. By George Sandeman. London: William Heineman.

There is but one way in which Mr. Sandeman's volume might be satisfactorily presented to our readers, namely, by reprinting it; beyond question, as has already been said by a distinguished writer, the book would speak for itself in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, or anywhere. By way of substitution for that adequate but impossible kind of review, we shall begin with saying that this small book is full of concentrated, practical wisdom, is very pertinent in its bearing on present needs, and rather startles one by the success with which it focusses light upon commonly discussed social questions. One is almost troubled at the simplicity and the obvious finality of its proposed means of social renewal—nothing more nor less than general and consistent Christianity.

This comment sounds very trite indeed, a fact which goes to confirm what was said above about the advisability of allowing the book to speak for itself. There is no question, however, that its pages do wonderfully demonstrate certain truths that we have all been aware of previously in a cloudy sort of way, and that it leaves us convinced men will be only tinkering at the problem of social readjustment until they can persuade themselves and other men to think and act like Christians.

To illustrate the fashion in which the author conceives and exposes his subject, we shall set down here a few extracts:

> The ways in which we go wrong are many and specious.... It is a mistake to recognize only immediate causes and immediate effects.....The reformers.....accept the insecurity of industry as if it were ultimate and without any cause behind it, and proceed to alleviate its effects.....The reformers, with

the best intentions, alleviate distress at the cost of confirming the conditions of distress.....

It is a mistake to float with the current of opinion of our time or province.....Now the modern world (that is to say, the general consent of well-meaning, instructed and respectable people) considers that theoretic errors of that kind, and consequently mistaken policies, have been inevitable in the past; but it considers also that its own views and methods of to-day are free from any such nefarious illusions. Both of these assumptions are, however, unfounded. Its present methods are as false and baneful as any in the past; but neither they nor any which have preceded them have been at all inevitable.....

It is a mistake to put the wrong thing first.....Let us here take as an example the place which is given to the industrial system.....That system, which is largely the creation of avarice and hardness of heart, is not yet four generations old, and is plainly going to its ruin; yet we defer to it as though it went back to Abraham, and would go forward to the consummation of the world. Industry has got out of hand.....and yet we continue to put it first. Instead of subordinating industry to the needs of mankind, and to the needs of social cohesion, we continue to break down social bonds, and to violate the rights of human beings in order to serve the ends of industry.

It is a mistake to take a partial view of the social question .....It is futile to imagine that the troubles of our country are due to this or that particular cause. It is false to ascribe them principally to slackness of trade; or to foreign competition; or to monopoly of land; or to want of education; or to marriages of the weak in body or mind; or to lack of good houses; or to excessive drinking; or to any other partial cause whatsoever. And in the same way it is a delusion to suppose that they can be removed, or even considerably alleviated, by any partial measure whatsoever, whether of legislation or of voluntary effort and organization.....

It is a mistake to take a low or narrow view of human beings and their needs.....They need a long way more than comfort and respectability; more than economic security, more than amusement. Comfort, hygiene, leisure, and intellectuality, such as constitute the senile ideal of the socialist, might conceivably be achieved for all, and yet the state of the people be more miserable than it has ever been. They need the things of youth far more than they need these senile things. They need labor, fatigue, the open air, the country, sport, adventure, jollity. They need hardness and the preparation for war. They need work in which they can take a pride, institutions in

> which they can lose themselves altogether, services in which it is worth while to suffer and to die. They need strong cohesion with many, home and hospitality, to love and to be loved. They need the color and the drama of life. They need responsibility, obedience, and command, swift choices, the play of manhood. They need hope and liberty. In a word, they need life.....Shall we not err greatly if our social reforms have principally the effect of diminishing the life of the people? If, for instance, comfort should be assured at the cost of liberty?

It is necessary, the author argues, to realize that society is an affair of nature, and not of convenience or arrangement. It is humanity itself, and it is much more than a number of individuals, as a tower is more than a heap of stones. This suggests methods of reform different from those which are in common use to-day. It suggests that we must work with nature, instead of elaborating artificial expedients in disregard of her. And it leads us step by step to the conclusion that the best way in which the individual can consistently work for the reform of society is by the conscientious performance of the duties involved in his station of life. The force making for cohesion in the social structure is good will, and this is in effect real old-fashioned charity, unselfish regard for the welfare of our neighbor.

To serve rather than seek to be served, to look upon labor with respect, to foster simplicity of life—in different chapters the author indicates how these are essential in any attempt at social renewal. And his conclusions are summed up in the affirmation that the utter failure of attempts thus far made, is due to the fact that we have failed to realize charity throughout the whole texture of life. Obviously he puts little hope in anything but Christianity to bring about such a consummation.

THE DOMINICAN ORDER AND CONVOCATION. A Study of the Growth of Representation in the Church during the Thirteenth Century. By Ernest Barker, M.A. New York: Oxford University Press. $1.00 net.

Mr. Barker in his preface declares that he owes a large debt of gratitude to an old pupil of his, the Dominican Father Bede Jarrett. He says: "When we were once discussing together the development of representation, and I was urging the point I have urged here, that the Church supplied both the idea of representation and its rules of procedure, he suggested to me the influence of his

own Order must have been considerable within the Church, and he gave me my first knowledge of the organization of his Order."

The Church of the thirteenth century shows a marked development of the principle and practice of representation. Representatives appear in all the three great Councils of the Church then held. Instead of the provincial synods being composed of bishops and abbots as formerly, representatives, first of the cathedral clergy, and then in England of the diocesan clergy, begin to appear. In the same century representation begins also to appear in the State. A representative parliament comes into being about the middle of the century, and is fully grown at its end. In the present volume the author does not seek to trace the history of the various phases of this movement, but confines his research to an account of the organization of the Dominican Order which offers the most finished model of representative institutions, and to a study of that development of the provincial synod in England which led to the inclusion of clerical proctors. He discusses the possible ecclesiastical sources of Dominican organization in the Hospitalers, the Templars, and the Franciscans, and the possible secular sources in the Spanish Cortes, and the town representation in Languedoc of the twelfth century. He shows how the English synod developed on somewhat different lines from those of other countries, and how far the composition and procedure of that synod acted as a model or precedent for the English Parliament. He says in conclusion: "The study of the institutional development of the Middle Ages is an organic whole. We cannot isolate Church and State; not only do they develop side by side, but they intersect in their development."

COMPENDIUM THEOLOGIÆ DOGMATICÆ. Auctore Christiano Pesch, S.J. Tomus I. De Christo Legato Divino—De Ecclesia Christi—De Fontibus Theologicis. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.50.

Father Pesch, whose nine volumes of *Prælectiones Dogmaticæ* are well known, has, he tells us in his preface, yielded to the entreaties of his friends by publishing a compendium of dogmatic theology in four small volumes. The first volume treats of Revelation, Jesus Christ, the Church, and *de locis*. He uses the scholastic method throughout, though we are glad to see that he does not neglect to set forth the problems and results of positive theology. He writes: "The scholastic method of treatment which I have

adopted will certainly displease all those who detest the scholastic method of defining, proving, and discussing. I have, therefore, not written for them, but for the benefit of those who think that a method used for so many centuries may be most helpful to-day in the study of dogmatic theology." We see no reason for such warmth. The scholastic method is certainly a good method, but not the only one. The good teacher will use every possible method, old or new, to bring home the truths of the faith to the minds of his pupils.

LACORDAIRE. By Count d'Haussonville. Translated by A. W. Evans. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.00.

In his preface the author gives three reasons why the life of Lacordaire should be of interest. First, that he was the greatest pulpit orator France ever produced with the exception of Bossuet; then the ideal character of the man himself, and, finally, as one of the precursors and authors of that Catholic renaissance of which our contemporaries to-day are the surprised witnesses. Indeed, among all the questions that engage and divide us to-day, we will scarcely find one that was not debated and anticipated by Lacordaire.

Those who have read the Abbé Chocarne's *Inner Life of Lacordaire,* or Foisset's biography, will discover little that is new in the present volume. We have a brief sketch of Lacordaire's childhood and youth; his seminary days; the story of the *Avenir* and his rupture with Lamennais; the Stanislas lectures, and the Sermons of Notre Dame; and the restoration of the Order of St. Dominic in France.

Lacordaire's letters to Montalembert at the time of the *Avenir* difficulty show an almost incredible ardor; they are among the finest and most touching that the love of souls has ever inspired.

In 1845 Lacordaire was the Lenten preacher at Lyons. There, where religious ardor has always shown itself so keen, his success outstripped anything he had obtained before. It was a veritable delirium. One evening, when his sermon had called forth particular enthusiasm, he did not appear at dinner. Someone went to look for him, and found him pale and in tears at the foot of a crucifix. "What is the matter, Father?" he asked. "I am afraid," was the answer. "Afraid of what?" "Of success," he replied. Many a time he prepared for his sermon by scourging himself in the privacy of his cell.

Harsh to himself, he was always gentle to others. He knew how to show to weak souls the consideration they needed, and to lead them along easy paths. Still direction, properly so-called, did not hold the principal place in his life, which was rather militant and aggressive. Some of his enemies have said that he never converted anybody, but we know, on the contrary, that he influenced countless souls for God, both clerical and lay. It was Lacordaire's winning personality that won Father Jandel to the Dominican Order, and led, therefore, indirectly to its great reform and revival in the nineteenth century.

He was indefatigable in writing letters. Every day he devoted several hours to them. At least eight volumes of his letters have been published. He unburdens himself with quite a filial confidence to that illustrious convert, Madame Swetchine; he speaks of the things of God to his penitent, the Baroness de Prailly; he writes vigorous letters to the Bishop of Paris, Monsignor de Quelen, to prove the hollowness of the complaints that had been made against his preaching; he writes most touching letters to Lamennais.

As a pulpit orator, Lacordaire was in the highest degree an improvisator. Not that he ever dared enter the pulpit of Notre Dame without having prepared his discourse, but his preparation was the fruit of his meditations the evening before, and sometimes of that very morning. From these meditations nothing written ever resulted, except a very short sketch. The one written sermon that he wrote out word for word was almost a perfect failure. His plan alone was determined upon in advance, but only in its broad outlines, never in detail. He always trusted to the inspiration of the moment for the literary form. He was often a bit rhetorical; his metaphors were occasionally incoherent, and he took pleasure in using doubtful and dangerous arguments. Still withal no one appealed as he did to the people of Paris; no one ever seemed to dive down so deeply into the hearts of his hearers. We cannot judge him by the written records of his sermons, which are not in the slightest degree remarkable. The translation is well done.

AN OUTLINE OF CHRISTIAN THOUGHT SINCE KANT. By Edward Caldwell Moore, Parkman Professor of Theology in Harvard University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents net.

This volume might equally well have been styled the History of Rationalism since Kant. We wondered at first why certain names

were entirely ignored, or at best merely given a passing notice. The author gives us the explanation on p. 212. He writes:

> In so far as the Oxford Movement or the Catholic revival was a movement of life, ecclesiastical, social, and political as well, its history falls outside the purpose of this book. We proposed to deal with the history of thought. Reactionary movements have frequently got on without much thought. They have left little deposit of their own in the realm of ideas. Their avowed principle has been that of recurrence to that which has already been thought, of fidelity to ideas which have long prevailed. This is the reason why the conservatives have not a large place in such a sketch as this. It is not that their writings have not often been full of high learning and of the subtlest of reasoning. It is only that the ideas about which they reason do not belong to the history of the nineteenth century. They belong, on the earnest contention of the conservatives themselves—those of Protestants—to the history of the Reformation, and of Catholics, both Anglican *(sic.)* and Roman, to the history of the early or mediæval Church.

Our author evidently does not possess the mental acumen necessary to understand Cardinal Newman's *Grammar of Assent.* For he says of it: "The whole book is pervaded by the intensest philosophical skepticism. Skepticism supplies its motives, determines its problems, necessitates its distinctions, rules over the succession and gradation of its arguments." Admirers of Newman will open their eyes when they read the astounding statement, put out with all the dogmatic assertiveness which characterizes our author's every utterance: "The whole aim of the work is to draw religion, and the proofs of it, from the region of reason into the realm of conscience and imagination, where the arguments which reign may satisfy personal experience without alleging objective validity or being able to bear the criticism which tests it."

We thought the words, *"pervaded by the intensest philosophical skepticism,"* had a very familiar ring. On referring to Ward's *Life of Cardinal Newman,* we read in a footnote to p. 305 of Vol. II. the self-same words taken from an article of Dr. Fairbairn in the *Contemporary Review,* May, 1885. Cardinal Newman answered this false accusation in the October number of the same magazine, and Dr. William Barry also took up the cudgels on his behalf.

Again Mr. Moore wonders "if Newman found in the infallible

Church the peace which he so earnestly sought." There is no occasion for him to wonder, unless he questions the words of the Cardinal himself.

The book as a whole is superficial, incomplete, and full of unproved *ipse dixits*. The writer seems to realize this himself, for he says in a prefatory note: "It is to be hoped that this book may serve as an outline for a larger work, in which the judgments here expressed may be supported in detail."

NEW GRANGE (BRUGH NA BOINNE) AND OTHER INCISED TUMULI IN IRELAND. By George Coffey, Keeper of Irish Antiquities in the National Museum, Dublin. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co. 6 *s.* net.

George Coffey, the Curator of Irish Antiquities in the National Museum of Dublin, has written an accurate account of his explorations of various pre-Christian tombs and cemeteries in Ireland. Five miles west of Drogheda, and thence extending about three miles along the northern bank of the Boyne towards Slane, are three tumuli—at Dowth, Knowth, and New Grange—which have attracted the attention of archæologists ever since they were first noticed in 1699. These tumuli are grouped in cemeteries, and imply a more or less settled state of society; they appear to have been respected till the coming of the Danes who plundered them. After mentioning the previous accounts of former antiquaries, Lhwyd (1699), Molyneux (1725), and Pownall (1770), and citing all the references to the Brugh in the ancient literature of Ireland, the author discusses the origin and the meaning of the incised markings on the various stones that remain. The most frequent markings are the lozenge and the spiral. He compares them with the spirals found in the shaft-graves of Mycenæ; on the pottery of Egypt, Crete, and Cyprus; on the bronze sword-hilts of Scandinavia, etc. They are supposed to have some reference to the sun worship, which was the most widely-spread cult in prehistoric Europe, but this is mere conjecture. The author also treats briefly the markings on other tumuli at Knockmany, Seskilgreen, and Clover Hill.

It may be safely held that the spiral reached the Baltic first, whether by sea or land, and then filtered down by the north of Scotland to Ireland, where it made its most permanent lodgment. An adventurous seafaring population developed early about the islands of the Baltic, and formed a rival focus to the Ægean in the

early Bronze Age. This population probably, as in later times, came down upon the Scotch and Irish coasts in small parties, seeking objects by trade or raid, and thus possibly met adventurers from the Mediterranean. The absence of the spiral on metal objects in Ireland proves its entrance there in an early period of the Bronze Age.

THE GERMAN CENTRE PARTY. By M. Erzberger. Amsterdam, Holland: International Catholic Publishing Co. 50 cents.

This interesting brochure describes the origin of the Centre Party of Germany; its programme; its political work; its financial policy; its relation to Church politics; its activity in the field of economics, and its method of organization. In view of the fact that our American papers continually insist upon the German Centre Party being considered a Catholic party, it may be well to quote Windthorst's words on this very subject:

> The Centre Party to which I belong is not a confessional one. Its programme is public. We have always admitted everyone who has subscribed to it, and we still welcome all those who admit its principles, no matter what religion they profess. If as a matter of fact the fundamental principles of government, which my friends and I think the right ones, find a greater number of Catholic adherents than of others, the reason is that Catholics in dealing with political questions start from more humane premises than their opponents. It is, however, absolutely untrue that the principles of the Centre Party are only approved of by Catholics. There is a very large number of Protestants, far larger than you may believe, who are strongly in favor of these principles, and time will show that they have not been mistaken.

The pamphlet is full of misprints and grammatical mistakes.

A LITTLE SISTER. From the French of the Rev. M. Landrieux, V.G., of Rheims, by L. L. Yorke Smith. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.50.

Is there a single need of her children for which their tender Mother the Church has not provided? Through the ages the sick, the wounded, and the dying; the foundling, the orphan, and the aged; the outcast, the abandoned, and the leper; the prisoner, the captive, and the galley slave have each felt her sweet influence; but it has

been reserved for our own day to witness that loving efflorescence of her charity, the Little Sisters of the Assumption, or as the formula of their dedication itself describes them, "sick nurses to the poor in their own homes."

This book, crowned by the French Academy, purports to be more than the life of Sister Lucie; it is a detailed and realistic picture of what a Little Sister should be. Born in 1877, Sister Lucie joined the Congregation in 1895, and closed her short life in 1897, being permitted to make her vows on her deathbed. But the ardor which she evinced during the period of her religious training bore rich fruit, and anyone perusing this book will quickly perceive that she indeed fulfilled a long course in the few days of earthly life granted to her. If, however, she was not permitted to labor in her chosen apostleship, her saintly life will be the seed of numerous vocations, for the young and the ardent will be fired with zeal wherever this devoted and beautiful soul becomes known. The charming and exquisite simplicity with which the "Little Sisters" perform their acts of heroic charity fascinates the reader, while the experiences recounted on page 117 and the following read like those from the *Lives of the Saints*. But so hidden are these "Apostle Sisters" that not even the family name of Mlle. Lucie is given—she is but one of many whose lives are hidden with Christ in God.

DAILY PRAISE. By Olive Katharine Parr. New York: Benziger Brothers. 30 cents net.

Father Faber in *All for Jesus* has some beautiful words about praise, which shame our selfish souls at times. The daily needs, the daily sins, compel our petitions, our cry for mercy, but alas! we too often, like the thankless nine, take our gifts and go our ways, forgetting the thanksgiving due, and much more the duty of praise, which is in truth sharing the angels' song. We trust this little book will help to swell the earthly chorus which the Angel of Prayer bears ever to the throne of God.

THE SPIRIT OF OUR LADY'S LITANY. By Abbot Smith, O.S.B. The Abbey Press, Ampleforth Abbey, Malton, Yorkshire, England. 1 *s.*

It is told of an aged sacristan of our Lady of Loretto that while lighting the candles around her shrine, his tender devotion found vent in all the loving titles he could think of: "Holy Mother,

Clement Lady, Faithful Virgin," he cried, while the faithful who knelt around responded: "*Ora Pro Nobis.*" And so Her Litany grew till the Church approved of it as one of her authorized devotions. And here we have short considerations and devout colloquies on these same titles, suitable for our Mother's Month of May, as well as other times, to renew our devotion towards the Mother of God.

GOOD FRIDAY TO EASTER SUNDAY. By Rev. Robert Kane, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 90 cents net.

Dedicated to those who mourn, these Sermons on the Seven Words on the Cross, and the Dolors of Mary, uplift the heart of the suffering and sorrowful to their great refuge and comfort. As they realize the things that Christ and His Mother suffered, their hearts will re-echo our Lord's own words: "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things and so to enter into His glory," and strength and courage will flow into their lacerated souls. The volume is suitable for spiritual reading during the last weeks of Lent, both for those who weep on their own account and for those who would fain bear Christ company during these sorrowful days.

THE MANTILLA. By Richard Aumerle. St. Louis: B. Herder. 80 cents.

A story of the Cuban Revolution, in which a young American hero manifests a large capacity for getting into trouble, and an almost phenomenal luck for getting out. After a foolish college boy's prank, visited with an ill-considered and hasty expulsion, he joins a squad of strike-breakers bound for Havana, where he meets the half-Irish, half-Spanish heroine, and aids her in rescuing her father from the consequences of his participation in the plots of the insurrectos. There are loose ends in the story, the English is journalistic and careless, while some constructions are odd, as: "Too, he had escaped," and "Too, she had expected." The hero is most natural in the Midnight Mass scene, where he shows himself to be, first of all, a simple earnest Catholic intent on fulfilling his duty as such.

THE old school has not yet surrendered entirely to the new. We have with us to-day occasional samples of the old type of the melodramatic and sentimental novel, and for it much may be said. It holds our interest steadily, adheres to the conventional ideas

of morality and justice, which are undoubtedly those of true philosophy, and remains after all a better example of the story-teller's art than its more pretentious third cousins, the problem or the character novels. Of this type is *Corinne of Corrall's Bluff*, by Marion Miller Knowles. (Melbourne: Wm. P. Linehan. 2 *s.* 6 *d.*) The scene is laid for the most part in Australia, and the plot that of the good old-fashioned love-story, with the pleasure of an unexpected ending. The author, who, by the way, is a Catholic, has succeeded in retaining all the merits with but few of the faults of sentimental fiction.

WE take pleasure in calling the attention of school directors and teachers to the series of eight volumes entitled *Standard Catholic Readers by Grades.* The work is edited by Mary E. Doyle, and published by The American Book Company. It covers the entire eight years. The books are intelligently graded, and the selections made with judgment and taste. The volumes are well printed, and beautifully illustrated.

ONE of the most useful of the new office books published since the revised order of the divine office became obligatory upon clerics, is the *Diurnale Parvum,* published by Fr. Pustet & Co. The volume may be used for Lauds and all the Hours on almost all the days of the year. It is accurately composed; of small size; fairly large type, and excellently printed and bound. The price is $1.25.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Les Entravées, by Noel Frances (Paris: Bloud et Cie). A charming story which brings out clearly the Catholic principles involved in the feminist movement. Due emphasis is laid upon the debt of womankind to the teachings of the Gospel.

Mon Filleul au Jardin d'Enfants—Comment Il s'éleve, by Felix Klein. (Paris: Librairie Armand Colin. 3 *frs.* 50.) In his second volume on kindergarten work, the Abbé Klein tells us of the principles of education which are being applied in the best French schools. He treats in detail of the training of the imagination, the educative value of story-telling and the games the children play; the nature of internal discipline; the use of rewards and punishments; the limits of authority; the fostering of self-activity, etc. A final chapter calls upon all mothers to acquaint themselves with the results of the best kindergarten training, so that the old-fashioned prejudice against them will soon disappear. There is nothing in this treatise that we did not know before, but it is written in so charming a style that we were well rewarded for reading every word. We noticed a few misprints, pp. x, 42, and 198.

La Vocation Ecclésiastique, by Abbé Henri Le Camus. (Paris: Pierre Tequi. 1 *fr.*) This little brochure is written to urge priests to do their utmost to foster priestly vocations in France. The various chapters treat of the nature and evidences of vocation; the method of developing vocations; the duties of a seminarian in summer time, etc. The appendices contain a brief account of the famous controversy waged by the Abbé Lahitton on the nature of priestly vocation, and the regulations issued lately by the Holy See for the seminaries of Italy.

Les Blasés, by Marcel Rogniat. (Paris: Eugene Figuière et Cit. 3 *frs.* 50.) This novel is a picture of modern degeneracy which only a Frenchman of Zola's school could write. No American publisher would dare translate it.

Commentarii in Psalmos, auctore Josepho Knabenbauer, S.J. (Paris: P. Lethielleux. 10 *frs.*) Father Knabenbauer, who died last November, was one of the most generous contributors to the *Cursus Sacræ Scripturæ,* which the German Jesuits have been publishing the past thirty years. He wrote on the Major and Minor Prophets, Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiasticus, and Machabees. His last work, a commentary of the Psalms, has been published since his death, Father Hagen, S.J., seeing it through the press. It does not deal with introductory questions as a rule, most of his readers having in their hands *The Special Introduction to the Old Testament,* the well-known work of his confrère, Father Cornely. He does, however, discuss the value of the titles of many of the Psalms, and the nature of the metrical system used by the Jews. The style of the book is most labored and obscure, although one is ready to pardon this in a book which shows so great a grasp of ancient and modern commentators. Now that the Psalter is given its rightful place in the daily office, the study of the Psalms becomes all the more imperative.

Hors de l'Eglise pas de Salut, by J. V. Bainvel. (Paris: G. Beauchesne. 0 *fr.* 75.) This is a scholarly little brochure by the Abbé Bainvel on the axiom "Outside the Church no Salvation." The learned professor of the Catholic Institute of Paris discusses in turn the various explanations given by Catholic theologians of this dogma. He rejects as inadequate and false the theories based on the distinction drawn between the body and soul of the Church, the visible and invisible Church, and the necessity of means and precept. He declares: "One must indeed belong to the Church in order to be saved; it is not necessary, however, to belong to it in fact, *re,* but one may belong to it in desire, *voto.* Such a one believes all the truths he knows, and wishes sincerely to know God's will and to fulfill it. He, therefore, implicitly desires to belong to the body of the Church, and would do so at once if he were aware of her claims. God alone sees the heart, and can alone judge whether the man outside the Church's fold possesses that combination of faith and charity which suffices for salvation.

Initiatives Féminines, by Max Turmann. (Paris: Librairie Lecoffre. 3 *frs.* 50.) In this volume Max Turmann, the well-known professor of the University of Fribourg, gives us a complete and accurate account of the origin and development of the feminist movement, particularly in France. He distinguishes carefully revolutionary and anti-Christian feminism from the political, economic, and legal demands which Christian women are everywhere insisting upon. Most of the book, which has now reached a fifth edition, deals with the activities of Catholic women in France, Germany, Belgium, and Switzerland. He describes the schools of household management, the coöperative societies, the purchasers' leagues, the founding of working-girls' homes, restaurants, nurseries, and dispensaries, the international society against the white slave traffic, etc. This book deserves an English translation.

Vers la Vie pleine, by Adrienne Goutay. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. 3 *frs.* 50.) This book consists entirely of extracts from the works of the Abbé Gratry. The chief volumes uoted are his *Commentary on the Gospel of St. Matthew, Souvenirs of My Youth, The Knowledge of God,* and *The Philosophy of the Credo.* The author has compiled a most excellent book of spiritual reading, although we are confident it will appeal only to an élite few.

Nord-Sud, by René Bazin. (Paris: Calmann-Levy.) The travelogues of René Bazin are always a delight. Those of us who have read his sketches of Italy, Spain, Sicily, and France will read with pleasure this account of his late visits to the United States, Canada, England, and Norway. He gives us brief sketches of New York and Washington; of Montreal, Quebec, and the homes of some of the wealthy habitants; of life on a large English estate; of Corsican devotion in Holy Week, and of the rugged scenery of the Norway coast. He is always kindly in his appreciations, always the artist in his descriptions, whether of land or sea or mountain, always Catholic to the core.

Les Sept Sacraments de l'Eglise, by A. D. Sertillanges. (Paris: P. Lethielleux. 1 *fr.*) The well-known professor of the Catholic Institute of Paris has written a popular little volume on the Sacraments. Its aim is to show how the supernatural life is given us by our Savior's institution, and to answer in a brief way the common objections of the day. We are glad to see that some of the best scholars in France to-day are devoting themselves to the writing of popular manuals for the people.

Le Mystère de la Très Sainte Trinité, by Edouard Hugon, O.P. (Paris: Pierre Tequi. 3 *frs.* 50.) This is a complete treatise on the Blessed Trinity. The author discusses in turn the proofs from Scripture, the teaching of the Church, the various heresies, and the province of the reason in the study of the mysteries of Christianity. We know of no better volume on the subject in the vernacular.

Pages d'Art Chretien, by Abel Fabre. Three volumes, with two hundred and nine illustrations. In these three volumes, M. Fabre gives us a brief sketch of Christian art from the days of the catacombs. Volume I. treats of Christian iconography, viz., the images of Christ, the Crucifix, the Madonnas, the Magi; Volume II. of religious painting, viz., from Giotto to Raphael, Fra Angelico, the Madonnas of Raphael, Michelangelo and the Sistine Chapel, the legend of St. Ursula by Memling and Carpaccio; Volume III. of Gothic Architecture, viz., Notre Dame of Paris, St. Peter's of Rome, Neo-Gothic, Southern Gothic, etc.

L'Unité de l'Eglise et le Schisme Grec, by M. l'Abbé Joseph Bousquet. (Paris: G. Beauchesne. 4 *frs.*) The late Vice-Rector of the Catholic Institute of Paris delivered these lectures during the winter of 1912. In them he traces the origins of the Greek schism, and shows how it was effected through the ambition of the patriarchs of Constantinople, the constant interference of the Eastern emperors in matters of faith, and the bitter hatred of East and West fostered by the French alliance with the Papacy, and the crimes of the ambitious crusaders. The book is remarkable for its kindly tone, and its absolute fairness. He discusses the possibility of reunion, and though by no means ignoring the difficulties in the way, is hopeful for the future.

Foreign Periodicals.

Where Are We in Pentateuchal Criticism? By Rev. Hugh Pope, O.P. The decision of the Biblical Commission in 1907 on the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, did not define the Mosaic authorship, but merely decided that the contrary was not proven. It allowed the claim that Moses may have used documents, and that there may be in the Pentateuch portions posterior to Moses. But what does "higher criticism" do? It attempts, upon the basis of the different names applied to the Deity, to distinguish the different documents in the Pentateuch, and to date them. It must depend for this on "lower" or textual criticism. But "higher" critics argue solely from the Massoretic Hebrew text, of which the oldest existing manuscript dates from only the tenth century.

This text is the result of a revision or series of revisions based upon principles of which we are ignorant, and the Septuagint manuscripts prove the existence in the two centuries before Christ of a Hebrew text current in Egypt very different from the present one. The same situation obtained when St. Jerome made his careful translation from the Hebrew at the close of the fourth century of our era. How do we know but that the Hebrew scribes from the Restoration downwards did not "edit" the text of the Law, as the Massoretes of the Christian era "edited" the text to suit their own purposes? We know that they "edited" the Psalter. At any rate, valid higher criticism cannot neglect the Septuagint and the Vulgate. —*The Irish Theological Quarterly,* October.

A Great French Bishop. By F. Delerne. Monsignor Dupont des Loges, Bishop of Metz from 1843 to 1886, was, with Cardinals Pie, Guibert, and Lavigerie, Monsignor Dupanloup and Monsignor Freppel, one of the ornaments of the French hierarchy of the last century. He prevented the fatal Guizot education proposal of 1844, and hailed with joy the law of 1850, from which so many blessings to Catholic schools later came. He unmasked the Emperor's alliance with Cavour, which led to the loss of the Papal States; he sounded the alarm against the atheistic and Masonic Education League, founded by Jean Macé in 1866. In the war with Germany, Monsignor des Loges showed himself ever the patriot; in later distresses the pastor and tender friend. He advised the German Emperor to abandon the Kulturkampf and to

come to terms with Leo XIII.—*Revue Clergé Français,* September 15.

Sociological Morality in the Primary School. By Léon Désers. M. Emile Durkheim, in his new course at the Sorbonne, announces that he will treat of the teaching of the new sociological morality in the primary school. His earliest productions in 1892 were received with scorn, but leaped into favor as "scientific" after the Dreyfus affair united former opponents in a common hatred of Catholic traditions. For M. Durkheim God is only society transfigured, and the moral law bids us do what society is doing, in a word, what is legal. It is not difficult to foresee the results if we preach to primary school children to do what they see being done around them. For their elders society can, if it will, make legal, and, therefore, moral, drunkenness, gambling, and all sins of the flesh.—*Revue Pratique d'Apologétique,* October 1.

German Catholic Congress. By Joseph Boubée. August 17th to 21st marked the Sixtieth General Assembly of Catholics at Metz, Germany. For the convenience of those attending from the Alsatian-Lorraine State, a special section was set aside where the French language was spoken entirely. The chief presiding officer was Prince Aloys de Loewenstein. The Holy Father sent a special letter, which was read to his assembled children. In the past these Congresses have been dedicated to men like Ketteler, Windthorst, foremost in the van fighting for their beloved faith, and this year it was dedicated to Kölping, the Father of Workers. The first and chief address was delivered by the Bishop of Spires, on the liberty granted to the Church by Constantine. The Bishop contrasted it with conditions existing in Germany to-day under what remains of the Kulturkampf—the prohibiting of the Jesuits, Lazarists and Madames of the Sacred Heart from performing their special work in the empire.

Count Frederic de Galen, Deputy at the Reichstag, also delivered a stirring address against this law of exception. Monsignor Schweizer delivered a panegyric on Kölping, reviewing his life and his work. Many other addresses were made dealing with the social works of the Catholics of Germany.—*Études,* September 20.

A Missionary Congress. By Benoît Emonet. From August 27th until September 4th of this year was held the second session

of a Congress of Missionaries at Louvain. Last year it had a humble beginning, but this year it took on an international aspect, numbering delegates from Austria, Holland, Germany, France, England, Italy, and other countries. The delegates were chiefly missionaries who had spent years in labor among heathen peoples, but were now mostly engaged in training others to enter that field at a future date. The religions of these various heathen people were viewed from a psychological and theological standpoint, and all the allied sciences were called into play for a better understanding of all that was peculiar to these various religions. The religions treated this year were mostly of the East and Africa. The Congress closed on September 4th. It will meet again in two years in Germany.—*Études,* September 20.

The Tablet (September 20): *The Catacombs at Grotta-Ferrata:* These catacombs have remained hidden from the fourth century, and, therefore, all the bodies laid in the *loculi* still repose beneath their sealed slabs. The article deals with the inscriptions and frescoes thus far uncovered since Lanciani in 1905 drew attention to the spot. Excavations continue.——*Continuity:* Bishop Vaughan writes the editor that the Anglicans support their "continuity" theory not by facts, since even Protestant historians admit the facts prove non-continuity, but because, as the Anglican Canon M. MacCall wrote, "Concede that the Church of England starts from the reign of Henry VIII. and of Elizabeth, and you surrender the whole ground of controversy with Rome."——*Reported Cures at Lourdes:* An account of the cures of the deafness of two Irish priests, Fathers Lynch and Kearnan. Other cures are noted with fewer details.——*Distress Among Catholic Albanians:* Winter is coming on, and the Catholics of this country are in dire need of clothing and food. Their lands were devastated by the recent Balkan War, and hence they are without means.——Father Greggio, S.J., submits a missionary's report of the Kevango Mission, wherein it is stated that if the birth rate and infantile mortality rate continue, the negroes in contact with the whites must eventually die out. One of the reasons for this is "the abrupt overthrow of native customs and moral standards caused by intercourse with the whites."——Commenting on an article discussing the advisability of suicide published in the organ of the German "Monist" Society, the writer calls attention to the statistics of Father Krose on the subject published seven years ago in two supplements of

the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach.* The areas of the greater prevalence of the evil are limited almost entirely to Protestant districts.——*The Truth About Beatifications:* A statement was made in the *Southern Daily Echo* to the effect that apparently no Englishmen or Americans have been beatified or canonized in the last four hundred years, although four hundred and sixteen persons have been accorded this title within that time. The editor publishes a letter showing that sixty-three Englishmen have been beatified, the cause of two hundred and fifty-three English martyrs has been introduced, and St. Rose of Lima was canonized in 1671.——*A New Appreciation of Matthew Paris and Bishop Grosseteste,* by Father Thurston, S.J. Among other things discussed in a recently-published series of lectures by Mr. A. L. Smith, Fellow of Balliol, dealing with the good and evil of England's connection with Rome, is the reliability of Matthew Paris, the mediæval chronicler.

(September 27): *France and the Holy See:* The politicians of France are beginning to realize that diplomatic relations with the Holy See must be resumed not only for the sake of internal peace, but also to preserve prestige abroad, especially in the East. There France owes her influence to the protectorate which she exercises over all Christians. This Italy and Germany are very eager to take from her, and probably will do so if France does not change her policy.——*Where Strikes are not Allowed:* Statement of the laws of various countries in reference to permission of strikes and lockouts. No comment is made as to the success or failure of any.

The Month (October): *"Souperism" in Ireland:* Father Keating exposes the traffic in souls through sham philanthropy in Ireland. He describes how "souperism," "so-called from the practice of giving doles of soup to the starving inhabitants of Ireland during the great famine, in some cases on condition of their profession of Protestantism," has been and is now being practised by Protestant societies which are financed by the wealth of bigots. He traces the history of this form of bribery through the early days of State control of education and charity to the present time in "the private 'souper' institutions that flourish in Ireland." "Great as were the efforts made in these distant days," he writes, after citing some figures from the report of the Irish Church Missions in 1878, "we are assured that never, at any rate in Dublin, were more children in danger of losing their faith than at present."

He concludes with a warm indorsement of the Catholic Protection and Rescue Society, founded recently to combat this evil, and shows that its work must lie in the economic as well as the religious field, since the most efficacious cure would be the elimination of the conditions which make "souperism" possible.——*Jottings About Cardinal Newman,* by E. Belasis. "Writing by the way," as Mr. Belasis terms the manner of his paper, he gives us intimate glimpses of Newman's very various intellectual and emotional attitudes. His taste in fiction; his "downright" trust in St. Anthony of Padua; his attachment to his friends' portraits and letters.——*The Anti-Irish Riots of 1736,* by Herbert Thurston, S.J. A history of the anti-Irish riots which occurred in England in 1736, and which were due to the employers and farmers hiring Irish labor, which, owing to the poverty of Ireland, could be employed at lower wages than English. This led to a feeling of discontent among the native laborers, and culminated in several serious outbreaks of lawlessness. The riots were of short duration, and were quickly put down by the authorities, but, as Father Thurston remarks, "were kindled into flame once more by Lord George Gordon in the riots of 1780, which Dickens has immortalized in *Barnaby Rudge.*" He analyzes the prejudices that led to the riots, and the economic causes which made Irish labor cheaper to hire than English.

The Irish Theological Quarterly (October): Rev. J. Byrne O'Connell, Ph.D., contributes an article on philosophic idealism, giving some of the reasons which have led to its present popularity, and some general lines of defence for scholastic realism.——Rev. Francis Rota, S.J., under the heading *A Modern Mysticism,* describes theosophy as presented by Mrs. Annie Besant, and shows its resemblances to Modernism.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (October): Rev. P. Coffey, Ph.D., announces the plan and hoped-for results of the National Catholic Total Abstinence Congress to be held in Dublin next summer.——*False Christs,* by Rev. George L. Hitchcock, D.D. Since the year A. D. 30, when our Lord foretold the coming of false Christs, seven men have appeared, each claiming to be the Messiah. These form a strange series: Barcochba, A. D. 132; the Cretan Moses, 427; Serenus, 720; David Alroy, 1160; Abubafia, 1284, and Shabbethai Zebhi, 1666. The life of the last was far the most romantic. Certainly the popular notions of a false Christ are little

justified by such instances, but then they have absorbed other elements, for example, from the Apocalypse. A sect of Sabbatians was formed by the followers of the last named, which is not extinct even at the present day.——Rev. Father Alfred, O.S.F.C., describes the oratory of Bossuet and Bourdaloue, particularly as regards their court sermons. In Bossuet the most sublime eloquence was joined to a master mind. The beauty and strength of Bourdaloue's preaching reflected his religious life. Both reverenced the king, yet rebuked his vices; both were worthy bearers of the divine message, ready to do as well as to preach.——Rev. Stanislaus M. Hogan, O.P., attacks the article in the *Catholic Encyclopedia* on Savonarola, contributed by Monsignor Johann P. Kirsch. It is not by any means an impartial summary of the question. It is unsatisfactory and incomplete, and is not written in the light of recent evidence. Father Hogan asserts that Savonarola was not disobedient; he did not "set about calling a Council in opposition to the Pope;" that he did not "refuse obedience" to the Brief of November 7, 1496, that the sentence of excommunication which he was declared to have incurred on account of his disobedience to that Brief, was consequently null and void, and that no writings of the friar have been placed on the Index as being heretical or as savoring of heresy, a conclusion which any reader of the *Encyclopedia* article might legitimately infer.——*Concerning Confessions of Converts,* by Rev. W. B. O'Dowd. What is the value of these "confessions of converts?" It shows that converts are not always led to the faith by a methodical way; by argument cunningly fitted into argument; that much must be taken on faith, and that we cannot expect an exhaustive solution of all religious problems before giving our assent to the Church's claims; that the final impulse is brought about not only in unexpected ways, but often in ways which are, to human seeming, grotesquely inapposite. Mr. Cecil Chesterton had for his first pedagogue in the faith Professor Huxley. His brother was brought at least to Christianity by Huxley, Spencer, and Bradlaugh, and Miss Anstice Baker says: "People little thought, who lent me bitter books against Catholicism, how much they were helping me to become a Catholic."

Le Correspondant (September 25): Pierre de Quirielle presents a study of M. Émile Ollivier, who has recently died after finishing seventeen volumes of the history of the Liberal Empire. They include a defence of his action as Cabinet Minister when

France declared war in 1870 against Germany.——C. Looten describes the Princess de Robecq (1729-1760) and her hatred for the Encyclopædists, Diderot and d'Alembert. After Louis XV. withdrew his patronage from their work and caused its material ruin, she induced Palissot to produce a drama, "The Philosophers," which covered them with ridicule. Revenge, not religion, was her motive, though religion profited by her act.——The Gardens of the Chateau of Choisy-Le-Roi, which came into the possession of Louis XV. in 1739, and were magnificently arranged by him, are described by Jean Monval. The castle valued at 1,140,800 livres in 1791, was sold with the park in 1797 for 701,000 francs, showing the effects of the Revolution.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (September 15): *Galileo and the Inquisition,* by A. Villien, is a review of the Galileo case, with particular mention of two valuable books which have recently been published dealing with this subject: *L'Inquisition et l'Hérésie, à propos de l'affaire Galilée,* by Abbé Leon Garzend, and in Italy *Galileo e l'Inquisizione,* by A. Tavaro, who by special favor has had access to the documents on Galileo preserved in the archives of the Holy Office.——*Rationalist Preaching,* by L. Cl. Fillion. An examination of rationalist sermons reveals numerous contraditions. In theory the preachers reject the Fourth Gospel, the Epistle of St. James, etc., but in practice they use them just as the other Apostolic writings. They are much more Christian than they wish to avow. "Preaching liberal Christianity" is easy to say, but it is a contradiction in terms.

(October 1): M. de Gailhard-Bancel points out many gaps in the report published by M. Brival-Gaillard, in *La Revue* of last July 1st, on the question of the attendance at Sunday Mass. The compiler overlooked many Masses, many chapels. He included, as if members of a parish, the non-Catholics within its limits, who of course do not attend Mass. He overlooked the fact that some 20,000 persons are, according to a census taken in 1902, prevented by the nature of their work from attending Mass on Sunday. He gave as the total number of practical Catholics in Paris 118,600, or one out of twenty-three, whereas the most recent official figures for the Easter season give a total of 314,000 Easter communions in fifty-eight out of the seventy-eight parishes. Many others attach themselves to the Church in the great crises of life, and so cannot be rigorously excluded from the number of Catholics.

Revue du Clergé Français (September 15): Max Turmann describes the social efforts of French Catholics for the working youth. Playgrounds for the children, with catechism classes after exercise, offer an opportunity for capable directors to influence the plastic minds for good; the Sunday society, into which the Thursday classes are graduated on becoming apprentices, continues, after Mass, this healthful exercise. Conferences are given during the day, and a religious ceremony reunites all at the close. The library facilities thus far are not generally adapted to the class that would use them. St. Vincent de Paul societies, savings funds and benefit organizations as protection against death are special features. The writer favors the "declared" or incorporated form where the society can hold property and defend its rights as a moral person.——Charles Calippe describes the "community" life of three secular priests in the diocese of Versailles, who live together and care for nine parishes. Each cares especially for three parishes, the other two assist; preaching missions, entertainments, all activity, are thus the object of interest for all three priests.——Monsignor Touchet, Bishop of Orleans, delivered a eulogy, here quoted, of "The Missionary and the French Soldiers in Africa," in connection with a proposal to erect a church at Dakar as a cathedral of the vicariate-apostolic, and a monument to the dead sons of France.

(October 1): The teaching of catechism should, says C. F. Fournier, be, as far as possible, apologetic and persuasive. Children must be taught through stories as our Lord taught by means of parables, but they must be made to see the insufficiency of any images to represent the greatness of the reality. On the other hand, abstract and difficult terms should be avoided with equal care. In the arrangement of the matter, we should adopt the plan of standard theologians, for example, Tanquerey, with slight changes.

Études (September 20): *Salvation,* by Xavier-Marie le Bachelet. This is the first installment of an article on the salvation of the infidel, as the result of a recent work on the subject by Louis Caperan, professor in the Grand Seminary of Agen. This has been a live question in every age, and the writer shows the methods in use at various stages in the Church's history for meeting this problem, in the early or infant Church, and also during the scholastic age, and since the latter period, citing quotations from the leading theologians and apologists of the different ages.

Recent Events.

France.

The President has been making what may be called a progress through the Limousin district, and has been received with enthusiasm by both the town and country people. He was accompanied by so large a number of friends and supporters that the train of motor cars in which they traveled was something like five miles in length. It ought to be stated, however, that for the sake of avoiding the dust, five hundred yards was placed between each car. At Limoges the butchers of the city claimed the privilege of receiving the President, on the ground that the reception of the Kings of France had been granted to their guild by Louis VIII. in the thirteenth century. The only people who showed the President the least discourtesy were the Socialists. They refused in any way to recognize him. This, however, has not prevented the good effect produced by the President's visit.

The Republic has recently taken a step which involves some slight recognition of the Christian religion. In the event of a warship being in a foreign port on Good Friday, it is to recognize the day in the usual official way. The reason for this is, however, merely political. France claims to be the protector of Catholics in Syria, and it seemed to the rest of the world somewhat incongruous, to say the least, that this claim should be made by a nation that was giving every mark of having abjured that religion. That this was the case, was made clear by what took place at the port of Athens last Good Friday. Several warships of different nationalities happened to be in that port; everyone of them, with the exception of the French, paid the usual marks of honor to the day. This omission was brought forth as an argument against the French claim. Hence the new order. It is, however, expressly provided that it does not apply to ships when in French ports. France officially, in its own ports, is to remain purely pagan. The Radicals, however, are greatly displeased, and are going to bring up the question at the reassembling of Parliament.

The understanding with Great Britain is now so cordial, that the project of making a tunnel to connect the two countries has been revived. Some years ago it was definitely rejected by the British government. Then, however, France and England were

far from being on good terms. It is very doubtful, however, whether England will give up its insularity.

The visit of the President to Spain is looked upon as marking a new era in the relations between the two countries. French action in Morocco had produced a coolness in these relations, and something more than a coolness. No secret is made of the political character of the President's visit. Coöperation in Morocco between the two Powers will, it is thought, be one of the results. Spain has for some months been engaged in endeavoring to suppress the uprising of the tribes dwelling in the zone assigned to her. To bring these to an end the military coöperation of France is desirable. Alterations in the tariff are another subject of discussion. There are some who think that even the entry of Spain into the concert of the Great Powers may be brought about.

Germany.

Great mortification was felt in Germany on account of the utter collapse of the Turkish troops in the conflict with Bulgaria. For many years the army had been drilled and organized by German officers under the chief control of Marshal von der Goltz. Hence the defeat of Turkey was regarded as almost a defeat of Germany. Correspondingly great was the satisfaction felt when the King of the Hellenes, in the course of his recent visit to Berlin, declared that next to the heroic courage and self-sacrifice of his own troops, the great successes were due to the well-tested Prussian principles of the conduct of war. This tribute to the excellence of German military training produced feelings almost of resentment in France, for the Greek army, for some two years before the outbreak of the war, had been trained by French officers under the command of General Eydoux. This resentment went so far as to render it possible that the French government might recall the French officers from Greece. Nor did the visit subsequently made by King Constantine to Paris, and his speech upon that occasion, altogether remove the impression of disappointment.

Some little satisfaction, however, was given to the feelings of the French by the expression by a Cabinet Minister of Turkey of the deep gratitude felt by the Ottoman Empire for the financial support it had received from France. It was now Germany's turn to take umbrage, and it went so far as to make representations, through its Ambassador at Constantinople, of the regret caused in Germany by utterances so favorable to France. The fact that in

both France and Germany the legislative bodies are not in session, is doubtless the reason why so much notice has been taken of these trivialities.

The same reason may account, at least in some measure, for the attention attracted by the Socialist Congress which has been held this year at Jena, as very little was accomplished at that Congress. It was unable to find a leader to take the place of the late August Bebel. On this account Herr Ebert and Herr Hasse were elected Presidents with equal rights. The proceedings were mainly occupied with the internal dissensions which have become characteristic of Socialism. There is an extreme party which does not wish to make use of any of the established institutions of the country, even were it possible by these means to accomplish its common aims. The more moderate party, on the other hand, thinks it expedient to adopt any and every feasible means. In fact, in the last Reichstag, the Socialists supported the government's proposals for raising money for the army because in their view they were of a socialist character, even though this support involved at least a condonation of militarism. This procedure was much discussed at the Congress, and by a vote of three hundred and thirty-six to one hundred and forty the extremists were defeated in their effort to have it condemned. This was also the fate of the proposal of a general strike as a means of securing a reform of the Prussian franchise. The latter was defeated by one hundred and ninety-one votes. There are those who think that German Socialism has arrived at a very critical stage in its history. Notwithstanding the fact that it is by far the largest single party in the Reichstag, it has no influence upon legislation commensurate with its numerical strength. Dissatisfaction with want of result is becoming widely felt. Now that it is left without a leader, the outlook is made still more uncertain.

The opposite pole of organized German opinion is represented by the Pan-German League. This association has been holding a meeting at Breslau, at which Major-General Keim, President of the Defence League, stated that it was a grave delusion to suppose that the recent army bill was the last word of Germany's military policy. He gave utterance to the somewhat paradoxical opinion that the more correct were the relations of the German Empire with other countries, the smaller was its prestige. The improvement in the relations with England gave the Major-General no real ground for satisfaction. Self-renunciation was too much

the characteristic of the government's policy. Enormous sacrifices were being exacted for the sake of the army and navy, with no defined object. This ought to be changed. Germany must demand her share in Asiatic Turkey, should partition come about, and must never waive her rights to a share of the Portuguese colonies. The national antagonism of the Boer race to the British must be fostered and kept alive, and for this purpose the maintenance of German feeling among the Boers was a vital necessity. There is no reason to think that these opinions are shared by any very large number of Germans. The outlook for the future would be dark indeed if such were the case.

Spain.

The Liberal Ministry, of which Count Romanones is the head, still retains office, but its power is very much limited by the dissensions which exist among the members of the party. Señor Garcia Prieto, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, is credited with the desire to supplant the present Premier as leader. The differences are, however, more fundamental—a real disagreement in policy. Señor Prieto disapproves of the very arbitrary course taken by Count Romanones in closing the sittings of Parliament for practically the whole of the year, thereby abolishing the constitutional system and setting up a dictatorship. The methods which have been adopted in Morocco, in the effort to suppress the rising of the tribes, are also condemned by the Foreign Ministers. More conciliatory measures than the systematic destruction of Moorish villages would be at once more civilized in character, and more efficacious in result. This is proved by the success with which has resulted from the methods adopted by the French.

It is still doubtful which of the two leaders will secure the support of the party. If Señor Prieto were called upon to form a government, it is his intention to bring into the Cabinet certain Republican elements represented by Señors Azcarate and Melquiades Alvarez, these having of late shown an inclination to the Monarchy.

Portugal.

The state of unrest still continues in Portugal. It is not, however, so much due to the Monarchists, as to those who are at the other extreme. The Syndicalists find their position worse under the rule of the Republic than it would have been under that of a King.

They have accordingly made an attempt upon the life of the Premier Senhor Costa. He who once caused others to live in fear of their lives, is now meeting with the same fate. The extreme pettiness of the Republican method of government is shown by the fact that a present to the ex-King, on the occasion of his marriage, was detained in Lisbon because it had upon it the inscription, "To the King of Portugal from his subjects in Lisbon."

A mitigation of the harsh treatment accorded to the Royalists has been conceded, but it by no means satisfies the demands made by the English Committee which has taken the matter in hand.

The African natives in the islands of Säo Thome and Principe have for many years been subjected to what is virtually a state of slavery. Repeated protests have been made on their behalf, with very little result until recently. On February 8th of the present year, a decree was issued by which many thousands have been emancipated. It is now officially stated that this decree will be scrupulously carried out, that it will remedy all injustices, and will close with a key of gold the long series of remedial measures which have been taken.

The Balkans.

Turkey retains the possession of Adrianople; and not only of Adrianople, but of Kirk Kilisse and Dimotika, as well as of the large district looked upon as necessary for the easier defence of those towns. Bulgaria is left in the possession of a stretch of coast on the Ægean, with the port of Dedeagatch, but the railway communication with this port will for some time have to be through the district which has again become Turkish. In fact, while Greece has doubled her territory as a result of the war, and Servia has added seventy-five per cent, Bulgaria's gain amounts to only ten per cent. This is the situation as settled by the treaty made between Turkey and Bulgaria on the 29th of September. The Treaty of London, by which the Enos-Midia line was made the boundary of Turkey in Europe, is declared by the new treaty to be binding on both parties, except in so far as express changes have been made.

Before, however, the new treaty was signed, what was called in Constantinople the third war of the Balkans had broken out. The Albanians included in the district assigned to Servia rose against their new overlords, whom they hate far more than they did the Turks. Several towns were seized, the Servians being driven out.

The rising was so formidable and so widespread that Servia was compelled to mobilize a large part of her army. Danger of complications arose from the doubt whether the trouble was not mainly due to the Albanians included in the new State. In that event any attempt of Servia to carry the war into Albania would have brought Austria, and perhaps Italy, into the field. Thereupon there would have been renewed the danger of a general war. Servia's action, however, was so prompt, and her policy at the same time so prudent, that there is reason to hope that these complications may be avoided. So far she seems to have become master of the situation within her own borders, and to be unwilling to go beyond them. The third war, therefore, has been averted.

But for what may be yet another war, insurance policies are being taken out in London. Turkey and Greece have not yet been able to make a treaty of peace. In this case it is the possession of the Ægean Islands that is the chief point at issue. So successful has Turkey been in securing the possession of Adrianople, that she is now encouraged to claim the Ægean Islands which border on Asia, although she had renounced the possession of them by the Treaty of London. The situation became so threatening that King Constantine, who had just begun a holiday in England, had to hasten back to join his army. Turkish forces were being massed on the seacoast of Asia. One of the surprising features of the new situation was the apprehension felt by the Greeks that Bulgaria had entered into an alliance with Turkey, and that the new conflict would be waged with her former ally and her former enemy in combination. No surprise, however, need be felt at the renewal at any time of a conflict in the Balkans. The settlement is so little of a settlement that anything may be expected. In fact it is only the exhaustion brought about by the wars that have recently been brought to an end, that has led to the cessation of hostilities. As soon as any one of these States feels itself strong enough to change the situation, the attempt will be made.

For hundreds of years Serbs, Greeks, and Bulgarians have been on the very worst of terms, murdering and massacring each other in turn; changing even their religion, such as it is, for the sake of an ultimate enlargement of territory and with the object of securing, each for itself, a district inhabited exclusively by its own race. And what is the result so far attained? In the district allotted to Greece by the Treaty of Bukarest there are 250,000 Bulgarians; in that allotted to Servia, while there are only 50,000

Serbs, the Bulgarians number 467,000, and the Albanians 400,000; while Rumania deprived Bulgaria of some 300,000 Bulgarians.

At the beginning of the war the fact that religious services were frequently performed with great solemnity, the whole of the armies and the people taking part in them, seemed to indicate a deep-seated reverence for God, and a desire both to secure His blessing, and to make themselves worthy of it. The atrocities, however, which have been committed as the war proceeded, and even after its conclusion, make it clear that the Eastern identification of Church and State has not led to any real change of the barbarous primeval instincts. "Things have been done worse than have ever taken place since the time of Christ," are the words of a Greek soldier, occasioned by the deeds of his fellow-soldiers which he had seen with his own eyes. Denials have been made as complete as have been the accusations, but truthfulness is not a conspicuous characteristic of these races, and these denials have not been believed. A Commission, however, is investigating the whole matter, and its report will, it is to be hoped, settle the question.

An International Commission has taken over the administration of affairs in Albania. This Commission is, in the first place, to establish order in this the latest offspring of European statecraft; after order is established it is to hand over its powers to the Prince who is to be appointed by the Great Powers. This will be no easy task, for order is not loved by any of the many tribes of Albanians. These tribes value nothing so much as their independence, which they have kept from the remotest time, their subjection to Turkey being only in name. They are as much divided among themselves as from the rest of the world, and are as jealous of each other. In religion, ninety-two per cent are Moslems, the descendants of ancestors who abandoned the Christian faith. To them was entrusted the defence of the Sultan's person. For this service it was that they were left in the possession of the freedom of which they are so fond, and which they are not likely to renounce for the sake of any International Commission or Prince whom Europe may appoint to rule over them.

Turkey.

The successful effort made by Turkey, which resulted in the recovery of Adrianople, was due to the Committee of Union and Progress. Its power had for sometime been waning, but, as nothing succeeds like success, the destinies of the Ottoman Empire

are now in its keeping, although they are the men to whom the loss of Macedonia is due. Many who profess to have at heart the welfare of Turkey, doubt the wisdom of the attempt now being made by the Turks to continue to maintain their place in Europe. More wise, it is thought, would they be if they were to devote themselves to the consolidation of their dominion in Asia, and to the carrying out of the many reforms there necessary. They had, in fact, just before the more recent events, proposed a plan for the decentralization of these Provinces, and a scheme of reform had been prepared. British advisers even had been appointed to carry the scheme into effect. Nothing, however, has of late been heard of the complete execution of the scheme. It is, in fact, entirely alien to the spirit of those who are now in power, who glory in the all-sufficiency and supreme excellence of the Ottoman State.

The experience which the Young Turks have had of the futility of the efforts made by the Concert of the Powers to drive them out of Adrianople, gives them good reason to glory. The most the Concert had been able to do is to keep its members from making war with each other. The only thing besides this has been the making of the new State of Albania, and this has already been the cause of great evils, and promises to be the cause of still more. Instead of being able to inflict upon Turkey the chastisement she deserved for breaking the Treaty of London, all the Powers are now, with the possible exception of Russia, suing for privileges and concessions at her hands. France, in return for certain railway concessions, is ready to advance a loan of something like a hundred millions to promote the rehabilitation of the Turkish finances; Italy has obtained concessions in Asia Minor; Germany's interest in the Baghdad Railway makes her anxious for Turkey's good will, and Great Britain, as the greatest Mussulman Power, is afraid to excite the ill-will of her own subjects in India.

So little has been heard, since the breaking out of the Balkan War, of the Parliament that used to sit at Constantinople, that it might as well have been abolished. It seems, however, that such is not to be its fate. It is proposed, however, that it is only to sit for four months of each year, and that the Sultan's power of dissolution is to be increased. The Heir-Apparent to the throne, in a published interview, gave expression to some principles of government which were very shocking to the ears of orthodox Turks. Princes, he said, were for the people, not the people for princes. The country should not be the domain of the princes. The Mus-

sulman religion, he declared, was based on democracy, and does not accept aristocratic exclusiveness. The special position of the princes should be recognized, but they must at all times have contact with the people. The Parliamentary system can never injure the prestige of the sovereign, and the strengthening of the democracy cannot result in the weakening of the aristocracy. The publication of these sentiments was so obnoxious to those in authority, that the newspaper in which they appeared was suspended, and the functionary responsible for the publication dismissed.

Persia.

A few months ago so desperate was the state of Persia, that well-informed writers declared that that ancient kingdom was on its deathbed. Of late, however, things have taken a turn for the better. The Regent has returned, and has taken upon himself the exercise of those duties which for some fifteen months he has been neglecting. The Cabinet Ministers who had gone abroad have imitated the example of their ruler. The Cabinet has been re-constituted. Elections for a new Mejliss are being held, although the experience of the past holds out little hope of the usefulness of such a step. It is, however, proposed that to the new Mejliss very little power will be entrusted. The brother of the ex-Shah, Salar-ed-Dowleh, has given over his efforts to secure the throne, and—for a consideration—has definitely retired into exile. Most important of all, the revenues are proving sufficient, not only to pay administrative expenses, but for the service of the loans already issued. It is even thought that Persia is now in a position to justify the issue of the large loan which is declared to be necessary for the maintenance of order.

A fair measure of success has attended the efforts of the gendarmerie, under the command of Swedish officers, to suppress the brigandage which has for so long a time rendered trade almost impossible. Several projects for building railways for the development of the country are being actively promoted. The chief source of anxiety is the continued occupation of the North by Russian troops—whether it is the fixed policy of the Imperial Government that they should remain with a view to its absorption of this district into the Russian Empire. The loyalty of this district is somewhat doubtful. But, on the whole, it may be said that there is ground for hope for at least the prolonged existence of almost the most ancient of the world's kingdoms.

China.

The Chinese Republic has at last secured a definite status. A President has been elected, the new form of government has been recognized by the Powers. The Consortium which has hitherto restricted China's independent action as to finance has been abolished. The rebellion has been suppressed, at least, for the time being. At one moment there was imminent danger of that foreign intervention which has been so much dreaded, as sure to lead to the break-up of the country, and to a scramble of the Powers for the fragments.

In the course of the capture of Nanking, the soldiers of the Republic shot without any justification three natives of Japan. This so incensed the Japanese people that they forced their government to make demands for reparation, which were very distasteful to the Chinese. For a time it appeared probable that no satisfaction would be given, the more so because China had grave reason to complain of the Japanese, perhaps more reason than had the Japanese to complain of China. Indeed, there is no doubt that the rebellion of the South met with the open sympathy, and even received the support, not merely of Japanese citizens, but also of its consular agents in China. China, however, was powerless, and on the appearance of ten warships in the Yangtsze, complied with most of the conditions laid down by Japan, thereby securing the integrity of the country. For if Japan had seized upon any part of Chinese territory, it would have been the signal for other Powers taking similar action, and perhaps of a war between them for the division of the spoils. It is, indeed, not yet quite certain that the danger is completely averted.

That there is among the four hundred millions of Chinese only one man who is recognized as fit to be President, shows the degree of degradation to which that once mighty Empire has been reduced. For Yuan Shih-kai has not been chosen because of the high regard in which he is held, nor of his devotion to the Republic. He was, in fact, opposed to its establishment, and publicly declared that he did not look upon its people as sufficiently educated, or at all prepared for self-government. His conduct since he has been the provisional President, has showed that his conviction has not changed. He has, in fact, acted more like a dictator than as the representative of the people. The office has not been thrust upon him; on the contrary, he has sought the office, and by methods which will not bear close examination. In short

Yuan Shih-kai is the first President of the Republic of China because there was no serious alternative candidate, and because he was in a position to exercise force over the National Assembly. The loan recently obtained was largely influential, not merely in his election, but in the suppression of the recent rebellion. For great as is the power of money in other countries, there is none in which it is so great as among the disciples of Confucius. In the recent rebellion, the navy openly offered its services to the highest bidder.

Well-informed authorities say that the recent rebellion had no definite political aims. There was, indeed, a great deal of talk about the rights of the people and the forms of constitutional government, but the real aims of the soldiers on both sides were the gains that could be made. There was no such thing as either loyalty or disloyalty. The rebels in one of the towns were paid sixteen dollars apiece for surrendering their arms. Those bought off in one place proceeded to another with the expectation of receiving similar treatment. When there was no money with which they could be appeased, the country people were made to suffer; for the soldiers, whether regulars or rebels, proceeded to wholesale looting. This has become so common that it may be considered at present the normal state of China. Even in the highest ranks no limit is to be placed to the dishonesty that exists. It was partly for this reason that the Six Powers united for the purpose of securing some control over the issue of loans. China was ever ready to borrow, and to make all kinds of promises, but took not the least pains to keep these promises. In fact, the conditions under which the most recent loan were made have been already violated. The Consortium has now been broken up, so far as regards the main object, and China is at liberty to make her own terms with nations singly or with individuals. It remains to be seen which will suffer most, China or its creditors.

With Our Readers.

OUR readers have no doubt read with regret of the death of Canon Patrick Sheehan at Doneraile, Ireland, on October 6th. Through his *Triumph of Failure* and *My New Curate,* Canon Sheehan had long since won for himself a permanently high place in English letters. We believe that his worthiness to occupy an exceptionally high place, will be more and more appreciated as time goes on. Canon Sheehan was a frequent contributor to the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and his story *Lisheen* ran as a serial in its pages.

THE sermon preached in St. Patrick's Cathedral on Labor Day by Rt. Rev. Monsignor D. J. McMahon, which received uncommon notice next morning from the influential newspapers of New York, is now published in the form of a small pamphlet, and will doubtless be extensively read. The subject selected fitted the important occasion. The title of the pamphlet is *The Dignity and Conditions of Labor.* The predominant idea throughout, as was to be expected, is that men and nations in their endeavor to right economic wrongs, and in particular to better the laborer's condition, must work in the light of our Lord's teaching, and keep a receptive ear for the living voice of His ever-watchful Church. A few apposite introductory sentences, followed by paragraphs on the duty and on the dignity of labor, lead up very naturally to the great and difficult discussion of the relations that should by right obtain between the employed and their employers. The vague, though profoundly true, principle that every man's rightful wage is precisely his own part in the production of wealth, is not dwelt upon, but the preacher addresses himself to a solution of the knotty problem of determining the conditions which ought to preside over the fair distribution of the riches obtained by the joint labors of many, so as to give each his proper share. The prevailing principles of present-day economic science, which looks on "human labor simply as a commodity to be purchased and sold," must be superseded by the adoption of Christian truths, recognizing the labor of a man as essentially different from that of a machine.

In confirmation of this radical proposition, the great name and luminous teaching of the late Pope Leo are invoked. In emphasizing the right and bounden duty of the State to control wisely the conditions which govern capital and labor, production and the sharing of the general product, Monsignor McMahon is emphatic in conditioning

governmental action upon due recognition of Christian principles. The hard case of the unemployed thousands willing to work is stated, accompanied by facts and figures, and the solemn truth affirmed that every man is born into this world endowed with the inalienable right to live by the labor of his own hands and brain. Rejecting inadmissible theories and untenable socialistic programmes, this pamphlet unequivocally calls for a remedy that will set right the unquestionable wrong of a world system which denies to so many a fair opportunity of earning bread by the sweat of their brow, though the preacher perforce confesses his own inability to provide a satisfactory solution of a problem so pressing. Meanwhile he earnestly recommends prayerful patience to believers, who recognize that "here they have no abiding city."

THE fallacy underlying the present eugenics fad is that its champions work in the wrong direction. They work from the outside in instead of from the inside out. One of our reviewers gives in this issue of the magazine a telling review of a book that deals radically with the right welfare of human society. It is entitled *Social Renewal,* and the enthusiastic words of our reviewer lead us to say that we wish everyone would take it as his textbook.

The radical eugenists are working on the assumption that the man physically and mentally fit is the best man. To quote but one source of evidence—we will say that the records of every criminal court in history show such an assumption to be absolutely false. "It is a mistake," says the author, "to put the wrong thing first..... It is futile to imagine that the troubles of our country are due to this or that particular cause. It is false to ascribe them principally to slackness of trade.....or to want of education; or to marriages of the weak in body or mind; or to lack of good houses; or to excessive drinking, or to any partial cause whatsoever."

* * * *

THE evils to which the fad has already given rise are arousing the medical profession of the country. The *New York Medical Journal* lately said:

> The untimely expression of so-called "practical" eugenics in terms of statutes by legislators who know little or nothing of the subject, even though inspired by breeders' associations, statisticians, and enthusiasts, is bound to awaken a reaction among those who habitually consider all sides of a subject, particularly when hardships are to be inflicted upon human society, good as the motive may be.
>
> Suggestive in this connection are the remarks of Prof. Benson at the recent international congress, and which fortunately have been widely disseminated through the lay press: "I should be sorry," said this distinguished

investigator, "to see adopted the violent methods put to use in some parts of the United States. It is one thing to check the reproduction of hopeless defectives, but another to organize wholesale tampering with the structure of the population, such as will follow if any marriage not regarded by officials as eugenic is liable to prohibition."

* * * *

AT a meeting of the American Society for Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis, held in New York recently, Dr. Richard C. Cabot stated that sanitation may lead to immorality, while morality in its turn may produce insanitation. He added: "I believe in sanitation just so far as it does not interfere with morality, but many people believe in morality only just so far as it does not interfere with sanitation."

AS we go to press the second Missionary Congress, held under the auspices of the Catholic Church Extension Society of the United States, opens in Boston. Its proceedings will be followed with interest by every Catholic; and they will, we believe, bear much fruit for increased missionary activity both at home and abroad.

SOME years ago a few of the secular journals, and some few also of the Protestant press, were laying great stress on the magnitude of the "*Los von Rome*" movement in Germany. In their descriptions and their statistics, wishes were often the father of figures. Apropos of those statements, it is interesting to note here an account given in *The Christian Work and Evangelist* of *Protestant Decay in Germany and Catholic Growth*. The article is unsigned, and *The Christian Work* informs us that the writer is "a German correspondent in whom everybody has the greatest confidence." It is more than evident that the writer has no love for the Catholic Church, nor does he understand the reason of her growth. We simply wish to call attention to the fact that unwilling witness as he is, he testifies to that growth.

The correspondent of *The Christian Work* opens with a letter that he "recently received from one of the best known Protestant pastors in Germany:"

"'In my old age I grow concerned about the future of our beloved Church. I know that vital religion is ebbing from among us, and every detail of statistics proves to me that we are receding. The pill is made all the more bitter by the undoubted fact that ultramontanism is growing in our midst, and that the grave symptoms of decay or stagnation—whichever you like to call them—which affect us are not affecting Rome!'

"This is unquestionably true. Wherever we turn we find visible

proof of the activity and living growth of German Catholicism. A fortnight ago at Metz, in Lorraine, the Clerical Ultramontanes held their annual congress, and never before was there so much enthusiasm displayed, or were such glowing accounts rendered of progress all along the line of the Church's efforts. Prince and peasant, cardinal and deacon, rich and poor, were alike filled with a zeal and a belief in the destiny of their Church wholly unknown in Protestant Germany. When we turn to the outward and visible signs of progress, to numbers and results, what do we find? A few details will make clear the reasons which lie at the bottom of Catholic hopefulness and Protestant depression. Taking the entire population of the empire, the census returns show that Catholicism is growing more rapidly than Protestantism, that the faith of Rome absorbs a greater share of the increasing population than the faith of Luther. In the great Catholic fastness of Bavaria and the Rhenish provinces, Lutheranism has failed in its attacks on Rome, while in the hitherto exclusively Protestant regions, like Pomerania, Mecklenburg, and Brandenburg, we find the proportion of Catholics steadily mounting.

"There are only imperfect statistics available for the past two years with regard to the birth rate, but they all point in the direction of larger Catholic families. In Berlin and other large towns the general decline in the birth rate has become so remarkable that social reformers are at their wits' end to account for it; but when this phenomenon is more narrowly examined, we find that the decreasing birth rate is almost altogether confined to Protestant families. In the important Catholic provinces, where a majority of the population is of Slavic blood, families, in fact, are increasing in number. The Catholic priests take care that their people marry early, that they respect their marriage vows, and that they eschew the suicidal two-children system. The celebration of marriages within the churches is decreasing in Protestant Germany, the registry office taking the place of the church ceremony. Protestants in greater number than ever confine themselves to the civil function, which in all cases is compulsory. It is rare for a Catholic to neglect the offices of his priest in marriage. The same principle holds good at burials. More and more the Protestant, especially among the working classes, declines to ask the services of his pastor at the graveside. To a Catholic this would be impossible. The number of confirmations among Protestants does not keep pace with the increase in population. Among Catholics it does. Finally, we have the test of participation in the communion. Here there is a distinct decline in the Protestant churches. In Berlin and other huge centres of population this decline begins to be at a calamitous rate. There are big Berlin churches where it is rare for a man to be seen at communion, churches where during the past

ten years the number of male communicants has sunk fifty and sixty per cent. In Catholic churches, on the contrary, the number of communicants of both sexes is well maintained, and the priests have no complaints to make of decreasing numbers."

IN the same journal, *The Christian Work,* in a later issue, is an article entitled, *What We All Hold in Common.* It is written in a kindly spirit, and its aim is certainly laudable—to have Christians understand one another. Of the Holy Mass it asks: "Is Christ really there in that blaze of light, before that Roman Catholic Altar?" And it answers: "Yes, He is there." But when *The Christian Work* continues and states that Christ is just as truly present in the unpretentious meeting house, where there is no priest and no altar, and where two or three together eat bread in His name, it is stating something so untrue that the honest Protestant will deny it at once. The sixteenth century reformers denied the Mass, denied the Real Presence of Christ upon the Altar, termed it idolatry; hounded the priest to death, and broke the altar into pieces. The story of their work in England is effectively presented in a recent pamphlet, *What the Mass Cost,* by Abbot Gasquet, published by the Catholic Truth Society of England. And as Mr. Birrell said lately in speaking of the Catholic position, "It is the Mass that matters." There is a world, and a heaven, too, of difference between the Mass, wherein our Lord really and truly offers Himself again as the Savior of the world—between our Lord really and truly present in His own Body and Blood, His Soul and His Divinity upon our altar and in our tabernacle—and the simple eating of bread in His name. In the one case it is God with us as truly as God is in heaven: the God-made Man, Christ our Savior. In the other it is at best only His empty shadow. Perhaps because it is His shadow, and when done in sincere memory of Him, He, forgiving the pain that its perverted origin causes His heart, will bring forth light that will lead to an acceptance of His words and His truth.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Benziger Brothers, New York:
The Promises of the Sacred Heart. By Rev. J. McDonnell, S.J. 90 cents net. *Short Sermons.* (Third Series.) *The Saints.* By Rev. F. P. Hickey, O.S.B. $1.25 net. *Blind Maureen, and Other Stories.* By Eleanor F. Kelly. 60 cents net. *Saints and Festivals.* By Mother Mary Salome. $1.25 net. *The Government of the Church in the First Century.* By Rev. Wm. Moran. $1.50 net. *The Catholic Student's "Aids" to the Bible.* By H. Pope, O.P. $1.35 net. *Veneration of the Blessed Virgin.* By Rev. B. Rohner. 50 cents. *The Turn of the Tide.* By M. A. Gray. 50 cents. *Life of Christ.* By Rev. M. Cochem. 50 cents. *Bond and Free.* By J. Connor. 50 cents. *The Light of His Countenance.* By J. Harte. 50 cents. *Franciscan Tertiaries.* By Father William, O.S.F.C. $1.00 net. *Dion and the Sibyls.* By M. G. Keon. 50 cents. *The Little Marshalls at the Lake.* By M. F. Nixon-Roulet. 60 cents.

Fr. Pustet & Co., New York:
Diurnale Parvum. $1.25. *L'Educazione delle Giovinette Cattoliche.* Per Janet Erskine Stuart. *Relectio Analytica super controversia de Impotentia Feminæ ad Generandum.* Auctore G. Arendt, S.J.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York:
The Children's Hour of Heaven on Earth. 45 cents. *Little Pilate, and Other Spanish Stories.* By Rev. L. Coloma, S.J. Translated by E. M. Brookes. 80 cents net.

D. Appleton & Co., New York:
Woman in Science. By H. J. Mozans. $2.50 net.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
Spiritual Gleanings for Marian Sodalists. By Madame Cecilia. $1.00 net.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:
The Honour of the House. By Mrs. H. Fraser and J. I. Stahlmann. $1.30 net.

The Xavier Ephpheta Society, New York:
Ephpheta: A Prayer Book for the Deaf. 30 cents.

The Devin-Adair Co., New York:
Poems. By Sister M. Blanche. $1.00.

Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York:
Art in Spain and Portugal. By Marcel Dieulafoy. $1.50 net.

The Macmillan Co., New York:
Mother. By Kathleen Norris. 50 cents.

J. Fischer & Brother, New York:
Psalm in Notis. Vesper Psalter according to the Vatican Version. By E. Dethier.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia:
Your Child To-Day and To-Morrow. By S. M. Greenberg. $1.25 net.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston:
The Honourable Mr. Tawnish. By J. Farnol. $1.00 net. *The Old Franciscan Missions of California.* By G. H. James. $1.50 net.

E. R. Spear & Co., Rockland, Maine:
A True Interpretation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. By A. H. Ulmer. 25 cents.

Extension Magazine, Chicago:
The City and the World, and Other Stories. By F. C. Kelley.

B. Herder, St. Louis:
Compendium Theologiæ Dogmaticæ. Auctore C. Pesch, S.J. Tomus III. $1.60 net.

The Ave Marie, Notre Dame, Indiana:
Billy-Boy. By Mary T. Waggaman. 75 cents. *The Silence of Sebastian.* By A. T. Sadlier. $1.25.

The Caverns of Dawn Publishing Co., Plainfield, Indiana:
The Caverns of Dawn. By J. P. Voorhees. $1.25.

Australian Catholic Truth Society, Melbourne:
The Gospel: The Real Social Remedy. By Rev. S. M. Hogan, O.P. *The Church and Social Study.* By Rev. M. O'Byrne, O.P. Pamphlets. 1 penny each.

Plon-Nourrit et Cie, Paris:
Gustave III. et la rentrée du Catholicisme en Suède. Par P. Fiel et A. Serrière. 3 *frs.* 50.

P. Tequi, Paris:
Le Mystère de l'Incarnation. Par R. P. Édouard Hugon. 3 *frs.* 50. *Morale Surnaturelle: Les Commandements.* Par J.-C. Broussolle. 3 *frs.* 50.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XCVIII. DECEMBER, 1913. No. 585.

ON CERTAIN PHASES OF SOCIALISM.

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.

IT is to be expected that both the friends and the enemies of Socialism will disagree in defining it, in explaining it, and in judging the relative value of its elements. A fundamental movement like Socialism is not easily reduced to a definition, nor can one judgment be formulated which will take due account of the ins and outs of its varied activity and beliefs. Undoubtedly, some are made Socialists by reasoning. But hope and idealism, protest, hate, association, and temperament play their rôle in the development of the movement. It is scarcely to be denied that different Socialists get very different results out of their Socialism. They seek different things when they go into it. One whose mind refuses to take large and uncritical views of history and of the future, will not become a Socialist. One whose sympathies are narrow, and whose heart is untouched by the wider ethical feelings of one's time, is beyond the reach of Socialism. A man whose mental humility hinders him from inspecting the foundations of the social order without adequate preparation for the task, will scarcely become a Socialist. It is well, therefore, to take account of the personal equipment of those who accept Socialism. I would not for a moment underrate either the scholarship or the power of Socialist thinkers. Nor would I overlook the fact that what is here said concerning the acceptance or non-acceptance of Socialism, may be said with equal truth concerning the acceptance or rejection

Copyright. 1913. THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

of representative government, of a political party or of any fundamental view of life. The aim is merely to call attention to certain general phases which enter into the development of any popular movement that appeals to large numbers for endorsement. Just because these things are true in other circles, they are true in the case of Socialism. It may be helpful to show, in part, wherein this is the case.

I.

Popular movements reveal the deeper feelings of the race. We find on their turbulent surface parties, campaigns, vociferation, complaint, platforms, literature, and impassioned appeals. These are impressive in themselves, but they will be judged rightly only when we take them as symptoms of deeper moral energies which have been released into new activity, and seek the lines along which to flow. Fundamental moral intuitions have tremendous power. They master men. Men do not master them. Humanity tends ordinarily with irresistible force to obey them. It sees slowly, confusedly, and at times helplessly. But once its slow brain has worked out a fundamental moral concept, the masses hold to it until that one is replaced by another which is deeper still. When institutions and established ethical standards are in conflict with these judgments, processes are set in motion which will in the long run compel obedience. Unless institutions, in one way or in another, absorb and express and satisfy the clarified moral instincts of a people, the pathway to revolution is opened. Humanity does not back up. If it ever returns to a starting-point, the return is made by way of a circle, which permits the journey without the appearance of surrender.

The power of new popular movements lies primarily in the fact that these interpret life experience to the average man more satisfactorily than any other interpretation with which he is in touch. To the extent to which existing parties, organizations, institutions, and leaders express fundamental popular judgments, the action of the people will be conservative and orderly. We should not underrate the enduring power of popular moral feeling, even when it is set over against the currently accepted judgments of society. It has been observed before to-day that the great policies of the world have been suggested by unsophisticated men. The political life of society does not express its whole moral energy. The state is, after all, only a function of society. The reforms of an age rarely satisfy

its discontent. Even when new measures originate in the direct interests of the people, and in the beginning express well its stern demands, by the time reforms are securely established, they are so reduced in scope and diminished in efficiency as to fail to bring assurance or contentment. Conservatism always takes over the demonstrated judgments of radicalism and makes them its own, while radicalism is driven to the foot of the hill to commence again its weary ascent. Attitudes survive in the minds of the masses long after their demands have been granted. These surviving attitudes serve to perpetuate the sense of injustice by which the people are easily touched into action. Life changes constantly. The narrowing of opportunity, technical progress, new machinery of social control, widening vision, change of social pressure, improved methods of communication and travel, new planes of conflict among social interests are constantly testing established institutions at new points, and leading many to new complaint and more far-reaching demands.

New social movements which spring out of the hearts of the people, perform a rôle of fundamental social and political importance. They are prophetic because they point unerringly in the direction in which reform must go. They are of great present value, because they force upon the imagination of leaders the picture of very definite wrongs, and compel the retarded and often reluctant attention of statesmen. They are of great educational value to society as a whole, because with all of their mistakes they sharpen the social conscience and quicken the sense of justice.

> Statesmanship, if it is to be relevant, would obtain a new perspective on these dynamic currents; would find out the wants they express, and the energies they contain; would shape and direct and guide them. For unions and trusts, sects, clubs, and voluntary associations stand for actual needs. The size of their following, the intensity of their demands, is a fair index of what the statesman must think about. No lawyer created a trust though he drew up its charter; no logician made the labor movement or the feminist agitation. If you ask for what political purpose a nation is, a practical answer would be: it is its "movements." They are the social life. So far as the future is man-made, it is made of them. They show their real vitality by a relentless growth in spite of all the little offences and obstacles that foolish politicians devise.*

**The Changing Focus in Politics,* by Walter Lippman. *The Forum,* March, 1913.

The first condition to the timely wisdom of statesmanship is that it recognize the inevitable tendency of all parties and institutions to lag behind actual social needs, just as an electrician must figure on the lag in the current with which he deals. No party which believes its own wisdom to be final can be wise at all, because no merely human institution can be final. Willingness to change policies, to revise institutions, and to pay proper deference to new and heretofore uncatalogued popular movements, must be found in the heart of a genuine statesman. There is, of course, great danger in unsettling the foundations of the social order. Consummate skill is necessary to discover that compromise in social conflict between what is old and what is new, which will neither purchase stability at the awful price of justice, nor attempt to bargain for justice at the price of safety. The statesman will recognize also that there will be no time under popular government when some genuine new ethical need of society will not arise and seek to create its own expression. In our recent history, the Greenback Party, Labor Parties, the Populist Party, Farmers' Alliances, and Socialism represent fundamental moral intuitions which existing parties and policies could not satisfy, and which, therefore, humanity insisted on expressing in its own blundering way.

Socialism in one form or another is found in literature as far back as the time of Plato. Phases of it recur down through the Christian centuries. There is a continuity of tradition, of ideal, and of ethical intuition, between Louis Blanc who entered the French Parliament in 1848, and Victor Berger who entered our House of Representatives in 1911. Socialism is fundamental and powerful, because it has gathered up and expressed a whole series of fundamental moral judgments concerning issues in which the interest of humanity is vital. It is not the work of demagogues, though, like all movements, it has its demagogues. It is a world movement, and yet it is neither too learned nor too remote, too abstract or academic, to come to the threshold of the average working man, and interpret to him, in terms which he understands, the mystery of life and its injustice. Paradoxical as it may seem, Socialism does threaten individualism as its adversaries claim, and yet its appeal to the individual man or woman is more intimate, more personal and more idealizing, than that of any other party which asks for popular support. It touches big emotions into quickened life in the simplest hearts. It feeds natural vanity and latent egotism by making the individual feel supremely impor-

tant, whereas the experience of life depresses him into a negligible atom. We praise a book, we applaud a speaker, we love a painting, when one or the other of them touches some spring of secret life within us, or awakens a slumbering memory of long-departed joy. May we wonder, then, at the power of Socialism when it reaches so far into the individual's life, and tells him so many things about himself? Socialism's voice calls soothingly when current political parties are compelled to preach a discipline which is unwelcome, a philosophy which is severe, and a code of morality in which patience, deferred hope, and uninterrupted industry are the fundamentals.

Brownson claims that "No age ever comprehends itself, and the people following its dominant spirit can never give an account of their own principles." If this be true, and it was a conservative man who said it, may we not say that Socialism represents one explanation at which the age has arrived in attempting to understand itself? If the age has failed to understand itself through its learning, through its culture, through its political parties, and social institutions, through the wisdom of its accepted leadership, and the interpretations of its philosophers, can it be that it is attempting to understand itself in the light of new fundamental moral intuitions of the masses. Is Socialism a new interpretation of social life in which humanity is making an effort to combine the vision of its moral sense, the insight of its philosophy, its interpretations of history, and its philosophy of government? We may ask the question and seek an answer, without for a moment forgetting or ignoring all of the moral ugliness, all of the gratuitous hate, and all of the ignoble aims that are associated with it.

In any case, there is something marvelously impressive about it. Our most gifted orators, our keenest logic, and our ripest scholarship are baffled by the simplest laboring man into whose heart the spirit of Socialism has entered. Something very profound in the movement is making Socialists in spite of us. I doubt if we are hindering, by the force of our arguments, any large number from entering Socialism. I refer, of course, to those who are temperamentally inclined toward it, because those who are temperamentally opposed to it have no need of our argument. Socialism is rapidly filtering into our trade unions in spite of the settled opposition of union authorities. And this opposition does not rest on the arguments which we employ, but on a simple utilitarian judgment to the effect that the policies of organized labor seem to

promise more in the terms of human comfort than does Socialism. It is not philosophy; it is not knowledge of history; it is not psychology; it is not principles of ethics that hold organized labor back from Socialism. It is simply a practical judgment of a practical situation. Society would be much poorer if it were to lose the ethical insight by force of which Socialism is vitalized. Society would gain infinitely if that healthy moral sentiment might find what we conservatives call a saner and safer social expression. Not until our institutions, our parties, and our policies absorb the ethical sentiment alluded to, and win the sympathy of the masses, may we hope to put an end to the dangers toward which Socialism moves.

If conservatism has a divinely-appointed mission to protect the tradition of civilization, it must have the resources and the capacity to absorb and translate into institutions most of the healthy awakened moral sentiment of a nation. There are few who would claim that our conservatism has done this. Shall we not, then, take the growth of Socialism to be in a way the measure of our sin? Can it be that Socialism takes its place as the only vehicle by which certain awakened moral instincts of the nation come to satisfactory expression? If Socialism, with all of its mistaken idealism; with its lack of reverence for the past and its frequent denunciation of religion; with its clouded vision of the limitations of humanity, its mistaken views of sin, and its confused understanding of social and historical processes, can succeed in hiding all these deformities from the eyes of its partisans, conservatism will have no little account to render for its failure to have resisted its rise with more encouraging success.

The statement of the case after this manner is somewhat misleading. As a matter of fact, Socialism as a movement fails also to express this fundamental moral intuition of the people. They get more comfort, that is those who believe in Socialism, out of it than out of any other vehicle of social expression. But one cannot paint a soul. One cannot place the whole moral consciousness of a multitude into any institution. Sentiment, even when it is a profoundly ethical thing, must be free and boundless as the imagination itself. Institutions limit, hamper, misinterpret. Thus it is that all institutions are disappointing, and victory in establishing them is the prelude to a sense of failure. The "International Workers of the World" represents, in the main, Socialists who are dissatisfied with Socialism.

It is the function of literature, of eloquence, of poetry in particular, to voice the unlimited aspirations of humanity. The more profound the poet, the less is he conscious of the limitations of time or of place, of institution or of civilization. One might say, were one inclined to jest, that Providence denies to poets practical ability in the conduct of affairs, lest they mistake their mission, and fail to confine themselves to their prophetic duties. Again, one might say that Providence leads practical men to dislike poetry and great literature, lest they take ideals too seriously, and endeavor to incorporate them too literally into institutions. Socialism as an abstract interest of humanity, as an assemblage of emotions, aspirations, and moral longings of the race, will remain for all time. But as the programme of a political party, it must be a failure and disappointment. Socialism is really poetry that has left its own yard, and has gone over to play with politics, and has suffered severely as a consequence of the escapade. We hear much of the close relations between literature and life. It is well to hinder them from excessive intimacy. When literature comes too near to life, only crude realism results. When life comes too near to literature, a helpless idealism results. Like other mirrors, literature should inspire and reveal us, but it may not write our politics.

II.

We are face to face with certain fundamental facts in society which it is easy to overlook, because they are fundamental. The masses have acquired the habit of inspecting the foundations of the social order, and of having definite opinions concerning them. They think in the terms of sentiments, and not in the terms of institutions: in those of impression and not of definition. When men and women who have had little training, who have no scholarship, who lack standards of comparison, who are neither sobered by responsibility nor guided by historical sense, form and utter freely fundamental judgments concerning our institutions and the principles on which they rest, they take over the rôle of philosophers. In fact, all men are become social philosophers. The insight of the masses makes them reckless not cautious. They judge institutions through their personal, individual experience of life, and not through historical perspective. If we ask a scholar or a statesman how to put an end to child labor, how to protect the modern home against disintegration, how to establish a minimum

wage, or how to shift the incidence of industrial risk from the laborer to the public, he will study, seek advice, make investigations, interpret facts, institute comparisons, start experiments, and then make answer, which is hesitating, conditional, speculative, and disappointing. If we ask a Socialist or an average laboring man, his answer will be fearless, direct, definite, and, to him, satisfying. Socialism is really a popular, definite, satisfying, and fundamental answer to fundamental questions which are as commonplace among the masses as is the discussion of the weather or of baseball.

Alarm and fear lodge in the upper classes. The masses, however, feel and think freely, unhampered by the restraints of responsibility and unfearing of the risks of action. If the average man of limited education were afraid to form fundamental judgments concerning the social order, Socialism would be impossible. If the masses retained unquestioning confidence in the leadership of the upper classes, Socialism would be impossible. If the parties, the institutions, and the policies that are central and supreme in our present civilization absorbed and expressed the ethical insight of the multitude, Socialism would be impossible. If our processes of education had been right in their direction, and approved in their standards, and had reached successfully the children and the youth of the past three generations, Socialism would have been impossible. But none of these conditions have been realized. And Socialism became inevitable. Never before has government meant so much to each of us as it does to-day. Hence attitudes towards institutions are personal and stern. George Eliot remarks somewhere that simple people can associate unimpeachable feelings with very false ideas. They have done so in Socialism. She tells us elsewhere that simple and inclusive views appeal to popular imagination, and impel toward action. This, too, has happened in the case of Socialism.

In these our days the masses "will to believe" certain fundamental views. They "will to believe" that social justice is practically attainable; that poverty with all of its horrible implications may be eliminated; that opportunity for the joy of life, for development, and social peace may be literally and definitely assured to every child born into the world; that political democracy is not democracy at all, and that true democracy involves to a great extent democracy in industry, that is, control of the processes of production and of distribution by the people and for them. Men in in-

creasing numbers "will to believe," that we may be happy without the self-discipline which is traditionally supposed to be the condition to happiness. As Dryden says it, "All would be happy at the cheapest rate." These views and the discussions of them enter into the average life of very large numbers of the people. The better wisdom of some may enable them to see the truth and the falsehood that are in such views. Our sympathies, could we trust them, might lead us to like beliefs, but judgment sternly holds us back. Not until we succeed in correcting the popular imagination; not until we awaken a critical habit in the minds of people, shall we save them from the colossal mistakes to which they are inclined, mistakes of which Socialism is probably the most appalling. Socialism is a symptom. We should not confine ourselves to the treatment of it. We must go down into the heart of the people, and correct and direct that great heart before we can succeed in redeeming them from this pitiably mistaken course.

We do not reckon sufficiently with the mental slant caused by profound impressions. When anyone or any number develop profound impressions which take on personal color, these tyrannize with marked power over all mental life. God throws His showers with even grace over the face of the earth, but the mountain ranges and elevations determine their later course. The key to the history of surface-flowing waters is in the watershed. Now the fundamental impressions to which reference has just been made, give us the key to the mental operations of those who become Socialists. There are only two directions in which facts can be handled in a Socialist's mind. They either confirm the Socialist view of life or they are not true. Thus it is that a subtle magic arrests the syllogisms which we hurl at the Socialist in order to confuse him, and they fall harmless at his feet.

The habit of forming judgments concerning the foundations of the social order would, of itself, work little harm for the masses. The erroneous fundamental views just referred to, could not far mislead people if those attitudes were merely speculative, and if they expressed hope rather than a working conviction. But a third element enters into the situation, which gives both these exceptional significance. The working class has come into power, and it is conscious of that power and of its sanctions. Its members proceed, therefore, to assert these fundamental attitudes as practical social policies, and to proclaim their fundamental views as principles of governmental action. Labor unions and labor parties,

reform movements which originate in the masses, and various forms of Socialism, taking it as either the inspiration of literature or the programme of a party, or the philosophy of a school, are nothing other than the direct outcome of the combination of these three factors in the consciousness of the great and mighty laboring class. This class trusts its own ethical instincts more profoundly than it trusts the ethical judgment of our leaders. Thomas Wentworth Higginson gives to the people credit for much more acute moral intuitions than he gives to those in higher social circles. In the light of our recent political history, and of the current criticism of our institutions, there is some excuse for agreeing with this view.

There are three other elements which may be described as entering into the situation as it is here presented. We compel the masses which have attained to social power to live in presence of rugged and indefensible contrasts, which appear to confirm their interpretations of life and their sense of injury. Wealth and poverty, culture and degradation, exalted sin and neglected virtue, shameful extravagance and pitiable want, gaze into one another's faces every day. The usurpations of capital in the industrial, the social and the cultural organization of life serve to convince the masses that government no longer serves their interests, but rather the interests of a small privileged class.

The second element is the partial loss of control of governmental machinery. No one has it to-day: not even the wealthy and powerful. Technicalities, delays, hairsplitting, conflict of policies in the conservative classes; the breakdown of criminal law; the social inefficiency of civil law in many fundamental aspects; the irrepressible survival of antiquated phrases which hamper courts which are honorable, and tempt courts which are venal; ignorance among legislators; the patent failure of laws to develop the strength, the sureness of procedure, and the nimbleness of adaptation which problems of industrial power imperatively demand, all tend to show us that the mastery of government is, to a considerable extent, lost. Nowadays, it is extremely difficult, and, when possible, of doubtful success, for the State to do what even it itself wills to do. We cannot expand our narrow and antiquated definitions, under which the action of the law is limited, into sufficient scope to do the things for which all government is instituted. It is really a calumny for the masses to claim that government serves capital nowadays unfairly. That it sometimes does so is

beyond question, but not all the power, nor all the resources, nor all the cunning of capital can master the modern state when it is hampered as it is by these hindrances to undisturbed deliberate activity.

The third factor referred to may be called the obstructive power of the individual in modern government. One senator, the chairman of a single committee, a speaker, an executive, a judge can obstruct the progress of the nation. This condition paralyzes government even when its will is good, when its instincts are sure and its purposes are noble. It is true that this factor works in two directions. It has more than once proved itself to be mighty in blocking the progress of nefarious legislation, but, without a doubt, it has also proved itself mighty in blocking the advance of humane legislation. This enhanced power of the exceptional man is the more conspicuous when it is viewed in contrast with the diminished power of the average man. Nothing is more pathetic or lonely than the " new " member of Congress.

The violent lady suffragist who is engaging international attention during these days, appeals constantly to the action of our colonists in breaking away from the mother country in order to justify her tactics in promoting the interests of suffrage. There is some logic in her attitude. One might write a perfect paraphrase of the Declaration of Independence, and fit the fundamental contentions of Socialism into it. One might begin by stating fundamental moral judgments concerning human rights, just as the Declaration of Independence does it. One might then state the aims of human government, and the definition of the rights for the protection of which government exists. One might then enumerate the long series of grievances which the people feel, the experience of which appears to justify them in the extremes to which they go. One might then draw a conclusion expressed in the terms of industrial democracy which Socialism is, just as the colonists drew conclusions which led to the political democracy at which they aimed. Socialism must be regarded as more than a symptom. Our attempts to deal with it as a symptom have resulted, and are resulting, in comparative failure. We must get behind Socialism and beneath it if we would undermine it. We must take over the moral judgments which Socialism has appropriated, and give them satisfactory expression before that movement will be crushed.

III.

One might be inclined to say that the Catholic Church furnishes a vehicle through which the fundamental moral sentiment of the people ought to find satisfactory expression. One might claim, too, that the programme of social reform sanctioned by the Catholic Church, notably in Europe, ought to satisfy every reasonable demand that can be made with due regard to recognized limitations. As a Catholic, I would say that this ought to be the case, but I believe that it is not the case. There are many outside of the Church who have great admiration for it, and for its work in the world. But we must remember that the Catholic Church presents itself to believers as a discipline on thinking, as a discipline on action, as a discipline on policies which touch the fundamentals of the moral order. The Church does not get its authority from the masses, nor does it aim to express the mind of the masses. Its mission is to express the mind of God as far as God has revealed it, and to promulgate and enforce, with spiritual sanctions, the laws of conduct contained in that revelation. Beyond that, but subject to it, it has to carry on its ministry of mercy, of consolation, of encouragement, of direction, of assistance and assurance. The Catholic who seriously inclines toward Socialism is apt to misunderstand this fundamental character of his Church. In as far as current discontent proclaims social crime, and institutions incorporate and sanction social injustice, we will find that the mind of the masses and the mind of the Church will be largely one. But the Church must carry in her teaching the message of patience, of order, of self-reliance, of personal individual responsibility for sin. It must maintain the authority of the divine sanctions, and it must interpret, as far as truth requires it, social wrong and injustice in the terms of sin.

This, I think, is the most beneficent and merciful ministry that is offered to humanity to-day in the universe. Progress out of our industrial and social jungle must be made through the pathway of discipline, renunciation, and patience, but the masses are now in a temper to demand that the way out be along the path of vindication, concession, and relaxed restraint. To quote Dryden again, "A down-hill reformation grows apace." That is the type which the world prefers. The Church offers an up-hill reformation, which is not quite welcome.

There is undeniable conflict between the Church and much that

is in Socialism. It is unnecessary to enter into the details now. No better summary might be offered than that found in an answer made recently to a Catholic priest by an Italian shoemaker. The latter was asked, "Are you a Catholic?" He answered: "No, I am a Socialist."

There are different mental planes in Socialism which should not be overlooked. There are many who are not conservative who remain in the conservative camp. They are conscious of no serious opposition to Socialism, but they do not know what is to be done. There are many who believe that the present social order has worked as badly as possible. There are conservative men who admit that radical changes are necessary. A representative daily paper recently referred to Mr. Debs as a very useful American citizen. Possibly a majority of the newspaper and periodical press of the United States will not hesitate to admit contributions, or even solicit them, which formally and by intention promote the interests of Socialism. There are many who are speculatively convinced that Socialism is the only way out, but they lack the initiative or energy to join the party or proclaim the view. I know of a number of representative Americans, in rather exalted station, who admit in their hearts and declare in confidence that the misfit between our institutions and the conditions of life is fundamentally unjust and dangerous and indefensible.

The National Civic Federation is about to undertake the work of discovering and proclaiming reasons for hope. It aims to call to the attention of the American imagination the real progress that has been accomplished in the direction of social justice. The plan is sensible and in every way praiseworthy. It may be doubted, however, if the most imposing statement that can be made will serve to call back a single Socialist who has placed his hopes in that cause.

We must distinguish among Socialists. There is the individual who is a Socialist, but who has nothing to do with Socialism. He remains isolated, busy with the every-day affairs of life, with his work, with his family, and with his worries. Then there is the collective consciousness of Socialism as a whole, into which the minds of Socialists are fused, and from which they draw their inspiration, enthusiasm, and power. Class consciousness, class experience, class emancipation, class injustice, class aspirations, hold the movement together with unyielding power. Dissensions as to party, policy, philosophy, candidates for office, while disturbing,

on the whole will fail to rend the collective consciousness of the movement to any important extent.

Going back to the fundamental moral judgments of the masses which are coming to expression through the movement that we call Socialism, we discover in them the deeper unity and sternness of purpose which is the basis of its cohesion. Fluctuations in the Socialist vote have little meaning. The deeper movement met no setback when the Milwaukee administration failed, because the vote in that city represented supreme disgust with the old parties rather than conviction that Socialism has any permanent value in the administration of any city. Dissensions as to policy or philosophy are not fatal to Socialism, any more than they are fatal to other movements in which many men aim to come together to discover the fundamental points of agreement. Socialism will continue to thrive just so long as people in increasing numbers believe that it expresses the fundamental moral judgments of the masses in a manner more satisfying than that of any other party through which it can come to expression. Only when our conservative leadership can go down to the multitude and correct its way of thinking and feeling; only when it regains confidence, restores the sense of moral responsibility, and re-asserts the essential individualism on which social life depends, may we look for the conquest of Socialism.

IV.

Argument affirms revolution. It does not bring it on. Reasoning plays a minor rôle when the masses seek social and political truth or justice, but it plays a greater rôle in protecting and affirming views which they reach through instinct and feeling. Possibly Chesterton's estimate of Macaulay may be applied to the multitude. He was wrong when he was rational. He was right when he was romantic.

In our work against Socialism we are inclined to depend on reasoning. We hold, for instance, that Socialism is impossible; that it is ridiculous; that it rests on economic heresy; that it is ignorant of history; that it is a philosophy of failure; that it threatens liberty, and that it is rank materialism. Arguments of this kind are undoubtedly impressive to those who have no sympathy with Socialism, and feel no inclination toward it. We know from experience that they are of little avail in winning back those who have become Socialists. They are probably not very powerful with those whose allegiance to the conservative view is shattered, and whose

minds have entered upon the search for an all-inclusive solution of our problems. Our battlefield lies here.

As a matter of fact, Socialism is impossible. But who is judge of the possible in human institutions? Do not all social institutions attempt the impossible, and do they not appear to fail? Was not American democracy declared impossible? Are not our legislators attempting every day reforms that are now impossible? Has it not been declared impossible to control the trusts, to clean out the slums, to stamp out tuberculosis, to guarantee living wages? Is it not impossible to find a satisfactory standard of justice acceptable to employers and to laborers? Is it not impossible to compel all members of the Catholic Church to go to the Sacraments, and to hold all adults faithful to the Sunday Mass? Probably most of the progress of humanity has resulted from its genuinely-honest efforts at impossible things. Does not history teach us that to-day's impossible is the probable of to-morrow and the commonplace of the day after? Do we not aim to beguile our children into believing in the impossible and in attempting it? Do we not stimulate their ambition, and hold out great ideals for them in the same way? Do we not, in point of fact, agree with Meredith in the thought that "The impossible is wings to the imagination?"

Might not the argument of the impossible be urged against Christianity itself? Human nature is not capable of the perfection which Christianity offers to it, and yet Christianity has accomplished miracles in the moral and spiritual order, the like of which the world has not seen elsewhere. This is the view which Newman urged on his nephew, Mr. Mosley. I do not, of course, forget the essential difference that lies between Christianity, which is of divine origin, and which offers the assistance of divine grace to the strivings after betterment of the human heart, and Socialism or similar movements which are of natural origin, and whose aims are within the natural order. We meet occasionally non-Catholics who claim, as an excuse for not becoming Catholics, that the Church is too exacting; that it is impossible to live up to the standards of life which it presents. Thank God, there are not many who hold this mistaken view in good faith. I do not aim here to refute this or any other argument which is employed against Socialism. I venture only to suggest limitations on its value in combatting Socialism as a popular movement. In fact, Socialism has done a real service in forcing us to study the impossible and to become familiar with it, because thereby we have been protected against it. This

conflict, as if often remarked, has revealed new possibles to humanity, and our leaders have been scourged into action by that vision.

It is alleged, as a phase of this argument, that it is impossible for Socialism to tell us how it would direct and regulate life were it to be victorious. This consideration again has really but little value in hindering certain types of men from accepting Socialism. It is an experience of our statesmen that they cannot predict a month ahead the consequences of much of the legislation which they enact. Were not our statesmen surprised recently, within forty-eight hours after they enacted the tariff law, to find unexpected complications in the five per cent exemption clause as applied to shipping? Rousseau is quoted as having claimed in his own day that "No code can foresee future details." Possibly the following from a brief of the Solicitor-General of the United States, presented to the Supreme Court in its October term, 1912, will serve to show us how futile this argument is against Socialism, by showing us how true it is concerning ourselves.

> Nothing is better known than that many, very many, statutes are drawn and passed with the most obvious evidences of haste, casual consideration, lack of knowledge of constitutional principles, ignorance of many of the facts to which the statute will apply, or of the consequences which will flow from its operation in quarters its makers never knew existed.
>
> If, therefore, the language used in a statute were always given its plain, simple, obvious meaning, and so applied to all the facts to which it was applicable, one or more of three results would frequently follow, to wit: Either it would be unconstitutional, or it would amount to nothing and accomplish nothing, or it would achieve results so absurd or burdensome as to demonstrate that no such intention could have prompted its passage. And so long as our laws are passed in the hasty and unconsidered way that they are, just so long will one of the most difficult tasks of our courts be to construe them, and thereby to give some effect to them without transgressing constitutional restrictions, and yet accomplish as near as may be that which its authors intended.
>
> It is no easy task. It is never easy to know what another intended save by the language used; and yet if that language implies the exercise of a power not possessed, or leads to results so absurd or unreasonable as to create the belief that no such effect was intended, it becomes the duty of the court not to adhere to the letter and destroy the spirit, nor, on the

other hand, to reject it all as meaningless or violative of constitutional restrictions, but to strive as best it may to give such a meaning as can fairly and reasonably be done without substituting its own will for that of the authors, and yet give effect to the instrument.

We claim that Socialism is ridiculous and childish. It is ridiculous. But ridicule has furnished the baptismal waters for many of the great movements by which humanity has been lifted. H. G. Wells shrewdly suggests in one of his novels that social institutions ought to begin in confusion and be welcomed by ridicule. Ridicule failed to hinder the growth of the early Church. It has failed to hinder inventions. It has failed to stifle the splendid imagination that has led to revolutionary discoveries. The men whom nature intends for pioneers are equipped with an insensibility to ridicule, which protects the beginnings of their work.

Socialism is accused of economic heresy. It is full of it. But who is judge of economic orthodoxy? Did not Marx himself derive the fundamental principle of his Socialism from most orthodox economic principles? The multitude does not worry about economic heresy. It cares nothing for the metaphysics of value, or theories of currency, or the medium of exchange. What it demands is the orthodoxy of justice as against the orthodoxy of a thinker. Hence the charge of economic error exercises no discouraging influence on those who have packed their belongings, and started on the easy march to the camp of Socialism.

One of our distinguished American economists declared some years ago that Socialism is the philosophy of failure. He said, "Just to the extent that the Socialists insist on their inability to accumulate as much wealth as others under existing conditions, they are unconsciously advertising their own inefficiency. They clamor for a philosophy of failure, for a system in which they shall be relieved from the inevitable results of their inferiority in obtaining the material means which they regard as essential to their idealistic ends." The title "philosophy of failure" was intended as an epithet. It is in fact a title.

The impressive feature of Socialism is that our institutions have produced failures of such quality and of such quantity as to make it possible to build up that movement as a philosophy of failure. If we may test any civilization by its failures, and we may, Socialism writes a very horrible indictment of our social system. To-day it is the strong and mighty, the successful and leading social

classes, that are causing the greatest menace to our institutions. The fights that our legislators are compelled to make, are struggles to curb the mighty in the interests of the weaker classes. As a philosophy of failure, Socialism is undoubtedly a marked success. The reading of history shows that dangers have always come to institutions from the haunts of the mighty, and not from the hovels of the weak. One reads with some little surprise the essay of Thomas Wentworth Higginson on the *Cowardice of Culture,* in which he says: "There never was a period in our history since the American nation was independent, when it would not have been a calamity to have it controlled by its highly educated men alone." At any rate, if our civilization has need of a philosophy of failure which will scourge it into action, no other could serve the purpose any better than the Socialism which we know.

The argument that Socialism threatens popular liberty, appears to have little influence on those who think that they have not and have not had any liberty at all. It is significant that the orthodox labor movement, which is quite opposed to Socialism, constantly speaks about "emancipating" the laboring class. It uses the vocabulary of war and the tactics of military campaigning. If the masses are in quest of liberty, and are convinced that they have not yet secured it, it will be no easy task to convince them that Socialism is a menace. There was far-reaching insight in the cry that resounded over the civilized world in 1848 from the Communist Manifesto, "Working men of the world unite. You have nothing to lose but your chains."

V.

Socialism must be explained not so much by itself as by the constitution of humanity acting in our present historical conditions. It must be resisted not primarily by acting upon it, but by acting upon humanity itself. Many of the flaws in our institutions are flaws in life itself. "The fault is not politics," said the Hon. Peter Sterling, "it is in humanity." If Socialism carries within itself a series of fundamental moral judgments, and definite social aspirations which cannot find expression through any existing conservative agency, these must be dealt with fairly. The strange power of the movement is shown in a remarkable way by the manner in which Socialism advances in spite of its hideous affinities. It is beyond question that Socialism displays an affinity for atheism, for loose views on marriage, and distressing policies concerning the

family, and for materialism in philosophy. These affinities alone should have slaughtered Socialism long since, but they have not done so. Atheism is in quite good form. Society at large no longer believes in the homely, honest, old-fashioned Christian marriage. The views of Socialism on marriage at their worst are no worse than the views incorporated into our modern legislation. The materialism that asserts itself in Socialism, ugly as it is, is little worse than the actual materialism which Matthew Arnold scourged as the curse of his time. When we attempt to argue with a laboring man who is disposed in a kindly way toward Socialism, and we tell him that Socialism is allied to atheism, and to free love and materialism, he simply denies it. He persists in telling us that he is merely an economic Socialist, and that his Socialism contains no danger whatever to either his faith or his philosophy. It is easy to find many who have argued this way, and who have in the final outcome lost their faith and their Christian philosophy too. This would seem to show, in as far as it is the case, that a subtle process seizes the very soul of this type of man, and so controls his mental processes as to blind him. Then when he ceases to care, the loss of his faith does not alarm him. Why is it that our words appear to have so little force when we, who are versed in philosophy and trained in argument, are unable to best the simple and uneducated man who has heard the call of Socialism and has turned his heart toward it in answer?

One of the features of the situation which is distressing, is that by a trick of feeling and imagination a man succeeds in getting into his mind attitudes which are beyond him, and views which he cannot control. It requires neither skill nor learning to "get" pneumonia, but both are necessary in order to get rid of it. Not all of the wisdom of man can take away from a sinner the knowledge, the abandon, the weakness of his first gross sin. Minds are, in a sense, like bodies. They vary in capacity, temperament, habits, immunities, and tendencies. Prevailing habits of thought govern the thinking of the individual, whether or not he will it. If it is customary to take fundamental attitudes, men will take them. If it is customary to inspect the foundations of the social order, and pass opinions, and translate opinions into principles of action, men will do so. There are cosmic minds equipped with splendid harbors into which philosophies, like mighty ships, may sail in perfect security, certain of finding the anchorage for which their proportions call. There are provincial and shallow minds into which such

ships may enter only at their peril. Now, when we find cosmic thinking in provincial minds, only confusion, disturbed judgment, loss of standards, faulty sense of proportions, and mistaken valuations will result. Socialism rests on cosmic thinking or, if one will, cosmic feeling. When immature minds engage themselves with it, confusion results.

Helmholtz devised a set of resonators so constructed that each of them admits sound waves of only one length. Minds should be equipped with similar resonators, so adjusted to capacity and outlook that neither views nor doubts nor questions nor anxieties nor attitudes be admitted, except in as far as these are proportioned to it. Pope undoubtedly had this thought in view when he spoke of man's knowledge "measured to his state and place." Very many Socialists, after accepting Socialism, are unable to undertake the studies or do the reasoning that might call them back from their mistaken way. In addition, they will have lost the faculty of confidence in their leaders, who might be trusted to think for them.

I believe that an inspection of our methods of combatting Socialism would be timely. An earnest endeavor to explore the Socialist mind should be made, with a view to discover the ethical content, to which approval should in justice and truth be given. Possibly a test of the working value of our standard arguments might be made, in order to show whether or not they are as convincing to the Socialist or the prospective Socialist as they are to the conservative. Some such course of action might lead us to the conclusion, that the way out is to be found ultimately through our schools. A practical, easily understood philosophy of life ought to be introduced at a point in our educational system when the maturity of the youth will permit it, teaching the views of life and of history, of justice and of idealism, which might work in two directions. On the one hand, it might awaken, inform, and inspire our future industrial, political, and social leaders in a way to prevent them from the dreadful excesses of neglect, error, and selfishness of our more recent past. On the other, it might protect the unsuspecting and honest masses from the false views which they now accept with unsuspecting simplicity. Such teaching, together with more serious effort to satisfy the demands of elementary justice in reforms now under way, might point the way to the industrial and social peace for which all of us are longing, a condition, the vision of which has heretofore, in our day at least, been denied.

THE CHURCH AND FRENCH DEMOCRACY.

BY HILAIRE BELLOC.

II.

I SAID in my last paper that I would begin my exposition of the conflict between French democracy and the Church by supposing my reader first to observe the matter from the standpoint of a French provincial town, because that standpoint is the most central, and that from which he will get a juster view of the business than from any other.

You may go into one of those French provincial towns (which are by the way the most steadfast and enduring of all European institutions), and in a short survey of the streets and buildings, in a few conversations with representative men, find something like this:

A great building, the product of elaborate and long-continued effort, and the chief external expression of history in the place, will first strike you. It is the cathedral. The strength and the variety of it merely as an artistic result will, if you are new to such things, amaze you. There will probably be nothing in the town comparable to it for magnificence and effect. You will find that it is dedicated to some great missionary who founded the faith there at least seventeen centuries ago. If you will have the patience to remain within the building from a summer Sunday sunrise to about ten o'clock, you may note a continual succession of not very large groups, in most of which the majority will be of women coming in to hear the corresponding succession of Low Masses which are said throughout the morning at the various altars. You will, if you know something of the Catholic Church in other countries, remark the very large proportion of communicants at each Mass; you will further be struck by the absence of any apparent poverty or negligence in the dress and toilet of these small but successively numerous congregations, and if you know something of the French world, you will further be struck by the complete mixture of classes. Though the proportion of men to women is smaller than it would be in Italy or in Ireland, yet the representation of

every class out of a society still divided into many ranks corresponding to varieties in wealth and profession will, or should, strike you very forcibly.

At about ten o'clock you will see a great procession of clergy, acolytes, and clerical folk in general, including probably many seminarists, file into the choir. Meanwhile a congregation will assemble in the nave, which congregation will seem to you, unless it is one of the great feasts of the year, small for the principal Mass in such a town and in such a building. In the High Mass that follows, you will observe certain points peculiar to the French Church, many of them of immense antiquity, and all in succession exemplifying the history of religion in the country. The arms above the bishop's throne will date perhaps from the Crusades; the chant to which the Nicene Creed is set (and which is still universally used throughout the country) is of the same date. At one moment in the service great baskets, full of pieces of bread or cake, will be brought up to the altar for a blessing, and then distributed among the congregation. If there is a sermon, it is more than likely that this sermon will deal with the struggle of the Church against the skepticism of the modern world, but you will be astonished to note an absence of any direct political allusion. You will notice how more than one woman, usually taken from the wealthier families of the district, accompanies the priest during the two or three collections that are made for various objects after the Gospel.

This High Mass over, you will again notice that the usual chant at the end for a benediction upon the government, such as one hears in every other country, is omitted. If you will wait until midday or thereabouts, you will be surprised to find a congregation, considerably larger than that which was present at the High Mass, attending a late Low Mass at which no communions are given, and you will further note in this late and largest congregation a larger proportion of men. You will also probably be disturbed by a few comic tourists who will be standing in the aisles.

As you go out of the cathedral to lunch at your hotel after this rather arduous experiment in foreign discovery, you will see a large solemn building near the cathedral with a great garden attached to it, probably dating from the eighteenth century, and bearing the arms of the See sculptured upon it. This building, which was once the bishop's palace, will now bear the word *musée,* that is museum, newly gilt upon its principal porch. The old square outside the cathedral will be called—say—the Place Zola,

and the main street which leads you home will perhaps be called Gambetta Street: Zola was a pornographer of doubtful ancestry, chiefly remarkable for his anti-Catholic violence in the religious struggle between the Church and her opponents called "the Dreyfus case." Gambetta, a political adventurer of great energy, who was chiefly responsible for the beginnings of modern anti-Catholic legislation in France, and whose name is also—and better—remembered in connection with the National Defence in 1870. So much for your first introduction to the problem.

In the afternoon, as you saunter round the town, you will find most of the shops still open, and it may interest you to be told that there is a law which strictly compels them to be closed, and which no one dreams of obeying: for parliament is quite discredited in France, and laws which have not a popular respect are disregarded. Not a few of these shops will be doing a very brisk trade in every kind of pious objects, and to-day particularly in small statues of the Blessed Joan of Arc, who, by the way, usually carries a tricolor flag: note that.

You will perhaps pick up in a café the local paper, and there another surprise awaits you. Ten to one the leading article will be theological.

I know how surprised many of my readers will be at this last sentence, but it is strictly true. The leading article of a local French newspaper, and very often of a Parisian one too, will be theological, because the French people are proving their vitality in nothing more than the fact that they are to-day more interested in theology than any other people in Europe.

When we are looking into the heart of a matter, we must particularly guard ourselves against slovenliness of language, with its consequent confusion of thought. A lively interest in theology does not mean unanimity in religion, nor does it mean orthodoxy in religion. It means an intense direction of the mind towards the ultimate problems of human destiny and of human origins. This may exist where religious opinion is unanimous, as in the schools where St. Thomas taught; or it may exist, and perhaps more naturally exists, where there is doubt and division, as in the great struggles of the fourth and of the sixteenth centuries. But whether there is unanimity or not, and whether that unanimity is orthodox or not, does not concern my point. I say that the French are now the most theological people in Europe, because nowhere do you get anything like the intensity of conviction and discussion upon

the ultimate problem of mankind that you do in France: hardly anyone can there touch public affairs without declaring for or against the faith.

It is exceedingly important to appreciate this in our study of the modern French problem. France is a battlefield. It is an arena in which is being fought out the great conflict of our time, and men who congratulate themselves upon the somnolence or indifference or sentimental shirking of true issues which are so common elsewhere, are in a grave historical error. The future is to the men who fight, who know what they want, and are prepared to obtain it, and in France to-day the number of those who have made up their mind, and who are determined to convince their fellows, is larger, and their activities are more violent, than in any other country. One of the two sides must ultimately win, and on which side wins in that particular field depends the future character of all civilization.

I will give a few examples in proof of this before returning to my description, and to the matter of the newspaper at which I began this digression. Concrete examples of the sort are very useful in judgment.

Ten years ago I stopped in the house of a hospitable, kind old man who lived all by himself in some mountains, and who put me up after I had lost my way in a walk of many miles. He was very poor, but he had one ramshackle cart and a lean horse, and as I had lamed myself, he drove me to a station a few miles away. As he drove me, this old Frenchman, who had been a private soldier and had now his tiny farm in the hills, talked of nothing but his hatred of the clergy, and of the abasement of the mind, and of the loss of freedom which had come through the influence of the Catholic Church. He had a perfectly clear theology of his own. He believed in God as the Creator and Father of men. He denied the Incarnation and all its consequences. He thought the morality of the Gospel good. He did not admit miracles. And he talked of nothing but that religious interest of his! That is the point. You do not get much of that outside France.

On another occasion, in a political meeting, I saw a man get up and ask the candidate this question: "Are you a Freemason?" The question was repeated in a sort of bombardment from every quarter of the hall. The candidate answered: "I am not a Freemason, but I agree with the Masonic effort which is directed towards the dissipation of those superstitious errors which have enslaved the human mind," whereupon there was at once in that

French meeting as violent a hubbub as there would have been in an English meeting during the Boer War, or in an American meeting, I suppose, between the two parties just before the outbreak of the Civil War.

You see the same thing in French apologetics. The war in France is carried vigorously into the enemy's camp by those who defend the Church. They attack persons; they look up private records; they are as keen to prove their case, and to destroy the personal status of an opponent, as they would be in an economic discussion in countries where trades are thought more important than general philosophy. The whole country is alive with discussion upon the ultimate problems which men must face.

How ridiculous this statement will sound to a man who has lived in the easy and happy life of French civilization I know well, but let him note that no considerable emotion has been aroused in France for a generation upon any question without that question being sooner or later a question of religion.

Well, then, to return to what I was saying about the newspapers. My hypothetical observer or traveler will look at the local newspaper, and find the leading article to be an attack upon or a defence of the Catholic Church in some aspect. It may be the question of the schools, or of order and authority in the army, or in the State, or it may be upon the matter of property, but whatever the pivot upon which the article turns, religion will be the matter of it. The negation of God, or the affirmation of His existence, a challenge to the Catholic Church or a defence of it, will come into the writer's exposition.

But the traveler will note another point. The best-informed paper, and that which has the largest circulation, will nearly always be, outside Paris, opposed to the Catholic Church. Take, for example, the town of Toulouse and the great district over which its press radiates. It is too far from Paris to receive the Paris papers until their news is stale. It has, therefore, organs of its own, the principal of which is the *Dépèche*. This paper has as definite a theological line as an American paper will have a definite tariff line, or an Irish paper will have a definite Home Rule or Unionist line. The whole note and assence of the *Dépèche* in Toulouse is its antagonism to the Christian Church.

Interested and I hope illuminated by his perusal of the local sheet, and his discovery of this peculiar French character in journalism, the traveler will, let me suppose, make friends with a few

men in the café, and they will take him to their club in the afternoon. Here he will find that club to be a branch of the local Masonic organization. He will discover that their conversation turns upon the necessity of opposing and breaking the power of the Catholic Church, and that with the definite object in view which they call "enlightenment" and "progress," and, in general, "the good of humanity." And in this society he would find very few young men. The backbone of such provincial Masonic organizations is the men of a generation now passing away, old men or men of middle age, who remember what they call a "clerical domination." He will also be interested to find that these men are (I speak of some towns, not of all—and the number is increasing) almost identical with the local caucus which selects and nominates the local deputy to the national parliament and the local mayor to his municipal council. In general they will still be found controlling the "machine" which governs elections of all sorts in all countries enjoying representative institutions.

If he asks questions about the workaday of that "machine," he will note the paradox that while the younger men who count, fight rather shy of the old Masonic organization, which is still in power though declining, yet that organization relies upon catching the votes of the younger men more than they do upon those of the older men in the rank and file.

Every man over twenty-one who has not shirked his military service has a vote, and were the vote restricted to married men or to men of a certain age, the caucus would, he understands, be in more peril even than it already is.

Perhaps if he has letters of introduction, the traveler will be asked to dine at some great house in the neighborhood. Here he will come upon yet another aspect of French society, which he will do well to study closely. He will find his rich host and the guests deploring the evil of the times, saying that society is godless, and that democracy is the root of all the evil. If he cares later to make inquiry, he will further discover that this rather isolated wealthy class is composed of men who do not always practise their religion, and includes many men who are at heart very much opposed to the Catholic Church. He will rightly conclude that it is a political or social fashion which leads them to adopt this attitude, and he will further note a lack at once of constructive ability and determined energy in them. They confine themselves to regret and to negation. And yet it is among such men that he is most likely

to meet—or was until quite recently most likely to meet—the most sincere and devoted among those who defend the Church, including perhaps some notable member of her hierarchy.

All this experience crowded into one day will impress the mind at first with a hopeless confusion. What solution can be discovered, what common key unlocks the door? What reasonable explanation can be afforded him of a state of affairs such as he has come across? Here is Catholicism evidently informing the whole of society, its architecture, its morals, its daily habits. Here also is a powerful organization still in the saddle directing all active political life against Catholicism. Here is a segregation of the wealthier class, coupled with a greater practical sense of equality than you will find in any other community. Here is a placid, wealthy, and eminently efficient social organization, which is none the less at issue with itself upon the very heart of human things, and upon doctrines which must ultimately determine society in one of two opposite and violently antagonistic directions.

The more a man learns of such a provincial centre of French life, the more the riddle will puzzle him, and, as a matter of fact, I have discovered chance travelers in France, however intelligent and eager to solve that problem, fixed at last in one of two special points of view, which every Frenchman will regard as grossly insufficient. He either takes sides straightforwardly against the Catholic Church, and regards everything in French life as divided into progressive, modern, and healthy elements on the one hand, and more or less disturbing, moribund elements derived from a dying past on the other; or he sees France as a society in which the Holy Catholic Church, represented by certain members of the hierarchy whom he has met, and a few wealthy men with whom he associates, is strangely persecuted for no particular reason save the spite and wickedness of the enemies of religion, who have somehow or other —he never can explain how—captured political machinery and deluded the people.

Now I say that those two points of view which the outsider tends to adopt are narrow, false, and, in the judgment of those who know France, almost puerile.

To understand that provincial town, and therefore to know what battle is being waged, and how, and why, and with what forces, it is necessary first of all to know the history lying behind the business.

When we know that, we can see not only where the various

lines of cleavage run in French society, or rather in French opinion, but also, what is more important, what modification they are now suffering, and what the future of the complex struggle is likely to be.

We shall see when we have followed the historical development, how and why certain forces, which have nothing to do with what is to us the main issue of the Church and its enemies, have been enlisted upon either side; how of these alliances some are natural and some unnatural; which of them therefore are now waning, and which waxing; and, in general, we shall be able to grasp the meaning of that organic and highly complex engagement which distinguishes modern France, and makes those who understand modern Europe call France, as I have called it, the "arena," in which the fate of Western civilization is being fought out.

I shall, therefore, in my next article, begin a survey of the historical development which in the last three hundred years has led up to the present situation, and from which modern France has inherited the various forces at issue. I must premise in this historical survey that the issue is not local, but general to the whole of European thought, and that though it was the particular accidents of French history which determined modern France, yet upon what modern France decides will depend immediately the decision of Europe. And Europe is the world, for Europe is only the modern name for Rome.

A BEGINNING—AT RAILHAM.

BY JOHN AYSCOUGH.

IV.

THERE were not, in general, many topics at once local and novel for Railham to discuss, so that the advent of the van chapel, as they preferred to call it, was an extraordinary boon that way. The first meeting was talked about till everybody went to bed, and the subject was resumed when everybody got up in the morning.

Mr. Lome of the South Farm, who was Vicar's Church Warden, had not attended, and was of opinion that Mr. Drub, his colleague, had better have stayed away. He was a childless widower, of a leaden demeanor and complexion, and his niece, Miss Floralia Lome, kept house for him. Floralia had gone to the meeting, and intended to go again. Her life was nearly as gray and leaden as her uncle's long, sheep-like face, and something like a ray of light and warmth had seemed to creep into it as she listened to the strange priest. For over ten years she had done her duty as mistress of the South Farm, and she frankly told herself that in this matter she had a right to do as she liked, and was old enough to decide for herself.

Simon Yest, the baker, who always smelt of new bread, and had eyes like the two currants on a ginger-bread rabbit, talked about the meeting at every door as he handed in the loaves. He was a dissenter, an accident frequent among bakers, and of a bilious habit. It was his opinion that the arrival of these strange preachers was "ordained," and might be intended as a scourge—presumably of the Establishment as represented in Railham. He had nothing to say against the "Reverend Catesby," nor yet against his discourse: nothing. He did not wonder that the church folks should have been struck—there was not much to strike the unawakened in Railham church by what he could judge on club days and that. Only folks should not forget as figs don't grow on thistles—and the shake of his head implied a considerable misgiving as to the thistliness of "these Reverends."

Mrs. Tick, who had wept a little last night, could not deny that

it seemed strange as a Roman Catholic should preach "all about the Lord," when it would have been so clearly in character for him to have studiously avoided the subject, and dealt rather with images. The word suggested two she had nearly bought at the door of a peddler, representing Mr. Chamberlain and Lady Jane Grey.

The schoolmaster, stepping in to buy a postal order for sixpence (for a competition), casually remarked that Father Catesby was probably descended from the Gunpowder Plot, and urbanely advised Mrs. Tick to keep a sharp lookout, lest she might be projected heavenward more suddenly than she bargained for. But the schoolmaster was merely of a sardonic humor, and had every intention of attending the meetings himself.

Stephen Drub halted between rather more than two opinions. He had listened with keen attention, and was sure that all he had heard was good—perhaps too good. The carrier trade was, he argued, "pecoolyer; some folks'd aggle to get a big bundle, containing half a dozen passels from different shops i' Market Rellum, made up in one, brought home for tuppence: weren't it natur as folks should pay themselves their doos outer the change when there was the chanst?" Stephen could not but perceive a risk to business in exposing that tender plant, his conscience, to Father Catesby's rather uncompromising directness of appeal. And then Miriam urged him somewhat too hotly to continue his attendance.

"If a brand's plucked from the burnin'," she argued, "it can't be a black 'and as does it. And I must say it to your face, Steve, as I says it behindst your back in wrestlin' for 'ee, as you're tough, Steve. I did think last Lantern night, as Sister Pawkins had moved 'ee, speakin' o' Jericho: and arterwards you stuck to it as it was no more'n the fidgets you'd got, through a nutshell you was sittin' on as you thought was a stud gone down your back."

Mr. and Mrs. Dubb were an attached couple, but Stephen thought his wife more didactic than was suitable towards a People's Church Warden with thirty acres of his own, considering she had been in service, and had brought nothing to the common stock except four windsor chairs, the chest of drawers, and the set of pictures of the history of the Good Samaritan, in one of which the priest going by on the other side was clearly a dignitary of the Establishment, a Rural Dean probably, and in another the Samaritan was pouring sherry out of a cut-glass decanter into a flesh wound on the shoulder of the unlucky traveler.

On the other hand, it was duly reported to the carrier that Farmer Lome had criticized his attendance at the meeting, and criticism from that quarter was particularly obnoxious. Weren't they both Church Wardens, "and what call had 'Mr.' Lome (whose grandfather had took wage of Stephen's granduncle at Felham Mill) to set himself up, and pooh-pooh his (Stephen's) suggestions concerning the noo cemetery?" Everybody knew that John Lome paid rent for every acre he farmed (though he *had* "Esquire" on his "onvelups") whereas Drub paid rent to no man. The land was his own, and the house was his own ("vrando to it or no"): what if his father did drink hisself to death in it? If a chap couldn't drink hisself to death in his own house, where could he? Squire Malham drank *his* self to death at Malham Court that belonged to the Malhams time unknown, and all the county rode in their brooms at the funeral—that showed: Farmer Lome was so "near" he drank naught but toast-water, that's all payin' rent did for *he*.

Stephen was now quite decided that he *would* attend the meetings—as for the world, if Father Catesby meant the *Sunday World,* he'd as lief take the *Sunday Briton,* since the *World* had gone over to the nationalization of land, and put stars in just as you was thinking you'd got to the prime bits in the court news: when Mr. Drub thought of court news he was not alluding to intelligence concerning royalty, but to the trials the reporting of which is considered in England so peculiarly appropriate to papers intended for Sunday reading.

Mrs. Sheen was already half-jealous of Jake's undisguised devotion to Father Catesby. Had Father Catesby weaned him—and there never was a child that gave more trouble in the weaning? It was Father Catesby, she supposed, as had nussed him through the scarlet-fever, and when he broke his leg—

Mrs. Yest was rather alarmed by such vigorous irony, and did not quite know whether by denial or assent to express agreement. She was aware that Jake was dissipated, and could not help thinking that anything which took him within range of a series of sermons might do him good: but she never dreamt of hinting such a thing—she was a well-bred woman in her rather flaccid fashion.

Mr. Swipp of the Star spoke with a patronizing approval of the Van Gents, for they were his "guesses," and he almost hinted that to *him* their coming was no surprise. Mr. Swipp seldom condescended to be surprised: had a revolution occurred he would

have let you gather that he had known it was impending for several weeks. Not that his sympathies were at all revolutionary: it is as natural for a licensed victualler to be a Tory as for a cobbler to be a Radical, or a baker to be a Wesleyan. And Mr. Swipp had been a footman (he pretended it was a butler) in what he called a titled 'ouse. He knew the aristocracy at sight, and passed his word that Messrs. Catesby and Longcliff belonged to it. They had, he said, the "hair" of it. Indeed he remembered a Sir Rupert Catesby coming to stay at the Awl: also an Honorable Mrs. Longcliff with a mole on her neck—like enough Father Longcliff had a mole on *his* neck, only he wore his collar too high. Mr. Swipp said the two Van Gents were as jolly as anything, and *he* knew about Catholics and was none surprised, for the still-room maid at the Awl had married a Catholic, and died in her First Communion, with a funeral fit for an angel. He did not precisely attend the meetings himself, but he approved of Melia's doing so—and Melia took her mother the second night.

Mrs. Swipp was a large, easy creature, with a tendency to tears and sentiment, and she was beginning to cry when they sang "Our Fathers Chained in Prisons Dark," but restrained herself, with some presence of mind, lest people should suspect that anyone belonging to her had been transported. She never went to church herself, being averse to the exertion of forcing herself into her black velveteen, but liked her "gal" to go, and considered it would bring a blessing. It was the novelty of taking part in religious exercises in week-day clothing that allured her, in the first instance, to attend the meetings on Tidd's Piece.

"Why is it called Tidd's Piece?" Father Loncliff asked her.

"Well, sir, 'tis but a low reason. Tidd was the idiot—the Railham idiot—and he used to live on it in a hut."

"In a hut?"

"Yes. A hut made of a few boards and bits of old oilcloth. Some said he was a gypsy; but some said there never *was* a gypsy idiot. He mended almost anything, unless it was his clothes."

Mrs. Swipp liked both the priests, and ventured to inquire if they were orphans—a slipshod curiosity was her most energetic characteristic.

"No. Why? Anything but orphans. I've had two mothers," replied Father Longcliff, laughing.

"Two mothers! Dear laws!" cried Mrs. Swipp, much interested.

"Yes. My own mother died when I was six, and my father's second wife has been a first-rate mother to me: why should we be orphans?"

"Well, sir, it did seem to me as your ma's wouldn't like you goin' about wi' ne'er a soul to look to you if you fell ill or that."

"We never do fall ill; we've no time. Father Catesby's mother comes and hears him sometimes."

"Don't that make 'ee shy, sir?"

"Not particularly," Father Catesby confessed.

"He's about as shy," said his friend, "as a brass tea-kettle."

"I never had a brass tea-kettle," said Mrs. Swipp. "We've a brass skillet, and sometimes I wish we hadn't; neighbors wants to borry it so in the jam season; it's hard to say no, and sure as you say yes, you find fruit o' your own as *wants* preservin'. Swipp's very good-natur'd, though he seems high to some, and he'd lend the nose off his face: Mrs. Chook has sent across for the loan of a leg o' mutton (and her gal passin' Sheen's where there was two) times and again, though she niver paid back but a shoulder once, and a neck twice, and Swipp would do it again to-morrow. *Be neighborly's* his motto, and I hope them above will not overlook it. And there was publicans in the Bible, and niver an exciseman as I can remember of. So I do hope, Mr. Catesby, you'll not speak too bad of the beer in your sermons, I'd better stay at home else: for there's no other but Swipp in the public line in Railham, and ivery word you said'd be put down to him. And he don't encourage them as would tek too much. 'A cheerful glass, says I,' says he. 'But who iver read of a cheerful bucket?'"

Jake Sheen was not the only young man who had listened with keen attention, and meant to listen again: there were many of very varying sorts. There was Mr. David Brail, one of the two sons of Mr. Samuel Brail of the Church Farm, and much the steadier, though he was the younger of the two. There were Tom and Bill, the two sons of Seth Hallam, the cow doctor, who were always together, and were esteemed as "likely" young fellows as any in Railham; their father was a hard-bitten, foxy old scamp, remarkable chiefly for his profanity, and his capacity for *not* getting drunk no matter how much he drank; but Tom and Bill were sober, clean-mouthed young men, generally popular and respected. As they both did a bit of horse-coping, their character for honesty was the more to their credit.

In marked contrast to the smart, well-set-up brothers was

Enoch Pound, a weak-legged, narrow-chested assistant in Mrs. Tick's shop at the post office, who had looked quite old when he came there at fifteen, and looked scarcely a man now he was four and twenty. He spent most of his wages on books and none on beer: yet he was not a teetotaller, and attended neither of the chapels, nor did he go to church; and Mrs. Tick whispered, not without a respectful awe, that, for all he looked so duddled-like, he believed nothing, not even in the Ten Commandments, and thou shalt not marry thy grandmother. Mrs. Tick supposed the latter to be the sequel or second edition of the former, for the boards, on which they were painted in gilt letters, balanced each other on the front of the gallery, with the lion and the unicorn fighting for the crown between. Railham church was very old-fashioned, and had never been restored: the font was still filled with hats during the time of divine service, except at Christmas, when it was stuffed up with holly and mistletoe.

Enoch Pound went to the first meeting, and intended to go to them all: in spite of his weak legs and defective shoulders he was more intelligent than half the young men in Railham, and if he did not, in fact, believe much, he did not disbelieve either. He went neither to church nor chapel, chiefly because he was shut up in a small and stuffy shop all the week, and lay late in bed on Sunday mornings; and when he was dressed, had a habit of going off on long solitary walks with a book in his pocket. He was born in the workhouse, and had no one belonging to him; his wages were small, and they were mostly spent in books. He had no particular thoughts of "getting on," but was continually thinking how to learn more He had not Jake Sheen's half-chivalrous, half-shamefaced admiration of Father Catesby, but he perceived that the priest was well-educated and clever, and could teach him all about the Catholic Church, of which he knew scarcely anything: he wanted to know about as many things as possible, and the Catholic Church, he was well aware, belonged to history, and was a big institution. He would have attended as willingly if the subject to be learned had been the Chinese Empire.

Nevertheless his somewhat chilled heart had been warmed, not disagreeably, by Father Catesby's first address. Nothing was more present to his self-consciousness than the habitual thought that, except to himself, his existence mattered no whit to anybody. Plain and ungainly as he was, there were indeed young women in Railham who would not have refused to "walk out" with him: and he was quite shrewd enough to know it. Once he had tried.

But that once was enough. He had wanted to discuss arithmetic on first principles—not denying in terms that two and two are four, but wishing to know why, and Jane Trott had been unable to rise beyond the thesis that one and one should, in due time, and after three several callings in church, make one still. Lonely as he felt, Enoch preferred his loneliness to Jane Trott, and his solitary walks had been resumed with a considerable sensation of relief. A man, however, may strongly prefer his own company to that which he finds worse than his own, and be very conscious of isolation all the same. Enoch did not want to be loved by Jane Trott, but he had a heart in his narrow chest, and it also could be hungry.

As he listened to Father Catesby, a glimmering at least of the truth crept into him. No one had listened with a closer attention, and his intelligence could outstep that of most of the priest's hearers. Even before the next address, he had a half-sense at least of what was coming. That address we cannot give here, but Enoch's instinct told him what it would convey. Christ being God had a *right* to the claim He made: and the claim was to the possession of every human life; but why should Christ, being God, care about it? Why should He *want* to rule in every man's heart? There could only be one answer, and the answer came, as Enoch knew it would, in Father Catesby's second address. As he listened he believed, quite sincerely, that he had forestalled every word in his own mind. Christ, God, desired the love of the men that He had made. They had nothing else to give Him, except mere submission and obedience, and they were valueless except as proofs of love.

Enoch, though not a chapel goer, had been at times to chapel: and he had before now heard of the love of Christ for men; but the hearing had not then attracted him. The Divine Love, as he had heard it set forth, was too patronizing and too crushing: and it repelled him. It seemed to him that it was crammed down on humanity too inexorably, as if God would not hear of receiving anything, and only insisted on giving everything, like a too wealthy patron who forces gifts on poor folk, and will not condescend to be given anything at all. Besides, the idea of Christ Himself, conveyed then, had repelled him rather than attracted. Enoch, perhaps quite unfairly, had gathered the idea that the preacher's ideal of Christ was of a man a good deal resembling himself: and the preacher had not at all fascinated him. He had not the smallest desire to love an elderly, unctuous, obviously complacent, self-satisfied person, with a rather tedious flow of oily superiority. When

he spoke of miserable sinners the preacher patted his own breast, but without conviction, as Enoch sourly surmised, and he certainly spoke as though sins were the only things of which God took the least cognizance in His creatures. Enoch did not believe himself sinless; with all his crude conceit he was too sincere; but he could not conceive how his puny failings could render him interesting to anybody: he felt an intuitive conviction that they would not interest even the preacher in him.

And the preacher had never presented Christ as God: only as "the Lamb," and Enoch knew as little about lambs as any lad born in the country could. Evangelical Christianity, as represented in chapel, had only struck poor Enoch as an anæmic, vapid, somewhat knock-kneed appeal to a sentiment of morbid guiltiness that he happened not to feel. It was odd that, while the preacher never seemed to dream of presenting Christ as anything but a man, he should wholly fail in presenting Him really as a man. Poor Enoch was a red-eyed, bottle-shouldered creature himself; but, like many such, he was keenly alive to manhood, and the preacher's ideal man seemed to him scarcely a man at all. It is not, I do hope it will be understood, intended here to defend a callow youth's conception of a great theme not greatly represented to him: it is only set out with such sincerity as is possible. Even the chapel preacher may have received scant justice at his hands, for mere sincerity would not have disarmed his alert criticism. Enoch was not disposed to yield himself to what seemed to him heat without light: it did not strike him that the preacher at Arannah knew much more than himself, and, from a phrase or an allusion here and there, he suspected him of knowing in some things less.

It was different with Dr. Catesby and Father Longcliff: he could realize that they were men with all the education and knowledge he envied, though they both rather concealed their education than paraded it. He could see, with his shrewd pale eyes, that they were men to whom it would have been really easier to address an audience far more cultivated. Yet they were not in the least affected in their simplicity; nor was there in either the smallest show of *speaking down* to intellects beneath them: that would have put up Enoch's weak back at once.

After the second meeting, it did come home to him that the emptiness of his desolate, mean life would be strangely transformed if it were filled by a great love. The thought of a great human love had simply never entered into his calculation of life: he was too dryly practical; he had a certain lean conceit—because he knew

things that other young men, the only young men he met, were ignorant of: but it was not at all of the comfortable, complacent sort that could blind him to what he was. People worth loving would never care much for an uncomely, tallow-faced fellow like him, with a long back and bent legs, thin dirt-colored hair, and a mouth not unlike a monkey's: the dull drudge of a small village shop, workhouse born, and not even gifted with a pleasant temper.

Nor did he think it likely he should ever meet anyone whom he would at all want to worship—even had the idea of loving without being loved appealed to him, which it did not in the least. But, if no human being wanted to be loved by him, now there came the strange realization that God did: on those terms he could, he thought, learn to love God, and learn to rejoice in the thought that God loved him. It had not touched him to hear that God loved him, when it merely seemed to him that God was supposed to insist on loving him whether he loved God or no; the preacher at Arannah had almost seemed to gloat over the thought of human sinfulness, as if sin were the only link between God and man, the only meeting ground. The plain truth was that to Enoch it had appeared that the Arannah idea was that God would do nothing but patronize him on account of his sins. As there was nothing divine in the idea, it gave him no real idea of God at all.

From the first sermons he heard from Father Catesby, Enoch, as it happened, gathered his first conception of Christ as a real, though perfect, Man, and as God too. Afterwards he read through the whole life of our Lord as given in the Gospels; the mere fact of such a reading, trivial as it may seem, marked a difference between Enoch and the other villagers: it would never have occurred to them to read the Bible straight on like that; a chapter was the proper thing, and to hurry on from one to another till the end of the whole book, would have seemed to them almost like treating the Bible as common reading. Enoch, in his mean lodging, read on through the four Gospels, with a greedy attention, and for the first time he recognized the truth that Jesus Christ did in fact claim to be God; and the sublimity of His teaching struck him with a more powerful appeal because it was almost new to him. He was not in the habit of hearing the Bible read in church, and he had never read it for himself. Enoch Pound was not a genius, his intelligence was only above the average of his surroundings; that it was so one instance of appreciation may illustrate. When the Sadducees, who said there was no resurrection, came to Christ with entrapping questions, Enoch read eagerly His answers. For

these Sadducees were evidently Jews, not atheists: they clearly thought it possible to believe in the God of Abraham without believing that man after death should live again, or be alive still. "But, as touching the resurrection of the dead," Enoch read of Christ answering, "Have you not read that which was spoken unto you by God, saying, I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob? God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." Probably not another reader in Railham would have perceived the force of Christ's reply: Enoch, with one crooked nail bent on the place to keep it, looked up with a quick jerk of admiration; his sallow, ugly face lighted with a pale glow of absolute pleasure.

"That's splendid," he said aloud to himself. He knew nothing about philosophy, but he saw that the saying held a deep philosophy, and that, like all great sayings, it was profoundly simple.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

KEEPING IN GIVING.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

We lay our hand upon our dearest thing,
And take it to the altar, as we say,
"Lord, here we come Thy calling to obey,
Who would not keep back aught from Thee, our King.
Lo, this our fairest, choicest offering
Before Thy feet with willing heart we lay:
Accept the sacrifice we make to-day,
Accept the best beloved gift we bring."

But let us well beware lest thought should seek
Out that near thicket, craving some device
Whereby the joy of keeping might be won.
O God, have mercy on Thy children weak,
Who think to offer perfect sacrifice,
Yet crave redemption for the only son.

THE VISITOR OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY ANNIE JOLLIFFE.

HIS be Christmas Eve, Joe."

"I know 'tis."

"Well it's forty years ago since our Kitty went away."

"So it be, so it be," said the old man, "and a bitter cold day 'twas. I mind as well as if 'twas yesterday how you set down by the fire, as it might be now, and you had a good cry, you did."

"Yes, and you just went on smoking your pipe as if nothing had happened, but I knowed you'd a been glad to a cried too, only you was ashamed."

The old man chuckled feebly, "That's just the difference, Sally," he said, "women cries when they be in trouble; men smokes."

"I believe I heard somebody outside," she said, going towards the door.

"Nonsense, woman, who should be coming here, you're always full of fancies."

Sally drew aside the red twill curtain which covered the window. "'Tis bitter cold," she said, "and a thick fog; that's all I can see. I suppose I may as well begin to get our bit of supper, though 'tis early yet, these winter evenings be so long."

The little wooden cottage stood in a narrow lane, far from the village, and no other houses were within sight. In front was a large extent of common, and at the back of the garden fields and copses, one after the other, till the distant blue hills closed the view. The narrow rutty lane led from the village past the cottage to a footpath through a wood. In summer evenings, when the old people were sitting together in the little rose-covered porch, they were often cheered by the sight of people passing; for the wood was a lovely spot, and a favorite walk, especially for lovers. But in bad weather the lane was inaccessible at the end near the wood, so the old people in the cottage never expected to have visitors in winter—yet all the time Sally was getting the supper ready she fancied she heard footsteps round the house: now it seemed to

her they were in the little garden at the back, and again at the front. "You do be hard of hearing, Joe, if you can't make out there's somebody about; I can't stand it any longer."

A stream of damp, cold air poured into the room, causing the old man to shiver, as she stepped outside, calling:

"Be anybody there?" A voice from the darkness answered, "Yes."

"Come here, do, whoever you be, 'tis bitter cold out there." In answer to her invitation a woman came forward into the light of the doorway.

"Step inside, and shut the door before we hear what you've got to say," the old man called out, "this here cold air ain't the best thing for my rheumatics."

She did step inside, and Sally hastily closed the door after her. For a moment she seemed dazed by the light and warmth of the room, and gazed vacantly from one to the other of the old people. They in turn looked at her. She was a sad-faced, old woman, slightly bent, almost toothless, with very spare gray hair neatly brushed back from her face. She wore a shabby black cloak which nearly covered her; on her head was a small sailor hat, more suitable for a young girl than an old woman. In her hand she carried a small paper parcel; the damp had burst the paper, showing that it contained a comb and brush and some small articles of clothing.

"Respectable woman," Sally said to herself; "tramps don't carry hair brushes about with 'em."

The old man broke the silence. "I should like to know how you came here this sort o' night, missis?"

"Lost your way?" asked Sally.

"Yes," she answered hesitatingly.

"Well, come near the fire and set down, mum, and tell us all about it."

Sally gave her a friendly push towards the fire. "You're dripping wet," she said; "let me take your cloak."

She carried it out of the room, and soon returned with an old pair of shoes.

"There, now, take off them wet boots, and I'll make you a cup a tea. We was just agoing to have a bit a supper, and there's nothing like a cup a tea to hearten you up and warm you."

"Walked far?" asked the old man.

"Yes, a goodish bit."

"Where do ye come from?"

"From London."

"From London," echoed Sally, "why that's miles and miles away; whatever brought you here?"

"Do you know London?" asked the stranger, taking no notice of her question.

"Knows it by hearsay; the young folks about go gadding off sometimes in the summer when there's cheap trains. I ain't ever bin, nor Joe neither, nor we don't want to go."

The old man was not to be put off. "Got friends in these parts?" he asked.

"I thought I had," she answered sadly. "I came to look for them."

"Haven't found 'em?"

"No."

"Dead and gone most likely," put in Sally. "Is it long since you was round here before?"

"Oh, many years."

"Been to abroad?"

"Yes."

"What part?"

"I lived in America many years."

"Well, now, did you really?" exclaimed Sally with great excitement, as she put the old black teapot on the hob to "draw" the tea. "Then you may have come across our daughter, our Kitty, Mrs. Jones her name is now."

The stranger started, and asked, "America is a large place; what part is she in?"

"I think 'twas Canada, kinder next door to America; but come now, draw up to the table for I'm sure you must be famished."

The old couple, with kindly thought for the stranger, forbode to talk much during the meal, but all the time the old man was watching her closely.

"No common sort of tramp that," he whispered to his wife, as she gave him his tea, then aloud to the woman, "Guess you've come down, haven't you?"

"Come down?" she asked.

"My man means as you've bin better off."

"Oh, yes, I was quite rich once."

"Thought so, thought so," chuckled the old man, "you can't deceive me. Now how is it you've come here afoot?"

The stranger appeared not to hear. Turning to Sally she asked, "Can't I help you to wash up these things, missis?"

"Adamson, mum, Sarah Adamson is my name; and what might yourn be?"

"You can call me Mary if you please."

"And a good name, too, the best of names. No, no, don't get up, I can talk and work too; and when I've done we can sit down comfortable and have a chat."

"Well, as I said, Mary is a beautiful name. Our Kitty took that at her confirmation, Catherine Mary she is."

"Your daughter I suppose."

"Yes, the only daughter we ever had. I did have two sons, but they're both dead now."

"Where is your Kitty now?" asked the woman, looking eagerly at Sally.

"Somewheres abroad; I don't rightly know where. I was just saying to my old man, it's forty years ago to-day since she went away, and she just twenty, and the beautifullest girl you ever saw in your life, she was that strong and tall—the tallest girl in these parts she was."

"Why did she leave you?"

"Well, you see she went out to service, and always had good places, but people told her she ought to better herself, I s'pose; anyhow she suddenly made up her mind to go to London. She heard of a good place there; so off she went on a cold, snowy Christmas Eve."

"You haven't seen her since?"

"No, never. After that she went to abroad to be married as I understand. Well off, too, for she wrote and said she was quite a grand lady. Once she sent us five pounds, all at once; so she must be well off to do that. Funny thing when I heard you out there in the fog, I thought of Kit. Not when I see you though; she'd make two of you. Her head nearly come up to the top of the door post, and her hair! my, how lovely it is, stands out all round her head like a sort of glory. Yes, yes, she's a beauty is our fine lady daughter, and we're a bit proud to think on her, ain't we, Joe?"

The old man only grunted in reply.

"Dozing off he is, mostly does of an evening—well, now I've done; so you and me can have a chat. 'Tis a shame to go to bed and leave this fire."

"Do you mind letting me stay for the night?"

"Bless you, no. You didn't think I was agoing to turn you out such a night as this. You can sleep in Kitty's bed. I always keeps it aired; I'm that frightened of damp beds."

"So am I. I once slept in a damp bed, and that's how I got crippled with rheumatism. I was a tall woman before I was ill."

"Law now, you don't say so. I should a thought you'd always bin a little 'un, but we do stoop a bit as we gets old. I doubt you be most as old as I am; I be over eighty, and my man's a good bit older."

"I'm not quite as old as I look, but I've gone through a good bit of trouble in my time."

"And there's nothing like trouble to age a body, poor old soul; and now you can't find your friends. I wonder if they lived in this parish; I might know 'em."

"Oh, no, miles off from here."

"I can't think how you got here; strangers never expect to find a house down this lane."

"Oh, I was wandering about tired and hungry, and I saw a friendly light through your red curtain; it looked so cheerful I made for it."

"There! that just shows what I say, do you hear that, Joe? I will have red twill for a curtain because it looks so nice out adoors, and red's cheerful indoors too."

"Have you lived here long?" asked the stranger, seeing that Sally was about to question her again.

"Always; ever since I married, and Joe had lived here before that."

"You wouldn't like to leave it now?"

"No, nor we shan't till we're carried out; that's settled for us, thank the Lord."

"How is that?"

"Well, you see it was like this: Joe's a laboring man, and he'd worked on one farm for many years. He was pretty steady too; but then he got ill, and was laid up for near a twelvemonth. The boys was out o' work, and we had nothing but what I earnt doing a bit awashing. Then I took ill, too; it was a hard winter, and I could hardly get food for us to eat, let alone firing. This house belonged to old Squire Hill in the next parish. He didn't ever come near us himself, but his agent was a hard sort of man.

He did let us get a bit behindhand with the rent, being as we always had paid regular, but when weeks went on and we couldn't pay, he threatened to turn us out. I knew that would break my man's heart; there'd be nowhere for us to go but the work'us. He took on terrible he did. His family had always bin respectable, and none of 'em ever had bin on the parish, so he begged of the man to wait just a little longer till he could get to work again. But things didn't get better in a week or two, and I'd sold what I could for food, and there was no chance of getting the back rent for sometime.

"So I says to Joe one day, 'Let's go to Squire Hill himself, I believe he'll trust us; there's nothing like going to the fountain head.' So I put on my things, and off I tramped. I tell you I shook a bit when the servant showed me into the room. The gentleman was asitting in his great chair by the fire, and his son, his only child, was standing there smoking. He was very kind spoken, was the squire, and when I'd told him all about it, he said certainly he'd wait; he'd speak about it, and we shouldn't be worried any more till master got to work. He knowed how respectable we'd always bin. 'Thank you many times, sir,' I says, 'and I am glad to see you've got your son back again.'

"'Yes he has come home to settle at last,' says he.

"'Nine years you've bin away, sir,' I says to the young squire.

"'Why how is it you remember so exactly, Mrs. Adamson?' he said.

"'It was just the time my Kitty went away to London to better herself. I heard your lady took on terrible because her son was gone off to foreign parts, and I sort a felt for her.'

"They two looked at one another, and spoke a few words in some tongue I didn't understand, and I was afraid I'd been making too free, but the old gentleman said kindly enough, 'Good-day, Mrs. Adamson, don't you worry any more about the rent. I know you'll pay it when you can.'

"Well things got a bit better after that, but it was a long time before I could save anything towards the back rent, and my heart turned over in me one day when I see the squire coming up to the door. A shilling was all I had in the world, but I got it in my hand ready for him.

"'Morning, Mrs. Adamson,' he says, 'won't you let me come in?'

"'I'm sure I'd be proud, sir; will you take a chair?'

"He looked all round, and then he says: 'Is there anything wants doing to the cottage?'

"'Well, sir, I says, 'as you asks me, I make bold to say there's lots o' things might be bettered, but we don't mind so long as you'll let us stop, and wait a bit longer; this is all I'm able to pay as yet,' and I offered him the shilling.

"'Put it away, my good woman,' he says, 'I've just come to tell you that me and my son's agreed to make over this cottage rent free to you and your husband as long as you live.'

"I was that took aback I couldn't believe my ears. 'What did you say, sir,' I says. He said it again so there was no mistake, and would you believe it, I could do nothing but cry.

"'There, there, my good woman, that's enough,' he says. 'Now show me what wants doing in the house, and I'll send a man to look after it.'

"I tried hard to thank him, but he wouldn't listen, and he muttered to himself something about owing it to us. 'Beg pardon, sir,' I says, 'I don't understand—you don't owe me anything.'

"'Don't try to understand, my good woman,' he said; 'take my offer, it's all right, and you can tell your husband he may have as much wood as he likes to pick up in the park.'"

"And so you've had it rent free ever since?"

"Yes, for when squire died, he left it in his will as we were to have it, and five shillings a week besides."

"So you are quite comfortable?"

"Yes, and thankful for it we be, a nice home, a warm bit o' fire, plenty of vegetables in the garden, and five shillings a week besides. Joe is able to do little jobs for the neighbors in fine weather, and I earns a trifle now and again apicking poultry; so we've nothing to trouble us."

"What has become of Geoffrey Hill now?"

"He's dead, too; did I tell you his name was Geoffrey? I don't seem to remember saying it, but I do run on so. Yes; he died afore his father, and strangers has the old place now, but they're nice people, too, and kind to us; so, as I says, we've got nothing to trouble us, Kitty doing so well, too."

"Tell me more about her if you don't mind," said the stranger, "I am much interested."

"Well as I said she wrote and told us she was going to abroad

(she was a wonderful scholar she was, always got the prizes at school, and wrote letters like a printed book). She sent us two pounds in that letter, and gave us an address to write to. One of the boys was alive then, and I made him sit down the Sunday afternoon and write a letter. 'Are you married or going to be?' I made him say, 'and are you well off? cause if anything is wrong just say so,' for I was a bit anxious you see about her going to them outlandish places alone.

"She didn't write for a long time, and then she said of course she was all right; 'Indeed, I'm getting quite a rich woman now, mother,' she says, 'and I shall soon be able to send you some more money, but at present I have so many expenses.' I was hurt that she didn't tell me anything about her wedding or her husband, howsomever, she said she was writing in a hurry. Then we didn't hear of her for some years, and the next letter she said she'd bin ill, but 'I was not to fret, she was doing well;' as I says it's nice to think of her being so well off, but I sometimes wish we knowed more about her."

"When did you hear last?"

"'Bout ten years ago, p'haps more."

"And was she still well and happy?"

"Oh, yes, she said she was moving about, and she couldn't give no address, 'but never mind, mother,' she says, 'you know your Kitty will never forget you, and as long as you don't hear, you may know I'm doing well.' So that's how I takes it. You see, I think if she was in trouble she'd be sure to let us know; seems to me most people is ready enough to fly to their friends when things goes wrong with 'em."

"Don't you want to see her again?"

"Used to; for years after she went away I'd lay awake a nights, wishing she'd come back, but not now."

"You would not be glad to see her if she came?"

"I don't say that, no, no; I'd like to see her, but you understand. We be old now and easy upset, and Kitty, she's bin used to things so different, and we're quite comfortable as 'tis, but our ways wouldn't suit her, so altogether p'haps it's as well as 'tis, and I love to think of her in her finery among grand people. If my Kitty had a fault it was being too fond of dress, but there! she was born to be a lady, so 'twas natural to her. Why when she was quite little and went to school, people (ladies and gentlemen I mean) used to ask if it could be true she was only a cottage

child, so clever and ladylike she was, and such a little beauty. Why bless you her lessons was no trouble; she took all the prizes; yes, yes, I'm sure she's better off where she be."

"But I wonder she does not want to hear from you."

"Well, you see, she knows we can't write, and I couldn't read when she went away, no more could my man, but I set to work and learnt to read a bit, so's I could spell out her letters. I read 'em down on Sundays till I knowed 'em by heart, but I can't write a letter. After the last of my boys died, I used to get our old priest to read out her letters to me first, and then he'd answer them, but he's dead now, and I shouldn't like to ask a stranger. You see Father Edwards had knowed Kitty, so that's the difference. I don't speak to the neighbors much about Kitty; there ain't many left that knowed her, and they always was a bit sniffy about her, and said nasty things, jealous I guess."

The strange woman made no reply, and Sally went on: "Don't think as I don't care for my Kitty, bless her! there isn't a night or morning this forty years as I've ever forgotten to pray for her. Dear me, I call her to mind at this minute as she used to sit just where you're sitting now, with her nice rosy cheeks, and her light hair and blue eyes. She was a wonderful girl to laugh, was Kitty; she'd laugh and show all her beautiful white teeth. She took after her father's family; they was all good looking; my man was handsome when he was young."

"To be sure he was," answered the stranger.

"Well, I should hardly a thought you could a seen that now. He be on his last legs, poor old chap; I'm afraid the rheumatics have doubled him up so. Yes, I see my Kitty now in her nice home; however grand it be, she becomes it well she do."

A deep sigh, which might almost have been a sob from the woman, revealed to Sally her duties as hostess.

"What am I adoing, running on about my girl when you're so tired you ought to be abed? Well, as I said, 'tis a treat for me, for I can't often talk about her except to my old man. But come, now, I'll take you to your room before I wake the master. It's a bit of a bother to get him up them little stairs, now he's so crippled, and he's apt to be touchy. Yes, this is Kitty's room, and this one is mine. Kit was born in this room. Well, I must go now; we've got to get up early in the morning to go to Mass, so it'll be rather late afore we get breakfast; I s'pose you wouldn't like to go with us. Be you a Catholic?"

"I was once."

"You was baptized and brought up a Catholic?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, thank God, you've got it to come back to, that's something, and you will come back. Oh, it's a blessing to feel you've been born in the faith."

"I wonder how it is with your Kitty; I wonder if she has ever lost her faith?"

"I don't think it's likely," said the old woman thoughtfully, "yet I'm sometimes afraid when I recollect how careless she was at times, but I always pray she may be kept true, or else brought back, and now I shall always say a prayer for Mary as well. So good-night, and I hope you'll find the bed comfortable."

Left alone in the little room, the woman seemed in no hurry to get to bed. She examined every article of furniture, every print and photograph on the wall; one, a group of children, she took down and looked at for a long time; it was so faded, the faces of the children were scarcely discernible, but it seemed to interest her. Gently she opened the drawers of the old chest which stood in the window, and rummaged among the contents, but evidently she did not find what she was seeking, for she carefully replaced the things and shut the drawers.

A cupboard in the wall attracted her attention; here she found apparently what she wanted. From the back of the cupboard she extracted a small box; it had once been gay with a bright picture on the top, now dirty, dim, and faded.

With trembling fingers she opened the lid, and a sound almost like a cry of joy escaped her as she drew forth the object of her search. It was a small blessed medal, now so blackened by age that what it represented was undiscernible. The woman was satisfied. She replaced the box in the cupboard, and looking round the room again she found a piece of string on the table. She threaded the medal on this, and placed it round her neck. Then, fearful of disturbing the old people who had now come up to their room, she put out the light and hurried into bed, but not to sleep. Long did she lie there with the past vivid before her, and she wept as she had never thought to weep again. In the early hours of the morning she sank into the sleep of utter exhaustion. She awoke to find it broad daylight, the wintry sun streaming in at the little window, and Sally opening the door.

"Morning, Mary," she said, "the breakfast will be ready in

five minutes, and you'll find some water and a towel in the back kitchen if you'd like a wash."

"I'm sorry to be so late," said Mary, when they were sitting at breakfast. "I meant to get up and light your fire before you came back."

"Don't name it," answered Sally, "I'm glad you slept so well. Wasn't my girl's bed comfortable, eh?"

"Yes, indeed, it was."

"Maybe you'd like to stop another night or two, mum. If so, be as you would, you'd be welcome," said Joe.

"You're very kind, but I am anxious to get back to London, and I think I'd better start soon."

"Not before dinner," exclaimed Sally, "you must stop and eat a bit o' Christmas dinner with us. It's all in the house, a nice little bit o' beef, tender as anything, and a plum pudding, given to us by a kind lady, and nice potatoes and greens out of the garden, so you must wait and help us eat it."

"How be you agoing to get back to London?" asked Joe.

"Oh, I shall make my way there by degrees; there's always the workhouse to sleep in."

"And how far do you count to get to-day?"

"I thought perhaps I might get as far as Husbridge."

"Well, that's six miles," put in Sally, "so if we has dinner early, you'll get there in good time. You can't miss the road if 'tis dark, and it ain't a bit lonely, there's lots of houses."

When dinner was over, the woman put on her boots and the shabby old cloak, and prepared to depart.

"Wait a minute," called Sally from her bedroom, and coming down she wrapped a knitted shawl round Mary's neck.

"That cloak ain't warm enough," she said. "I don't want the old shawl, so you may as well have it in remembrance of me, but, bless me, woman, how ill you look. Now I see you in this bright light, I never noticed it afore; you ain't fit to tramp it I'm sure. Won't you have a shilling to help you on the way? We could spare it."

"No, thank you, you're too good to me; I don't know how to thank you. I should like to kiss you both; it's nice to have someone to kiss on Christmas day."

The old man endured the embrace, muttering something about "not being partial to kissing." But Sally heartily returned the

kiss, and whispered, "Don't forget your prayers, my dear, and you'll come back to your faith, won't you?"

She accompanied her visitor to the door, "Well, good-bye, and if you ever should be this way again, just give us a call, and see if we're this side of the grave."

"I'm afraid that's not likely, but I'll never forget you."

The old couple both stood at the door, watching her as she crossed the road, opened the gate, and slowly began to walk over the path through the common. There had been a slight fall of snow in the night, and the wanderer's figure stood out black against the white landscape. As she came to the high ground of the common, she turned once more to look at the cottage. The old people still stood at the open door, Sally waving a large red handkerchief at her. Mary waved her hand in return, then began to descend the hill, and the cottage was hidden from her sight.

"Seems kinder lonesome now, don't it, Joe?" asked Sally, as they settled themselves by the fire. "I wonder who she was, poor old soul. I guess she hain't been no better'n she should be in her time, but I don't grudge her what she had here."

"No," said the old man, "more do I. But we be better alone."

But the stranger, toiling painfully along the frozen paths, pressed the little medal to her heart, and murmured, "Now to the workhouse infirmary to die, and, oh, thank God! they will never know."

THE TIME SPIRIT IN MUSIC.

I. THE LESSON OF THE PAST.

BY THOMAS J. GERRARD.

AS truly as the spirit of an individual or a nation expresses itself in the music of its choice, so truly does the music of every age voice its time-spirit. Hence in the modern music we find the same exaggerated subjectivism which we have observed in the other spheres of experience. The intellectuality of the old masters is treated with contempt, and mere animal instinct made the principle of selection. Some new and beautiful sensations have been undoubtedly produced, but the real principle of variety and unity has been sacrificed.

Even in music, apostasy from intellect leads away from devotion to true art and towards the cult of the hideous. The fact that influence is implicit and subconscious, makes it all the more dangerous. Not that we contend for mere intellectualism in music. Comic operas, musical plays, dreamy waltzes all may have their proper function as a moderate indulgence of the senses, and a means of intellectual relaxation. Yet, even so, music can and should be under intellectual control. A music-hall song can be made both popular and good.

Having declared our musical faith, we next inquire wherein lies the intellectuality of music. Obviously music is less apt than either literature or painting for the conveyance of ideas. Dinner-time, by convention, may be sounded on a gong or on a bugle. But I cannot invite my friend to dinner through the medium of a fugue or a sonata. Yet a sonata can convey ideas. It can tell me that the composer has had joy, sorrow, peace, courage, merriment, hope, despair. It can cause similar feelings in me, and my mind reflecting thereon can compare my experiences with those of the composer, or of my neighbor who listens with me.

Now whereas the language of literature is made up almost entirely of conventional signs called words and idioms, the language of music is made up almost entirely of natural signs. When a composer wishes to express an idea, he must design a combination

of sounds which have some natural affinity with the thought he wishes to express. This design is a musical idea. Then just as ideas may be compounded to make sentences, paragraphs, chapters, and books, so themes may be compounded and built up into fugues, sonatas, and symphonies. Thus there are two chief activities of the intellect in music. The first and most important is the working out of design. The second is the choosing of an idea to be expressed by the design.

This need of some sort of an idea for a design is the bond, more or less close, between the language of music and the language of words. In so far as music is able to speak for itself without the aid of words, it is regarded as an independent art, and is called "pure" music. In so far as it is allied to words, whether to help them or to be helped by them, it is called "mixed" or "impure" music.

In pure music the choice of ideas is very limited. Nevertheless, although the available ideas may be few, in many cases they may be more effectually expressed in music than in any other art. Nature is the source of ideas. Ideas may be associated with the external sounds of nature, such as the rippling of a stream or the singing of a bird. Or they may be abstracted from man's inward emotions or states of feeling. The greatest musicians have used both sources. The consensus of musical judgment, however, seems to be that the outward sounds are only reproduced by the great masters for the purpose of exciting in others the same inward emotions excited in them. Realism, therefore, is used very sparingly. The idealized sound is the normal artistic mean of expression.

Mixed music has a wider range of available ideas. Here the ideas are expressed by the words, the function of the music being rather to illustrate and impress them. To combine a series of sounds which shall both express and impress a given idea, with its corresponding emotion, calls forth the highest activities of the human intelligence. This is the process which we have called design. The actual sound or combination of sounds is a concrete reality, it is particular and not universal. Yet it can be the foundation of a universal. The mind can turn itself on the sensation produced and abstract from it an idea. A leitmotif, for instance, is a concrete reality when it blazes forth from the trombone. But it can also be a universal, since we can speak of the leitmotif in general and define it.

So, too, with form. We can have Palestrina form, Wagnerian form, fugue form, sonata form. These again are concrete realities in their production; but as such they provide foundations for ideas. When the ideas have been abstracted by the mind, they form part of the science of music.

Again, all music proceeds on certain laws; the laws of sound, timbre, and pitch; the laws of the scale, such as the relations of octaves, thirds, and fifths; the laws of harmony and modulation; the laws of rhythm and construction; the laws of contrapuntal and fugal composition. Considered in their concrete working, these laws are so many concrete things, that is, manners or ways in which nature acts beautifully. But then these concrete relations, varied, subtle, and hidden, as many of them are, are perceived by the intellect. They are abstracted by the mind, and become objects of mental contemplation. Now when these laws are artistically evolved, when they appeal by their depth and subtlety to the appreciation of the intellect, we say that the design is intellectual, learned, and advanced. In their respective spheres the greatest geniuses of design were Palestrina, Bach, Beethoven, and Wagner.

The development of design constitutes the history of music. The growth and coördination of its manifold and intricate principles have been a very slow and painful process. Music is so intimately bound up with the faculty of sense, that only with great difficulty could it be brought under control of the intellect.

If we observe the growth of design, we shall be able the better to appraise the modernist revolt against it. Its history shows it to have been a progress from that which is merely animal to that which is highly spiritual. The development is seen to be due to the labor of geniuses who utilized the work of their forbears, who gathered up the judgments of all who had contributed to the thought of the subject, and who corrected their own eccentricities by reference to the collective musical judgment.

Hence degeneration is seen to consist in a revolt from these high standards, in an assertion of the composer's self-sufficiency and self-perfectibility, in a fall from intellectual to sensual methods, in a substitution of animal impulse for spiritual illumination.

We have defined art as the translation of thought into work. So is it with the art of music. In music the medium by which the thought is expressed is a combination and succession of sounds. The artist who conceives a great and moving idea, seeks for the most apt means of expressing it. The idea must be made intelligible

to others. But in order to make an idea intelligible by means of music, the various sounds must be intelligently combined.

In real music, then, even as in painting and in sculpture, there must be a *fact* value and a *spirit* value. Mere design is not art. There must be expression as well. Here enters in the personality and soul of the artist. If one has nothing to say, he ought not to say it. The modernist Mahler may be quoted as one who had no excuse for speaking.

Some enthusiasts for "pure" music claim that it differs from all other branches of art in this, that it should have no idea. The other arts, it is contended, take their ideas from life or from nature, they have a substance which represents real occurrences idealized or copies of nature idealized, whereas the works of pure instrumental music have no such substance.

But this is simply not true. In the most pure music that exists, there are definite ideas of the composer which characterize the whole piece and the various parts of the piece. In a sonata by Beethoven there is always the allegro, the adagio, and the scherzo. The scherzo in turn has its component ideas, an allegretto, a trio, and a rondo, for instance. The beauty and impressiveness of pure music depends to some extent on the charm of the principal themes which are the foundation and groundwork of the composition, but infinitely more on the working out.

The principal themes of the great symphonies of the old masters are in themselves simple, yet are wonderfully fertilized by the soul, the intelligence, the imagination of the composer. Out of a very simple theme Beethoven in his Lenora, Number Three, makes the greatest overture ever written.

From the beginning of the history of music, we find that the savage could express his fighting or love-making emotions with such an intensity as to excite his hearers to a state of frenzy. The savage was an acute impressionist. He combined singing with dancing, thus welding melody and rhythm. In proportion as the figures lost their native impulsiveness and vagueness, they lost their power of expressing and exciting animal instinct. As they attained recognized complex forms, they gave more and more artistic pleasure.

Yet with the development of design, there still remains the tendency to fall back towards the animal instincts. Even in the highest forms of the modern sonata, we find a tendency to the singing instinct in the adagio and to the dancing instinct in the scherzo. To minimize this tendency and enhance the idealism of the movement,

Beethoven substituted the scherzo for the minuet. The latest American freak dances, for example, are nothing less than a reversion to primitive animality. How to control these instincts within the bounds of reason, how to utilize them without destroying them, how to make them minister to musical beauty and thereby to human happiness, that is the problem of music.

Too much reiteration either of the melodic element or of the rhythmic element, will produce fatigue. Hence the first requirement in musical composition is variety and contrast. But, on the other hand, mere change of sound or a mere succession of disconnected contrasts, produces fatigue also. Hence the second requirement in musical composition is unity.

The evolution of music, in its respective branches, has been marked by an ever increasing tendency towards abstract beauty of design. This culminated in Palestrina as representing polyphonic music, in Bach as representing contrapuntal music, and in Beethoven as representing harmonic music.

The first step in the intellectualizing of music was the fixing of the pitch. There could be no chance of a common language until each sound had some definite relationship to each other. So a scale had to be formed. But this was a matter of time. It required a thousand years for the harmonic scale which is now used for European music to evolve from its first accepted nucleus. The intervals of the fourth and fifth were the first to be generally accepted, the other notes came in by degrees.

Melody was for a long time the only kind of music. The early Christians used the Greek music, but at first there was much confusion. To put things in order, St. Ambrose of Milan and St. Gregory of Rome utilized the Greek modes. Ambrose chose four tones which he named the Dorian, Phrygian, Lydian, and Mixolydian, though these did not correspond exactly with the Greek modes. These four were called "authentic." Then Gregory, by rearranging the component notes of Ambrose, made another four modes. These were called plagal. Later a further series of four was added.

Soon after this harmony began to make its appearance. The first harmonies of music consisted of a series of music of consecutive fifths. The one interval which, above all others, the beginner of to-day is taught to avoid. As for the major third, it took hundreds of years to become acceptable as a concord. Let us take special notice of these facts, for they have an important bearing on the vagaries of the modern time-spirit.

The reason why the mediæval folk did not feel the ugliness of consecutive fifths so acutely as we do, was because their minds were fixed on the melody rather than on the harmony. They were experimenting. Later to overcome dissonance, a system of sharps and flats was introduced. The earliest harmony, therefore, consisted of an interchange of fifths, fourths, and octaves.

The monotony of singing that was merely contrapuntal, led men to think of greater possibilities of harmony. As yet, however, even the great masters did not acknowledge the contrast between tonic and dominant centres as the basis of design, nor yet had they arrived at such a definite tonality, or sense of key, as to be able to make tonal contrasts a principle of design. The intricacies of counterpoint was their chief resource.

The period of this development lasted from the beginning of the ninth to the end of the fourteenth century. Thenceforward, to the beginning of the seventeenth century, occurred the brilliant epoch of purely choral music. The English composer Dunstable may be said to have started it. He was the first to give to music something of definite design. Great masters succeeded him, and carried his work to higher perfection. The Flemish composers, with Josquin de Prés as chief, were the most distinctive; the Italians, with Palestrina at their head, were the most finished in form; whilst the English, with Byrd and Gibbons as leaders, were characterized by a happy combination of lustre and form.

By the end of this period, musicians were fairly agreed as to the relative artistic value of the notes. The tonic was admitted to be the natural starting point and resting place, the dominant the centre of contrast, whilst the mediant served to define the major or minor mode.

Here we may pause to emphasize a point very pertinent to the modern situation. The Church in laying down the basis of the Gregorian modes, in enforcing them with her authority, in fostering the consequent developments of harmony, secured for the European system of music an advance of about eight centuries over all other systems.

The history of folk-music during this period, shows that it passed through a process similar to that of ecclesiastical music, namely, the gradual groping for design, and the struggle of intelligence for the mastery over sense.

At this juncture we meet the question: What about Monteverde? Well, what about him? Obviously the polyphonic music,

so carefully fostered by the Church, could not adequately respond to the needs of the secular drama. It was the most perfectly developed music in existence. Time had brought it to maturity. To give it a new orientation, suitable for the secular stage, more time would be required. But the time-spirit, as ever, was impatient. It wanted a short cut to its new destination. Hence the rebellion, led by Cavaliere, Caccini, Galilei, and Peri, and completed by Monteverde.

These reformers would have no more of the restrictions of ecclesiasticism. They would set aside the polyphonic system, and they would speculate. They would sing sonnets and poems with simple chords on the lute and the harpsichord. The soloist should assert himself, and sing just what he wanted to sing in a form of recitative analogous to spoken declamation.

The result was a fiasco. The principle of unity having been flung aside, the music became characterized by incoherence. Nay, the very expression and color which the reformers sought to attain by their freedom from conventions soon became barren. Anti-intellectualism destroyed not only the principle of unity, but also the principle of variety. Monteverde's genius was for dramatic situations, not for elaborate beauty of design. The milieu created by his predecessors was just what his venturesome soul wanted. So he began to feel his way back to the old foundations. All his later work shows a definite tendency towards unity of design and precision of contrast.

The need of going back directly to the old style was first clearly realized by Giovanni Gabrieli of Venice. He was not afraid of experiment, but his experiments were based on the old types. He had a famous pupil, Schütz, who carried his message to Germany, and thus continued the tradition descended from Palestrina and the polyphonic school, and passed it on to its logical issue in Bach and Beethoven. Carissimi carried on an analogous propaganda in Italy.

Thus choral music sprang up again. But now it was a true development. It had the note of conservative action with its past—it carried on the principles of design. It had also the note of power of assimilation—it took from the débris of the rebellion the element of dramatic feeling.

Henceforward the struggle was to be for preëminence between dramatic feeling and musical design. As yet the resources of musical design were not adequate to the demands of the drama.

Scarlatti did much to develop these resources. The violin makers Stradivari, Guarnerius, the Amatis, and Bergonzi, who could also play, practically founded the scheme of the modern sonata. The work of Corelli fixed the definite acceptance of musical design as a medium of expression apart from words. Organ music seems to have been foremost in the progress towards high intellectuality. It took about fifty years of experimenting to find out how to adapt the old melodic modes and contrapuntal methods to modern tonality and harmonic form. Then, as the manufacture of instruments was improved, choral and instrumental music were combined. The ripest fruit of this period of development is seen in the oratorios of Handel and the "Passions" of Bach. Both masters assimilated and synthetized the work of their predecessors. But each qualified it with a different personality and experience.

Handel was a public man, and excelled in that branch of descriptive music which represents outward situations. Bach, on the contrary, was a recluse, and excelled rather in that branch of descriptive music which represents inward states. He was ever catholic, in the sense that he went to all musical sources for suggestions, and corrected his own ideas by reference to the collective judgment.

Bach contributed largely to that period of development which was the preparation for the great work of Beethoven. Bach died in 1750, Beethoven was born in 1770, and so the period may be roughly counted as the eighteenth century. The development went hand in hand with the improvement of instruments, and pure music grew out of the limitations and capabilities of instruments. Necessity was the mother of invention. Bach began with a plain organ. With hardly any variety of stops, and so no color, he must have recourse to elaborate structure.

Hayden felt the same limitations with the orchestra as Bach with the organ. Hence, in his symphonies, the use of elaborate counterpoint and fugue.

With Mozart the development of form proceeded step by step with the development of the orchestra and the harpsichord. His finest work is in the six wonderful symphonies written just before his death.

Moreover, the improvement of instruments facilitated the progress of the harmonic principle as distinguished from the contrapuntal principle. Up to the time of Handel and Bach, in the struggle between these principles, the contrapuntal, more or less,

steadily maintained the supremacy. But when the intellectual help of words was abandoned, composers were forced to enlarge their range of design by a more extensive use of the harmonic principle, and the future sonata began to assume shape.

Beethoven, born in 1770, had the good fortune to make his appearance when every preparation had been made for him. He began with a good orchestra, and with the first real pianoforte. He began with a tremendous supply of the elements of rich design. His genius alone was wanted to organize the material, and to produce the greatest masterpieces of musical art. With understanding, knowledge, and wisdom he summarized the whole history of musical experience, using the form already prepared for him, the sonata. From the beginning to the end of his work he kept the musical elements under intellectual control, and intelligently wove of them the fabric of beauty.

Nor did Beethoven merely repeat the principles of his great predecessors. He clothed them with his own personality. In his strong hands the sonata was wrought into its highest perfection. Had he been tainted by the vice of modern subjectivism, he might have struck out into some other form which nobody had heard of, to be handed down to posterity as the over-ripe fruit of his subjective exigencies.

There are three periods in his life. The first, say to his thirty-fourth year, reveals him as merely laying hold on principles, with just an occasional outburst of genius. The second, say to his fortieth year, is conspicuous for its brilliance, that *claritas,* or lustre, which St. Thomas counts as the third essential element of beauty. After his fortieth year, personal troubles came upon him and mellowed his nature. Thenceforward his work is more universal. A wider range of feeling needed for its adequate expression a wider range of design.

This development is recognized best in the last movement of the sonata, where the old minuet gives place to the scherzo. Here was a protest against sentimentalism, a declaration that a movement, vital, quick, and pregnant with reality, could also be intellectual. The scherzo movement, unhampered by the triple time of the minuet, could explore the whole gamut of human experiences, and suggest them through the recognizable and recognized forms of the sonata movements. No educated person needs to ask what he means. He is never in the same category as the modern charlatan, who must step down and tell us what he is driving at. His work shows

the elements of beauty in their highest development—integrity or perfection, due proportion or consonance, and *claritas,* lustre, or distinction.*

As to the ideas which he translated into music, they were neither those of merely subjective moods, nor yet those of merely objective pictures. They were the reproduction of subjective emotions and reflections derived from intimate contact with the objective world. The Eroica Symphony was designed to express Beethoven's interpretation of Napoleon. The *Lebewohl* Sonata was designed to express Beethoven's understanding of parting, absence, and return of friends. The Pastoral Symphony was his idealization of life in the fields and woods.

The lesson of the past, then, having special regard to the genius of Palestrina, Bach, and Beethoven would seem to be as follows:

True musical development must always have a great respect for the work of the past. Only thus can the collective experience be consulted. And if enhancement of life and promotion of well-being are the aim of musical development, collective experience must be held to contain greater riches than individual experience. The individual, therefore, must perfect himself by reference to the collective judgment.

But judgment is a function of the intellect. True musical development, therefore, must have logical sequence. The logic may be implicit in the mind of the composer and in his work. But it must be able to stand the test of analysis. Posterity may require time to make this analysis. It has taken over a hundred years to understand Bach and Beethoven. But in the effort it has found no persistent fallacies. Hence their work is even more vital to-day than when it was first written.

Lastly, true musical development must not be characterized by mere logical sequence. As it grows old it must consequently renew its youth. It must put forth a power of assimilation. If it carries down the heritage of the past wherewith to endow the time-spirit, it must also be willing to learn from the time-spirit. It must clothe itself with the feeling of the age in which it lives.

To apply this lesson to the modern situation, will be the purpose of our next study.

**Summa,* pars 1*a*, qu XXXIX., art. viii.

NEARLY TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

BY GEORGE WOODRUFF JOHNSTON.

I.

IT was night and the trees were asleep. The stars sparkled icily in a deep purple sky, and the air cracked with frost. But the cold was nothing to them—these sturdy firs. They were very comfortable, clustered closely together; their roots tucked away warmly in the snow-covered ground. Yet they were sad. The gloom, the silence, the loneliness of the North weighed heavily upon them; memories of an unhappy past brooded over them. Presently, the wind began to blow, and the trees awoke and talked softly with one another.

"Why is it, mother," whispered a young fir, "why is it that at this time of year, always at this time, when the snow glistens in the sun, and the shiny icicles hang from our arms, and the North Wind laughs and sings and tells us stories, that men come and chop us down and carry us away? They don't hurt the other trees; why not? Why is it only us firs, and only us little fellows that they take? I heard their axes to-day, and I'm afraid."

"It's a long story," answered the young fir's mother, "and I don't believe you could understand it. You are scarcely ten years old, you know."

"Please tell me; please tell me," begged the little tree.

"Well, then," began the mother, gently: "Once upon a time, in a country almost at the other end of the world, there lived a little Boy with His father and mother. His father was a carpenter, and had a shop with a workbench in it, and on the floor of this shop were piles of chips and shavings in which the little Boy used to play. By and by, the child grew old enough and strong enough to help His father. He became a carpenter, too; and of all the woods in His father's shop, He liked best that of the fir tree. Its chips and shavings were sweet to smell; it was soft and easy to work; and out of it He made many needful things, some of which, so far as I know, may be found in that far country to this very day. Our people, living on the hillsides

round about, often spoke of His work, and were proud of it. For it is better when you are a hundred years old or so, and the sap still runs strong in your body, to be turned by skillful and loving hands into something useful that will be taken care of as long as you live—better, far better, than to wither away from old age, to be twisted and torn by fierce winds, to stagger from weakness, until at last on a stormy winter's night you topple over with a helpless cry, to smother and rot under dead leaves in some damp gully."

"But—about the little Boy," exclaimed the young fir, impatiently.

"Yes; yes; about the little Boy," sighed the mother tree. "One day in that distant land a terrible thing happened. A noisy crowd came out from a city to a place where many of our people lived, and in the midst of them was the little Boy, now grown to be a Man. Some of the crowd had axes, and they cut down one of us, and stripping off his limbs laid his body on the Man's shoulders, and with whips and curses made Him drag it away. It was a cruel thing to do, for He was already weak and trembling, and there were drops of blood on His forehead. Sorrowfully, our people watched Him tottering under His heavy burden until he was out of sight. But they could do nothing. That was an awful day. The earth rocked; the air turned black, and our people stood helpless while the poor Man was tortured to death on the same tree which He, Himself, had been made to bear on His bruised and quivering shoulders."

"But, why was that? Why was He killed?" asked the little fir, in a frightened whisper.

"As old as we are, and as wise as we are, that we do not know," the mother replied. "But our forefathers never forgot the horror of those dark hours, nor can we forget the everlasting shame they brought upon our race. From that day to this our voices have never been raised above a mournful sigh. From that day to this, whilst other trees in the spring and autumn of the year clothe themselves in the gayest of colors, we never change from year's end to year's end our own sombre garments. All that our grandsires could do was to leave the land where this disgrace fell upon them, and though they loved it, this they did, scattering their seeds from generation to generation always to the North, always to the North, until ages passed, and we now live close to the edge of the eternal ice, and the dwellers in that parched country long for our cool shadows in vain."

"But, mother, what has all this to do with the men who come every year at this time and take us little fellows away from our fathers and mothers?" inquired the young fir, anxiously.

"It has a great deal to do with it," answered the old tree; "a great deal to do with it. This poor Man I have just told you about, in the midst of His own sorrows and sufferings, remembered the sorrows and sufferings of others. He forgave those who had so cruelly tortured Him. He forgave everyone. He forgot no one, not even us; nor that the shame which we had evermore to bear had come upon us through no fault of our own. He thought of this and pitied us, and out of His pity for us He brought it about that of all the trees that grow, we are the ones chosen to keep His memory fresh and green in the hearts of those who love Him—not the memory of Him as he hung torn and bleeding on the tree, but when as a little baby He first looked up laughing and cooing into His mother's eyes. To-morrow is His birthday. It is a children's day, and we are always there in the midst of them—our little ones amongst the other children—for of all things in the world, He loved little children best."

And before the dawn broke, the wise old mother had told her son the whole sad, beautiful story.

II.

Next day the adventures of the young fir began. As soon as the sun lay red on the snow, a man came trudging over the wintry fields, and after eyeing the little tree carefully from top to toe, brought it tumbling down with two strokes of his axe, and carried it off on his shoulder. He laughed and sang on his homeward way, and he was still laughing and singing when he set the tree upright in a room where a red-cheeked little woman sat by the fire, thinking. He covered the tree with silver and gold and all sorts of shining things, and fixed tiny candles upon its branches, humming cheerily while he worked.

"Behold!" he cried, gaily, when all was done. "Behold! little woman, our first Christmas tree!" Whereupon, he took her in his arms and hugged her tight and kissed her. "To-night, we will light the candles. Won't it be pretty? But what is the matter, little woman? What *is* the matter? What are you thinking about? And there are tears in your eyes, too, I believe, of all days in the year when one should be jolly."

The little woman twined her arms about her husband's neck, and hid her face in his breast.

"When I saw you come in with the tree—it was such a surprise, such a loving surprise, dear Tom—when I saw you come in with the tree, I began to think—I began to think," said the little woman, her voice very shaky and far away. "I began to think of that other night so many hundreds of years ago. *She* had nowhere to lay her head, Tom, dear, only in a stable. And I—I have everything! Think of it, Tom; think of it!"

"Why, I declare, little woman, I believe you are crying, actually crying. I never heard of such a thing; never in all my life; never!" At which Tom laughed, this time so heartily, that for a moment his jolly face looked worried and old.

Many strange things happened that day in the house in which Tom and the little woman lived—things that the young fir could not in the least understand. There was much coming and going on tip-toe, and whispering behind doors on the part of Tom and a pretty old lady, and a great deal of puffing and wrinkling of the forehead and pursing of the lips on the part of a stout little gentleman, who seemed to be in temporary command of Tom, the little woman, the pretty old lady, and everybody else. Then, toward evening, the stout little gentleman went away, chuckling to himself and wagging his head, and the pretty old lady went away, chuckling to herself and wagging her head, and such a sudden quiet fell upon the house that the young fir, shut up in a room all by himself, felt very sad and lonely in spite of his pink candles and gold and silver finery.

The clock ticked, and the hours crept by, and the little tree felt more lonely still as the night came on—very lonely, indeed, in the dark, strange room. He thought of his father and mother, and of his brothers and sisters snuggled close to each other under the sparkling stars, their feet covered by the warm snow. "What are they talking of? Are they talking of me? Do they miss me?" he asked himself. He felt very mournful, too, did the young fir, thinking of the story his mother had told him; and he had already sighed twice most dismally, when, suddenly, a door opened and Tom appeared in a dressing gown and a big pair of slippers, and without more ado picked up the young tree and carried it into the next room. Here everything was as silent as on the snowy hillside where the little chap had lived. But Tom began to laugh—what a happy fellow Tom was, to be sure!—now so gently, however,

that no one save the young fir could possibly have heard him, and he moved about the room softly, softly, as if he were afraid of waking somebody up.

And then the most wonderful thing that could happen did happen—the most wonderful thing by far in that long day of surprises. Tom, treading as if on eggs, lit the tiny candles one by one, until the young fir blazed and glittered, and was very proud of himself, indeed. He looked about. There was Tom sitting on the edge of a bed and patting the hand of his little woman, whose cheeks, instead of being red, were now quite white, and whose eyes were closed. Presently she opened her eyes—such heavy, weary looking eyes—and saw the little tree in all his glory; and then she smiled—such a tired, but such a happy little smile—and drew closer to her breast a tiny pink bundle lying in the hollow of her arm.

"Think of it, Tom," she breathed. "Nearly two thousand years ago to-night, and she had nowhere to lay her head! Dear Tom, He loved little children so—I hope—I hope He will love *our* little boy."

A mist came over Tom's eyes so that he could not see his little woman at all, and such a lump rose in his throat that he could not answer her. But the young fir was listening, and remembering the story his mother had told him, he whispered:

"I hope so, little woman. Indeed, I know He will."

"Nearly two thousand years ago to-night," murmured the little woman, dropping off to sleep. "And I came near forgetting the true meaning of it all—would have forgotten it but for the little Christmas tree. Tom, we will always—will always keep the little tree and take care of it, won't we, Tom—won't we—?"

You may be sure that the young fir was listening this time, and that he agreed with her most heartily.

"Indeed, indeed, I hope so, little woman," said he, fervently.

THE CATHOLIC MAORI AT HOME.

BY M. H.

"THESE children of Mary," said my little guide, pointing with modest pride to the three Maori women squatting under a big tree beside the road. They were the ordinary type with which I had become familiar in a week's tour through the native districts of New Zealand: dark-eyed, with hair hanging in great black silken plaits, dressed in long full European skirts, and unbelted blouses which hung in straight lines to their hips. Was I then to hail these dark-skinned daughters of an alien race as my sisters in the world-wide confraternity of Mary Immaculate? The idea seemed grotesque enough, though I had come to Waihi as a Catholic anxious to make acquaintance with my Maori co-religionists. Armed with an introduction from his lordship the Bishop of Auckland, I had penetrated by means of two days' arduous coaching to the shores of Lake Taupo, the very heart of the North Island of New Zealand. Then, after a five o'clock breakfast, and a cold and early drive of some miles to the Taupo wharf, came a sensational enough transit of the stormy lake. This left me at Tokaanu a singularly dingy and disreputable European settlement: a township of wooden huts and weird thermal phenomena. These latter, however, are rarely of fascination sufficient to detain the stray tourist, who almost invariably goes straight from the steamer to the coach to take the main railway. A European visitor in Tokaanu was therefore a sensation; but a European visitor to the tiny Pa or native village of Waihi, some miles beyond, was nothing less than an event.

Waihi is an entirely Catholic settlement, inhabited by a subtribe of the Ngatituwharetoa, one of the finest tribes of Maori antiquity. The resident chief, who rejoices in the high-sounding name of Tureiti te Heu-Heu Tukino, is the ancestral high chief of the whole Taupo district, and therefore one of the bluest-blooded princes of the land. For centuries there has been a Heu-Heu at Taupo; and indeed the present bearer of the name traces his descent a clear forty generations back, to the time of the original coming of the Maori from Hawaiki. This, among the Maori, is as if one should point to a family tree, the originator of which "came over"

with the Conqueror. With the thirty odd families that comprise the village, dwell a resident priest, and three Sisters of the Australian Order of St. Joseph, who were founded specially for mission and back-block work in Australia and New Zealand. The five-roomed cottage that goes by the name of the convent, the priest's little hut, and the native church, are all the handiwork of the priest himself, aided by the desultory labor of some of his flock. Outside these four Europeans, a white face is very rarely seen in the Pa.

My arrival had been definitely fixed by letter a week before; but, alas for country mail-systems! I encountered on the Tokaanu wharf the little native girl whom the nuns had sent for their mail; and, somewhat to my embarrassment, and the intense excitement of the little girl, the letter and I arrived together. She knew just enough English to understand my request to be guided from Tokaanu to Waihi: I know just enough Maori to salute the very large and frankly-interested gathering of natives in the Tokaanu store, who all insisted on shaking hands with the pakeha (foreign) girl, who could give them good-day in their own language. After a quarter of an hour or so during which my guide was quite evidently discussing my probable status and intentions with the two dozen or so men, women, and children collected in the store, we took the road, or rather the grass track, to Waihi. The little bare, brown feet pattered along noiselessly beside me; and occasionally I saw the great, liquid, brown eyes observing me cautiously in silence. Silence was indeed imperative on both of us, as we had exhausted our limited knowledge of each other's language. On the right hand stretched the lake, calm enough now, though an hour ago it had tossed me so unmercifully; on the left rose the hills, steeply green with their luxuriant dark foliage, through which curled up at intervals the misty white jets of steam that betrayed one of the puia, or boiling springs, with which the district was honeycombed. From the neighborhood of these same springs, fifty years ago, came the terrible land-slip that in the dead of night overwhelmed the Heu-Heu of that time with his sleeping village. The survivors of this awful catastrophe could be numbered on the fingers of one hand; and since then the village has been rebuilt farther along the shore. The little Maori children rove at will in the thick bush round the boiling springs, and miraculously escape scatheless.

The path turns and reveals just beyond a collection of gray thatched huts straggling up the steep hillside. They are fenced in by crazy-looking poles, from which ferocious carved heads grin down

upon us. This was evidently Waihi; and the little wooden church and great white wooden cross firmly planted on the lake shore proclaimed its Catholicity. Rapidly was I led up the steep ascent to the convent. Loose pebbles rolled beneath our hastening feet, for the acute excitement of my guide at having brought home a strange European girl would admit of no delay till I had been displayed to the nuns. The welcome I received at the convent was as Irish in its hearty hospitality as were the good nuns themselves; and within an hour of my arrival they had made me completely at home in the community room, with a stretcher installed in a corner and primitive washing arrangements spread out on the community table. Their one regret was that the house did not contain even a vestige of looking-glass; they "not being used to visitors," as they pathetically put it. Fortunately I was accustomed to staying about at convents here and there; and could relieve the troubled minds of my kind hostesses by producing an inch-square pocket mirror, which I assured them would serve all my needs. But indeed I think I could cheerfully have agreed to sleep on the floor, when I had taken my first glance from the open door of my room, which looked straight down on the bush, the hills, the Pa below, and the great lake lying placid and calm in the noon-day sun. It was a scene of ideal beauty, and the countless interesting possibilities in the way of primitive life that lay before me added unspeakably to its charm.

> It was not that Nature had spread o'er the scene
> Her purest of crystal and brightest of green.

It was something "more exquisite still" that attracted me: the mediæval simplicity of this place far off the track of tourists and tourist-spoiled natives. Most of the families in Waihi have been Catholic for three generations; and they add the faith and devotion of model Catholics to the natural virtues and many attractive qualities of the best type of Maori: bravery, straightforwardness, and a certain rare and delicate courtesy, which heaped kindnesses and attentions on me during my stay in Waihi.

Those were wonderful days. At half-past six, on a perfect summer morning, the church bell from below would rouse me from sleep, and as I dressed I drank in with eyes and mind and heart the early-morning loveliness of the hillsides all hung with dim gray mists, and the lake glimmering through the haze with the sparkle of early sunbeams. All through the night my door stood open to the summer air, framing a marvelous moonlight scene of silent

lake and shore. Now a canoe glided in from an early fishing expedition, and down in the hollow water the merry brown youngsters splashed and played. Soon there is another peal of the church bell, and from every house in the Pa the villagers stream out to morning prayers. Generally it is to Mass; but the priest is absent just now, on a parochial tour through the wild district he serves. Hastily snatching up a Maori prayer book and rosary, I hurry down the breakneck descent into the Pa, and join the congregation on the church steps. The church is adorned with quaint Maori carving, chiefly scroll-work in red, and black and white; and round the sanctuary runs the legend, "Hatu-Hatu-Hatu," the Maori equivalent of "Sanctus." Within all is silence and reverent suspense.

To the right kneel the old men, venerable figures with white hair and dignified, noble faces; then the young men and lads, and in the front benches the tiny boys, barelegged and a little restless. The other side is occupied by the women: old crones first, then the matrons, almost all with babies on their backs, and in front the little schoolgirls. I slip into the bench reserved for the young maidens of the tribe, and find a place among them. Round each dusky head is draped a scarf, after the fashion of a Spanish lady's mantilla, but in no such sober coloring. Crimsons and blues, pinks and vivid yellows, are the favorite tints; but the effect is not unpleasing when each bright draping covers a head as black as night, and shadows a dark-skinned face and two great full dark eyes, serious now, and bent in prayer. From the catechists' bench at the back comes the chanted Sign of the Cross, in a swift, musical monotone, "Ki to ingoa o te Matua, me te Tamaiti, me te Wairua Tapu, Amene." And in a moment the church echoes to the morning prayers, chanted by the entire congregation in perfect accord on that one rather high note, and spoken with a fervor and intensity bearing very favorable comparison with the half-apologetic murmur of a white congregation at its prayers.

From behind me come the women's voices, resonant and tireless, with a certain metallic ring in them that is not unpleasant. There are no stops: when a voice temporarily ceases for lack of breath, another, fresh and unwearied, takes its place in the unceasing chorus. Again and again comes the fresh impetus in the volume of sound, as voice after voice rests for a moment and then takes up the tone again. At first, however, this non-stop system is very confusing to the stranger. I had the prayers (printed in Belgium) before me; and I was familiar enough with the pronunciation to read Maori correctly: yet for some time I was absolutely at a loss how

to find and keep my place. Presently, however, the system dawned upon me, and I chanted as enthusiastically as the rest, pausing for breath when necessary, and starting again a phrase or two further on. The prayers ended with the Angelus, said standing, while a little boy slipped out to the porch and pealed the church bell lustily. How the tone must have reverberated across the still lake, telling the Maoris and whites of dreary Tokaanu that the village of Waihi was at its morning prayer.

We poured out into the bright sunshine, and I went slowly up the steep incline to the convent, passing on my way the remnants of an historic landmark—the food storehouse, or "pataka," of Te Heu-Heu the Great. Here stood his carven wood treasury, raised from the ground on its four massive round pillars, and in his time kept constantly filled with preserved pigeon and tui, fish, and fern-root; that the far-famed hospitality of the Ngatituwharetoa might never fail the hungry traveler. Now the carved beams lie here and there in the lush grass of summer time; and the blackberries climb over the deep-set pillars.

Breakfast over, I left the Sisters to the labors of the school-room, where they instructed all the children of Pa, from toddlers of five and six to great strapping youths of eighteen and nineteen. Sometimes I climbed through the steep bush at the back of the convent, and came out on the clear brow of the hill, where the sun poured down in all his strength, and a sun-worshipper like myself could lie and bask in his kindliness, and look down on the tiny Pa below with its antlike inhabitants, and across the lake all shimmering in a pale-blue heat haze to where the Waikato Delta lay. It was a good place in which to dream dreams of the past centuries when this was the mountain stronghold of the people among whom I dwelt; when the exquisite beauty of this scene of mountain and lake had inspired them with myths and legends, the poetry of which is only now coming into its own. Was it when the ancient Maori poet looked across at some such scene of misty, haze-enveloped loveliness that he produced that legend of the coming of the first woman—the offspring of the elusive Mirage and the equally elusive Echo? Yet they were fierce and warlike enough, the men of this untutored, poetic race. Not a hundred years ago the ancestors of the girls I knelt beside that morning had danced the wild haka on the shore below ere they went forth to battle; and, coming back victorious, had consummated their triumph by banqueting on the flesh of their slain enemies.

A little beyond the village there is a silver thread that pierces

the dark green of the bush: a waterfall that makes its impetuous way to the lake in three great leaps from the heights above, and then over the stones into the lake. This fact is known to every tourist who crosses Lake Taupo, and the silver thread is pointed out to him from the steamer's deck. But I wonder how many know of the existence of one of nature's temples, as beautiful, surely, as any she ever hewed from stone, just where the fall takes its last leap. Turn away from the lake with me along this bank, covered with thick grass and rambling blackberries, till we come to the brown still pool below the fall. Then, if you wish to enter the sanctuary of the great rock cathedral, wade barefoot through the clear sun-warmed water to that smooth rock in the centre, and gaze at this marvel of nature's fashioning. Around you is the steep, straight semi-circle of moss-grown walls, hemming in the water with cool shade. Below lies the smooth transparent crystal floor: opposite is that cascade of foaming white water, leaping down from immeasurable heights, so it seems, to this secret, still, brown pool. The air is filled with the incessant rush and thunder of the cataract; and there rises an invisible, intangible incense of spray that bathes the very air in its cool, fairy showers. Invisible did I say? Invisible only till the sun shines upon it; and then it glistens with a very profusion of jewels through the shadowed atmosphere, like the golden rays from clerestory windows lying athwart the dusk of a Gothic cathedral. Only stay long enough in this remote woodland temple, utterly silent as it is save for the ceaseless fall of waters, and all your thrilling soul shall reverberate to the mighty music of this organ praising the Most High with majestic voice. Nor shall its harmonies soon die away. Pausing an instant, I can even now hear again the great voice of those far-distant waters.

The hilltop and the waterfall were joys tasted in solitude, and to be recalled frequently by "that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude." But when the weather was fine and the lake calm, one of the canoes was placed at my service, to take me anywhere I wished to go. Two of the girls constituted themselves my cicerones; and they would pack themselves, me, and a native kit of provisions, generally bread and butter and watermelon, into the canoe, and paddle me for miles on the still bosom of the lake. Tourists who view the New Zealand lakes from the seats of a puffing, snorting, and odorous oil or steam launch, are sadly defrauded. To appreciate the beauties of these lakes they should be seen as I saw them, half-sitting, half-lying in the Maori fashion on the rough wooden bottom of a dugout canoe. At the prow stands a Maori girl, pro-

pelling the little craft with graceful twirlings and balancings of her paddle. Sitting behind is another Maori woman, looking out upon the loveliness of the summer lake with the dark, liquid, melancholy eyes of her race. There is silence, except for an occasional murmured word in the soft Maori tongue. Silently the narrow canoe slips through the water, now in the hot sunlight, now hugging the shore in the grateful shade of the rock cliffs. Far, far away in the mist stretches the opposite shore, and for many miles beyond there is nothing that could possibly remind one of this bustling twentieth century.

The canoe is gliding along in the shadow of the steep cliffs; and my guides tell me in their low, musical voices the histories and traditions that cling about the caves above us. One they told me was the sepulchre of a slave woman whose remains would have been thought to desecrate the ancient tribal cemetery: a great cave that we had passed further down the lake. I looked eagerly at the orifice scarcely twenty feet above us; and with a quick intuitive knowledge of my unspoken wish, the nose of the canoe was thrust inshore, and we clambered out on the rocks.

"Perhaps we see something," said one of the girls, "perhaps, nothing; I do not know."

Up the cliff we scrambled by the aid of the tough creepers, and, courteously holding back, my companions yielded me the first view into the cave. I lifted my head to the cave-mouth and looked. Just below me there lay a small, perfect, woman's skull, with a lock of rusty brown hair upon it: and other bones lay scattered on a rough, brown mat on the floor of the cave. "Ai-ee," came a long-drawn exclamation of wonder from the girls; as together we gazed upon the century-old relic of the slave of their ancestors. Under the régime of the tohungas, the priests of the Maori religion, it was defilement to approach the remains of the dead, and excommunication to touch them. Knowing this, I looked somewhat apprehensively at my companions. But their Christianity stood them in good stead, and they showed no trace of superstitious terror. Indeed their attitude towards the heathen traditions of their race seemed to me an ideal one. They were never reluctant to speak about them, and when they did recount the legends, which often possessed extreme poetic beauty, it was with a half-tender, half-humorous attitude of mind as of a man who speaks of the beliefs and thoughts of his childhood. "When I was a child I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, but now I have put off the things of childhood." That summed up exactly the attitude of these

Christian natives. One could question them freely about the beliefs and practices of pagan days, and they answered just as freely.

It was from the lips of one of the children of Mary that I learned the past history of a great hollow rock on the shore. It was, so she said, the ancient home of the Taniwha, a dreadful sea monster, which glided forth at night in the form of a star, and brought death to any who set eyes on him. No, he was never seen now, she told me with a humorous twinkle in her brown eyes, "perhaps, though, when he know you here he come out to see you." And before me lies a letter in her careful copper-plate, learned in the Sisters' school: "As for the Taniwha it hasn't come yet. I think he's still waiting for your next return, as he knew that you were very anxious to see his coming." But when they were let alone, and asked no questions, it was not the old pagan legends that came naturally to their lips: it was legends of the Saints. Lying on the brow of a hill with my Maori girl friends, I have heard in their soft-toned, hesitating English the stories of St. Tarcisius, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, St. Francis, and many others of far off days: and, listening, I have reflected on the Church Catholic, and on all she means to her children.

In New Zealand one is too often apt to look upon his dark-skinned neighbors with unreflecting contempt. And it gave me many a moment of silent enjoyment to think of the horror and disgust which would have been imprinted on the visages of some of my stiff-necked acquaintances could they have seen my doings at Waihi. A day spent in canoeing on the lake with the native girls, picnicking in the bush with them, or sitting talking to them in their own houses, was closed by night prayers in the little church; and more often than not, by choir practice, in which the whole village joined. After the prayers were concluded, the congregation stood, while one of the girls went to the little American organ in the corner and played hymn after hymn. These were generally sung in four parts by the villagers, old and young; and the harmony was supplied by ear, and was invariably correct. The Maori words were sung either to an English hymn tune, or an old native air, or to an air which one of the choristers would sit down and compose, and then teach to the rest of the choir (they thought nothing of this).

One evening at practice, it was shortly before Easter, they were singing a Maori version of "O Filii et Filiæ" to their own air. Having mastered their melody, I told them I knew another; and playing

the old Gregorian air over once, I found it was quite strange to them. I sang the first verse of the hymn to them in Maori, whereupon the entire village sang the remaining verses to my accompaniment, and perfectly correctly. If their musical gifts would be an acquisition to any white choir, so, too, would their earnestness and reverence. Never an idle or frivolous word was spoken by man, woman or child throughout the practice, and it was concluded by a devoutly-uttered prayer said on their knees before they dispersed.

When we left the church, I was always guided up the steep mountain-track to the convent by two girls, one taking each arm, and left in safety at my own door with courteous good wishes for my night's repose. But even then my pleasant day was not yet over, for I found "community recreation" in full swing when I came back from prayers. We four, the three Sisters and myself, sat in the tiny front parlor, where there was hardly room to move without knocking over something, and for an hour the room echoed to our merriment. Jokes about the little brown school children, about the children of a larger growth down in the Pa, about the extraordinary collection of white people at Tokaanu: I heard more good stories in that little front parlor at Waihi than ever I have heard anywhere else in the same space of time.

There was the old woman whom they had christened "the hatrack," because she *would* sit in the aisle of the church instead of in a seat, and her husband, sitting decorously at the end of his seat, *would* use the head just below him to hang his hat on for safe-keeping. There was the old man who complained to one of the Sisters of failing eyesight, and was in the seventh heaven when she successfully tested his eyes, and got him a suitable pair of spectacles from the nearest town. A month or so later he waylaid her in the Pa, opening his mouth wide to show his toothless gums. "Pakeha eyes kapai (very good)," he said. "You get me pakeha teeth too." It was the same old man who nearly reduced a French visiting Sister to hysterics, by taking her ample veil and wrapping it many times round his grizzled head: all as a token of his extreme respect. There was also the tale of the visitor to Waihi who sought the village with a letter of introduction to the German pastor; and accosted a workman in dungarees whom he found erecting the church. The workman referred him to the convent for information as to the priest's whereabouts, and just as the nuns were racking their brains as to what Father L—— expected them to tell the man, the aforesaid workman reappeared, smiling in a clerical suit of black,

to take his guest home to dinner. The priest willingly makes his house a depositary for the treasures of any of his flock. But, so said the Sisters, he did draw the line when one of the children of Mary took to walking into his house, and hanging up her precious blue cloak among his clothes for safe-keeping!

Cut off from civilization, and from all communication with other white women; and deprived even of the services of a priest for many months in the year, these three nuns were no less light-hearted than nuns in general the world over. Perched up in their little cottage above the lake, exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather, keeping house, clothing themselves, conducting a school, and nursing the sick of the Pa on the princely sum of sixty pounds a year, the three Sisters radiated the conviction that life was very well worth living. The nearest town was two days away by coach or steamer, so in hot weather fresh meat was out of the question; the fowls refused to lay for months at a time, and the commissariat department was palpably hampered for lack of funds; but the poverty that prevailed was an attractive species, reminiscent of the pages of the *Fioretti*. And when the clock struck nine, and I retired next door to my stretcher, the low murmur of prayer that lulled me to sleep through the thin partition seemed to strike the true keynote of the day.

The time came when I must leave Waihi, and journey back to the daily bustle of town life. Silently the laden canoe slid through the calm water, weighted down by myself and my modest piece of luggage, one of my kind hostesses, and my two faithful Maori girls, who were paddling me across the lake to meet the coach at Tokaanu. Gradually, as we drew away from the shore, the panorama of the little village straggling up the steep, green hillside grew more picturesque and enticing. Sadly I watched the score or so of native huts, in and out of which I had wandered a welcome guest; the church where I had prayed with my brown brethren; the dear, poor, little cottage convent which had housed me, and the rushing waterfall I had loved so much. Then, shrill and faint, came the tangi, the wail of the women, who stood on their thresholds waving to the departing canoe. "They say their hearts are full of love to you, and of sorrow because you go away," interpreted one of the girls softly. Not more full than was my heart, as I watched the familiar brown faces disappear in the distance, while the speed of five good horses carried me away from them and back to civilization.

THE ONE IDEAL.

BY W. E. CAMPBELL.

PROFESSOR ROYCE has written an important book on *The Problem of Christianity.** For many generations books of this kind have dealt too exclusively with the spiritual needs of the *individual.* Our author has enlarged the scope of the problem. He is concerned not only with the spiritual needs of the individual, but also with those of the *community.* It is a great thing to see religion thus set forth as a bond between individual and social life. So long as people were so absorbed in the religious problem of the individual, they were only too apt to separate religion and public life. Until quite lately we were always told "that a man's religion was his own affair," as if it had nothing to do with the community at large. Consequent on this presumption, religion and business were almost severed, or at best were united by a bond of "healthy" cynicism. This was very injurious to both. At any rate religion ceased to be the strong leaven in public life that it once had been.

With a view to the remedy of this disastrous condition of affairs, Professor Royce comes forward with a thesis something like the following: *A spiritual ideal must now be sought for, which is valid alike for public and private life—one which will unite and inspire them both.*

An ideal is something which supplies an urgently-felt spiritual need. In discussing the problem, then, we must ask ourselves:

1. Is there an urgently felt spiritual need?
2. Is there an ideal which will meet this need?

No ordinary man, in his senses, has ever believed himself to be perfect. Each one of us knows himself as a being full of human weaknesses—defects of body and soul, of memory, affection and will; our actions fall short of what we should wish them to be, and this quite apart from our sense of actual wrong-doing. In a word, the common sense of mankind accepts the Christian doctrine of *Original Sin.* Such, I understand, is Professor Royce's conclu-

**The Problem of Christianity.* Lectures delivered at The Lowell Institute in Boston, and at Manchester College, Oxford, by Josiah Royce, Professor of the History of Philosophy in Harvard University. New York: The Macmillan Co. 2 Vols. $3.50 net.

sion. In a similar manner the Christian doctrine of *actual sin* is also acceptable to enlightened common sense. Quite apart from his original weakness, every human being is conscious that knowing what was right, he has only too often deliberately chosen to do what was wrong. To sum up, quite colloquially, these two generally-accepted facts of the spiritual life, every man is conscious that he did not start at scratch with his ideal; he is also conscious that he has often, quite willfully, turned his back upon his ideal, and run in pursuit of some false will-o-the-wisp.

Something must now be said about ideals themselves. While every man quite evidently falls short of *his own ideal,* his consciousness of this shortcoming will depend for its intensity upon the nature of the ideal itself. It may be a poor ideal, one that is only a little better than his own actual life. In such a case his sense of failure will be slight, his purpose of amendment will be feeble, his rate of improvement will be slow. A good man, on the other hand, will have a vivid and continuous sense of his own shortcoming, because his ideal rises far and high above the level of his daily life; it will be illuminated by a good conscience; it will show him very clearly the distance that lies between him and it; he will be filled at one and the same time with humility and courage; he will make haste to be good.

At this point, however, we must discriminate between ideals that are all good in themselves. We want to choose and follow the very best, that one, indeed, which is far and away the best. There is, I know, a school of religious conviction which teaches that every individual should make or choose or change his ideal just when and how and where he pleases—it is a matter for the "private judgment" of each individual being. "There are as many ideals as men," this school would appear to teach, "indeed, there must be more, since many people prefer to change and choose afresh several times."

Ordinary common sense can hardly approve of such teaching as this. Life is so short, and man himself is so changeable, that he needs, whether in business or religion, an ideal that he can stick to through life. In business it is often chosen for him; in religion, however, he must choose it for himself, even if it is put before him by his parents or religious teachers. He must choose it for himself, and, with the grace of God, he must follow it of his own free will. The question is, What ideal will he choose? Life, as I say, being so short, and, furthermore, a period of probation for another

life far more important in every sense; human nature, too, being in such perilous need of some great and constant ideal to lift and balance it, *it seems more than likely that such an ideal has been provided.* It seems probable, because so reasonable, that the God Who has made *all* men, has also made an Ideal which *all* men may follow, *if they so choose.**

If this is really so, it is the first duty of everyone to look out for this great God-given Ideal; to find it, to choose it, and to follow it till death. Show me this Ideal when I am very young. Let me choose it before I choose my trade or my profession, or my wife or a school for my children; let me choose it as I choose my mother—who has also chosen me—for it is the only thing in all the world that is more important than mother or father or family or success or trade or property or honor or life or death. Let me choose it early, and let me follow it always; through childhood when reason is weak; through youth when passion is strong; through manhood when pride may even be stronger; in old age when friends pass away; until death, when the poor *actual* will pass away, too, when the Ideal will be realized at last and for evermore.

But such an Ideal as this is no mere creation of man. A really great and serviceable ideal must have two points about it; first, it must be *human;* and, secondly, it must be *high.* It is easy enough to make an ideal which is high and inhuman—aristocratic in the bad sense of the word; or again, it is easy to make an ideal that is human and low—democratic in the bad sense of that word. But to find, to choose, and to follow that one great Ideal—which lifts the weakest of men above their weaknesses and leaves the wisest beneath its wisdom—is to find, to choose, and to follow what God alone could make, what God alone *has* made, "for us men and our salvation."

In speaking of this Ideal, we must remember that it is a thing independent of the mind of man. Man did not create it any more than he created himself; God created it (the God Who created man), and He created it *for* man. We cannot comprehend its origin, for that is a thing beyond us in time and experience; even had we been present at its beginning we could not have comprehended it—it is a thing both morally and mentally too high for human comprehension. We can see it, we can know it, we can love it, we can follow it, but we cannot comprehend it. As St. Paul said, "It is a mystery.....I speak of Christ and the Church."

It should not, however, distress us when the great and wise

*Notice that the "choice" of the Ideal is one thing, the "following" of the Ideal quite another; but both are "free."

find that the Christian ideal is beyond their comprehension. On the contrary, if it were *not* beyond their comprehension we might well be distressed, for then it would stand confessed as a merely human ideal, and one quite powerless to raise humanity above itself.

Professor Royce proceeds to the examination of certain of the more principal Christian doctrines. Every one of these is the key to some mystery in human nature, and every one is examined with especial reference to its *social use and power.* It would be difficult, for instance, to find anything more inspiring than the chapter on "Atonement." The human rather than the divine aspect of the doctrine is dealt with, but with essential rightness, and in thought of simple grandeur. Our author is, of course, thinking of it all in terms of the here and now; but he is thinking of it in a profoundly spiritual way. He is full of compassion for needy human nature, and he would lift our eyes to the heights of hope and vision.

Professor Royce appears to believe in many of the great Christian doctrines, but he does not believe them to be part of a divine revelation. The Catholic, though in all sympathy, is bound to consider such a position unreasonable, for they who accept it, appropriating a part of the Christian ideal, declare it to be wholly human, and so *deprive themselves of the power of God unto salvation.*

What then do we mean by this phrase "the power of God unto salvation?" It means the Catholic Church through which (as through a channel which God himself has appointed) grace and truth are given to the world.

The Christian Ideal would be of no use to human nature unless it were wholly true to human nature; and it could not be wholly true to human nature unless the same God Who had created human nature had made it so. Again, the Christian Ideal could not be pursued by the men who chose to pursue it, unless the Grace of God assisted their willingness in this arduous pursuit. From this it will be clear that the Catholic Church claims to be the beloved community which Professor Royce is so zealously in search of. The members of the Catholic Church *are* united together by their *love* of a high and human ideal, whose truth is divinely guaranteed. They are kept in this love by the Grace of God.

Every community, like every individual, needs an ideal. "Where there is no vision the people perish." There can be no persistent social stability and no persistent social development without it. But, in point of fact, our author tells us very little about

the nature of such an ideal, though he dwells at length upon its urgent importance. He cannot tell us *what* his ideal is, or *where* it is to come from, or *how* it is to be maintained for the common good. "Interpretation" is an excellent thing, but all he has to say about it seems inconclusive, until he can tell us what is to be interpreted, and who is fitted for the post of interpreter. St. Paul (to whom Professor Royce attributes so many opinions expressed in this book) was much more definite about all these things. When St. Paul wrote to the Galatians, he rebuked them for their fickle taste in ideals. "I wonder," he says to them, "that you are so soon removed to another gospel." And then he goes on, "But though we, or an angel from heaven preach a gospel to you besides that which we have preached to you, let him be anathema." Why, then, was it so foolish of the Galatians to change their ideal?

St. Paul answers this question very directly. "I give you to understand, brethren, that the Gospel which was preached by me *is not according to man.*" As if he should have said, "You Galatians must learn, once and for all, to distinguish between the *one* God-given Ideal of life, and the many ideals which are of human origin. These latter, just because of their merely human origin, are bound to be defective in range and power. But what I have preached to you comes straight from God, the Creator of man. It is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; it is the one Ideal which will suit all men, for all time, and for all eternity. If you stick to this, God, Who has given it to you, will also give you the grace to follow it. And this again no merely human ideal can provide. Do you not see, then, how foolish you would be to turn from it? For it is the only way in which you can attain to your fullest possible development. Only so can you grow to the full stature of your spiritual manhood. You are at liberty, of course, to refuse this divinely-guaranteed Ideal; you are also at liberty to reject the grace which would follow its acceptance—for God has endowed you with free will. But if you do refuse this divine truth, if you do reject this divine grace, you are bound to fall short of your destiny; you will remain destitute and unspiritual creatures in this life, and in the life to come you will be separated from God for ever."

But what, after all, is the social value of the whole Christian Ideal? Its value is that of the leaven in the lump, of the savor in the salt, of the light amid darkness, of the spirit in the flesh, of the Church in the world.

A large and national illustration may be given in support of this truth. Let us go back to past time and hear the historical witness of a man who was not a Catholic, and was in no way prejudiced in favor of the Catholic Church.

> Down to the Reformation of the sixteenth century [writes Mr. J. A. Froude], the beliefs and habits of the English nation were formed by the Catholic Church. Men and women of all ranks were brought up on the hypothesis that their business in this world was not to grow rich, but to do their duties in that state of life to which they had been called. Their time on earth was short. In the eternity which lay beyond, their condition would wholly depend upon the way in which it had been spent. On this principle society was constructed, and the conduct, public and private, of the great body of the people was governed by the supposition that the principle was literally true.... It was then that in every parish arose a church, on which piety lavished every ornament which skill could command, *and then and thus was formed the English nation*....

Mr. Froude is careful to admit that after the Reformation there was a rapid change for the worse in social virtue. Those Catholic *convictions,* which had previously afforded an impregnable criterion of business morality, dwindled down to *opinions,* and lost their hold upon the national conscience, for the simple reason that Englishmen had forgotten the divine sanctions which had previously given them their strength. As with the Galatians in St. Paul's time, so with the Englishmen of the post-Reformation period, "another gospel," another ideal, had "bewitched" them, and they forgot the one Ideal which had come from God, Who cannot lie.

All modern industrial communities suffer terribly, and indeed principally, from a lack of business conscience. How can this humane business conscience be re-awakened, re-enlightened, and re-inspired? By a process of idealistic re-interpretation, says Professor Royce. This is excellent so far as it goes, but it goes a very little way. The man or group of men who are to save the nations by solely human agency, have a big task before them. They have not only to interpret the Protean multitude of man-made ideals, but they have to select and arrange these ideals in a wholesome human scheme. And suppose this done; suppose they can unfold before men an idealistic scheme just suited for all, poor and rich, intelligent

and ignorant, employer and employed alike, how then are they to persuade humankind to leave all other ideals and idealistic schemes, and to follow this alone? No human power is equal to such a business. The whole Christian Ideal has this advantage at any rate. It has been tried on a large scale, and over great periods of time, and has been found successful. It has been tried and found to work wherever the free-will of individuals or of communities has given it a fair chance. Too many modern reformers imagine they can save men by forbidding them the use of free-will. No man was ever made spiritual in this way; a servile state of soul is even more horrible then a servile state of body. Professor Royce by refusing to accept the whole Christian Ideal, with all its accompanying truth and grace, challenges the impossible. Short of the Catholic faith, he will not be able to find the right and complete scheme of social salvation; he will not be equal to the interpretation of what he finds; nor will he be able to persuade such as accept his partial scheme to leave all and follow it along the high and difficult way of practical virtue. Why should men be too proud to believe that God, Who created them, has left for their guidance a true scheme of right living? The answer is that they imagine that if such a scheme were in existence, it would enlighten the eyes of all. They forget, Profesor Royce himself forgets, that there is a taint of original and actual blindness in every human intellect. This fact should be considered in all its bearings, and in a proper frame of personal humility. The scheme of highest possible manhood is there before the eyes of all. Whatever fault there is must lie with the moral vision of men.

THE CURSE OF CASTLE EAGLE.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

Chapter VII.

THE MORNING AFTER.

THE morning broke quietly enough after the lulling of the storm. There were signs of it in trees down and slates off and storm shutters broken. The landscape presented a more desolate appearance than usual, so many gaps in the trees, those remaining bent over by the force of the wind. Everything had a tattered and beaten appearance. But in the little conservatory opening off the octagon room which Lady Turloughmore kept for her private sitting-room, the dove blown in by last night's storm cooed and flashed his irised head and breast in the fleeting sunrays as though no storm had ever been. The coming of the dove had given her ladyship great hope and comfort. She could not make enough of the pretty creature, which was very tame, and allowed itself to be approached and even stroked after a while. She had taken its coming as a sign that all was well with the yacht.

Lord Erris went forth after breakfast to a meet of the hounds. Although the excitement of hunting was apt to be followed by violent headaches and languor, yet he took these things as in the day's work, and did not miss his hunting because of them.

"My son looks well on horseback," Lady Turloughmore said, as they watched Lord Erris ride away from the house.

"He looks very well," Meg assented. "Man and horse look as though they were a part of each other."

"That is how a good rider ought to look," said Lady Turloughmore, turning about to enter the house. "I wonder how soon there will be news of the yacht. My husband always remembers that I am anxious, and sends me news as often as it is possible. I hope you will see him soon, Miss Hildebrand. That is a picture of him when we were married."

She indicated the portrait of a very handsome young man in uniform, which hung above one of the doors in the hall. Through the open hall door a ray of sun shone, slanting upwards on the face of the picture. It was a charming face, looking sideways, a straight nose, a mouth the sweetness of which was not altogether hidden by the mustache, very fine gray eyes under dark brows, the hair parted in the

middle, thick and with a waving sweep behind the ears. There was a touch of wistfulness in the face which did nothing to mar its masculinity.

"He is very handsome," Meg said with a sigh of which she was unconscious, because the face was like and unlike Lord Erris', being so much more debonair, more full of the joy of youth.

"Many girls would have taken the chances," Lady Turloughmore said, with an answering sigh. "I have never repented my marriage."

The newspapers and letters had just arrived. Lady Turloughmore selected her letters, and, before retiring with them to her own room, remembered something she wanted Meg to do.

"Would you walk over to Carrick?" she asked, "it is about two and a quarter miles from here. The way is quite easy to find, and you can't mistake the house which stands by itself on a hill. You can see it from the upper windows. Ask for Miss Roche, Miss Anastasia, as the people call her, and say I sent to inquire for her, and hope the house did not suffer in the storm. Carrick is not as strongly built as Castle Eagle. There is sure to be some damage done. Say also, please, that if she will come over for lunch, I will drive her back in the afternoon. You can take all the dogs; Anastasia will not mind, and it will be a kindness to them. And, please, before you go, will you take my orders to Mrs. Browne for the day. Perhaps you will kindly write some notes for me in the afternoon. But they can wait."

Meg gave the orders to the housekeeper. Then she went on upstairs, passing on her way the open door of a bedroom which she took to be the one making ready for Lord Turloughmore, since a fire was lit, and the bed was heaped with linen and blankets ready to be made. She went on to the end of the corridor, thinking that she would see how Julia was after the disturbance of the night. The old woman was not in the outer room; but she could be heard stirring in the inner room where Meg found her. The inner room still bore traces of the days when it was a nursery. Julia's head was buried in a cupboard, where she was doing something or other; she emerged at the sound of Meg's voice.

"I'm just tidying the play-cupboard," she said. "Maybe you'd like a look?"

Meg looked, and was conscious of the most intense sadness, enveloping her like a thing that could be felt. The cupboard, a deep and wide one, was full of toys and games in its lower shelves. The upper were heaped with books, the gaily bound books of the nursery.

"I do be tidyin' it out now and again," Julia said, "but never when her ladyship's about. She bid me give the things away long ago, but I hadn't the heart to do it. Maybe there'd be another child in the place yet. Sure why wouldn't Lord Erris marry?"

"Whose were the dolls and the doll's house and the doll's perambulator?" Meg asked. "Was there a little girl here once?"

"Whisht!" said Julia. "Never let her ladyship hear you talkin' of her. She'll talk of everything if she likes you, except Miss Cicely. If she ever spakes of Miss Cicely to you, you'll know you've got at her heart. Miss Cicely died at thirteen years old of the meningitis. I've often thought the light of the house went out with her."

"That is Miss Cicely's picture in her ladyship's room, with her hair on top of her head tied up with a blue ribbon, and the string of corals about her neck. That is Miss Cicely. A painter-gentleman that stayed here one summer painted that picture. She did be callin' me whin I went up an' down the stairs to see the likeness Mr. Morgan was makin' of her. He had his hands full to keep her quiet, an' whin he got cranky with her, she was so pretty in her ways that he found it easier to forgive her than himself."

Meg went away with the greatest feeling of desolation, because anything so beautiful as Cicely had been lost out of the world. She had a moment, while Lady Turloughmore was looking out a letter to be answered, to glance again at the picture. The soft-lifted childish profile, the beauty of color, the roguish gaiety of the expression; oh, it set her heart to bleed in her breast because so much beauty was dead and gone. There were tears in her eyes when Lady Turloughmore turned and spoke to her, where she stood caressing the dove that had flown in last night. Lady Turloughmore came and put a kind hand on her shoulder, with something of anxiety in her expression.

"You are not homesick, my dear, are you?" she said, with the sweetest kindness.

Meg's look reassured her before the words.

"I have not been homesick for one second since I came," she said. "Yet, it is a malady of mine. I had to leave Austria because of it."

She had it on her lips to say that the house had folded her in as though she belonged to it in a warm embrace; this house of a shadow that had chilled other people had gathered her like a daughter, but she drove the words back, remembering that she was still a stranger.

"I am glad of that," Lady Turloughmore said. "There are not many people, not many girls, who would fit into the life of a house like this. If I had not known Lady O'Neill I confess I should have doubted the wisdom. As it is I have been more than justified already. I could not have believed it."

She had a wondering look as she touched Meg's cheek with her finger.

"It had to be a friend or nothing," she said as though to herself, "and Meg is one in a thousand, one in a thousand."

Meg went off to execute her errand for Lady Turloughmore, being very glad to get out into the fresh beautiful morning. The dogs had accepted her, and while Prince walked sedately by her side, Mick, the Irish terrier, and Rob, the Highland terrier, and Playboy, the pug, and half a dozen little dogs rushed ahead and came back to paw her riotously, making the morning joyous with sound.

She could see Carrick ahead of her for quite a long way, till she dipped into a hollow full of dead leaves of autumn, and lost it. She climbed out of her hollow again, wondering at the desolation of that bit of country, for she had not passed a cottage. Beyond her, closing the long straight road, she saw a pair of entrance gates which were those of Carrick. She walked very briskly, and was approaching the gates when she heard a shrill barking of dogs at some little distance, and the sound of the huntman's horn. She stopped at a gap in the hedge to look in the direction of the sound, and saw the hunt streaming like a colored ribbon down one hill and up another, coming towards her.

The story of Biddy Pendergast, who had brought the misfortune on the Turloughmore family, flashed into her mind. She looked down at the dogs, who were showing great excitement. Would the hounds tear them to pieces as they tore the fox in the excitement of the chase? Calling the dogs to her, she ran for the heavy floriated iron gates that were still a considerable way off. Carrick House stood in a park, surrounded by stone walls, as Irish houses of its kind usually are.

The gates of Carrick—such gates as in England would hardly belong to a ducal residence, while in Ireland they are to be seen on every hand—were locked. There was a gate lodge inside, but although Meg shook the gate vigorously, there was no response from within. The dogs were in a frightful state of excitement by this time. Mick had scampered clean away. The yelping of the hounds, and the shouting of the huntsmen, came nearer and nearer. Prince pressed closer to her side, looking up at her with his beautiful red-brown eyes with a look that said eloquently that he would lay aside all his prejudices in favor of hunting in order to guard her.

Deliberately she picked up a stone from a heap that lay at hand ready for road-mending, and smashed the lock. Just in time. She had hardly got her dogs safely inside when a little red beast went by down the road in a flash, with a string of black and white following. The hounds had no leisure to think of the prisoners beyond the bars, who were rushing up and down wildly, seeking for an exit so that they too might hunt. Even Prince had forgotten, and was barking his deepest, and hurling himself against the gates in the passion for hunting.

A confused mass of red coats, dark habits and sleek-coated horses

pressed on down the road in the direction the fox had taken. One rider detached himself from the mass, and came over to where Meg was standing within the gates. It was Lord Erris. He was looking remarkably well, with the unwonted flush in his cheek and light in his eye. It was not easy to realize that he was the sickly young man of everyday life.

"You are not in distress?" he asked, leaning down in his saddle to speak to Meg, and smiling at her while his voice was very soft. "Have those rascally dogs been giving you trouble? Even Prince may forget his good behavior on a hunting day. I generally keep them shut up if the hounds are likely to take this way."

"They are quite all right," she said, "all except Mick. I've lost Mick. I do hope he won't come to any harm from the hounds."

"I shouldn't bother about Mick," he said easily. "Mick often goes away for a day or two, and then comes back with a bloody mouth. It's lucky I haven't many neighbors for Mick to embroil me with. He'd never do in England. Neither would you, Miss Hildebrand. Have you been breaking Anastasia's lock?"

"I had to. It was the only way I could get the dogs into safety. How are you to get in if you don't break the lock?"

"There are plenty of gaps in the wall if you take the trouble to look for them. I acknowledge there isn't one here. I'll make one for you if you like, that is if I can induce the mare not to clear the wall. She may not understand that I want her to bring it down. Perhaps on the whole we'd better ask Anastasia to give employment to someone by breaking down the wall, so that people who think to enter by the gate need not break the law with the padlock."

Was it possible this was the man of a few hours ago? His voice was slow as he jested, and his lips and eyes humorous. It seemed to lift the situation and her heart amazingly.

"You had better go on," she said, "or you will lose a day's hunting. And I shall be late with my message to Miss Roche, which includes an invitation to lunch."

He looked as though he would have liked to stay; but he thought better of it.

"Well, good-bye, Miss Hildebrand," he said cheerfully, turning the chestnut mare about. "I wish you were hunting too. It is a glorious morning. Give my love to Miss Roche, and look after my mother."

Meg, unconscious that she was still holding the broken padlock in her hand, went up the long drive that wound like a ribbon through the park, between its stunted thorn-trees, past its few grazing cattle. The dogs followed her, sedately enough now, whining to themselves now and again as they mused darkly on the lost delights of the hunt.

The drive climbed a hill. It ended at a long, low gate that had once

been white. Beyond it was a tangled lawn. Beyond the overgrowth a house built in the classical manner, with fluted pillars and porticoes like a temple, revealed itself. The windows were blank. The place had a neglected, uncared-for look.

The gate was open, and hung loose on its hinges; she had to lift it in order to open it. She was used to such things at Crane's Nest, or she might not have understood how to do it. The grass had grown up through the gravel of the path, and it was not easy to see where that began and what had once been flower beds ended. A gossamer hung over the bushes of bay and Portugal laurels. Looking before her to the house, which had been a warm cream color, and yet bore traces of gilding in the pilasters, plainly a house of great pretensions in its time, she saw how some of the stucco headings to the pilasters had fallen away; how the hall door was blistered with the sun of many summers, and the walls streaked with the tears of many winters, the green tears of rain. A curiously depressing place. She was very glad of the comfortable society of the dogs. Turning about on the door-step she saw that Mick had come back. A feather or two clung to his shining black nose. Apparently his quarry had been the domestic fowl.

Chapter VIII.

THE PORTRAIT.

Meg knocked and rang. She turned about and surveyed the very fine prospect that lay below the house front of Carrick; turned back to survey the wide double doors set in a glass screen of elaborate device. Above it was a beautiful fanlight with the figure of a horse inside it. Every house of a certain period in Ireland boasts a fanlight and a horse, with a glass screen either side the doors. Not a sound came in answer to her knocking. She had plenty of time to note the architectural beauty of the house, to come to the conclusion that if it was new painted, and kept in order, it would be a beautiful house: the deep eighteenth-century windows, headed with an arch, suggested quiet rich rooms beyond, with brass basket grates and books behind lattices of brass, with doors and mantels of old Spanish mahogany. Now, one or two broken panes gave the lost note of dreary desolation to the house. She knocked and rang again. She heard the bell jangle down the empty passages; but no one came. She began to feel it eerie, and was more grateful than ever for the company of the dogs.

At last she made up her mind that if she was going to gain admittance, she would have to find another way than by the hall door.

She tried getting round the house, and was stopped by what seemed the wall of a garden, with a postern gate in it, all overhung with a thick tangle of bushes.

At the back of the house she came upon a great range of outbuildings. The grass was everywhere and craved wary walking, since tons of old iron lay about which had once been the newest stable fittings, garden implements, machinery, all exposed to the wind and the weather till they were beyond usefulness. She made her way through an opening into an inner courtyard. Fowl were clucking about in it, ducks were quacking; a spotless flock of geese hissed at her and fled before the dogs.

Suddenly she discovered that there was someone besides herself in the yard, something human, an old woman, to judge by the huddled-up figure, swathed in miserable rags of clothing; the face was invisible, for the woman was bending over a pot, apparently mixing a mess of oatmeal and greens for the fowl. Apparently the woman had not seen Meg. Having emptied the pot she picked it up, and made for the door leading into the kitchen part of the house. Meg followed her, overtaking her just as she was about to close the door.

"If you please," she began.

"No; I haven't any eggs to sell. Not yet. The hard winter has put the hens off laying, and Deegan in the village gives me tuppence for every egg I can give him. A wicked price, isn't it? It would be eating money. Eh, what did you say? You don't want eggs. What do you want? Come in, or those hens will be in the house. Leave your dogs outside. I've a sick dog inside that won't like to see them."

She closed and latched the door upon the dogs. They were in a damp-smelling, narrow passage, ill-lit. Meg felt the chill of the flagged flooring under her feet, as she followed the aged woman, along the passage. She expected to be led into one of the kitchens; but her guide went on past door after door, revealing a yawning and vault-cold emptiness beyond, till she came to a stairfoot. She went up, Meg following her. By a door at the head of the stairs she emerged into what looked like a back hall—double doors of mahogany, with a great fanlight above, closing it in.

"Well, now, your business," said the old woman. "Are you the young woman from the Department about the Plymouth Rocks?"

"No; I'm not the young woman from the Department," Meg said. "I came from Lady Turloughmore to see if Miss Roche was at home, and to bring her back to lunch with me. Lady Turloughmore hoped no damage was done by the storm."

"If you want to see Miss Roche," she said, "you'd better come to the drawing-room."

She opened the door as she spoke, revealing a very fine hall, with

frescoed walls and carving. Then through a door at the side of this handsome hall, the old woman led Meg into a long, stately room lit by six long, narrow windows, originally decorated in white and gold. It still kept much of its ancient beauty. With its wonderful setting it was still imposing and dignified.

Having ushered Meg into it, the old woman withdrew, saying something which Meg understood to be that she would let Miss Roche know. Plainly the room did not share in the neglect that had fallen on the rest of the house. There was plenty to occupy anyone who waited there. Meg's attention was drawn at once to a couple of pictures either side the fireplace, oval portraits of a youth and a girl.

The girl's hung immediately above a harp which stood lonely, with only one or two strings remaining—obviously the harp the girl in the picture played, which there had all its strings. She was in white satin. She had the long throat, the oval face, the delicate tapering hands of the Book of Beauty. There was a lace fichu drawn about the drooping shoulders, held by a rose. There was a rose in the knot of dark ringlets lifted, and then allowed to droop either side the face, just revealing the little ears. A goddess-like creature to look back at from the strenuous days of twentieth-century womanhood. Such a creature must always be clad in satins and have milk-white fingers, and show a lovely arm under falling frills of fine lace, while she swept the strings of a gilded harp.

Meg's eye went on to the portrait of the young man, plainly the girl's brother. He was in a soldier's dress, with a high military stock, bushy, dark hair, a little whisker carefully trained either side his handsome, richly-colored face. She glanced at the young man, and went back to the scrutiny of the girl's portrait. It made her sorrowful. In this room the girl had danced, and played, and worked in Berlin wool and painted niggling water colors, all the blameless occupations of the early Victorian age. The youth might have been killed in one of the wars with the Afghans, perhaps in the Crimea. The girl—Meg wondered what had become of the girl. She was so charming that she must have had many lovers.

Meg was still looking up at the beautiful face of the girl in the picture, when the old woman came to her side. Meg turned in startled amazement. The rags had disappeared. Before her she saw a little old lady rather mad, or maddish-looking. The ivory face was scored by innumerable fine lines, which were so plainly visible through the heavy lace veil as to make it evident that the face had not been sufficiently washed. The eyes were singularly bright. The little old lady was wearing a very wide feathered hat, tied up, so to speak, with the big lace veil. She wore a dress frilled to the waist of black and white striped silk. She had a black lace scarf about her shoulders,

and where it was caught a pink monthly rose nestled. Belled sleeves fell over white gloves of one button length. A parasol, with a folding handle, was held under one arm. So might elegance have gone to a garden party in the days of Napoleon the Little.

"I have left old Rattler quite comfortable," she said. "He will take no harm till I come back at four to give him his beef tea. I couldn't leave him if he fretted. He doesn't fret. He's sleeping his life away. Any time at all I shall come and find him dead and stiff. He shouldn't have lived to be so old by rights. He was the best hound the Muskerrys ever had."

Meg looked at her in amazement.

"You are—Miss Roche?" she said.

"Anastasia Roche, at your service. I could see you thought I was an old hen-wife. No wonder—I do my own chores as they say in America. I'd half a mind to get some fun out of you by talking about myself in the character of the hen-wife, but it wouldn't be fair. What use have I for a servant, and I as poor as a church mouse. Now if you're ready—"

Meg stood staring at the old lady. She tried to say that she should have recognized Miss Roche for a lady by her speech.

"I don't blame you, I don't blame you at all," said Miss Anastasia. "I wonder what the men who used to dance with me, who were in love with me—a lot of ghosts now—would think if they could see me feeding the hens and doing my own chores. Anybody at all about here would tell you I'm a bit gone in the upper story, especially when there's a high wind. Maybe I'm not as mad as they think me."

Even yet Meg was not altogether enlightened.

"Who is that lovely girl?" she asked, looking up at the picture. "She is so beautiful that I can scarcely withdraw my eyes from her. And the young man? They are brother and sister, I suppose by their looks."

"They are so," said Miss Roche, with emphasis. The girl's me. What, didn't you know? Some people see a likeness even yet."

Chapter IX.

EXORCISM.

Meg was to become much better acquainted with Miss Roche, and to reconsider her first verdict as to the lady's madness. The day went on, calm and quiet.

"To-morrow we may look for the yacht," said Lady Turloughmore as she went up to bed in the evening, carrying the dove on her

outstretched palm. Plainly the creature was a pet. Its bright fearless gaze told that it had never regarded man as an enemy or anything but a friend.

"God help her ladyship," said Kate, who had constituted herself lady's maid to Meg in addition to her other duties. "God help her, she takin' great comfort out of the little bird. She'll need all the comfort she can get, or my name's not Kate Maguire."

Meg, who had been taking comfort herself, felt almost angry with what she feared must follow.

"You mustn't be superstitious, Kate," she said. "Why shouldn't Lord Turloughmore be perfectly safe? It isn't likely he, an experienced yachtsman, would put out in the teeth of the gale."

"If he had to he'd do it," said Kate obstinately. "'Tisn't for the Turloughmores to pick and choose when their time comes. If you knew as much about the family as I know, you'd know that every wan o' them died through the foolishest sort of an accident. It always was so, an' it always will be so. Moreover, wasn't the yacht runnin' into the storm? The fishermen do be sayin' she would be off Mount's Bay when the storm struck her; an' that's as cruel a coast as there is in the Three Kingdoms. 'Tis foundered on the Manacles she'll be, an' the news comin' fast to the poor mistress."

Something in Meg's heart cried out in acute protest against the cruelty of this superstition. The calm acceptance of the inevitable in Kate's manner oppressed her with a weight of fear and terror.

"I can't understand it," she said helplessly. "Here are all you people believing in God and serving Him. Yet you believe that an old curse can go on blighting the lives of innocent people, centuries after the wrongdoing is over. I can't understand it. Are not the Turloughmores good?"

"None better," assented Kate, a little sullenly. "There isn't a better family in Ireland to their own people an' the poor. But isn't it in the Bible, 'The sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children?' You can't get beyond that, Miss."

"That refers to a natural law, not to the will and the mercy of God."

"My grandfather was a Presbyterian an' was great on the Bible," said Kate. "I suppose it's in my bones to believe it. Besides"—her glance at Margaret was furtive—"they say the foxes was seen. I didn't see them myself, but there were them that did."

"Because they were driven in by the hard weather and starvation," said Meg hotly, but her voice shook, though she tried to speak with conviction. "You know the frost was the hardest for fifty years. The foxes were in search of food."

"You seen them, Miss?"

Meg was taken aback. For a second she hesitated.

"No, no," she said, "I was only explaining their appearance, if they were seen."

Where she sat facing the glass, while Kate brushed her long hair, handling it as though she loved it, she could see the stubborn disbelief in the girl's face, and it made her angry because she was frightened.

"You call yourselves Christians," she said. "If I believed so little in the power and goodness of God as to accept all those superstitions, I should call myself a devil worshipper."

"God forgive you, Miss," said Kate. "Doesn't the best blood in Ireland—aye an' the best-livin' people—believe in it? It isn't exactly the work of the divil ayther. 'Tis some power that lies between them that's nayther God nor divil."

Kate finished plaiting the thick silkly hair. There was nothing more she could do, so, after moving about the room for a little while, doing perfectly unnecessary things while sending anxious and propitiatory glances towards Meg's back, she went away sighing, but not at all shaken in her beliefs.

Next day passed without any news of the yacht. It would be lying up somewhere becalmed, said Lady Turloughmore, and took to starting at every sound in the house, and looking round with the expectancy fading away to a dreadful disappointment every time the door was opened.

Lord Erris was laid up with one of his recurring headaches, and kept his room till evening. The stillness as the afternoon wore on became oppressive. It seemed to brood upon the earth, lying down on it like a weight. The air, breathing, not blowing, from the west, was as warm as though it blew from a great fire. Not a leaf moved. The corridors of Castle Eagle, which usually were full of the wind, had a stillness in them disconcerting after the noises. The sky was colorless, a dark gray, except where beyond the mountains it was suffused with a stormy yellow.

Lord Erris looked tired and dispirited at dinner. It could hardly be otherwise, seeing how his mother listened through all the conversation for the messenger that delayed. To see her turn over the letters when they came in with a tense expectancy, changing as she did not find the one she wanted to a dejection dreadfully apparent, was against all cheerfulness.

Meg went through the oppressed meal not knowing what she ate or drank, making despairing efforts to keep up the semblance of conversation, and receiving so little help from the others that she gradually relapsed into shy silence. She had a great deal of natural shyness—it was one of her peculiar charms, the sudden shyness that looked and looked away again. Now while she tried to make conversa-

tion, the futility of it was borne in upon her. Was she not torturing them by her well-meant trivialities? At the thought she was suddenly shy, and colored as she relapsed into silence, looking down at her plate. Lady Turloughmore had put too great a strain upon her own endurance, for she suddenly stood up, and asking in a stifling voice to be excused, she went away, leaving the others at table. Meg looked up at the young man with an appealing glance, and her eyes were full of tears.

"It is too dreadful," she said, half under her breath.

Lord Erris, with the closing of the door, had laid down his knife and fork, and rested his forehead in his hand. His face in shadow was very pale. He lifted his head to answer her.

"It is dreadful," he said, "but you must bear with us, till our suspense is relieved. I assure you we can be really merry at times. You should hear my mother's laughter. It is irresistible. It is very sad when the time comes that she cannot laugh."

"To-morrow or next day she will laugh again," said Meg. "I do so want to hear her. I know by her face how she could laugh."

Phelim, the old butler, came in and removed the cloth from the long, polished table before setting out the fruit. It was an old-fashioned custom still adhered to at Castle Eagle. The fire burned brightly on the hearth. It was a charming interior. The stately beautiful room, the shaded candles, the shining silver and glass, the colors of the fruit and wine against the rich darkness of the wood; the beautiful girl and the young man sitting facing each other, while the silver-haired servant moved about quietly. If someone had made a picture of it he would hardly, unless his feeling was for the macabre, see a skeleton by the hearth. Yet there was one there. Grim tragedy waited for them in the firelit room. The dogs lying on the rug before the fireplace were aware of it, and sighed disconsolately. Meg toyed with her fruit, feeling that she could not have swallowed a morsel. Lord Erris lifted his glass of wine and put it away untasted.

"Will you sing for me?" he asked, standing up and going towards the door.

"If you wish," she replied, with a startled air. She had a momentary feeling as though she had been asked to sing while a dead man lay in the house. She put away the grue from her determinedly. She simply would not believe in the hereditary doom. As she preceded Lord Erris into the drawing-room—she was always glad to precede him so that she should not seem aware of his dragging gait—it came to her that if one person in that house refused to believe the superstition it might be set at naught.

He stood by the hearth watching her while she sang. After a while he came and turned the leaves of her music. She sang for

him what he asked her, with a catching of her breath like a sob now and again because of the trouble in the house. Her voice had a soft sadness always. The great charm of her singing was in its expression. She sang Gounod's "Ave Maria," feeling as though she pleaded for help for the poor woman upstairs. Her voice was full of tears. With the last bar she let her hands lie on the keys. She had beautiful hands, tapering imaginative fingers, yet wide palms, beneficent hands, not too white but warmly colored, showing dimples where other hands show bones. Lord Erris had a thought that they would be good hands to rest on a man's head in forgiveness and benediction, to tend a child.

"I suppose I ought not to go to her," she said, looking back at him, with what he called a divine pity in his thoughts.

"Better not. She has her own way of finding comfort—on her knees. It is a comfort I envy you women."

She left the piano and stood by the hearth. Her eyes fell shyly before his and lifted again.

"There will be good news to-morrow," she said.

"Possibly. It will be only a postponement, at best, with our history. Why did you come? It is an unhappy house."

Again her eyes fell and were lifted to his.

"I don't believe there is any doom," she said. "The terrible thing to me is that you should go on believing it."

"History is against you," he said grimly. Then, with a change of countenance: "We are not always discussing such unpleasant subjects, I assure you, Miss Hildebrand. Usually we are too, shall I say, civilized, to encourage the family skeleton to walk. You might have been here for a long time, for months, and found us quite cheerful, normal people. It is the misfortune of your coming at a moment when the yacht is overdue, or may be overdue. My poor mother is unnecessarily anxious. I dare say there will be news to-morrow."

The wind sprang up as though to answer, shook all the windows, cried in the chimney, whistled in the keyhole, and dropped as though it had never been.

"Another Atlantic cyclone approaching," he said quietly; "it has been a winter of storms."

She looked at him again, wondering if she could follow him, or ought to follow him, in the lightness of his tone; but there was no lightness in his sombre face.

"I will tell you a story," she said; and the color rushed over her face and neck as she said it. Her eyes were down, or she might have been perturbed by the expression in his as they watched her. "It is about an experience of mine; and the application of it is so presumptuous that I should not dare to apply it."

"Yes; go on," he said, turning away and dropping into a chair, where he sat staring into the fire.

"It is only of one time when some people who were staying at a house in Paris where I was visiting a schoolfellow, were practising what they called White Magic. I was only a schoolgirl at the time. They were poets, writers, artists, philosophers—all manner of things interesting—Madame Desanges, Claire's mother, had a famous salon. Someone had discovered I was likely to make a medium. They got me to a seance rather against my will. Even then I thought it all folly, and a bad folly, for it was playing with the preternatural if it was not worse. I had the oddest feeling as I sat in the dark room among those people, something like a wind in my hair, on my face, all about me, that I must resist, lest something should take possession of me, and I no longer have control of myself. I said in my heart: 'I belong to the good God: if I cease to belong to Him for one instant I do not know what may befall me. I will not.' Presently a young poet at the table fell into a sort of convulsion. It was horrible to hear his struggles in the dark. He spoke—or something spoke in him: 'There is one here resisting us. Send her away.' I was very glad to confess and be banished. I was never required again as a medium."

"I am glad you resisted," he said quietly, "and—the application?"

She looked at him imploringly. Would he not see it? Suddenly he looked up at her. Then leaning forward he took a fold of her skirt and kissed it.

"You should never have come here," he said, "for your own sake. I hope we will not drive you away with our evil spirits, for yours are all good, good enough to banish ours, to exorcise them."

Chapter X.

THE RETURN.

The next day did not bring good news, nor the next, nor the next. They had ascertained that Lord Turloughmore had sailed with his yacht from Falmouth on the day before the big storm. There had been successive storms after that; the stormiest February the old people ever remembered. Days grew into weeks, and there was no news of the yacht. At first it was hoped that she might have been only blown out of her course, and that there would be news of her presently. After a time hope changed to fear, fear to certainty. Paragraphs began to appear in the newspapers about the disappearance of the yacht. The unfortunate fate which attached to the family was recalled. It was accepted that the vessel had gone down with all hands.

The deepest gloom lay upon Castle Eagle. Lady Turloughmore took her grief in a heart-breaking way. She neither ate nor slept unless under the influence of drugs. She turned away from all consolation.

"My husband has gone the way of his fathers," she said. "My son will follow him. He is right when he says that no woman through him shall suffer as his mother has suffered. Better let the Rosses of Turloughmore disappear, and some happier people take their place."

It was a dark morning of early March when Meg awoke in the very darkness of morning to a noise somewhere close at hand. Something had fallen with a tremendous crash. The noise went on after she had awakened, or she would have thought it a nightmare. It sounded as though something enormously heavy were being dragged over a stone floor. She sat up in bed, only half-awake, listening, and suddenly the sound ceased.

She dozed off again. In the morning she remembered the noise. She remembered that some trees near the house, which had been in a dangerous state since the storm, were to be felled that day. Perhaps they had begun the work in the dark of the morning. Anyhow when she went to look later in the day the trees were gone, so she thought no more about the matter.

That day Kate whispered to her that a dead sailor had come into the bay, flung upon the sands. The poor body, headless, had been buried hastily. Only a few rags of clothing remained on it. Impossible to say if he belonged to the yacht, although Kate shook her head gloomily, and said that they were beginning to come home. Some of the men on the yacht had belonged to the fishing village. It was no use telling her ladyship the horror. God help her, she had enough to bear.

The first day that Lady Turloughmore got up and dressed herself in black was terrible for all of them. They were six weeks now without news of the yacht; and following the dead sailor some wreckage had come in. It might or might not be from the yacht; but the morning after it had come in Lady Turloughmore dressed herself in black. Wearing her black dress she made her appearance in the room where Julia sat darning the house linen; and the old woman screamed.

"Go an' take it off o' you," she said. "He's not dead—I tell you he's not dead. Wouldn't I feel it in my breast if he was dead, the child I nursed? The hooker's only held back by the storm, an' he'll be comin' home from school an' right glad to be home. Why would ye be sendin' him to them English schools, the one son ye have? Couldn't ye have his schoolin' done in the house?"

Lady Turloughmore stared at her as though she was frightened, and then burst into tears, the first tears she had shed. Meg following

her hastily into what had been the nurseries, was just in time to lead her away, holding her hands, while the old woman muttered that the hooker might come any hour; and her darling child would be wanting his warm clothes, for the hooker was very apt to be swept by seas in the stormy weather.

"Her mind has gone back to the time my husband was a boy," said Lady Turloughmore, trembling and sobbing. "She confuses me with the Dowager, as she often does."

That day Meg heard another piece of news. The fox which had so long eluded the hounds—the old vixen with the white star on her breast—had had her last run.

Miss Roche, coming backwards and forwards to the house of mourning, brought something sane and cheerful with her. It was she who lifted Lady Turloughmore out of her apathy.

"You're killing yourself, Shelagh," she said, "and as for that poor boy of yours, he suffers more every day. You must brace yourself up, my woman, and as a first step to it I'm going to take you away."

Lady Turloughmore protested, but protested in vain. Miss Roche showed the stuff she was made of. Castle Eagle was in a bustle of preparation for departure. They were going to Switzerland. There had been a question of the Riviera, but Miss Roche had brushed the suggestion aside. Not the sea. They had all had enough of the sea.

"'Tis too lonesome we are," she said, "and it upsets our nerves, so that we see visions and dream dreams. If I were you, Ulick, I'd leave Castle Eagle to the rats and mice for a bit, and take a house near Dublin. Maybe we'd be all more sensible if we saw more of our fellow-creatures."

A spasm crossed Lord Erris' face at the suggestion. He was Lord Erris still. Many and many a day would pass before he would ask leave to presume his father's death and take the title.

"I am very well content at Castle Eagle," he answered.

"You creature!" Miss Roche said, with a curious tenderness. "Sure I'm taking you out of it for your good."

The Dowager Lady Turloughmore was coming to take charge at Castle Eagle. Meg was to have a holiday after seeing her installed. The Dowager did not arrive for a few days after the others had departed, having waited to see them in Dublin: so Meg had two days alone except for the dogs.

The household had embarked on a tremendous spring-cleaning between the departure of the travelers and the arrival of the Dowager. Windows were open everywhere; there was a bright clear light, a fresh April air that might well blow away all the shadows from Castle Eagle. It came to the last day. Everything was in order, clean and sweet. There were wallflowers and narcissi in all the rooms; clean

curtains up at the windows; everything had been scrubbed and polished and furbished, and the whole house smelt of cleanliness.

The Dowager arrived about five o'clock, with her maid. After she had had a cup of tea and rested, she was going round the gardens, leaning on Meg's arm, her other hand helping her progress by means of an ebony cane. She had taken a great fancy to Meg, having heard good reports of her from Lady Turloughmore.

"I can never thank you enough, my dear," she said, looking at Meg out of her kind, faded old eyes. "Poor Shelagh has had so much to bear. If she had had her little daughter now, what a comfort it would have been! She said that nothing could exceed your sweetness with her. How few girls could be what you have been!"

After the progress round the garden she was tired, and sat down on a seat in the sun, while the flowers smelt in the heat, and a myriad bees buzzed in and out the flower buds.

"Poor Ulick," she said, "I wish he would marry. He dreads afflicting any woman with his ill-health and his family sorrows. I wish we could persuade him to see a specialist about his poor foot. One is shorter than the other, you know. They tortured him in childhood with their stupid methods—burnt him at one time, froze him at another, till he got rheumatism into his very bones. He was so patient always. Shelagh said it broke her heart to see his patience."

She looked up with a sudden briskness.

"I got a curious idea, my dear," she said, "that Ulick's patience was breaking up when I saw him in Dublin. I don't know what has been happening to him. There was a change. I wonder his mother did not see it. I think if he was stronger, freer from pain, he would be better able to fight shadows, to fight shadows."

Meg looked at her eagerly, coloring after her fashion. So she had not been wrong in thinking that the face, despite its weariness of age, had an unusual spirit and courage. She felt as though she had obtained an unexpected ally.

"Yes, that is it," she said. "There are too many shadows in this house."

"You are not afraid of them?" the old lady asked, looking at her with an odd intentness, then looking away.

"I am not afraid."

"My dear," the Dowager went on in quite a different voice. "I want you to tell me about your father. I knew him when he was a little boy, a very charming little boy, with eyes at once brave and dreamy. I know from my friend Mary O'Neill that he was happy in his married life till your mother died. I hope he is happy now. Tell me something about your home life and yourself. You were in Austria, were you not?"

They sat and talked, till her ladyship's maid came with a reminder that it was time to be within doors, for one who was yet an invalid. The Dowager, who seemed very submissive to her maid's will, agreed to going to bed early after a light meal. So Meg had her evening alone.

She was happier than she had been since she came. Doubtless the beautiful weather and the glory and fragrance round about her helped to uplift her spirits. She had a curious sense, for nothing had happened to make her feel it, of being embarked on a great enterprise. A strange moment for such high courage, with the horror and calamity of the Earl's disappearance still lying upon the house. She looked out over the sea, rippled with the southwest wind, broken into a million glittering lights and facets. Was the Earl's body tossing out there unburied?

While she thought it, standing in the courtyard, the beds of which were filled with forget-me-nots and wallflowers, with clove carnations and pansies, something touched her foot. It was the dove which had flown in the night of the storm, and was as much at home in the house as any of the inmates. It was a handsome male pigeon with a green head and breast, of a quite uncommon insolence and courage for one of its kind. It had taken possession of the fenders during the cold weather, and was quite prepared to tackle dogs or anything else that disputed its right to be there. Now it had hopped out into the sun, and, bent on attracting her attention, was pecking at her foot.

She had said she was not superstitious, but the bird flying in out of the storm had uplifted her. So did Julia's steady denial, even when she had her lucid intervals, of Lord Turloughmore's death. A lot was there to lean on, she told herself with stern rebuke—a lost pigeon and a mad old woman. There could be no doubt that Lord Turloughmore and all his men had been lost in the yacht. They must have been lost, else what had become of them? The next morning her irrational hope was dashed to earth. A stove-in boat was drifted up on the beach, battered to pieces almost by the wind and weather, bearing on its stern the name *Clytie,* by which Lord Turloughmore had called his yacht.

"Little by little," said the fishermen, "the wreck of the yacht is coming home."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

New Books.

THE LIFE OF FRANCIS THOMPSON. By Everard Meynell. London: Burns & Oates. 15 *s.* net.

Genius, like saintship, is incomprehensible to "the average man"—it runs athwart all accepted conventions on social life, on success, and even on conduct. Rarely has this truth come home to one more forcibly than in laying down the long-expected *Life of Francis Thompson.* Superficially judged, the career of our great Catholic poet was absolutely disconcerting. He was amazingly irresponsible and inefficient in everyday life; quite unfit for any regular occupation, constitutionally incapable of doing anything up to time; of keeping any appointment; of fulfilling any set task. He never sent his "copy" in time. He simply failed to do all the ordinary things he ought to have done. For two tragic years he lived literally on the London streets, sleeping under railway arches and in common lodging-houses, earning odd halfpence selling newspapers and calling cabs. Worst of all, he was, for most of his life, addicted to opium. And yet, he was both poet and mystic, the author of odes as magnificent as any in the English language, of "poems which St. John of the Cross might have addressed to St. Teresa;" of verses on childhood of a haunting loveliness. And his life in true essentials remained one of childlike innocence, and of a deep, unwavering faith in Catholic truth.

There is little fundamentally new in Mr. Meynell's biography, though several disputed points in the poet's career are for the first time authoritatively cleared up. Thus we learn, through a letter from the President of Ushaw to his parents, that Francis' failure to continue his studies for the priesthood was due to his "strong nervous timidity," and his "natural indolence." There is a vivid account of the first glimpse that, after long search, Mr. Wilfrid Meynell had of the unknown contributor to *Merry England* whom he was to befriend so generously: "more ragged and unkempt than the average beggar, with no shirt beneath his coat and bare feet in broken shoes." Yet, that the degradation was only external, that the poet's soul passed unscathed through a trial so searching, we know from his own oft-quoted lines, "In no strange land," from the exquisite tenderness with which in *Sister Songs,* a poem for girlhood, he describes the charity offered him one "tardy dawn"

in the streets, and finally, in more prosaic fashion, in Mrs. Meynell's testimony written in the *Dublin Review* in order to silence calumny, "during many years of friendship, and almost daily companionship, it was evident to solicitous eyes that he was one of the most innocent of men." In point of fact, in the doctors' opinion, the opium which was Thompson's worst enemy served to counteract and retard the ravages of the consumption that killed him in the end. His whole life was a pathetic struggle against acute ill-health. Unlike Coleridge, his Muse was never served by opiates; all his work was done, at immeasureable cost to himself, in his months of abstinence. There is a characteristic sentence in a letter from Pantasaph, perhaps the happiest of his temporary homes, where he writes:

"I made myself ill with over-study, and have been obliged to give my head three weeks' entire rest. But I am much better again now. Inwardly I suffer like old Nick; but the blessed mountain air keeps up my body, and for the rest—my Lady Pain and I are *au mieux*."

Of his marvelous poetic gift, which to his deep sorrow left him for the last ten years of his life, he refers with the modesty of true genius:

"I, too, have been 'all in a tremble' because I had written nothing of late. I am constantly expecting to wake up some morning and find that my Dæmon has abandoned me. I hardly think I *could* be very vain of my literary gift; for I so keenly feel that it is beyond my power to command, and may at any moment be taken from me."

It were idle to pretend that this official "life" is wholly satisfactory; it lacks form and construction, and the language is frequently involved and somewhat pretentious. It is kindly and gossipy, but one is tempted to believe that the deeper aspects of the poet's nature wholly escaped the understanding of his young friend. Taken together, however, the two lives that we now possess of the poet, that in French by Mr. K. Rooker, and that under review, tell us all that the most ardent Thompson-lover needs to know. Mr. Rooker gives us a careful, methodical and appreciative study of the poet as poet. Mr. Everard Meynell adds a host of vivid touches that only an intimate friend can supply. Our gratitude is due to him in that he has preserved for us the light, familiar aspects of the poet's nature—his laughter, his kindliness of heart, his devotion to childhood—all the things that rendered him, despite his failings,

so lovable to his friends, aspects which might so easily have been lost altogether in the case of one whose personality, all through life, was

Girt with a thirsty solitude of soul.

The volume is admirably produced, in the same style as the three volumes of the collected edition of the works.

MERRILIE DAWES. By Frank H. Spearman. Illustrated by Arthur E. Becher. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35 net.

Mr. Spearman writes a bright clever novel of true love. John Adrane, the hero, is engaged to a vapid girl who loves him for his money alone. Merrilie, a multi-millionaire, proves her great love for John by secretly supporting him with her millions during a great financial crisis in Wall Street. To all appearances both are ruined, he by the dishonesty of his business associates, and she by her frantic effort to save him even at the cost of selling her old New York home. Of course on hearing of his supposed failure, the girl who loved him for his money alone breaks the engagement, " so as not to be a burden upon him," while the heroine, loving him for himself, gives him promptly her heart and her hand.

Wonderful to relate the reports of both failures prove untrue, and the course of true love again runs smoothly with hundreds of millions to help it in the running. The panic in the street is very well described, although the theme is a bit threadbare. Altogether it is a clean story that holds one's interest throughout.

MARSH LIGHTS. By Helen Huntington. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35 net.

This is a crude, tiresome story of an inane, heartless, and immoral New York society girl, who marries a stupid, sentimental, and incompetent business man, who finally deserts her, not so much for her unfaithfulness as to be free to run away with a hare-brained, gushing widow with a past. The author regales us with a lot of high-sounding but immoral phrases; of marriage being the means of personal development; of divorce being the greatest remedy for marital evils; of the individual being above all law of Church and state, and the like.

From beginning to end there is hardly one character in the story which an intelligent, much less a religious, man would invite

into his home. The wonderful dreams of Naomi we found commonplace in the extreme, and the author's intellectual culture goes no further than the mere mention of the *Hibbert Journal* and the philosophy of Rudolph Eucken.

THE HONOR OF THE HOUSE. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser and J. I. Stahlman. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.30 net.

Mrs. Fraser and her co-worker have written a rather thrilling Italian story of villainy and true love, somewhat in the style of her brother's famous novels. The sinister and cruel Prince, Bordelacqua, murders, like a Roman father of pagandom, his unfaithful wife. To save himself from the consequences of this crime, he lays the burden of the crime upon his son, Gracinto, a boy of fourteen, and, unquestioned by the credulous Pope of the period, imprisons him for years as insane, to save, forsooth, "the honor of the house."

The seventeen-year old wife of Gracinto—they were married when she was ten—discovers her husband's place of imprisonment, and with the aid of her own faithful nurse, and her husband's faithful retainer, manages to set Gracinto free. The interest of the story centres in their escape, both from the clutches of the rascally father, and of the profligate Charles IV. of Mantua.

The novel is dramatic, and the setting brilliantly descriptive, although the wonderful exploits of the heroine are rather improbable and far fetched.

THE HONOURABLE MR. TAWNISH. By Jeffery Farnol. With illustrations by Chester E. Brock. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.00 net.

Sir John Chester, a choleric old English country gentleman, is most indignant at the idea of his daughter's marriage to the Honourable Mr. Tawnish, whom he despises heartily as an effeminate dandy and a sentimental poet. As he puts it, "I wish my daughter to marry a man, and not a clothes-horse or a dancing master."

Sir John and his two friends, Sir Richard Eden and Mr. Bentley, determine to test our hero's bravery by asking him to perform three most difficult tasks. First, he must accomplish some feat which all three agree to be beyond them; second, he must make a public laughing stock of the much-disliked and deadly duelist, Sir Harry Raikes, and, third, he must place all three of them together and, at the same time, at a disadvantage. Mr. Tawnish

proves equal to every test imposed, and as a brave man and excellent gentleman, wins Sir John's beloved daughter Penelope.

The story is written in a most rapid, fascinating style, and is full of the most quaint humor and most tender sentiment. Mr. Brock's excellent illustrations in pastel are perfect in every detail.

LITTLE PILATE, AND OTHER SPANISH STORIES. By Rev. Luis Coloma, S.J. Translated by E. M. Brooks. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 80 cents.

In these six interesting tales, the well-known writer, Father Coloma, gives us an insight into the vices of the Spanish youth of to-day. The first story, *Little Pilate,* is perhaps the best, although we were rather astonished at the sudden fall of the pious graduate of a Jesuit College, who, in the space of one short day, runs the whole gamut of pride, anger, human respect, and gross immorality. Again we open our eyes with wonder as we read of the Baroness Ines, who has Midnight Mass in her private oratory as part of a Christmas entertainment. The most thrilling story of the volume is *Cain,* which shows the havoc wrought in Spain by the teaching of unbelieving Socialism.

The book is a bit crude at times in its plain speaking, and though its tone is devout and Catholic, it will not be welcomed over enthusiastically by our American boys. We doubt the wisdom of translating it.

QUOTATIONS IN POETRY AND PROSE. By Mrs. Elizabeth Murrin. Baltimore: John Murphy Co. $1.00 net.

Mrs. Elizabeth Murrin had a plentiful source to draw from when she began to collect quotations from Irish and Irish-American authors. Who can begin to measure the richness and extent of that stream of oratory that has gone forth from Erin's sons? But the author limits herself to twelve hundred selections on many topics. They are well selected, cover a very wide range, and will, we hope, lead those who read them to a fuller knowledge of many of the authors quoted.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION FOR THE YEAR ENDED JUNE 30, 1912. Washington: Government Printing Office.

We read with considerable interest the last report of the United State Commissioner of Education, P. P. Claxton. In his Intro-

duction, he gives statistics of the increase of pupils and teachers, of professional, normal, and summer schools, and of the decrease in the number of illiterates in the various States. He calls special attention to the general criticism, both intelligent and superficial, of the public schools voiced during the year at public meetings and in the public press The first chapter, Survey of Education During 1911-12, by W. Carson Ryan, treats in detail of the current criticisms of the public schools in regard to purpose, organization, administration, curriculum, teaching methods, and results. With regard to purpose, some maintain that the public school of to-day does not equip the pupils directly for the kind of life, economic and social, that they will lead when they will leave school.

The four criticisms of organization are: that the period of elementary education is too long; that the school year is too short; that there is not the proper correlation between the elementary and the high school; that the classes are too large. The curriculum is criticized because it is considerably behind in its provision for vocational subjects, while others declare either that the subjects are not adapted in content to current demands, or that the multiplicity of subjects tends to the neglect of the three R's.

It is admitted that the teaching standard is unquestionably lower in many parts of the United States than in certain other countries, and that the supply of teachers for our schools is most inadequate. Indeed in many parts of the United States the average education of the teachers is not above seventh grade! There is a pronounced tendency to move away from the strict adherence to written examinations as the final test of school work, and home work, especially for young children, is rightly censured on the ground of health. Special attention has been called to the low attendance record, and the premature dropping out of many pupils from school. Business men have complained of the product of the elementary school as it came to them, and college teachers have called attention to the inaccurate work of the high school students.

Some have charged the public high school with being undemocratic, inculcating a distaste for labor—by which is usually meant physical labor. W. H. Smith tells of the high-school teacher who, when asked whether her girl students "would be willing to marry men who got their hands dirty from work," replied indignantly: "Well, I should hope not; I hope we've taught them better than that."

The movement for vocational training in the public schools is not making much headway. Some seem to think that it involves a sort of social cleavage that is alien to the fundamental purpose of American education and American life, while others think that the vocational appeal is to selfish instincts. The Montessori Method is being examined sympathetically all over the country with a view of enriching our own educational practice, even in the face of many more or less unfavorable reports brought by later investigators of the Italian schools that employ it.

There are many other interesting monographs in the present volume, viz., Educational Legislation in 1912 by J. C. Boykin; Higher Education by K. C. Babcock; City School Systems by W. Hood; Rural Education by A. C. Monahan; Roman Catholic Schools by H. F. Wright; Recent Movements in Negro Education by T. J. Jones; a Review of Agricultural Education by F. B. Jenks; Typical Health-teaching Agencies in the United States by F. B. Dresslar; Recent Aspects of Library Development by J. D. Wolcott, and a number of short notices of Foreign Educational Systems by A. T. Smith.

Why Mr. Groszmann of the Plainfield school should have been chosen to write even five pages on "The Progress of the Movement for the Benefit of the Exceptional Child," when we have scores of men and women in the United States who are eminently his superiors in this special branch, we are utterly at a loss to discover. When he argued in favor of custodial institutions, we expected in the next line to read an advertisement of the Plainfield school in which he is himself interested. When again he set aside, with a wave of his hand, the rights of parents in order to make the state paramount, he seemed to forget that we have in this country a different idea of liberty.

We would call attention to a few misstatements, which are rather unworthy a report undertaken under such auspices as the United States Government. For instance, it is stated without the slightest evidence, "that denominational prejudices seriously affect the progress of education in Belgium." This is simply not true. The compiler of the incomplete and superficial report of Foreign Education seems also to have no grasp of the justice of the claim to state support which other countries than our own recognize on principle. With regard to Spain, it is stated that sixty-three per cent of the population were illiterate, according to the census of 1900. Is it not rather unfair to omit the important fact that

whereas we start our classification of illiterates after ten years of age, the Spanish census includes all under the age of ten? As there are 4,274,109 children in Spain under ten, we must in all fairness deduct that number from the sum total of illiterates, if we wish to compare Spain with the United States. On this basis Spain had 6,435,991 illiterates in 1900. Our census in 1900 reported 5,500,000 illiterates, and if we add to that number 14,000,000 children under ten years of age, we have a total of 19,500,000 illiterates! Why did not our compiler mention the fact that Spain is lessening every year her percentage of illiterates, just as Mr. Claxton says in his report that we are doing? Why, again, was not the census of 1910 taken into account? It added nearly three millions to the census list of 1900.

The second volume contains the statistics of the common-school systems for the year ending June, 1911, and of other educational institutions for the year ending June, 1912. The total school and college enrollment for 1911 aggregated 20,879,908, 835,882 of which include miscellaneous schools and institutions, which gave only estimates.

THE MAID OF SPINGES. A Tale of Napoleon's Invasion of the Tyrol in 1797. By Mrs. Edward Wayne. New York: Benziger Brothers. 35 cents.

The heroine of this tale, Katharina Lang, is no fictitious character. She fought heroically at the battle of Spinges against the French invaders of 1797, and the grateful Tyrolese have erected a memorial tablet to her in the churchyard of St. Vigil. We do not know whether the story of her forgiveness of her brother's murderer be fact or fiction, but at any rate it is true to the perfect Catholic tradition of the devout people of the Tyrol. The boy Hans is very well drawn, and his adventures are most thrilling. The author lacks the dramatic instinct, and her English might be greatly improved. But the children to whom her book will appeal will not be critical.

THE STUDENT'S HANDBOOK TO THE STUDY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. Translated from the thirteenth French Edition of Augustus Brassac, S.S., by Jos. L. Weidenhan. The Gospels—Jesus Christ. St. Louis: B. Herder. $3.25 net.

We know of no other book in English which covers the same ground as this excellent work of Father Brassac's on the Gospels.

It is eminently fitted as a textbook in our seminaries, for it is thorough, scholarly, and well adapted to the needs of beginners. A General Introduction treats of textual criticism, and the various systems of Biblical rationalism. The Gospels are first discussed as a whole, and then considered in detail, special attention being paid to the Synoptic problem, and to the characteristics of the Gospel of St. John. Part II. contains an excellent summary of the life of Christ, with special chapters dealing with His miracles and prophecies, the parables, and the discourses. A final section is devoted to a synthesis of the principal teachings of Jesus.

Some may think that the answers to the innumerable objections of rationalistic critics are rather inadequate; but that is the common fault of every textbook. It always calls for the teacher to develop its subject-matter more fully, and point out the lines of further study. The translator professes to have revised the bibliography for English readers, but we do not find it complete enough. Besides all sorts of authorities are quoted in the footnotes, Catholic, Protestant, and Rationalistic, without a word being said regarding their comparative worth. What is the value of Father Lepin as compared with Monsignor Batiffol? What is the different viewpoint of Reville, Harnack, Loisy or Julicher?

We noticed a great many misprints, viz., on pp. 35, 82, 125, 131, 149, 182, 230, 233, 243, 245, 249, 251, 331, 333, 460, 474, 478, 492, and 577. There are besides a few grammatical mistakes (pp. 54, 82, 239, 240, 245, 254, 472), although on the whole the translation is very well done. We trust that the publishers will correct these mistakes in a future edition, as the volume is too valuable a contribution to our Scriptural textbooks to be marred by so many errors.

UNEXPECTED AFFINITIES. A Serio-Comedy. By Susan Taber. New York: Duffield & Co. $1.25 net.

We managed to read this novel through to the end, although there was not a character in it that we would desire to number among our acquaintances. Edward Norton is mean enough to make money by means of his cousin's attraction for his wife; Rosalie is utterly devoid of character or principle, having been taught by her father that "we had a perfect right to everything we could get. All that old-fashioned talk about self-sacrifice was only calculated to make half the people as selfish as the other half were miserable." Peter St. Clair does not know whether to choose

his art or the girl he loves; Rosalie's father is full of theories for the betterment of the race, although selfish and lazy to the innermost core; Joe Conway, the hater of the rich and a murderer in intent, is all too quickly converted from the error of his ways. The hero and heroine should never have married, for their marriage must needs prove as great a failure as Rosalie's had been. The story is well written, and teaches at least one lesson, viz., that mere impulse is no guide to righteous living, and that religion alone can furnish the principles that make for true happiness.

CRIME AND ITS REPRESSION. By Gustav Aschaffenburg. Translated by Adelbert Albrecht. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $4.00 net.

The American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology has been for some time translating the works of European criminologists to familiarize American lawyers, judges, and sociologists with the progress of modern criminal science abroad. As the science has various aspects and emphasis—the anthropological, psychological, legal, statistical, economic, pathological, and sociological—they have tried their utmost to select representative authors in these various fields. This is the ninth volume of the series. Dr. Aschaffenburg's book, *Das Verbrechen und seine Bekampfung,* has been chosen as one of the most notable contributions to the psychological side of crime.

The first two parts of this book are devoted to a statistical study of the causes of crime, based in the main upon data gathered in Germany. The conclusions reached by the author with regard to season, race, religion, national customs, and occupation as causes of crime, are much the same as those of other experts in France and Italy. He regards alcholism as one of the most important causes of crime. He declares it impossible to exterminate the social evil, and, therefore, urges governments to regulate it, and keep it under strict surveillance; at the same time he advocates severe repressive measures against procuration. We are glad to notice that in discussing the individual causes of crime, he takes a very unfavorable attitude towards the theory of Lombroso, that certain inborn abnormal physical characteristics are frequent causes of crime.

In Part III.—"The Struggle Against Crime"—he discusses several measures, such as the indeterminate sentence, and probation, which are very well-known in this country. His brief statement of the fundamental principles upon which these penal measures

are based is excellent. Like most of his confrères, his treatment of responsibility is most unphilosophic and unchristian. He sees in crime only the injury to society, and in punishment only the necessary social reaction against it. He thus departs from the moral, and in its place sets up what he calls the social responsibility. His endeavor to maintain the sense of responsibility, and at the same time to give up free will, is unsuccessful. This chapter is perhaps the weakest in the whole volume. We were also astonished to find him declare that St. Augustine denied the doctrine of free will! He is also inaccurate in his discussion of the purpose of punishment, for he utterly eliminates the idea of retribution, and looks merely to the deterrent effect of punishment.

The most important lesson to be learned from this book is that "even if you have the best law, the best judge, the best sentence, and the prison official is not efficient, you might as well throw the statute into the waste basket and burn the sentence." Germany is superior to us, in as much as its minor public officials receive a particular education and training for their duties. With us most public officers often hold their places by the grace of some boss, and get their jobs as a return for political services rendered. As Mr. Train says in his preface: "Some of our court clerks were originally barkeepers, and many of our prison officers have had little better preparation for their task. Those employed in the minor functions of the administration of criminal justice, and particularly in and about prisons and penitentiaries, are apt to be persons who are unable to secure other and more attractive work."

The criminal statistics in the present volume are most helpful, because in the United States there are no penal statistics of any real value. While the scope of the book is necessarily limited to German institutions, many of its lessons are equally applicable to our own.

THROUGH GOOD HUMOR TO HAPPINESS. By Grace de Saint-Maurice. Paris: Bibliothéque Nouvelle. *2 frs.* 50.

We have nothing but words of praise for a little book in English, but published by the Bibliothéque Nouvelle of Paris, and sent us by the author, Grace de Saint-Maurice. It is full of good common sense, and is a wise appeal to all of us to cultivate the valuable asset of good humor.

And the little book itself contributes in no small way to make the reader good-humored, but in a way not intended by the author.

Her wisdom has as its vehicle the English of a French woman, who is French still. Punctuation, save for periods, is for the most part neglected, and the proof reader did not know his English spelling well.

We can all take a lesson from the following admonitions:

> Pessimistes and neurasthenics have nothing to gain by feeding their bile on their black ideas.
>
> People who rush about—agitating themselves and everyone about them—who talk loud and fast, who laugh scream and roar climb up'lampposts, paint the town red under the pretext of having fun; those who make puns endeavoring to create the impression of having a good time, are only encumbering, they do not possess the real qualities of sociability.
>
> Nothing works more havocs among those obliged to association than uncontrolled agitation. The man or woman who cannot sit still, who cannot talk much less listen without making all kinds of disturbing movements pulling at his or her hands and fingers, crossing and uncrossing the feet, rocking to and fro is a subject of caution—one who should consult a doctor or set about seriously te learn self controle. Wildly emotional people are a nuisance and usually poorly équilbrated.
>
> So the second precept of the religion of good humor is that it is inadmissable that after having dominated electricity and space man should not know how to dominate himself.
>
> Even crossing the streets in large centers has grown to be an art. The modern street is like modern life—a difficult thing to traverse but all the advantages are on the side of the man who quietly surveys the situation chooses his time tranquilly passes in and out among the moving vehicles calmly picking his way through the seemingly hopelessly encumbered thoroughfare and reaches the other side safe and sound and none the worse for the crossing.
>
> But the nervous man who darts here and there in headlong confusion who wants to get over in his own way and at every one elsés expense force himself across impossible barriers instead of circumventing them, who scolds the chauffeurs and menaces the drivers who bar the way is nearly knocked down and only reaches the opposite side by sheer luck mudspattered and exhausted is an exact picture of the morally nervous person who scolds and rushes along pell mell. If he or she escapes being utterly crushed and trodden down by the trend of life he or she are at least bespattered and exhausted often a physical as well as a moral wreck.

> Therefore the third precept in the doctrine of good humor is that it is surely making a bad start to set forth in a fury and means an equally bad finish.

And we will end with a wise warning:

> Times have gone forward however and social conditions despite the croakers so improved that the large majority of the world has enough food and clothes for comfort and is fiighting for the supperfluity. It is not his bread nor his suit of clothes that the socialist is calling for to-day. Both he possesses, it is the frock coat, the dress suit, the game on the rich man's table he craves. And here is the origin of the increase in the price of living, the difficulties of living. Everyone is ambitious to live as well as wealthiest in the land. All want to live on the big avenue and after big avenue style on the small street income. If wants were restrained much of the difficulty in living would be overcome.
>
> There is nothing utopian nor ridiculous in the plea for a simple existence, in the restraint of our wants.
>
> It is certainly better to possess little to want little but to thoroughly enjoy that little, than to have so much and to want so much that it is impossible to enjoy anything for we miss all possible chance of enjoyment we have or could have in the mad chase after things, beyond our reach coveted by unreasonable desire.
>
> So the fifth precept of the religion of happiness is under all circumstances to practise self restraint and in particular to restrain our wants.

TWO pamphlets on Minimum Wage Legislation, written by Rev. John A. Ryan, D.D., of St. Paul, have been issued by the Central Bureau of the Central Verein. They are entitled *Minimum Wage Legislation* and *A Minimum Wage by Legislation*. The former sells at one cent per copy, the latter at five cents. A reduction is given when ordered in quantities. The pamphlets may be obtained from the Central Verein, 307 Temple Building, St. Louis, Mo.

FROM the Australian Catholic Truth Society we have lately received: *The Vision of Peace,* by Rev. M. Forest, M.S.H.; *Sister Etheldreda's Experiment,* by M. Elizabeth Walton; *Ghosts in General,* by Rev. P. C. Yorke, D.D.; *How the Angel Became Happy,* by Canon Sheehan, D.D.; *The Church and the Foundling,*

by Rev. J. J. Malone; *The Melancholy Heart,* by F. W. Faber, D.D.; *Spiritualism and Christianity,* by Rev. P. J. Manly; *The Church: A Mother to Love and to be Proud Of,* by Rev. Dr. Keane, O.P.; *Purification after Death,* by Rev. M. J. Watson, S.J.; *The Vocation of the Celt,* by Rev. Robert Kane, S.J.; *Culture and Belief,* by Very Rev. M. J. O'Reilly, C.M.; *Adventures in Papua,* by Beatrice Grimshaw. Price, one penny each.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD recommended to its readers at the time of its first publication, Kathleen Norris' work, *Mother.* We are pleased to see that the publishers, The Macmillan Co., New York, have included this worthy volume in their Fiction Library, and now sell it for 50 cents. This brings it within the reach of all.

SWEATED LABOR AND THE TRADE BOARDS ACT, published by the Catholic Social Guild of England, and edited by Rev. Thomas Wright, will interest only students of the labor laws of England; but another of the Guild's publications, *First Notions on Social Service,* edited by Mrs. Philip Gibbs, has much in it which will be of help to all interested in social questions. London: P. S. King & Co. 6 *d.* net.

THE following miscellaneous publications in pamphlet are: *Irish History,* by Syracuse Printing and Publishing Co., Syracuse, New York (15 cents); from The Brothers of Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Indiana, *Vocations to the Teaching Orders,* by Rt. Rev. Joseph Schrembs, D.D.; from The Catholic Book and Church Supply Co., Portland, Oregon, *The Faith and Duties of a Catholic,* by Rev. W. A. Daly (5 cents); from The Rosary Press, Somerset, Ohio, *The Seven Last Words upon the Cross,* by Joseph Post Hall; from St. Anthony College, Santa Barbara, California, *My Lady Poverty,* a drama in five acts, by Francis de Sales Gliebe, O.F.M. (35 cents).

H. W. GRAY CO., New York, publishes *Twenty-Two Hymns,* set to music, by Franklin Hopkins. Price, 50 cents.

FROM James Duffy & Co., Ltd., Dublin: *Grievances in Ireland,* by one of the Tolerant Majority. Price, one penny.

FROM M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd., Dublin: *Alleluia's Sequence from "Harmonics,"* by Rev. T. J. O'Mahony, D.D. Price, 6 *d.*

FROM R. & T. Washbourne, Ltd., London: *Lourdes and the Holy Eucharist,* by Rev. Paul Aucler, S.J. Price, one penny.

FROM Cary & Co., London: *Mass of St. Anthony,* by Alphonse Cary. Price, 1 *s.* 6 *d.* net.

BENZIGER BROTHERS have sent us the first part of what promises to be a noteworthy work, and one that will be of particular interest to all Catholics. The work is entitled *Rome,* and will be a complete history and reproduction in picture of the Eternal City, and its heroes and its monuments. Cardinal Gibbons in his preface says: "Rome's charm is infinite; and forever it attracts mankind as the mighty seat of ancient empire, the mother and nurse of all modern nations, and the centre of Catholicism." And this work, to be published in eighteen parts, will put forth Rome's appeal in popular, attractive style. It will be a splendid volume for the Catholic home. The first part deals with the beginnings of Rome to the downfall of its Emperors. The price of each part is 35 cents.

We are pleased to announce that the same house has published in a very presentable way, and at the exceptionally low price of 50 cents per volume, a series of novels and religious books by the best Catholic authors. Among the novels we call special attention to the following: *Dion and the Sibyls,* by Miles Keon; *Marcella Grace* and *Agatha's Hard Saying,* by Rosa Mulholland; *Fabiola,* by Cardinal Wiseman; *Bond and Free,* by Jean Connor; *The Monk's Pardon* and *Idols,* by Raoul de Navéry; *The Light of His Countenance,* by Jerome Hart.

Some of the well-known religious books of the list are: *The Life of Christ,* by Rev. M. Cochem; *The Veneration of the Blessed Virgin,* by Rev. B. Rohmer; *Lourdes,* by Father Clarke, S.J.; *St. Anthony,* by Father Ward; *St. Francis of Assisi* and *A Social Reformer,* by Father Dubois, and *The History of the Protestant Reformation,* by William Cobbett.

The same publishers have issued a helpful and instructive volume, entitled *The Promises of the Sacred Heart,* by Joseph McDonnell, S.J. Price, 90 cents. The commentary and meditations contained in the book appeared first in *The Irish Messenger of the Sacred Heart;* also *The Holy Hour,* by Rt. Rev. B. J. Keiley, D.D. (10 cents), and *Gospel Verses for Holy Communion,* by a Sister of Notre Dame (5 cents), and a suitable announcement card for requiem Mass at the very low price of 10 cents each.

For the Feasts of our Lady, another publication of this firm, *Landmarks of Grace* will be found a helpful companion. It in-

cludes many poems reprinted from various sources on our Lady's titles, and also prose extracts that will be aids to devotion. Its compilation shows wide reading and good taste. Price, 90 cents.

HOW futile the neo-pagan theories which in many places are coming or are in vogue nowadays, how futile the preaching of the self-sufficiency of nature, may be seen from the study of the best flower of paganism—Marcus Aurelius. In the light of the opportunity it has for doing great good, disillusionizing the defenders of Naturalism, strengthening and enlightening Catholics, we know of few recent books so timely as the little volume entitled *The Emperor Marcus Aurelius,* written by John C. Joy, S.J. It is done in a pleasant, masterly way, and our advice to all is to get it and read it. It costs but 35 cents, and is published by B. Herder of St. Louis.

In a volume, published by the same house, the author says in his preface that the heroes of Ireland's battles should not be allowed to die, and Dr. MacSweeney has done a praiseworthy work in presenting in the one small volume under the title, *A Group of Nation Builders,* the history of three great leaders in Ireland's fight for intellectual freedom—O'Donovan, O'Curry, and Petrie. The little volume is a valuable contribution to the Iona Series. Price, 35 cents.

They have also issued *The Nature of Human Society,* by Bernard J. Otten, S.J. Price, 5 cents.

MODERN SOCIALISM, by Rev. Herman J. Maeckel, S.J., is a brochure of the German Roman Catholic Central Verein, St. Louis, Mo.

JOHN JOSEPH McVEY, of Philadelphia, has issued in pamphlet form an interesting lecture of George W. Norris on *The Housing Problem in Philadelphia.* Price, 10 cents.

JOSEPH WAGNER, New York, has published a manual of *Pictorial Church History, for use with the Stereoptican,* which includes the period of the French Revolution. Price, 40 cents net.

Foreign Periodicals.

St. Jerome's Accuracy. By W. H. K. In St. Jerome's *Prologus Galeatus,* which is still prefixed to most editions of the Vulgate, the Saint makes a remarkable statement as to the method of writing the Divine Name in some of the Greek manuscripts. After saying that, in earlier days, the Jews used the same alphabetical characters as the Samaritans, and that the present Hebrew letters were introduced by Esdras after the captivity, he asserts that in certain Greek manuscripts then extant the Sacred Name was written in what we now know as the Samaritan or old Hebrew letters. Some modern scholars have disputed this statement, one Hebraist conjecturing that the Saint must have mistaken the Greek, or half-Greek, writing of the Hebrew for an archaic form, another that his words must refer to some form of the square Chaldee script. But St. Jerome's critical and accurate observation is completely sustained by the fragments of Aquila's version of the Psalms in the palimpsests discovered at Cairo a few years ago.—*The Tablet,* November 1.

Franciscan Influences in Art. By Mrs. Virginia M. Crawford. It has been reserved for the German scholar and historian, Heinrich Thode, to present a synthetic view of the Franciscan movement in its relations to the various branches of religious art; yet his important work has only recently been translated into French and never into English. Non-Catholic critics—clinging to a prejudice that Christianity has, somehow, always been antagonistic to art—have been wont to explain the wonderful efflorescence of art in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, by assuming that the influences of the Renaissance made themselves felt much easier than it was customary to suppose. To lovers of St. Francis it is clear that the art impulse, like so many other influences of the century, came from Assisi. Preaching in the vulgar tongue; the *laudi* or popular religious songs; the work of Giotto at Assisi and in the Arena chapel at Padua; the fostering of devotion to the Madonna, and consequently the more frequent representation of her in painting; the work of Andrea della Robbia, of Pinturicchio, and Sassetta in Franciscan shrines; Fra Angelico's "Last Judgment" and Francia's "Immaculate Conception" at Lucca; the churches of the Friars at Florence, Siena, and Pisa—all these were expressions

and results of the free religious life whose cradle was the Porziuncula.—*The Dublin Review,* October.

An Indian Mystic—Rabindranath Tagore. By Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J. This new volume of prose poems, translated by the author from the Bengali, is unique in giving an Indian expression of Indian thought and emotion in most beautiful English. So beautiful, indeed, that one fears the translation has been worked over by an Occidental *littérateur.* If not, the author must have assimilated much Western work to write, unaided, so modern an English, and in so doing may he not have modified genuine Indian thought by absorbing European ideals? His poems bear striking resemblances to the *Canticle of Canticles,* the *Canticle* of St. John of the Cross, the *Imitation,* the *Hound of Heaven,* and *Rabbi ben Ezra,* but they sadly lack the sense of sin, the proper emphasis on self-realization through self-sacrifice for man, and self-subordination to humanity, and, above all, the Name and the Presence of Christ.—*The Dublin Review,* October.

A Critic of Casuistry. M. Alfred Bayet, one of the leaders in the attempt to frame a " scientific, rational morality " entirely independent of religion, has issued a small book attacking modern Catholic morality. For this purpose he has selected some eighty cases, dealing with justice and charity, homicide, theft, lying, duties towards the family and the state, quoting them exactly from the works of approved authors, and trying to prove a divergence from the morality of the Gospels in the answers given. H. Lesêtre in the *Revue du Clergé Français* (November 1), and J. Verdier in the *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique* (November 1), make the following general observations on the matter: Catholic morality, being preoccupied with the direction of consciences and the government of souls, has to be practical as well as theoretical. It is not concerned merely with the speculative relations, *e. g.,* truth and falsehood, but with the concrete case of an idividual who wishes to avoid falsehood and sin, yet preserve the secret intrusted to him by a friend (Verdier). Casuistry is, therefore, necessary. But the solutions given in textbooks are of past or imaginary character; they have to be modified in application according to the circumstances of the case (Lesêtre). The conclusions of casuists are not the Catholic ideal, but the minimum of obligation which the law of God or of the Church imposes (Verdier). Applying these principles, usually in the confessional, the priest can and should urge a higher standard

of duty, and appeal to higher motives (Lesêtre). And the penitent, being a real and, therefore, a complex individual, not the simplified abstraction of the textbooks, may often be bound to take the higher course. Many of the theoretical cases are put in high relief to produce a pedagogic clearness, but no casuist holds that their solutions are or can be exactly applied to real men and women (Verdier).

Rescue Work. By Henri Joly. The official criminal statistics for 1911 show a return to the high figures of 1907, for minors as well as for adults. The state, none the less, has not yet publicly acknowledged the rescue and protection work done by members of religious communities, although in some cases it has subsidized their work, claiming the credit if the work succeeded, but, in case of failure, pointing the moral loudly against private charity. One institution, however, the House of St. Augustine, founded in Lyons in 1900 by Madame Payeu, has thus far met with general and even civic approbation, and is an excellent example of what lay people can do when religious are officially under the ban. Madame Payeu believes strongly in individual work. The tone of the institution is homelike, and opportunity is given each girl to earn something as a start upon leaving the house. In contrast to an official institution, whose preliminary expenses for buildings, staff, etc., were enormous, and whose annual budget when its inmates numbered seven was fifteen thousands francs apiece, the House of St. Augustine, containing thirty-two girls and six religious, cost for the same period a little less than this sum.—*Le Correspondent,* October 10.

An Apostle of Daily Communion. By Paul Dudon. When but a young religious Father Leonard Cros, S.J., cultivated a pious and tender devotion to our Eucharistic King, although the rules of the Constitution of the Society then allowed the reception of Holy Communion oftener than once a week only under special permissions. This the young religious obtained from his confessor, and received Holy Communion every day. On taking up his work as teacher in the colleges of his Society, he strove to lead young men into a more intimate union with Jesus Christ by means of more frequent communion. On this subject he wrote much. He lived to see daily communion advocated by the present Pontiff. He also wished to see confirmation given at a very tender age. Pére Cros died on November 18, 1912.—*Études,* October 5.

The Baptism of Clovis. By E. Vacandard. Was Clovis, as the traditional opinion affirms, really baptized at Rheims? The only contemporary evidence is a letter of congratulation sent him by the Bishop of Vienne, St. Avitus. There are besides a letter of the Bishop of Trèves, St. Nizier, written between 561 and 568; the story of Gregory of Tours in his *Historia Francorum* of about 573-576; two works of Jonas of Susa and the pseudo-Fredegairus of about 642, and Hincmar's *Life of Remigius* written about 878. The conclusion drawn from these documents seems to prove that he was baptized by St. Remigius at Rheims on Christmas Eve in 496.—*Revue du Clergé Français,* October 15.

The Tablet (October 18): *Blessed Boniface of Savoy, Archbishop of Canterbury,* by Father Thurston, S.J. The opinion held by some of the last Archbishop of Canterbury to be beatified, is that he was a money scrapper, generally hated, and that his tenure of office was characterized only by arrogance, violence, and greed. This view rests on the testimony of Mathew Paris, the Chronicler of St. Albans, whose bitterness was probably fostered by knowledge that Boniface was menacing monastic exemptions. Thomas Wykes, Augustinian Canon of Osney at this period, and the Christ Church (Canterbury) monks represent Boniface as a man of wonderful simplicity, deficient in learning, but a sober liver who guided himself by the advice of wise counselors. He was humble, modest, and a most lavish benefactor of the poor. The value of the views of the Christ Church monks is increased by the fact that at the time it was set down, Boniface was dead and no longer to be feared, while Paris' testimony seems to include several discrepancies of which even he was aware.

(October 25): Mr. Belloc on the *Church and the World:* The future of the Catholic Church in the modern world, judged upon temporal indices alone, seems to "depend upon three factors," the type of Catholic society represented by France, the type of Catholic nations more or less subject to non-Catholic governments, and the type of Catholic societies existing without any natural bond to cement them in the midst of their non-Catholic fellows. The Church will triumph soon in the first two societies, in the third a heavy artillery war must first be waged.——*Cardinal Bourne and the Ritual Murder Accusation:* In reply to a request from Rabbi Dr. Hertz that he defend the Jews from the charge of ritual murder raised recently in Russia, Cardinal Bourne wrote that the "Catholic Church has, so far as I am aware, always recognized that such

accusations had no foundation whatever in the religion, belief or practices of the Jewish people."

(November 1): Manchester's Catholic Lord Mayor is to be Mr. McCabe, for twenty-five years a member of the Council, and for twelve years an Alderman; the first Catholic to be so honored.

The Month (November): *The Church and the Money Lender,* by Rev. Henry Irwin, S.J. An examination of the seemingly paradoxical attitude of the Church on the subject of money lending. The practical aspect of the question, Father Irwin will treat in a subsequent article.——*The Men of the Old Stone Age,* by Lewis Watt. This paper considers the relation of recent discoveries of fossilized remains, especially the Piltdown fragments, of men of the old Stone Age, and the theory of evolution, also the value of these discoveries in this regard.——*Adventures in Journalism,* by Philip Gibbs. Mr. Gibbs recounts some of his adventures in the service of a London daily.——*Presbyterian Union in Scotland,* by Rev. Sydney Smith, S.J. In this article Father Smith considers the proposed union of the United Free Presbyterian Church and the Established Church in Scotland, and the difficulties which make such a union at this time extremely problematic.

The Church Quarterly Review (October): *St. Teresa,* by Rt. Rev. Arthur Chandler. This is a synthetic appreciation of the Saint's work and writings based on "excellent new translations," "in the hope of encouraging a wider public to appreciate and profit by St. Teresa's help and guidance to the spiritual life." Several pages are devoted to a consideration of the various states of prayer described in her works, and then of the height to which one can humbly desire to mount.——*The Grace of Orders and Apostolic Succession,* by Rev. F. W. Puller. The grace of orders was given by Christ to the Apostles with power of transmission; the early Church considered that orders must be transmitted through bishops as successors of the Apostles, and the Church has always held to the same tradition.——*Jane Austen,* by Miss Elizabeth Wordsworth. By means of quotations from Jane Austen's letters and works, a character sketch of the novelist is drawn. Miss Austen seems to have disregarded the great events which happened during her lifetime, and to have lived in the country an uneventful life, full of sympathy for the poor and undemonstratively, but sincerely, religious.

The Dublin Review (October): *If Home Rule is Defeated,* by Charles Bewley. A forecast of what may happen in Ireland should the present government go before the country on the Home Rule Bill and be defeated. Two phases of the subject are discussed, viz., the attitude of the Irish towards the two dominant political parties, and the relation of Ireland to England.——*Papal Dispensation for Polygamy,* by Norman Evans Hardy. An examination of a document quoted in Professor A. F. Pollard's *Life of Henry VIII.,* to support the theory that Clement VII. proposed to dispense Henry in order that he might have two wives.——*Richard Wagner: A Centennial Sketch,* by Donald Davidson. A sketch of Wagner's career in four phases. His life; the man; the author and philosopher; the poet-musician.——*The Present Religious Situation in France,* by G. Fonsegrive. This paper is a consideration of the effects of the Law of Separation and the present outlook for Catholicism.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (November): The Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan, D.D., by many quotations from Carlyle's writings, aims at introducing or recalling the sage's writings by emphasizing the vigor, originality, and picturesqueness of his style.—— The Rev. Aelred Whitacre, O.P., defends "the philosophy of common sense."——J. B. Williams, in *The Regicides in Ireland,* describes the persecutions inflicted on the Catholics by Daniel Axtell, Governor of Kilkenny, who seems, however, to have repented at the end. This last point is said to be inaccurately described in the *Dictionary of National Biography,* where the sole authority cited is a pamphlet now proved to be a forgery.

Le Correspondent (October 10): Georges Goyau writes on the *Founder of the Marianists,* William Joseph Chaminade.

(October 25): *A Christian Humanist,* by Fribart de la Tour. Lefèvre d'Étaples, friend of Erasmus and of all the great scholars of the sixteenth century, has been charged with being a Protestant at heart while outwardly a Catholic. He sought renovation, not revolution. His doctrine, amid his appeals for reform, is always Catholic. Some of his disciples, however, like Farel, went over to radical "evangelicism," and his school, after its glories of 1522-1525 and again after 1530, gradually disappeared.——*The Present State of the English Navy* is a severe attack on the incompetence and arbitrary methods of Mr. Churchill.

Études (October 20) contains four articles on Louis Veuillot, the great French apologist.

Revue du Clergé Français (November 1): *Leopardi,* by E. Lenoble.——E. Voron summarizes the extent and occasions of infantile and juvenile criminality in France, and the methods of trial and reform applied after the crime.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (November 1): Apropos of the celebration of the centenary of Diderot, J. Guiraud accuses this eighteenth century encyclopædist of dishonesty, unblushing immorality and obsequiousness. In philosophy he was a materialist; in religion an atheist; towards government an anarchist; willing to keep the people in bondage, and calling Christianity a vile superstition useful for such an end.

Revue Thomiste (September-October): Father A. Gardeil, O.P., presents a summary and a defence of the synthetic apologetic of the late P. Schwalm, O.P., on the reasonableness of the act of faith.——Father L. Raymond, O.P., continues his study on the *Gifts of the Holy Spirit,* showing their possibility, and their moral necessity for the perfection of our supernatural acts and for perseverance.——C. Henry, P.B., argues from the nature of the act of knowing, wherein the knower must receive and unite to itself, have and indeed be the thing known, to the immaterial character of the mind.——Father M.-R. Cathala, O.P., criticizes severely the study of M. Vacandard, and a little less severely those of M. de Cauzons and of M. Choupin on the Inquisition, and praises that by M. Guiraud in the *Dictionnaire Apologétique de la Foi Catholique.*

Revue Bénédictine (October): D. G. Morin presents an unpublished sermon by St. Augustine. The arguments, language, comparisons, Biblical texts, and their formulation leave no doubt as to its authenticity.——D. O. Casel presents in German a study of a controverted passage in St. Cyprian (*De Catholicæ Ecclesiæ Unitate,* chap. v.) which reads: *Episcopatus unus est cujus a singulis in solidum pars tenetur.*

Recent Events.

France.

The Ministry of M. Barthou still remains in office, although its life from the beginning was considered precarious, and its enemies have multiplied as time went on. The Radicals, who form the most powerful of the groups in Parliament, accuse it of reactionary tendencies, and M. Clemenceau, the destroyer of so many governments, has been assailing it in the paper which he has recently started.

In consequence of certain defects disclosed in the manœuvres of the army held last autumn, the Chief of the General Staff found it necessary to severely criticize some of the generals in command. By one of these generals this criticism was so keenly resented that he violated the rules of the army by publishing an answer to his superior officer, an answer which is said to manifest the worst spirit of the times when, as during the Boulanger and Dreyfus episodes, politics played a disastrous part in the higher ranks of the army. The incriminated general declared that the action taken by his superior was part of a conspiracy to crush him because he was a Republican. The Socialist journal of M. Jaurès, the *Humanité,* finds in the action of the government, when it relieved General Faurie of his command, the hand of Jesuitism, and declares it to be an attempt to hand over the army to the worst enemies of the Republic. The only thing which keeps the government in office is the inability of its adversaries to unite among themselves.

M. Poincaré, the President, has also been subjected to criticism. It is said the object he had in view in making the tours through various parts of France, during which he was received with so much enthusiasm, was to establish his own influence, and to prepare the way for bringing back personal rule. One of the visits paid by M. Poincaré was to M. Mistral, the poet of Provence, who has done so much to foster local patriotism, that attachment to particular districts which the centralization which followed upon the Revolution tended to suppress. The President's visit is taken as an indication of his sympathy with those who think that it is by fostering and reviving the local customs of the provinces that France herself will renew her youth.

Germany.

Two Regencies have disappeared in Germany, one of the Kingdom of Bavaria, the other of the Duchy of Brunswick. The inability of Ludwig II. of Bavaria during the latter years of his reign, and that of his successor Otho, have placed the crown in abeyance for a long time. The greatly respected Regent, Prince Luitpold who died last December, always refused to take any steps to depose the nominal monarch. The Bavarian people, however, have become so discontented with the actual ruler being for so long a time deprived of his full rights and the honors attached thereto, that it has been found necessary to pass a bill amending the Constitution, by which it is enacted that in the event of a King becoming physically or mentally incapable of carrying on the government, and there be, after the lapse of ten years, no prospect of recovery, the Regent can declare the Regency at an end and the throne vacant. The power conferred by this act of the Diet the Prince Regent made use of on the fifth of last month, and declared himself King of Bavaria, under the title of Ludwig III., he being the person to whom the crown fell as being the next qualified by right of primogeniture and of agnatic lineal succession. His majesty shortly afterwards took the oath required by the Constitution in the presence of his Ministers, the members of the State Council, and deputations from both Chambers of the Diet.

The Regency of the Duchy of Brunswick has been terminated by the accession of the son of the Duke of Cumberland. The Duke of Cumberland is the heir to the kingdom of Hanover as well as to the Duchy of Brunswick. Hanover, as a result of the war of 1866, was incorporated into Prussia, and because King George would not consent to his having been despoiled of his throne and possessions, and of his having made his sons promise never to give their consent, the Federal Council of the German Empire would not allow either him or his children to become Dukes of Brunswick. The recent marriage of the surviving son of the Duke of Cumberland, Prince Ernest Augustus, to the only daughter of the German Emperor, and the fact of his having entered the Prussian army and having taken the required oath, have removed these obstacles, and the Prince is thus allowed to become Duke of Brunswick. There are not wanting objectors, however, for the Prince, although he has taken the oath of loyalty to the German Emperor and King of Prussia, and has explained that he understands that by so doing he has made a promise that he would not do anything or support any-

thing calculated to alter the territorial possessions of Prussia, has not expressly renounced his right to the kingdom of Hanover. Among these objectors is the Crown Prince, who for a second time within the last two years has thought proper to intervene personally in questions of public policy. These indiscretions of the future ruler of Germany make it highly desirable, for the world's peace and tranquillity, that that mighty Empire should for many years be left under the control of its wiser head.

The last of the many celebrations of the War of Liberation which have been taking place during the present year, was held at Leipzig on the 19th of October. A monument has been erected in that city in commemoration of the battle which laid the foundations of modern Germany, and which saved for the European nations the right to their existence as free States. At its inauguration were present the German Emperor and the representatives of the three non-German States that shared with Prussia in the struggles of those days, as well as the King of Saxony and numerous other German dignitaries. The King of Saxony described the monument as a symbol of German strength and German unity, erected by the devotion of German patriots; and prayed that it might recall to the generations yet unborn the scene of that day—Germans, Russians, Austrians, Hungarians, and Swedes bowing the knee in reverence before God, the Almighty Pilot of the world's history, and praying Him to preserve the peace.

A gloom was cast over the celebration at Leipzig by the news which arrived of the destruction of the Zeppelin L.-II., and of the great loss of life which accompanied it. This is the tenth disaster that has befallen German airships, but it has not weakened the determination of the country to secure German supremacy in the air. The proposal of Mr. Churchill, the British First Lord of the Admiralty, that Germany and Great Britain should make of 1914 a naval holiday by a mutual agreement not to build during its course any dreadnoughts, was received in Germany with a mixture of indignation, contempt, and pity. Even in France the proposal met with an unfavorable reception. There seems to be no hope that a limit can be put to the increase of armaments. Nothing but a European war or universal bankruptcy holds out a prospect of the termination of the present phase of this main feature of European civilization.

It is the habit to consider the universities of Germany as the type of every perfection, but this view is not that held by all

Germans. At a Congress of university teachers, which recently met at Strasburg, a discussion showed that there is a movement for the creation of a number of new universities, owing to the alleged fact that the old do not supply the wants of the times. Various faults in the working and in the results were mentioned. One of the speakers said that owing to the system now in existence the German "doctor" was the laughing-stock of foreigners, the present mode of examination being so loose. On the other hand, the defenders of the existent system maintained that the foundation of new universities was altogether unnecessary, and that there was danger that the standard of teaching would thereby be relaxed. New universities would not relieve the old, and would simply increase the number of students. As it was, there were too many; forty per cent would do better not to study at all, for large numbers had been paralyzed by academic training, and rendered unfit for practical life. Whatever the real state of the case may be it is hard to say, however it is somewhat surprising to hear of such statements being made in view of the progress of German industry and commerce.

Within the last few weeks two German doctors have shown that academic studies have not rendered them, at least, unfit for practical life; for they have succeeded in making an instrument which reveals the presence of dangerous gases in mines, and which, if it works as well as it promises, will be the means of saving many thousands of lives. This instrument registers the state of the atmosphere by means of sounds. If the air is pure the sound is continuous; if gas is present, the sound is interrupted, and the volume of fire damp present can be gauged by the number of interruptions. The Emperor, to whom the instrument was shown, said that it seemed to fulfill all the requirements.

Austria-Hungary. An army law passed last year increased the number of annual recruits by 86,000 men. The military authorities wished this year to add to the annual contingent some 40,000. A compromise, however, was made, and the increase this year will be only 31,300 men. The annual contingent will then roughly amount to 220,000, making the peace footing of the army about 490,000. This will involve an increase in non-recurring expenditure alone of something like $23,000,000. It is not to be wondered at, therefore,

that the Minister of Finance had to present an unfavorable budget to the Reichsrath. The budget, indeed, showed a small surplus, but this was due to the fact that a large part of the income was derived from loans that had been authorized. And as still further loans will be necessary, with an involved increase of taxation, it is not to be wondered at that large numbers within the Austrian territories are seeking to escape from them. This has led to the arrest, in what seems a high-handed and arbitrary manner, of the European agent of the Canadian-Pacific Railway, and the closing of its offices. A bill, too, has been introduced into the Reichsrath to restrict emigration. It seems somewhat hard that a mighty empire should be made into a prison-house. This is one of many evil consequences of the all-dominant militarism.

The late Lukacs Cabinet in Hungary seems to have been steeped in violence and corruption. It suppressed, by the most oppressive means, its opponents in the Chamber, and fell at last because it had accepted subsidies for political purposes from the Hungarian Bank in return for concessions granted to it. Since its fall another instance has been revealed of its corruption. For the sake of a contribution to the party funds, it granted to a company the right to open a gambling casino at Budapest. The present Prime Minister, Count Tisza, is opposed to every such proposal, as tending to increase gambling, and has cancelled the concession, and is ready to return the money. The Hungarian government and Parliament have been doing great injury to the good name of constitutional institutions. They seem to be governed by interests rather than principles.

The German Emperor has been paying a visit to the Emperor Francis Joseph. The unsettled state of Europe for sometime past has rendered the visits of kings and emperors a somewhat rare event. The second Balkan war led to a divergence of view between the two chief parties to the Triple Alliance, Austria-Hungary having supported Bulgaria, and having demanded the revision of the Treaty of Bukarest, whereas the German Emperor took the side of Greece, and declared the treaty definitive. No one thinks that this divergence has weakened the bonds of the Triple Alliance, but there are in Austria some who hold the view that Germany is too apt to forget that Austrian interests have been more vitally affected by the recent changes resulting from the wars than have those of Germany. The Emperor's visit will perhaps have done something to remove this impression.

Italy.

The general election which has recently taken place in Italy has resulted in the giving to Signor Giolitti, who has now been Prime Minister since the 29th of March, 1911, a clear expression of the country's approval of his past policy. The vote, however, is not to be taken as necessarily involving his long continuance in office, for political storms are very frequent in the Italian Parliament, and, owing to the group system, he may be overturned on a sudden. His victory was largely due to the fact that he had given to the Radicals the utmost of their demands, and there was nothing left with which to find fault.

A suffrage practically universal was established by the last reform bill, by which the number of the electors was increased threefold, the number being raised from under three millions to more than eight. The only one excluded from the franchise is the man who is at one and the same time under thirty, illiterate, and a fugitive from military service. The effort to give votes to women received very little support. This being the first time that an election had taken place since the act had been passed, it was expected that there would be a great rush to the polls. But just the opposite took place; extreme apathy was manifested. As in England so in Italy, it may take some time for the electors to realize their new privileges, but when they do the results may be equally surprising. The effect of the war in Tripoli on the election ought not to be overlooked. All Italy is still rejoicing. It is not, however, certain that there is good reason for jubilation. The country is not yet thoroughly pacified; nor is it certain that when pacified it will yield any substantial profit.

Spain.

A short time after the visit of the French President, the Liberal Ministry of Count Romanones gave in its resignation. This was due to the dissensions in the ranks of the Liberals, and chiefly to the public declaration of Señor Prieto that he could no longer give his support to the Prime Minister. This led to his defeat by a vote of the Senate. The King sought to form a Ministry from the ranks of the Liberals, but as Count Romanones declared that he would oppose any Liberal Ministry the attempt was unsuccessful. His Majesty then had recourse to the leaders of the Conservative Party, Señores Maura and Dato, and after a long consultation with

the former the latter was chosen. In a short time he succeeded in forming a Ministry. The choice of Señor Maura would have caused great trouble, so keen is the resentment still felt for the execution of Ferrer. The Republicans, some of whom are now willing to coöperate with the Liberals, had resolved to provoke riots and revolution rather than suffer the return to power of Señor Maura.

Against Señor Dato's Cabinet they have announced that they will take no extreme measures. The new Cabinet has been formed in a perfectly constitutional way. Although the Conservatives have no majority in the Cortes, the Liberals are, on account of their differences, unable to form a government. It would be rash, however, to predict how long Señor Dato's Cabinet will remain in office.

Portugal.

The government of Senhor Costa has had to maintain itself by the use of force against enemies at both extremes. A few months ago it succeeded in suppressing the Syndicalists and Anarchists who were plotting its overthrow; in the latter part of October it had to take similar measures against supporters of the Monarchy. These of course aimed not merely at overturning the ministry, but at changing the established form of government. In both cases the authorities have been equally successful. The plan of the Monarchists had been long in forming, and those involved in the attempt to carry it into effect embraced every grade of the people. The system of espionage, which is widely organized both for and against the government, rendered it easy for the authorities to learn all the secrets of the plotters, and this with the greater facility, as they seemed quite ready to tell these secrets to everyone who expressed the least sympathy with their cause. At the moment of crisis, the courage of the leaders failed. They vanished, and left their followers in the lurch, to become the prey of their foes. The attempt has resulted in strengthening the power of the Premier, Senhor Costa—a thing of which from special circumstances he was standing in considerable need.

Russia.

The trial which has been going on at Kieff, and which lasted for more than thirty days, of a Jew named Beiliss for the murder of a boy named Yushchinsky, has a twofold interest. Intense hatred of

the Jews exists among large numbers of the Russians, and is always seeking an excuse for showing itself by such deeds of violence as go by the name of *pogroms*. The Kieff trial was a deliberate attempt to prove against them the habitual practice of murdering children as a part of the Jewish ritual. If success had attended the attempt, it would have been succeeded by a series of wholesale murders and destruction of property. The evidence, however, broke down completely, and the jury, of which one half were simple peasants, acquitted the accused.

For Catholics the trial was of special interest, for one of the witnesses brought forward as an expert to prove the Jewish custom of ritual murder was a priest named Justinus Elisejevitch Pranaitis. In a long document which was read as an affidavit at the trial, Father Pranaitis declared that all the rabbis agree in teaching hatred of the Gentile, and that he is to be regarded as an animal, and not as a human being; the Commandment "Thou shalt not kill" does not apply to the Gentile. The murder of a Gentile is supposed to hasten the coming of the Messiah. It is also, according to Father Pranaitis, of a sacrificial value. Since the destruction of the Temple there has been no sacrificial altar for animals, and the killing of Gentiles is accepted as a substitute. Such slaughter is performed with certain cabalistic rites, which Father Pranaitis went on to describe.

These accusations have been made many times, and it so happens that Pope Clement XIV. when, as Cardinal Ganganelli, he acted as Consultor of the Holy Office, had fully gone into the question, and had declared the charge to be unfounded. Innocent IV. also has issued an encyclical letter specically declaring the charge of ritual murder, as applying to Judaism, to be a baseless and wicked invention. Other great authorities have taken a similar course, among them a General of the Dominicans in 1664. Father Pranaitis was not ignorant of these declarations, for he referred to them in his affidavit, but said he could not find them in the usual works of reference. This led Lord Rothschild to write to the Cardinal Secretary of State to obtain his authentication of the letter of Innocent IV. and of the report of Cardinal Ganganelli. In reply Cardinal Merry del Val certified that Cardinal Ganganelli's report was in the archives of the Holy Office, and the letter of Innocent was accurately printed in Raynald's *Annales Ecclesiastici*. In this way the Church has been freed from any responsibility for

making odious accusations which might have been laid at her door, had Father Pranaitis been allowed to be looked upon as her spokesman.

Our own Cardinal has taken a part in this act of justice, and Monsignor Duchesne has published in the *Temps* a letter in which he declares the story of ritual murder an absurd invention, comparable to the slanders which were circulated about the rites of early Christians, and to the once prevalent belief that the Church had decreed that women had no souls. That such charges should be so easily and so widely believed in Russia, throws light upon the character of the Russian mind, and the strong antagonism which exists to the Jew. Only a short time ago the mere fact that Dr. George Brandes, the Danish critic, was of Jewish descent, made the Russian government forbid his lecturing in Russia.

The Balkans. As a treaty of peace has at last been made between Greece and Turkey, there is a possibility that for a time there will be no open war in the Balkans, although more or less overt preparations for its renewal will be going on behind the scenes. The number of treaties which regulate the present situation is in itself perplexing. At the background of all is the Berlin Treaty of 1878, Disraeli's "Peace with Honor" Treaty, which by many is considered the cause of all the subsequent Balkan troubles. Before war broke out at all, there were treaties between Bulgaria and Greece and between Bulgaria and Servia, the latter of which was the cause of the second Balkan war. Then, to close the first Balkan war, the Treaty of London under the supervision of the Great Powers, was made between Turkey and the Allied Balkan States. There followed upon this the Bukarest Treaty between Bulgaria on the one hand and Greece and Servia on the other. This brought an end to the second Balkan war. The relations between Turkey and Bulgaria were settled by the Treaty of Constantinople. This involved, so far as these two States were concerned, a breach of the Treaty of London. By its provisions Adrianople and a large district around that city were restored to Turkey, thereby leaving that State a considerable foothold in Europe, and putting it in a position to exercise a malign influence over Balkan politics. In fact, it is now a question whether Salonika may not be again brought

under Ottoman rule. This is the avowed object of the Committee of Union and Progress. Its realization in the immediate future is, of course, precluded by the signing of the new treaty between Turkey and Greece. Numerous as are these treaties, they are of but little value in the present demoralized stage of European development.

The injustice involved in the Bukarest Treaty, both in its provisions and in the way in which it was forced upon Bulgaria, gives a special instability to the Balkan situation, so far as that situation is due to the treaty. The Bulgarian government is endeavoring to convince the world of this injustice, so far as the assignment made to Greece is concerned, by sending to every part of the civilized world a map which has been made by a professor in the University of Sofia. According to this map, the total population of the Southern Macedonia which is now included in the district allotted to Greece by the Bukarest Treaty, amounts to 1,042,039. Of these Dr. Ivanow claims that 329,371 are Bulgars, 314,854 Turks, while only 236,755 are Greeks. As, however, the Greeks are said to be on the point of bringing out a map which will show a preponderance of Greek communities, it may be well for those of our readers who wish to form an unbiased judgment on the question at issue, to keep it in suspense until the two maps have been submitted by the competent.

Bulgaria has entered into possession of the small territory which has fallen to her lot in Western Thrace as the result of the war. It was feared for a time that armed opposition would have been offered, an autonomous state having been formed by a section of the inhabitants. Bulgarian rule is not loved by the other nationalities that have been subjected to it. The Armenians of Adrianople held public thanksgiving services on the return of the Turks. Large tracts of the recently-occupied territory have been depopulated by the two Balkan wars. Scores of miles may be traveled without any sign of life being seen, the villages having either been burned and wrecked, or simply abandoned. As the inhabitants left are either Turks inland, or Greeks on the seacoasts, the right of Bulgaria to its possession is merely that of conquest, nor does the enjoyment of it promise to be peaceful. The access to the sea forms its chief value in the eyes of Bulgaria.

The abdication of King Ferdinand is by many considered to be imminent. It is not because he is unpopular with his subjects:

on the contrary, they have shown marks of their high appreciation of his services, notwithstanding the want of success which has of late attended his efforts. They recognize that it is to him that the country owes its very existence. But after the first Balkan war he made two mistakes which may prove fatal. He rejected the Tsar's offer of arbitration in the dispute which had arisen with Servia, and, something much worse in the eyes of the Tsar, he accepted the support of Austria-Hungary in the conflict which ensued with Servia and Greece, the conflict in which he was so utterly worsted. It is now said to have been decided by the Russian Emperor that King Ferdinand must retire into private life, and resign his crown to his son Boris.

Servia suppressed within a very short time the insurrection of the Albanians in the district recently acquired. In the course of the operations her troops took possession of certain strategic points within the borders marked out by the Powers for the new Albania. The support given to their compatriots who had revolted justified this action of Servia, and in fact would have justified a war with the Albanians. Austria-Hungary, however, came upon the scene, sending an ultimatum that Servia must retire from these positions before an assigned date under penalties not mentioned but well understood. With some little hesitation Servia yielded to the demands of her more powerful neighbor, thereby giving to Austria-Hungary the one cause of satisfaction which recent events have accorded to the Dual Monarchy. There were not wanting those who looked upon the Austrian proceedings as a usurpation of the rights of the European Concert. Hopes were also excited in Turkey that advantages might accrue to her from the difficulties threatening Servia. These events show how far after all their struggles the Balkan States are from being independent and self-sufficient. As in the past, so in the future, they will have to submit to foreign influences and interests. That it is due to their own folly, is no great consolation.

The delimitation of Albania is being made by an International Commission appointed for that purpose, the Ambassadors' Conference at London having fixed the chief points. The Constitution of the new State has not yet been made; it is not, however, to be a Republic. Dissensions have already arisen among the members of the provisional government, Essad Pasha, the defender of Skutaria, having proved himself extremely independent. It is not likely

that he will be chosen to be the Prince; recourse it is thought will be had to Germany. The chief cause for anxiety at the present moment is the determination of a large number of the Greeks, who live within the new boundaries, not to submit to the Albanian authorities when these are established. They express the resolve to lay down their lives in resisting any attempt to place upon them the Albanian yoke. This has given to certain Greeks an opportunity of intervening, and has brought Austria-Hungary and Italy into the field.

These two Powers have presented joint notes to the Greek government on the subject of the obstacles which have been placed in the way of the Boundary Commission. These notes affirm that its work has been rendered difficult through the influence of Hellenic agitators, and declare that instructions have been sent to the Italian and the Austrian members of the Commission to write down as Albanian all the villages of which the inhabitants have rendered the investigation impossible. This action of the two Powers is looked upon as a usurpation of the rights of the other Powers which have hitherto been acting in concert.

A few weeks ago it was very probable that war would break out between Turkey and Greece. The two States have, however, come to terms, and added one more to the long list of treaties. The possession of the Ægean Islands is the most important of the questions still left unsettled. The Treaty of London left the settlement on this question to the Great Powers, although a short time ago Turkey threatened to take the matter into her own hands. These islands are now actually held, some by the Greek forces, the rest by Italian. Italy is bound by the Treaty of Lausanne to restore to Turkey those in her possession on certain conditions being fulfilled, and is showing herself quite unable to see that these conditions have been fulfilled. It is quite possible that difficulties may arise as to the ultimate settlement of the question. Crete, however, has been definitely annexed to Greece.

Turkey.

As a sequence of the second Balkan war, Turkey must still be numbered among the Powers of Europe. There even exists the possibility of an increase of the territory now possessed. This is, at all events, a contingency that must be taken into account. The

chief Powers are placing themselves at her service for the sake of obtaining various kinds of concessions. To the list given last month Russia must be added, concessions having been made for the construction of railways in the districts bordering on the Caucasus. France is to help Turkey in raising a loan, and the longed-for permission to raise the rate of customs is said to be on the point of being granted. Little, however, has been heard of the reforms which the friends of Turkey declare to be as necessary for the maintenance of the Ottoman power in Asia as they were in the Balkans. These reforms are being demanded by the Armenians in particular; in making these demands they are being supported by Russia as well as by Great Britain and France. In 1895, on the occasion of the massacres which then took place, Turkey promised, in deference to the representations of the Powers, that Armenia, should be made into a province with an orderly administration. It need hardly be stated that this promise has not been kept. Russia is now willing to agree to the organization of Armenia into two provinces, with the essential condition that their administration shall be subject to international control. The purpose of intervening is disclaimed by Russia if these reforms are carried into effect, but a continuance of the present conditions will not be tolerated. The desire of an increase in the rate of customs will be used as a lever to secure Turkey's consent.

With Our Readers.

IT requires something very near akin to genius to employ satire effectively. Moreover, he who can so use it is sure of his convictions, and certain of his subject. A forgetfulness, an inconsistency, means that the satirist writes his own condemnation. Satire is comparatively easy when institutions are widely reverenced and well-defined. The primary principles of morality were known clearly by both Juvenal and Petronius. In the ages when all the world believed in Christianity, it was not difficult to satirize the conduct of Christians. Everyone saw distinctly the clear background of principle that displayed so effectively the folly and the inconsistency of men. Only in a believing people is blasphemy possible; only in an age of faith—revealed or natural—is satire possible. He who has not faith, or a knowledge of the faith that should guide us, will suffer confusion.

* * * *

IT is beyond question that a large portion of our present world has lost faith. We speak not only of the definite revealed faith of our Lord, but also of that natural faith in the worth and steadfastness and definiteness of the primary things of human nature. Faith in individual responsibility and individual worth; faith in the sacredness of duty and the plighted word; faith in personal honor; faith in husband and wife, in parent and child; faith in the sanctity of the family; faith in the uprightness of human society; faith in our country—all these are doubted to-day, and the whole of life is thrown into an uncertain flux that simply eddies round and round.

* * * *

NO swimmer in such a mad vortex could possibly view with composure any of its currents. He would have to be out of it if he ever sought to change them or direct them aright. Only when he was safe on dry land could he afford—if he wished—to laugh at its helpless victims.

* * * *

MRS. EDITH WHARTON has given great promise as a novelist. The sentence is ominous, and our readers will know at once that we do not think the promise has been fulfilled. *The House of Mirth* was a strong, effective book. *Ethan Frome* is a miniature *Wuthering Heights*, wherein hate yields to fatalism. And from the hand that could pen these, surely great things might be expected. But how can a soul deal masterfully with problems by which it itself

is mastered? How can it direct torrents when torrents bear it away? In *The Custom of the Country,* Mrs. Wharton seeks to deal with problems that are ever nearest to the heart of man and of society—duty; tradition; education; marriage; responsibility; the bearing of children; and she seeks to deal with them as they are looked upon by the typical modern American woman. She writes a satire, but the perplexing difficulty, and an insolvable one for the reader, is to know what she satirizes and what she does not. One feels that Mrs. Wharton is not sure herself, and that she knows no satisfying philosophy of life. The mad whirlpool was too much for her, and, lest it drown her altogether, she grows very serious at the last, and marries the heroine to her first and, canonically speaking, her only husband.

* * * *

MRS. WHARTON might have freed her heroine from all scruples, and not have worried her about that "annulment" from Rome. This heroine, Undine Spragg, was married when a young girl in her native city of Apex. She lived with her husband some months and then, because of her father's entreaty, left him. The husband was poor; she would be rich. Nothing is heard for a long time from the young man. Undine goes to New York, and there, never mentioning her former marriage, marries a man named Marvell. Later she is divorced from Marvell, and expects to marry a certain Van Degen. But he disappoints her. Then she seeks matrimony with a French nobleman. Mrs. Wharton says that they could procure an annulment from the Pope of her marriage with Marvell. The truth of the matter is that there was no ground for annulment, since Undine was never really married to Marvell. Marvell commits suicide, and then Mrs. Wharton thinks the road is clear. Undine marries the nobleman and becomes a Catholic! But, again, the truth is that had she attempted to become a Catholic, she would have had to speak of her former marriage, and would not have been allowed to live as the wife of this Frenchman. Later she deserts the Frenchman, and throws herself at the feet of her first and her only husband, Moffatt.

* * * *

THAT this book could have been written and could be published by an American publisher, is a striking, thought-provoking commentary on our country.

* * * *

WHAT makes it impossible for the reader to discriminate between the satirical and the non-satirical, is the defence or the excuse offered for this woman of iniquity. She is frankly materialistic; selfish; disloyal; faithless to everything that could possibly be sacred; a liar; an adulteress; and yet she is not responsible for all this,

since institutions and customs have made her, and she could hardly act otherwise than she does. Again, American morals, with all the rottenness with which Mrs. Wharton paints them, are much better and healthier, according to her mind, than those of the French. On her own confession, we are hardly in a position to make a comparison, and this indirect defence of the terrible indictment she draws is one of the puzzles of the book.

* * * *

WE do not ask Mrs. Wharton to defend the Catholic teaching upon matrimony; nor, if she knew that teaching, would we say that she was outside her rights in dissenting from it. But what we may in all justice ask is that, if she is going to write upon it, she might at least properly inform herself. She would have no difficulty in so doing. Any intelligent lay Catholic or any priest would have given her the information in a few minutes. If she treated of any secular subject, if she wished to employ a figure from physical science, she would undoubtedly have made sure of its accuracy. But a matter of Catholic teaching seems doomed to a different fate. There is no responsibility to treat it honestly and intelligently. Another writer of recent notoriety has shown the same ignorance as Mrs. Wharton.

* * * *

WE may justly say, then, that the fault is not intellectual, but moral. "Thou shalt not bear false witness" still abides as a divine commandment, whether novelists like Mrs. Wharton or Hall Caine admit it or not. They write, however, without deep thought, and we suppose that it is not the commandment, but rather the actual present necessity of complying with it, that escapes them in their emotional hurry.

* * * *

IT will be noted also—and it is most profitable to note it in the light of the new feminist movement—that Mrs. Wharton, treating of a woman, makes her a truly pitiable creature. Why is it that women novelists of to-day, treating of women, always depict them without character, without moral strength, the abject slaves of social conditions? The picture of Undine offering herself to Moffatt at any price, under any condition, is one of the most loathsome in all modern fiction.

* * * *

WHEN we deny the necessity of severe Christian virtue, and that life-long renunciation which has made woman the greatest power of the Christian world, is the only alternative for her the primitive condition of a helpless slave to man, the brute? Does Christianity alone redeem woman? Mrs. Wharton's novel seems to be a contribution towards an affirmative answer.

TO all interested in the welfare of humanity, we propose the study of a new science, which we choose to call, "*Book Hygiene.*" Under this new science will be included not only books, but magazines, journals, official organs, newspapers, and reading matter of every kind and description. The supreme importance of this science will be apparent at once if we recall the immense strain put upon wood pulp and the printing press, and the fact that the output of books is increasing every year, that it has now reached a point that successfully challenges the most vivid imagination.

* * * *

BOOKS treat of every subject in every conceivable way. Reticence and the discipline of knowledge are unknown to them. They unscrupulously father every sort of theory and preachment affecting every department of life and the very sources of life, physical, intellectual, moral, social. There are many good books of course. But our mind is centred on the question of hygiene: on the work of lessening the activity of the too common pathogenic bacteria of irresponsible and evil books. So if any one is interested in any phase of the welfare of the individual or of society, he will take up with zeal this crusade of book hygiene.

* * * *

WE forbid by law the use of a common drinking cup. It may look innocent and clean enough, but expert knowledge has taught us it may hold disease germs, and to protect the public against itself we forbid its use. In like manner we prohibit the common hair brush or the common towel. Attempts are being made to effect legislation that will put away the feeble-minded, to the end that the feeble-minded may be unknown upon earth. We are endeavoring to enact laws that will give a public health commission plenipotentiary powers to force all infected with disease germs into asylums, or at least into isolation; to prevent any but the physically well fit to contract marriage; to see that the people eat nothing but pure food—in a word to make asepsis universal.

* * * *

BUT, on the other hand, modern philosophy is revolting against the rank materialism of forty years ago, and laying renewed emphasis upon spiritual values, upon the supreme worth of thought, and of the power of mind. It is realizing the old truth that things within defile a man; that the most important requisite is to be clothed with sense and to be in one's right mind; that unless there be the *mens sana,* the *corpus sanum* is of very little use.

SHOULD not, therefore, the things that affect the very source, receive the service of a greater zeal than the things that may flow from the source? To free the Canal Zone from the carriers of disease, Colonel Goethals did not take the doubtful and laborious method of covering every stream and pool with disinfectant; no, he went to the source of every stream, and by the simple device of a barrel of disinfectant that gave drop after drop to the stream just as it was born, he purified the whole district. So common sense teaches us that it saves much labor, and produces far better results, to go to the source.

* * * *

ARE not the evils, even the physical evils of humanity, due in great measure, and in their origins particularly, to a perversion, wilful, or ignorant, of the laws of nature and of nature's God? To that perversion ultimately may society trace its evils, and reformers the curse from under which they would lift humanity. We do not for a moment say that any of the means for combating disease should be neglected, or that all physical evil is traceable immediately to a moral source. But we do say that as the body is more than the raiment, so is the soul more than the body.

* * * *

IF we prohibit by law the agencies that convey the bacteria of physical disease, shall we not prohibit the agencies that convey the germ of moral and mental disease? What would it profit us to have a nation of physical giants, with weak minds and weaker characters? If we are told that we must be safeguarded by experts from water that is apparently pure, yet which contains harmful bacteria in abundance, or from the air of certain districts that contains a plentiful supply of germs, how much more ought we seek to protect by law, which is force, the helpless ones from the infection of moral disease and death scattered broadcast by books?

* * * *

IT matters not that the authors do not know, or that they accept theories and doctrines other than those accepted by a normal, healthy community. A factory owner who did not accept the germ theory, and who in consequence hung a roller towel in his employees' wash room, would be arrested and fined, nor would the court have any patience with his speculative theories. No more should the ignorance or the egotism of authors give them permission to scatter the germs of sickness and death. We bar the guiltless leper from the society of men. Book hygiene will teach us at once to bar the leprous writer from the public bookstalls, and the libraries, and the mails, and the express companies.

IT will be seen that the attractions offered by this new science are wonderful and quite comprehensive. Its field includes all other sciences. It is like the care of souls, *scientia scientiarum,* the science of sciences. Considering the state of the community it ought to have a great vogue, and enlist under its banner every earnest social worker. Since we began writing on it, we see that it has possibilities open to no other hygiene movement of the present day. And hygiene itself, like germs, is in the air. It has infected everybody. Therefore, we boastfully proclaim a great future for this new science. As soon as its value becomes known, public exhibitions will be held showing the disastrous effects of bad books and irresponsible newspapers. The wealthy who have funds at their command, and who are so interested in the real welfare of society, will endow the movement. Public bodies will take it up and further it. Boards of Education will require a special course on it from teachers, and appropriate money for text-books in this new science. Class instructions will be given in our schools. Wonderful and most happy will be the result when all have taken up the new crusade, and enrolled themselves as members in the new society to be called "The National League for the Promotion of Book Hygiene."

THE General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, recently in session in this city, enacted legislation and made some notable pronouncements that are of interest outside their own communion. We had hoped to give our readers, in this number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, a well-considered article, pointing out the condition and trend of thought and affairs in that denomination; but the Episcopalian weeklies arrived too late for our purpose. Our readers may look for the article in our next issue.

WE reprint here a letter from the late author of *The Triumph of Failure,* which one of our readers has sent to us. The portion of it which we give will show how consistently Father Sheehan applied to his own private life the truths which he so ably presented in his books.

DONERAILE, COUNTY CORK, March 25, 1905.

DEAR MR. R——:

Your letter has just now reached my hands; and, amongst the many interesting communications which my books have elicited from correspondents everywhere, I assure you that yours most deeply touched me. If an author has any earthly reward for his labor, and the many cares and anxieties of authorship, it is assuredly the consciousness that he has spoken to many kindred souls, separated widely from him by space and association; but brought very close by community of sentiment and ideals.

* * * * *

Have you seen enough of life to be able to understand that the only thing worth a moment's consideration to a thoughtful soul, is to make our individual lives noble, and to separate our higher being from the accidents and environments of life? I speak as one who knows, when I say that success and failure, honor and obscurity, and all other contrary elements in this mysterious life of ours, are empty words, devoid of all meaning. It is the experience of all men that, in middle life, we take the just view of human things; and that to all, especially to those who are called to a life of higher thought, there remains but one certainty, namely, that, surrounded as we are by mysteries, mysteries that deepen as we advance in life, there is one certainty of faith—that is, the teaching of a Divinely-appointed Church; and one certainty of action, that is, the duty nearest to hand. And that all speculations, surmises, doubts, perplexities, are solved by action—the performance of the duty that calls on us for the moment. Our futures are in God's hands: we can neither make nor mar them. The present only is ours. Fear not. You are in the hands of the Father. He will make your pathway very clear and bright. With all kindliest assurances, I am, dear Mr. R——,

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) P. A. SHEEHAN, P.P.

THE classes of Confraternity of Christian Doctrine have grown out of a present-day need for an organized body of Catholic Sunday-school teachers to work in our Catholic Settlement centres, and in those parishes where lay teachers are required. Their aim is to instruct young men and young women in the elements of pedagogy, and to promote the efficient teaching of the Catechism.

* * * *

UNDER the auspices of the Confraternity, the Free Lecture Bureau of the Alumni Society of the New York Training School for Catechists offers illustrated lectures free of charge for any evening or for Sunday afternoons, to any church society desiring its services. The screens, slides, lanterns, and operators are furnished free on condition that no admission fee be charged.

* * * *

AMONG the subjects offered are "Frédéric Ozanam," "Joan of Arc," "The Vatican," "The Saints in Art," "St. Peter's," "Isle La Motte," and "English Shrines" for adults. "The Saints in Art and Story," "Life of Our Lord," "Life of the Blessed Virgin," and "Stones from the Old Testament" for children.

Applications for lectures must be made two weeks in advance to Mr. Walter R. P. Smith, 514 57th Street, Brooklyn.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
The Epistle to the Ephesians. By Rev. G. S. Hitchcock, D.D. $2.50 net. *The Life of Mother Mary of Jesus.* By Rev. P. Suau, S.J. $2.00 net. *The Children of the Log Cabin.* By H. E. Delamare. 85 cents. *The Pearl of Great Price.* By V. Riccardi-Cubitt. *Dame Clare's Story-Telling.* By E. Schmidt. *Worldlyman.* By P. Fitzgerald. 90 cents net. *In Quest of the Golden Chest.* By G. Barton. $1.15. *By the Blue River.* By I. Clarke. $1.35 net. *Roma; Ancient, Subterranean, and Modern Rome.* Part I. By Rev. A. Kuhn, O.S.B. 35 cents. *The Fairy of the Snows.* By F. J. Finn, S.J. 85 cents. *The Chief Sufferings of Life and Their Remedies.* By Abbé Duhaut. $1.25 net. *The Holy Child Seen by His Saints.* By M. M. Kennedy. 75 cents net. *Meditations Without Methods.* By W. D. Strappini, S.J. $1.25 net.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
The Coming Storm. By F. D. Hoyt. $1.25. *Selected Poems.* By J. B. O'Reilly. $1.35 postpaid.

THE DEVIN-ADAIR CO., New York:
The Eighth Year. By P. Gibbs. $1.25 net. *The Widow's Necklace.* By E. Davies. $1.35 net.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:
France To-Day; Its Religious Orientation. By P. Sabatier. Translated from the French by H. B. Binns. $2.00 net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:
Old Testament Rhymes. By Robert Hugh Benson. 75 cents net. *The Life of the Viscountess de Bonnault d'Houet.* By Rev. Father Stanislaus, F. M. Capuchin. $2.50 net. *Vincent de Paul: Priest and Philanthropist, 1576–1660.* By E. K. Sanders. $4.00 net.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
Court of Masques of James I. By M. Sullivan, Ph.D. $2.50 net.

THE SHAKESPEARE PRESS, New York:
The Nativity. By John Bunker. 50 cents net.

MT. CARMEL GUILD, Buffalo, New York:
Catholic Calendar, 1914. 50 cents; by mail 60 cents.

ST. BERNARD'S SEMINARY, Rochester, New York:
The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. By Rev. J. J. Baierl. 50 cents.

ARLEN & Co., Boston:
Arlen's Chart of Irish History. By C. R. Arlen. $3.00.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia:
Lightships and Lighthouses. By F. A. Talbot. $1.50 net.

PETER REILLY, Philadelphia:
A Divine Friend. By H. C. Schuyler, S.T.L. $1.00 net.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:
A Loyal Life; a Biography of Henry Livingston Richards. By J. H. Richards. $2.00 net. *First Notions on Social Service.* Edited by Mrs. Philip Gibbs. 20 cents net. *Luther.* By H. Grisar, S.J. Vol. II. $3.25 net. *Soteriology.* By Rev. J. Pohle, Ph.D. $1.00 net. *The Emperor Marcus Aurelius.* By J. C. Joy, S.J. 35 cents net. *A Group of Nation Builders.* By Rev. P. M. MacSweeney. 35 cents net. *The Life on Earth of Our Blessed Lord.* For Children. By Grace Keon. 60 cents net. *Spiritism Unveiled.* By D. I. Lanslots, O.S.B. 75 cents net. *Mrs. Fairlie's Granddaughters.* By F. Noble. 75 cents net. *Memoirs of Baron Hyde de Neuville.* Translated by F. Jackson. 2 Vols. $6.00 net.

PERRIN ET CIE, Paris:
Les Conventionnels des Règicides d'après des documents officiels et inédits. Par P. Blaird. 5 *frs.*

GABRIEL BEAUCHESNE, Paris:
Dieu; Existence et Cognoscibilité. Par S. Belmond. 4 *frs. L'Edit de Calliste.* Par A. d'Alès. 7 *frs.* 50.

PIERRE TEQUI, Paris:
L'Esclave des Nègres. Par J. Charruau. 2 *frs. Armelle Nicolas dite la Bonne Armelle.* Par Le Gouvello. 3 *frs.* 50. *Méditations sur le Mystère de L'Agonie de N.-S. Jesus Christ.* Par N. Laux. 1 *fr.*

EUGENE FIGUIERE ET CIE, Paris:
Abel. Par G. Fanton. 3 *frs.* 50.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XCVIII. JANUARY, 1914. No. 586.

THE EARLIEST MEN.

BY SIR BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, M.D., SC.D., LL.D., F.R.S., F.S.A., K.S.G.,

President and Professor of Archæology, University College, Cork.

QUESTIONS respecting the earliest human inhabitants of the earth are not merely engaging the best attention of the learned, but are seriously occupying the thoughts, and sometimes, it would appear, grievously disturbing the minds of those who, without laying any claim to the title of learned, extend their reading beyond the limits of current fiction. No one indeed can read the newspapers with any care without, from time to time as some new discovery is made, having questions of the kind indicated forced upon his attention. There is nothing wonderful in all this, indeed the wonder would be if our attention were not attracted by such questions, so closely related to ourselves and to matters which many of us hold dear and which appear—it is only an appearance, but it seems real to those imperfectly acquainted with the facts—which appear, I repeat, to conflict with those teachings of religion which we so profoundly respect.

How long ago is it since man first appeared on this earth? What sort of a person was this far-off ancestor? Did he resemble ourselves, or was he like any of the other races of human beings with whom we are familiar? Or was he a creature whom we should never recognize as a man and a brother if we were able, like Peter Ibbetson and the Duchess of Towers in the story, to dream ourselves backwards until we could in vision behold those far-off days? How did this individual live? What did he make? Had he any ideas about art? About God? About another life?

Copyright. 1913. THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

All these and many other questions are constantly being asked, and what is most strange are being asked not without considerable prospect of an answer being returned, and that answer one which, up to a point, we may quite reasonably accept in spite of the remote and shadowy period to which it applies. To sketch very briefly the replies to some of these questions, and to indicate as far as possible the point at which reasonable certainty ceases and surmise—sometimes legitimate, sometimes wholly visionary—commences, is the object of these papers. They are written in order that Catholics—who require such knowledge certainly not less urgently than other people—may know exactly what is established fact and what is mere surmise, what, in other words may, nay must, be believed, and what may be rejected or accepted, according as the wavering balance is inclined this way or the other by fresh pieces of information coming to light.

Before attacking the questions indicated, indeed as an essential preliminary to any such attack upon them, it will be necessary to clear our minds as to the fundamentals of chronology, for on an easily understood misconception of those fundamentals depends a great deal of the confusion and, further, of the unsettlement of mind which exists on these questions.

We may say, then, that there are: Geological Time; Archæological Time, and Historical Time. And, we may add, that it is important that these three should not be confused with one another. Let us briefly consider each of them. *Historical Time* is the chronology of recent events capable of being set down in actual, definite, incontrovertible (usually) figures. Thus the Battle of Senlac took place in A. D. 1066, and the Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776. With facts of this kind we have nothing to do in these papers, but with certain chronological problems, and notably with that of the so-called Ussherian chronology we shall find ourselves concerned in a later section. Meantime it may not be without interest to consider how far back we can safely go in actual historical chronology. As far as records go, Egypt and Babylonia afford us the best chance, and of these Egypt is perhaps the better known example. Now in the history of that country, we can tread with security as far back as the conquest of Alexander (B. C. 332). But that period, need it be said? is only as yesterday in the long history of this earth, or even of the history of man upon it. From Alexander backwards to the commencement of what is known as the First Dynasty, our path becomes less certain. There is a kind

of a chronology, but how uncertain and indefinite that is may be gathered from the fact that the dates assigned for the commencement of the First Dynasty vary from B. C. 3315 to B. C. 5510, and that one of the leading authorities (Petrie), who in 1894 fixed the date as 4777, has felt himself compelled by further evidence to change his opinion, and assign B. C. 5510 as the proper date (in 1906). Yet even this period is only as the day before yesterday in the history of the globe, or even of its human inhabitants. So that we may safely say of Historical Time, that of the events of to-day and of yesterday we are tolerably sure, and as to those of the day before yesterday we can make reasonable guesses. Of those of the days before that we *know* nothing, though we can (and do) make many surmises as to them.

Archæological Time, which we may define, for our present purposes, as commencing with that uncertain epoch when man first made his appearance on this world, merges into Historical Time on the one hand, and like Historical Time is, of course, co-existent with Geological Time. In part, in very large part, and at its earlier periods almost entirely as we shall see, Archæological Time depends upon Geological Time for its estimation. For it is by the stratigraphical character of early deposits almost alone that we are able to arrive at any conclusion, not merely as to their actual, but even as to their relative chronological positions. We are quite safe at present in assigning certain *Periods* to Archæological Time, and more or less safe in assigning certain objects to them. Thus there was a time in every part of the world when mankind had no knowledge of the use of metals, a time which we call the Stone Age. But this time was by no manner of means synchronous in all parts of the world. It is many a long year since Europe emerged from this stage of its development: it is only the other day that savage tribes in remote parts learnt that there were other implements than those they constructed from sticks and bones and stones.

This Stone Age may, in many if not most parts of the world, be divided, roughly enough, into two periods: an earlier or Palæolithic, and a later or Neolithic, according to the character of the implements made. The former may have been preceded by an Eolithic Period; it merged into the latter, in some places at least, by a Mesolithic Period. At any rate at the end of the Stone Period man came into the knowledge of how to smelt and use metals, and the Metallic Age commenced. After a brief Copper (or Æneolithic) Period, which seems to have existed in many if not in most

places, a great manufacture of bronze, which is an alloy of copper (ninety per cent) and tin (ten per cent) came into being, and this is the characteristic material out of which implements were made in the age named after it—the Bronze Age.

As far as our present knowledge teaches us, and it is in the last degree improbable that facts will ever arise to disturb the conclusion, every race on this earth has at some time or another passed through a Stone Age, an era or phase of their civilization during which they were unacquainted with the use of metals. It is a little ambiguous to use the term " Stone Age," since that would seem to imply that no implements other than those made of stone were in use. Of course this is not the case, for man availed himself of shell, horn, and wood, as well as stone at this period. If we think of it as a non-metallic age, we shall clarify our conception.

After having passed through this stage of development most races arrived, by means which cannot here be discussed, at a knowledge of the use of metals, and in some, perhaps in many instances, the metal of which they made discovery was copper, and of copper, at any rate in certain parts of the world, we find the earliest metallic implements made. But the manufacture of stone implements did not suddenly come to an end: it went on side by side with the limited copper industry. To this period of transition, when there was an overlap between the two forms of material, is given the name of the Æneolithic Period. This period, wherever it occurred, was probably one of short duration, for it was soon discovered that the mixture of ten per cent of tin with the copper produced a much harder and more useful metal, the mixture which we call bronze. It is possible that metal first came under the notice of some nations in the shape of bronze, that being brought to their knowledge by travelers, and this would account for the fact that there was no Copper Period in that particular area.

Throughout Europe, though not, as was the case with stone, throughout the world, everywhere there has been a Bronze Age preceding the discovery of iron, the dominant metal of the age in which we ourselves live. We have seen that a race might have escaped a Copper Age by having the more perfect metal bronze introduced to them by travelers, whilst they were still in their Stone Age. In the same manner within historic times tribes have been discovered, unacquainted with the use of metal—still in the Stone Age—to whom metal, in the shape of iron, has been presented by travelers. Such races—the native Australians for example—

have never been through a Bronze Age. The Bronze Age was not, therefore, universal throughout the world, nor was it synchronous in those countries in which it is known to have existed. It probably commenced in Europe some four thousand years ago, and lasted for something like two thousand years. But in Mexico and Peru the native populations, up to a comparatively recent time, were still in the Bronze Age.

What one has to remember about all these archæological epochs is, that they are not to be looked upon so much as periods of time, but as successive reaches in a river of progress, arrived at sooner in some cases, later in others. Perhaps the following table which summarizes what has been said, will assist the reader.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL PERIODS.

Stone or Non-Metallic Age.
- Eolithic Period (?)
- Palæolithic Period.
- Neolithic Period.

Age of Transition from Stone to Metals.
- Æneolithic or Copper Period.

Metallic Age.
- Bronze Period.
- Iron Period.

With most of these periods we are not concerned in these pages, but of the first two much remains to be discussed. This, however, must be deferred to a later point.

We have now to turn to the subject of *Geological Time,* with which a portion of our subject is inseparably bound up. Indeed, as some writer has very aptly remarked, the problem of early man is far more a problem of geology than a problem of biology.

Here again it has to be remarked that the use of the word "time" in connection with geology, is more than a little misleading. As in the case of archæology, "time" in the sense of a definite number of years can, as we shall shortly see, be applied only in the most tentative manner to geological epochs. We can, with more or less certainty, divide up the history of the world into geological eras, and, though not always with complete certainty, assign a given rock bed to its appropriate era, but when we come to attempt any method of dating, in terms of years, the time when this era was in being, we find ourselves confronted with a hitherto insuperable problem.

Stratigraphically, however, we may divide Geological "Time"

into Primary or Palæozoic; Secondary or Mesozoic; Tertiary or Cainozoic, and Quaternary or Post-Tertiary. With the first two of these, comprising vast areas of rock and formed during vast, almost inconceivable ages of the world's history, we have nothing to do in these notes, since man is not directly connected with them. But in order to follow what has yet to come, it is necessary to deal somewhat more particularly with the two latest of these periods, and proceeding from the earlier to the later, we may set down the following classification:

LATER GEOLOGICAL PERIODS.

Tertiary.

Eocene. Here there is no question of man.

Oligocene. (Wanting in Britain). At the end of this Thenay flints; and

Miocene. at the beginning of Miocene Aurillac flints (see page 445).

Pliocene. At the upper part of this, or at the lower part of the next, is the Red or Norwich Crag, associated with the rostro-carinate forms (see page 446).

Quaternary.

Pleistocene or Glacial. Recent, which brings us down to the present moment.

Incidentally some points in connection with these periods will arise in our consideration of the relics of early man. There is only one point which must be dealt with here, and that is the question of the Glacial Period. This is a matter which cannot be entered into at any great length, but at least the following points must be borne in mind, since they are closely connected with the early history of man upon this earth. During the Pleistocene Period, the whole of the earth was more or less affected by intense cold, and there were very special centres of glaciation in Northeastern America and in Northwestern Europe. During the more vigorous epochs of the Great Ice Age, the areas concerned were covered with snow, ice, and glaciers, much as Greenland is at the present day. And an enormous area was concerned.

> If we follow [says Sollas]* the southern boundary of the ice, we shall find that it will take us out of Britain, and lead us right across the continent of Europe. After stretching from Kerry to Wexford, and through the Bristol Channel to London, it crosses the sea, continues its course through Antwerp, past

**Ancient Hunters,* p. 10 *et. seq.*

> Madgeburg, Cracow, Kiev, runs south of Moscow to Kazan, and then terminates at the southern end of the Ural Mountains. All that lies to the north of this line—the greater part of the British Isles, Northern Germany,* Scandinavia, and almost the whole of European Russia—was buried out of sight beneath a mantle of ice formed by the confluence of many colossal glaciers.

And with regard to North America the same writer says:

> The great terminal moraine which marks the southern boundary of the ice can be traced with occasional interruptions from Nantucket, through Long Island, past New York, towards the western extremity of Lake Erie, then along a sinuous course in the same direction as the Ohio, down to its confluence with the Mississippi; then it follows the Missouri as far as Kansas City, and beyond runs approximately parallel to that river but south of it, through Nebraska, Dakota, Montana, and Washington, where it meets the coast north of Columbia River. Within this boundary nearly the half of North America was buried beneath a thick sheet of ice, flowing more or less radiately outwards from a central region situated in and about the region of Hudson Bay.

It is obvious that tracts of land thus covered with glaciers and snow could not have been favorable, even though they were possible, places for the habitation of man. But it seems certain that during the period described as the Great Ice Age, there were lengthy epochs during which milder conditions of climate prevailed, the glaciers receded, vegetation began to flourish where formerly it had been impossible, and, in a word, it was possible for man to carry on his life in greater comfort than could possibly be afforded by icy snow-clad plains. Whether these genial intervals were local or general, and how many of them there were, are still points much discussed by geologists.

I believe that American geologists postulate six ice periods with five genial intervals, and the same was claimed for Europe by Croll. Sollas and others divide the Glacial Age into eight periods, four of glaciation and four of genial conditions. To show how doubtful everything known about this period—except that there was a period of glaciation—still remains, it may be mentioned that it has recently been claimed by a competent authority that there was

*There is a school of geologists which believes that during much of the Glacial Period, Britain and Germany were submerged, and that many of the appearances visible to-day are attributable to floating ice. But the greater weight of geological opinion is on the side of the explanation given above.

no more than one genial interval in Britain, and that even this was doubtful.*

However this may be, we may proceed on the assumption that things were as Sollas lays down, and can tentatively adopt the following subdivision of the period given by Hoernes.† This brings together geological, palæontological, and archæological facts, some of which will have to be much more carefully considered later on, and when they are being considered, the meaning of some of the technical terms belonging to the last-named science will be explained.

THE GREAT ICE AGE.

A. First Ice Age (Pliocene according to Geikie).
   a. *First Interglacial Period.* Fauna includes *Elephas meridionalis, antiquus,* and *primigenius.* Chelleo-Mousterian.
B. Second Ice Age. Hiatus: at least east of France.
   b. *Second Interglacial Period.* Age of the Mammoth. Bears, lions, and hyænas inhabit the caves. Solutrean.
C. Third Ice Age. Disappearance of the older pleistocene fauna and appearance of arctic animals. (Reindeer, wolverine.)
   c. *Third Interglacial Period.*
      (a) Reindeer or Magdalenian Period throughout all Middle Europe.
      (b) Red-deer or Asylian (Tourassian) Period in Western Europe.
D. Fourth Ice Age. Arisian *(Étage coquiliére)* in South France. Hiatus elsewhere in Europe.
   d. *Post-Glacial Period.* Commencement of Neolithic Period.

CAN WE MAKE ANY ESTIMATE OF THE TIME REQUIRED FOR THESE OCCURRENCES?

In books of history, we find it set down that William the Conqueror reigned from A. D. 1066 to 1087. Less sharp-cut, but sufficiently definite, is the statement in books on architecture that the early English period of Gothic belonged to the thirteenth, and the decorated to the fourteenth century. It would be exceedingly convenient and enlightening if we were able to say that the fourth ice age extended from B. C. —— to B. C. ——, or even to say that it covered so many years, and was approximately so many years ago. It is not the fault of geologists that this cannot be done, or has

*Lamplugh, Brit. Ass., York, 1906.
†*Der Diluviale Mensch in Europa,* p. 8.

not been done. Numerous have the efforts been to solve the question, and equally diverse the answers made to the riddle. I shall not here refer to the very varying views which have been expressed by scientific authorities as to the age of the world, but will content myself by saying a few words as to the so-called "geological clocks." What is wanted to solve the question under consideration, is some kind of standard of comparison between past and present processes. For instance, no one now doubts that—with exceptions which need not here be considered—the processes which have shaped the world as it now is, are the same kind of processes which are shaping the world into what it will be in ages yet to come. If we could accurately measure the result of one of these processes to-day, and then compare it with the result of a similar process in the past, we surely ought to be able to estimate the amount of time which it would take that process to bring about that result.

In other words, we should have a "geological clock." Before mentioning a few instances of these, it may be as well to point out that a clock is useless as a measure of time, unless it is invariable in its operations, unless in fact, as we put it, "it keeps time." That is just what none of the "geological clocks" do. To leave the metaphor, we can never feel sure that the conditions of the process in the past have been identical with, or even very similar to, those which we have been concerning ourselves with in the present. In fact we can feel pretty certain that they were anything but identical. But if they were not identical, our "clock" which is not, like chronometers, "compensated" for all sorts of conditions under which it may find itself, must necessarily fail to "keep time," and this must necessarily deceive us if we place our confidence in it. Let us examine one or two cases in order to understand this somewhat important matter more fully.

There is, first of all, the matter of erosion by rivers. It is quite clear that river erosion has been going on for a good many years, and it is equally clear that it is going on at the present day; can we not measure the annual amount of erosion now taking place, and from the amount which has been eroded in the past, which can often be ascertained without much danger of error, form some conclusion as to the length of time which has elapsed since the river began its work, and so of the various deposits associated with it? This apparently simple calculation is vitiated by two things. In the first place, it is by no manner of means easy to gauge the annual amount of erosion, a fact which is abundantly proved by the very different estimates arrived at in selected cases by different

observers. Thus, for example, Sir Charles Lyell, a great authority in geological matters, estimated that the amount of time required for the erosion of a certain stretch of the Niagara Gorge was forty thousand years, an estimate, of course, based upon his calculation as to the annual amount of erosion. Yet, in 1907, C. K. Gilbert stated, in the publications of the United States Geological Survey, that in his opinion the amount of time required for the piece of work in question would be no more than seven thousand six hundred years. In fact, with all respect be it said, these estimates are and must, so it would appear, always be, guesses—guesses made by men more likely to guess right than wrong perhaps, but, in the end, only guesses, and thus very far removed from being scientific facts as the more enthusiastic papers and magazines are prone to represent them. But there is yet another source of fallacy, and it is this: The conditions cannot be shown to be constant, nay more, everything points to the fact that they have been extremely inconstant during past ages. But this state of affairs would wholly upset the accuracy of our clock, and render any calculations based upon its record wholly fallacious.

In a very interesting little book on ancient human remains,* Professor Keith claims that the Thames is a reliable clock. "The Thames itself," he says (p. 22), "is to be our clock—one which has never ceased to mark time and record history on its banks and valley." No doubt, but are we quite clear that it has always "kept time," even if we are quite clear that we know that "time?" Professor Keith makes the "provisional estimate" that subsidence has taken place at the rate of one foot per thousand years, and apparently that this rate has been a constant one. Thus he is able to date his skeletons at ten, twenty, thirty thousand years ago. But in this calculation all reference is omitted to the very differing physical conditions which must have existed during the long space of years which has rolled by since the Thames began its work. Nothing seems clearer than the fact that during quite a considerable part of that era, the volume of water discharged must have been enormously greater than that which has flowed under London Bridge since that was built. And this greater volume, of course, would mean a much more rapid erosion. Which, in its turn, would wholly upset the calculation as to time based upon it.†

**Ancient Types of Man.*

†That the calculation in question which would place the man of Galley Hill at 200,000 years ago, and those of Neanderthal at 500,000 to 1,500,000 years ago, are not acceptable to other workers, is obvious from the criticism of the work in question by M. M. Boule in *L'Anthropologie* (vol. xxiii., p. 218), in which, after speaking of the

It is quite clear that estimates of time of this character, however picturesque they may be, and however seductive to the journalist in search of a sensation, are quite useless and not to be depended upon. The same story applies to other geological clocks. Take the case of those glaciers which have been in operation during the Glacial Period, and are still in being. De Mortillet selected these as his "clock," and based his calculations on the length of time which, as he calculated, it would have taken the Rhone glacier to deposit its terminal moraine, namely forty thousand years. But it is quite clear that the Swiss glaciers are comparatively trifling objects to what they must have been during the Great Ice Age. Dom Izzard* points out that

> glaciers of the Glacial Period cannot be compared to their degenerate descendants now remaining in the Alps, but rather with the glaciers of Alaska and the Himalayas. In a recent official communication of the geological survey of India, it is attested that in 1903 the glacier of Hassanabad extended itself in two months a distance of nine thousand six hundred metres. The Rhone glacier during the glacial epoch would be a vast mass of ice similar to this, and if it had advanced towards Lyons at the pace of the Himalayan glacier, it would have covered the distance in thirty years. The Alaskan glaciers do not furnish us with any rapid progress such as this, but they move much more rapidly than the present Alpine glaciers, and in addition the rate of neighboring glaciers at the same period seems very variable. We cannot, therefore, take the present day Alpine glaciers as standards for movement in the glacial epoch.

Finally, there is the question of the deposition of stalagmite, to which allusion may be made. When an inscription—as to the genuineness of which no doubt seems to be entertained—was discovered in Kent's Cave near Torquay, with the date 1688, and with a thin coat of stalagmite over it, it seemed as if we might get some ratio as to the time which must have been taken in forming the vast floors of stalagmite investigated in that cavern beneath which were objects of human manufacture. Yet observations in another cave after a great flood which had lifted the floors, brought to light ginger-beer bottles under a layer of stalagmite a foot in thickness. The fact is that the rate of deposition of stalagmite depends upon a whole range of factors, such as the amount of moisture

author as "peu familiarisé certainement avec les questions de géologie et d'archéologie préhistorique," he goes on to quote his estimates of age, and speak of their "imprudente hardiesse."

*In a very interesting and useful paper in *The Oscotian*, 1913.

and the quantity of dissolved carbonic acid which it contains, and no estimate of time can be founded upon it with any sort of security.

The above remarks may seem rather too prolonged, but the matter has purposely been dealt with in some detail, and for this reason: The vast epochs of time assigned for the existence of the human race upon the earth, are based upon calculations of the character of those just dealt with. Little wonder is it that there are such extraordinary discrepancies between the findings as to time of one writer and of another. The important point to bear in mind is that, whether long or short, the chronologies of geologists are all more or less of the nature of guesses founded on guesses, and as such liable to revision, and possibly to complete alteration as fresh facts come to light.

MAN AND HIS IMPLEMENTS.

As far as our present knowledge, we know of the existence of man upon this earth by the implements which he made before we know of him by his physical remains. The question bristles with difficulties as we have yet to see, but, on the whole, the statement just made may be taken to represent our knowledge at the moment. Nor is this difficult to explain. In his earliest days man no doubt used any object which came to his hand, stick, stone or shell, provided that it was capable of doing the bit of work which he had in hand at the time, whether that bit of work was the slaying of an animal, the preparation of its skin for wearing purposes or what not. Some of the implements thus employed would be perishable, and have long since disappeared, others—those of stone—would be practically imperishable, and these are what have come down to us as the earliest relics, though we have also objects of bone and horn of great antiquity. Much dispute exists as to which are the earliest objects, which are quite clearly the work of man's hands, and it may be well to explain very briefly why this should be so. The first point to bear in mind is, that the utilitarian ideas of early man would very naturally lead him to use a natural piece of stone, where such would serve his purpose without any shaping or alteration. It is obvious that it must always be very difficult, and usually quite impossible, to detect the fact that a given fragment of stone was once an implement used by man, when that fragment has not been obviously shaped by intention for some purpose. Let us proceed a stage further, and suppose man shaping his stones so as to become somewhat more serviceable implements than the natural pebble or flake. It can hardly be doubted that these first attempts would be

so exceedingly like the results of nature's own operations as to render it a very difficult, perhaps an impossible, task to decide whether a given object had been produced by the one agency or the other. Then, however, there comes a stage when the evidence of workmanship becomes clearer, and in the mind of the expert no sort of doubt is left that the rude fragment of stone which he is examining has been purposely fabricated by the hand of man. Yet even here, when these discoveries were first made, the scientific world was exceedingly incredulous. It is not necessary here to detail how Boucher des Perthes, in the middle of the last century, made his classical discoveries of palæolithic implements at Abbeville in France, of the controversy which arose as to the nature of these objects, and of their final acceptance by all men of science. It is as well to bear this history in mind when one is considering other and still unsettled controversies with regard to so-called implements.

After these preliminary remarks, we may now turn our attention to some of the fragments of stone which have been claimed as the work of man's hands. In 1867 the Abbé Bourgeois discovered at Thenay, near Orleans, broken flints which he believed to be implements of human manufacture. These were in beds of the Upper Oligocene Period, and since no signs of human remains had or have been found of that geological date, de Mortillet, who was convinced of the human character of the implements, postulated a semi-human precursor of man as their manufacturer, and named him *Homosimius bourgeoisii.* It may be added that no trace of this imaginary creature has ever been discovered, and that the flints themselves are now believed to have been of natural origin, *i. e.,* not shaped by the hands of man, but by natural causes, such as water, earth-pressure, lightning perhaps, and so on. A similar statement may be made as to the Puy Courny flints described by J. B. Rames in 1877, and found by him in Upper Miocene beds in Auvergne. De Mortillet again postulated a hypothetical *Homosimius Ramesii* (who has never materialized) as their maker.

Omitting other less important cases, we may come to the question of the so-called "eoliths," as to which so much controversy has been carried on during the past twenty years or more. These objects, which have been found in considerable quantities in England and on the Continent, are undoubtedly of great antiquity, though their exact geological position is not certain. Up to a comparatively recent period, there was a strong body of opinion favorable to their

artificial nature, but the most recent observations have rendered their character much more doubtful. That such implements may be formed by cart wheels from the flints newly laid upon a road, proves but little, for after all that is a form of work by man, though unintentional, and is not strictly comparable to the operations of nature. Something similar may perhaps be said as to the discovery that "eoliths" can be and are produced by the revolutions of an iron rake, in a mixture of water with chalk (containing flints) and clay, in the process of cement making as practised near Mantes.

But the most crushing piece of evidence is that brought forward by the learned Abbé Breuil,* who has found "eoliths" in Lower Eocene sands in Clermont, with the detached flakes in situ, showing how the process has taken place. He has proved conclusively that these so-called implements can be made by one process of nature, and that a process which must have been in operation during long ages, and even at this present moment, and that process is the gradual movements of strata whilst settling down under pressure of the soil. This pressure causes the flint nodules to be squeezed against one another, and thus flakes to be detached which eventuate in the "eolith." Now it may be taken for granted that no implement or so-called implement can be accepted as unquestionably the work of man's hands, unless it is quite clear that it cannot owe its shape to any other cause. It has been shown that "eoliths" *can* be produced by purely natural means. Therefore it cannot be shown that any of them were the works of the hands of man. Nevertheless the fact remains that we ought to expect to find something much more rude than the comparatively finished implements which have yet to be dealt with. The only question is whether we shall be able—when such finds are submitted to us—to say, with the slightest certainty, whether they were made by man or not.

We may pass from these to the Icenian or rostro-carinate implements, found by Mr. Moir below the base of the Red Crag of Suffolk, and described very carefully by Sir Ray Lankester.† The geological period to which the Red Crag belongs is not quite clear. It has usually been assigned to the Pliocene series, but Sir Ray thinks that this is an error; that its fauna proves that it should be included in the Pleistocene Age. At any rate it is of great antiquity, and, if the objects described be really of human manufacture, a point on which Professor Sollas has recently thrown doubt,

**L'Anthropologie,* 1910, vol. xxi., p. 385.
†*Philosophical Transactions,* pp. 202, 283.

they unquestionably set back the date of man's appearance on the earth to a very distant date. The position of these flints must at present be left undecided until the controversy has developed, and further facts—as in the case of the "eoliths"—appear, when it is possible that a definite opinion, one way or another, may be capable of expression.

De Mortillet divided the Palæolithic epoch into four periods each, associated with a special culture or form of implement. This scheme has been somewhat enlarged by other workers, and Sollas' modification may here be given, as it will serve as a convenient scheme when dealing with human remains in the later portion of this paper.

Commencing with the earlier and proceeding to the later stages we have

Mesvinian.	
Strepyan.	*Lower Palæolithic.*
Chellean.	
Acheulean.	
Mousterian.	*Middle Palæolithic.*
Aurignacian.	
Solutrian.	*Upper Palæolithic.*
Magdalenian.*	

In connection with this it may be added that the Mesvinian and Strepyan Periods are as yet not fully accepted by all authorities on prehistoric archæology; the "implements" belonging to them may or they may not be the work of man's hands. But with the Chellean, at any rate, we enter a region where there is no doubt, nor of course is there with regard to any of the later sub-divisions of the Palæolithic Age. After this has passed away, the Neolithic Period is entered upon, as stated at an earlier part of this paper. The difference between the kinds of implements found in the various stages of the Palæolithic Age are very marked and very interesting, but, from the point of view of this paper, it will not be necessary to deal with them here. We mark the fact that there are such differences, and that they are quite recognizable, and pass on.

*De Mortillet's four periods were: Chellean from Chelles, a few miles east of Paris; Mousterian from the cave of Moustier on the river Vézère, Dordogne; Solutrian from the cave at Solutré near Maçon, and Magdalenian from the rock-shelter of La Madeleine, Dordogne.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

A BEGINNING—AT RAILHAM.

BY JOHN AYSCOUGH.

V.

SOME of those who came to the "meetings" were a little impatient to hear more quickly about the Catholic religion—that is of a religion which it had not occurred to them was simply Christianity. But neither of the priests seemed in a hurry: their great desire, odd as it seemed to many, was to talk about God. The need of religion was their theme for quite a long time. The reality of God was the first truth to bring home, and that it was always realized they would not take for granted. So very old stories were told again: of God alone; of His first creation of the angels; of the great rebellion and the war in heaven and the beginning of hell; of the second creation, and man's original beatitude and original fall from it; of the initial promise of Redemption, and then of the long, slow preparation for it; of the making of a nation from whom the Redeemer should be born, Who should be God and Man both—able to suffer and capable of redeeming; of the history of the nation, and God's patience; of the nation's true but not full revelation; of its saints and prophets; of the choice of one family out of the nation; of the choice of one woman out of the family; and of the prophecy fulfilled, the Virgin-born Child, and His deliberate experience of every phase of our life, except decay, to which He was the Antidote; of His office—Supreme Teacher, Master of Revelation, Divine Physician, Sovereign Consoler and Sovereign Sufferer, Redeemer, Lifegiver, and Founder; and so at last to the Church.

By this time the preachers had shown that there had always been a revelation, clear and certain, though not at first entire and full; that there had in fact always been a Church and a true one; that God never stands still in His work for man or goes back upon it, but has moved forward to wider perfection of relations with men; that if Christ's Church had not been Catholic there would have been no advance, but decay and decline in the relations of God and man. The first presentation of a Church had

been personal and private, the second national: the full achievement universal, Catholic. God had spoken to Adam, and to Abraham privately; to the holy Hebrew nation He had not ceased to speak, but had spoken on, in a wider fashion, through the prophets: that if His voice had fallen into final silence with the coming of Christianity, then would the Christian world have been in less noble relations with Him than Adam, or the Patriarchs, or the Hebrew nation; but God's relations with man were not to be thrown back by the coming of Christ, Who was Himself Man as He was God, but to be moved onward to a nobler intimacy and permanence. It was not enough to say that Christ had said all there could be said: it was true that He had; but would man, left alone, remember? Had Adam, to whom God spoke directly, remembered? Had David? Had the Hebrew people, in spite of all God had taught them by the prophets? It was irritable man, not patient God, that expected man to behave like the angels who *see* God. God never did, and His whole history in reference to man has been the history of an untiring condescension. Was His condescension to cease with Christ's return to heaven? The foundation in perpetuity of the Catholic Church was His final and supreme proof of condescension to human need and weakness. The relations of God and man were not to be made less intimate, but more; the old occasional intercourse was to be made unceasing and perpetual; Christ had not withdrawn Himself from men to His invisible throne, but hidden Himself among them forever, in a shining white Disguise that should be no Disguise at all to faith and love; in the old days before the foundation of the Hebrew Church there had been a word from God now and then, to one lonely man or another; in the days of the Hebrew Church there had been occasional but wider speech, through the prophets, to a whole people—if they would listen; in the Catholic Church was to be a Voice living and unbroken, still God's, but no longer whispered in a private ear or delivered as an exclusive message to one isolated people.

Even in the days of the Hebrew Church God had let a prophet tell one guilty sinner how to amend; and how, amended, he was forgiven; in the Catholic Church there was not a prophet, here and there, for a sinful king's need, but for every sinner, however lowly, a priest to bring him God's guiding to repentance, and God's message of full pardon. In the Hebrew Church's day the will of God was proclaimed by a prophet now and then, in the new Catholic Church was a Voice from God, authorized by Himself, to promul-

gate His Will unfailingly, in every shift of time, that all might walk in healthy certainty, not groping or stumbling along with blind guides for leaders.

The need and promise of Redemption was shown, and the need and promise of a perfect Church; the promise of Redemption was re-told and the fulfillment of the promise; the promise of the Church upon a rock and the fulfillment in fact of the promise.

In hurried and arid words I have tried to sum up what was taught, not hurriedly nor in dry phrases, by two earnest, clever men, in instructions which it took them a fortnight to deliver. Often they had to say over again, in other words, what had been said once. To repeat their words would fill a book. What I desire here is simply to show that the string of their sayings was not tangled, twisted nor broken; that those who listened and accepted their message were not silly, nor led away by novelty and sentiment. That the whole aim of these men was to force their hearers to think of God, and of man's relations with God; as it is the whole aim and business of the Catholic Church. That the aim of the Catholic Church is to muffle up God, and hide Him, to push herself before Him, and steal the allegiance of His creatures from Him for her own vulgar purposes, is the pretense of the vulgar; but many at simple Railham were not vulgar-hearted, and the truth came to them as an awakening.

Almost all who listened, so far as they had ever thought of the subject at all, had dimly possessed the idea that God, since the old Bible days, had grown more remote; that in a past so distant as to seem half-legendary, half-unreal, God and man had been bound together by an intercourse that was personal, actual and easy to understand, in spite of its hanging in a haze of miracle. But that those days were gone forever, and that, from the world in which men lived now, God was withdrawn to the impenetrable recesses of heaven. His voice was never to be heard, and, since creation was finished long ago, He could be seen no more in His acts.

This vague sense of Divine aloofness was specially distinctive of that part of the audience which nominally went to church, but it was not theirs exclusively: many of the Dissenters had much the same feeling, though not quite all.

The old days of early Methodism were long past, and the heirs of those simple, very earnest people had largely been taught to turn their attention to a more worldly inheritance. Both at

Arannah and Bethesda there had been for some time as much crude political talk as crude theological oratory; some of those who attended the two chapels liked it very well, and some were more puzzled than nourished; odd things about the old books of the Bible, too, had been said by strange preachers who came from the big midland and northern towns to enlighten Railham's rustic ignorance. There was not much in either Bethesda or Arannah to connect them with the chapel in Little Lantern yard; they were a good deal advanced; for on each was creeping a certain pale dawn of timidly agnostic rationalism.

To almost all of those who attended the "van chapel" meetings, it was a new and great idea that God's relations with man might be more intimate than ever. The Church had been a word with little meaning to them; to some it was a part of politics, and not a vital part. To some it seemed an institution that should, with all convenient speed, be abolished: they who did not care much to see it abolished, cared not much more that it should be maintained. To themselves it mattered not greatly, and it would never have occurred to them that it mattered to God. The Church of which Father Catesby and Father Longcliff spoke was a new idea altogether; it was not hard to see that the two priests spoke of their Church as one speaks of a living being, with a life vigorous and full of motion and consciousness, a thing of vital consequence, of indispensable usefulness and service to live men and women. These two men clearly loved it, and obeyed it, were taught by it, and were as certain, as they were of being alive, that their business in life was to belong to it and be formed by it.

It is a shame to speak as if only bad influences are contagious: unbelief has its microbes, and they attack souls made ready for them by spiritual apathy and evil living; but faith is infectious too, and the plain fact of faith in the two priests did as much for their hearers as anything they said. Their belief in God was as obvious as their figures and outward appearance, and it was equally clear that their belief in their Church was a part of their faith in God. Of course some who listened had absorbed, somehow, some dim notion that the Roman Catholics set up their Church as a rival to God: that its great object was to make people give over thinking about God and think about it instead. No one hearing these priests could believe that they separated God from the Church, that the Church was their Golden Calf, to which the world was to bow down while God was hidden in highest Sinai.

Of those who came to the first meeting few expected to hear much about God: God was not, as they had supposed, the business of Catholic preachers, and they had heard about scarcely anything else. The business of the Catholic Church, these priests evidently believed, was nothing else than to make God more familiarly known, more truly loved, and more unhesitatingly obeyed. It was not to be doubted that the strange priests firmly believed that ever since Christ went back to heaven the Catholic Church had been doing His work on earth; that millions of men in many lands had only heard of God from her, and by her had been taught to love God and live in His law; that all they knew of God themselves they had learned from her: and few of their simple hearers failed to recognize that the priests had a knowledge of God, an understanding of His ways, and an indubitable, close personal love for Him, more actual and real than anything they had then encountered.

Nothing appeals to simple people like facts: the fact of the priests' faith they could see as clearly as they could see the men themselves; and it had a force far stronger than that of any theory. And it was plain that in that faith there was no divided allegiance, so much to God, so much to the Church; but the faith in God had produced the faith in the Church, because it was *His* Church, His servant, and His own invention.

If the reader imagines that he is to hear of all becoming Catholics who attended the meetings, he will be disappointed. But some did, and, perhaps, the first step in belief was with many a yielding to that infection of good of which I spoke just now. If the Catholic Church could lead these men, and had led hundreds of millions besides, to God and happiness, why might it not lead them? That the Church called them, and claimed them, the priests showed, just as they showed how God calls and claims all. That Christ's own claim could have no excuse or justification, except in the fact that He is God, they said frankly; and the universal claim of the Church was involved in the claim of Christ, and had, could have, no other excuse or justification. If there were many gods, there could not be one Church with a supreme claim on all men; but one God implied one only truth about God, and one truth implied one teaching of it. The truth could no more be divided against itself than God could: black and white cannot be equally true of any real color.

It may show how ignorant was this audience if we confess that few of them had ever thought of Christ as the greatest of teachers: to the best of them He was only a teacher of kindness,

and of nothing much besides. Nor had it struck them that to learn the truth was a definite duty, and, like every duty exacted by God, quite possible.

It may seem, perhaps, from my own poor attempt at summing up briefly what took a long while to say, that the two priests appealed too much to the intelligence of people to whom anything like a theological idea was a strange novelty; but the words actually used were always the most simple and direct, and all those who heard were not stupid, though most were ignorant enough. Plenty of them were shrewd in their way, and able to acknowledge a truth better than they might be able to follow the arguments by which it was set forth. Tom Tulliver, we may remember, while "he was in a state bordering on idiocy with regard to the demonstration that two given triangles must be equal," could discern with great promptitude and certainty the fact that they *were* equal. And there are facts and truths as appealing as any in geometry: there were those in the Railham audience to whom the presentation of such truths and facts did not appeal in vain even when the theological proofs of them were rather obscuring than otherwise. Father Catesby and Father Longcliff, however, did not belabor their hearers with much theology: they were content to be truthful, direct, and as clear as they could be.

Only a few of the Railham folk have been mentioned here by name: many whose names have not occurred were among those who put themselves in the priests' hands for regular instruction; and not all of those whom we have mentioned by name did so. Among those who did were young Mr. David Brail, the wealthy farmer's son, and Enoch Pound, and Jake Sheen, and Tom Hallam: everybody thought that what Tom did Bill would do also, for the brothers were inseparable, and Bill was like Tom's echo; but the elder brother became a Catholic, and the younger, so far as I know, has never done so. Nor did Stephen Drub: he declared, with perfect truth, that he had never heard of a carrier that was a Catholic—though eighty-four carriers came to Market Railham every Tuesday and Thursday; and he was People's Church Warden: if he deserted them they might feel driven to elect Job Phibbet, as they was talking of electing before, and Job was under Farmer Lome's thumb to that extent that there might as well *be* no People's Warden—and then the gallery'd come down: who had saved the gallery if it wasn't him, Stephen Drub? And in the gallery were pews as families had sat in since they *was* families. It was all very well for a young unmarried man like Tom Alum to please

hisself: he had no public position and no public dooty. He knew very well the Parish'd niver elect *he* to be People's Warden: that's where it lay. Not as he'd a word to say agin the Catholics: Father Catesby and Father Longcliff was both gentlemen, and he'd gone to the meetin's spite of all the Lomes in Europe, and would again if he liked; nor he hadn't no wishes to interfere wi' Miriam—he'd always let her please hersen: if Arannah pleased her well and good; if the Catholic meetin's pleased her better he should niver say her nay. Why should he begin as hadn't begun before?

From this it will appear that when Mr. Drub said that it was all very well for an unmarried man like Tom Hallam to please himself, he was not alluding to any conjugal difficulties of his own. If Drub had wished to become a Mussulman, he would have done so in spite of any opposition Miriam might have raised; but, as it happened, to the considerable surprise of Mrs. Yest and Mrs. Sheen, Miriam became a Catholic herself. Mrs. Yest was mildly jealous, without in the least knowing why. Mrs. Sheen, since Jake was "joining the Catholics," was prepared to quarrel with anybody who saw any harm in it, and did quarrel pretty often with Simon Yest, accordingly: also with Farmer Lome who congratulated her on sticking to the Church of England.

"My niece and your son," he said, "have run after these strangers from Lord knows where; I'm glad you're staunch to the old religion, like me."

"Well, Mr. Lome, the old religion as you call it (and Jake's new religion, by all I hear, is the oldest of the two), has niver run after *me* much, nor yet after my son. I'm sure I might be dead and Mr. Broad know naught about it, till he was asked if Sunday arternoon would suit him for the funeral. I'm sure nobody iver did much to make my lad care for the Church of England, and if he cares about this other it's like to do him no harm; you can't expect him, as pays no rent and takes no wage, for this house and the bit o' land was his father's and his grandfather's too before him, to ask anybody's leave. Who asks Mr. Broad's leave to go to Arannah, or Bethesda? If a young man runs wildish, who iver says him nay? And it's not like he'll *be* said nay when he thinks he's found a religion to his liking."

Mrs. Sheen was a large woman, and her arm, with the sleeve rolled back to the elbow, suggested strength rather than mildness, as she brandished the big knife over a loin of mutton in the energy of her rhetoric. Mr. Lome was small and wizened ("his face as long as his legs," Mrs. Sheen declared, afterwards, hyperbolically),

and he was not habituated to loud opposition. It somewhat scandalized him, and he prepared to withdraw.

"Well," he said, with uneasy pleasantry, "*you're* not turning Catholic by what I hear. There'll be a Protestant side to the carcasses still, and my Friday mutton'll come off it, I hope. We never *have* had a fishmonger in Railham yet, but it's what we must come to, I doubt. Let's hope it'll be good for your business, Mrs. Sheen."

"Oh, but, Mr. Lome, you're forgetting poor Sammy Dubbs as comes round with his hand-barrer ivery Monday; it'll only be changing the day to Friday: and little enough he makes—it's not Jake nor his mother'll grudge him more custom—he'll be the less beat down, maybe, and not forced to sell his best fish for coarse-fish prices. Last Monday was a week he said how he'd parted with a sole as weighed full three pound, for one and eleven, and to a gentleman with Esquire arter his name, who comes out to the back door to do his own bargaining."

Mr. Lome had walked away, but his narrow back betrayed consciousness, and one of his large ears twitched as Mrs. Sheen's strident voice broke into a merciless laugh.

"So Miss Floralia's turning too," she said to herself. "Well, I'd do it, if it was me, if it was only to bother that old leather-skin. She'll have a pretty time, though. Her aunt had by all accounts: it says on her slab:

> 'Call me not back, my neighbors dear,
> In perfect peace I'm sleeping here.
> I've toiled on earth, here let me lie
> Until I wake beyond the sky.'

Who iver *would* call her back? if it wasn't Miss Floralia's father as fully expected to get her thousand pound. If all's true, it was only when she was asleep she iver had much peace wi' John Lome. *I'd* not marry him if the Church Farm was his own freehold, and the meogany furniture pure gold. What's bordered Brussels carpets with a temper like that trapesing about on 'em? Folks said the doctor's sister wouldn't ha' minded: but it's my belief she had the chance and had the sense to stick to the Monkhouse and her brother. And he's another: it's odd, too, *his* goin' in for the Catholic; him and my Jake: if iver there was two jolly carum-harum young chaps i' Railham them *was* the two, as I'd niver ha' thought like to take the religious turn. And doctors are partly like butchers, on'y in our line it's done a purpose, and the doctors mostly does it by mistake.

"Folks says doctors niver believes in religion, through knowin'

what folks' insides is: and butchers knows as much of insides as anybody; they're mostly a lot o' bother and dirt and no profit, the insides is: but poor folks is glad o' some of it, and Lor', who'd charge 'em for 'em, unless it was old Lome? *he'd* sell the pig's scratchins at prime-rump prices, *he* would; but Jake was always soft-hearted to poor bodies, fore iver he thought two chops o' this knife o' religion, and it's unknown what he's givin' to 'em—and good bits too, let alone niver drivin' 'em for bills as many would ha' sold them up. And I must say the doctor and Jake is as jolly as iver: and my lad's more a son to me, for all he's took Catholic, than iver; and a bad son he niver was, wild as he turned, God bless him. I expect the Lord partly knew he'd come round. And why should *I* say him nay, as niver had pluck (as has pluck for most) to say him nay when he was goin' wrong?

"I aren't like some mothers; look at Sarah Gibb: her Tim was worse than Jake, and an ugly chump as must ha' *arst* the divil to be draggin' at him, and now *he's* took Catholic, and Sarah wailin' and moanin' like a cow wi' her first calf in the cart, and cryin' all o'er the village as the Catholics are stealin' her ewe-lamb from her. If Tim's a ewe-lamb, *I* don't know what tough wether mutton is. What's the Catholics goin' to do wi' him? If anybody'd buy him by the pound o' them, I doubt they'd ne'er get fifteen shillin' for him, cut up, cleaned and delivered, and the cleanin' alone'd cost a tidy penny if *I'd* got to do it.

"If I can spare my lad to the Catholics, what's Sarah Gibb got to squine and squeal about? She drinks herself, as you can smell it on her, and praps that's what teases her: a well-livin', decent son won't put up wi' a house like theirs, all guzzle and muck, and she's partly aware he'll try to get things red up and straighted. So long as Tim was heltering-skeltering to the Black Tune she could high and sigh and pretend she was drowndin' her sorrows in four penworth o' gin; and—so that's you, Jake! You remembers you've a home when it's dinner-time: I wonder you don't dine wi' Father Catesby down on Tidd's Piece. The meat's ready, and if you're ready, I am. Old Lome's bin here, snappin' and yappin' like a dog on a chain; he don't approve o' your joinin' the Catholics; so, if you'd liever please him than yourself, you'd better send round and tell Father Catesby you've changed your mind. It's a pity you was out o' the way—if you can't speak up for yourself you can't look for it as *I* should—"

But Jake could see by his mother's complacent manner, and slightly heightened color, that she had not listened quite so meekly

to Mr. Lome as she pretended. She was, in fact, in high good humor, and when Jake laughed she pursed her lips only to restrain her inclination to laugh triumphantly herself.

"If Miriam Drub had *my* spirit," she observed, as she was helping her son to the best of the meat and gravy, "she'd niver stand bein' jawed by Simon Yest. He told me hisself he'd bin at her to hold up the *Standard* for the honor of Arannah. What's it matter to him whether it's *Standard* or *Chronicle* she fancies? If Drub don't mind, why should Simon? He has a rig'lar spite agin the Catholics, and says he knows more Catholics than some do; his sister was in service in a Catholic home, and they could be as mean as anybody, he says. She used to have his mother, and another sister and her three lads, in to tea i' the kitchen onst or twice in the week, and the missis (her that was a Catholic) complained as the cook didn't like it. 'Nor I shouldn't like it,' said she, 'it's inbarressin' cookin' with five strangers sittin' round and watchin'.' 'Twas all stinginess and bigotry, Yest makes out, because the lady knew they was Baptists—"

Jake laughed again.

"I'd ha' baptized 'em, if I was the lady," his mother added significantly, as she ladled a big and boiling-hot spoonful of gravy out of the saucepan.

The whole population of Railham village was under eight hundred, and forty-nine became Catholics before Father Catesby and Father Longcliff went away. The Catholic reader may wonder how this infant congregation was to hear Mass. Even at Market Railham there was no mission; but, nine miles away, there was Chorley Hall, a big house that had lately been taken by a retired General, Sir Hugh Ingestre, a Catholic of a very old Catholic family, and Sir Hugh had a resident chaplain who undertook the charge of the Railham converts, and came over every Sunday to offer Mass, and again in the evening to give Benediction.

He carried on the work begun by the two "motor priests" with extreme vigor, and his small Anglo-Saxon flock liked him immensely, though he was an Irishman. He was a huge young man, with an insatiable appetite for work, and a very converting simplicity of conviction that it was every Protestant's business to be converted. He could be drastically eloquent, and the one thing he could not do with religious matters was to mince them; but he could also be very amusing, and often was.

He chaffed Stephen Drub unmercifully, and there seems some

probability of his chaffing him into the Church. He chaffed Simon Yest too, but with a heavier sarcasm, and if he did not convert him, he succeeded in laughing away much of that solemn simpleton's capacity to do harm.

He merely insisted on Jake's mother becoming a Catholic, and Mrs. Sheen succumbed, with almost hysterical protest.

"The Catholic Church is your Mother, and she knows what's good for you better than you," he declared. "When Jake was a baby you knew what was good for him, and gave it him. You're a baby yourself, and a fine one; but you don't know what's good for you, and your Mother does. Jake used to set himself up against you, I daresay—"

"So he did. Of all the teasin' babies—"

"Of course. But he had to give in. And so will you. Then you'll find the comfort of it."

"A rum Catholic *I'd* be!"

"And isn't it better you should be a rum Catholic than a rum Protestant? What on earth good does it do you calling yourself a Protestant? I suppose you're afraid of Simon Yest?"

"Simon Yest be—bothered."

"No hurry for that. You'll be *bothered* too when the time comes, if you don't look out. Who made you?"

Mrs. Sheen tossed her head.

"*I* know who made me. It's not much manners talkin' as if on'y the Catholics know'd what's what."

"And what were you made *for?* Manners or no manners you'll have to answer, and it's not me that will be asking you. Jake's isn't the only soul in the family, is it? But it's the only one that shows up. All the same you've got one, and it's my business to remind you of it."

"My soul's my own, by all I've iver heard."

"And that's a lie if you've heard it. Your soul's no more your own than it's the County Council's. It belongs to God, what there is of it, and if you play the fool with it, you'll have to answer for it to Him."

"What in glory are you going on for, whativer have *I* iver done wi' my soul?"

"Nothing. That's just it. Nothing in life. For all you have ever done with your soul, you might as well never have had one. But it's there, and where it *will* be concerns you more than it concerns me. God forgive me for saying so, for every soul concerns

me, and it concerns me closely to see sensible people like you so senseless."

"Me! Me senseless?"

"Yes, you. You've no more sense in this than a child hoarding farthings, and giving sovereigns for everyone of them."

Mrs. Sheen quite well understood the drift of the metaphor, but she replied demurely:

"Children has no business wi' sovereigns. It can't be looked for as they'd understan' the vally o' them."

"That's their excuse. You try, when the time comes, if the excuse will do for you. I'd be sorry to try and offer you a new farthing for a pound of mutton, and expect nineteen shillings change."

"It ain't a shillin' a pound, mutton isn't."

"I thought I'd catch you! See how sharp you are about the price of a bit of a dead sheep, and how stupid about the value of your own living soul. Look here, my child—"

"'My child,' indeed! You're big enough, and loud enough, but I was a grown girl when you was born."

"And you've grown since. Your body has. It's your soul that's dwindling, dwindling—if you don't mind it'll be lost out and out."

Jake never interfered: he was present at none of these interviews, and his mother seldom repeated even the gist of them to him. After there had been a good many of them she said casually one evening:

"Father Burke's bin botherin' here agin. He wears me to a bone, he does."

"Well, I'd never sell you for bone," Jake remarked, with a cheerful grin as he surveyed his mother's ample person. "Shall I tell him you'd as lief have his room as his company?"

"Just you mind your own business: it 'ud be a nice thing insultin' your own priest on my accounts. The parlor's *my* parlor, and he's welcome to sit in it as often as he likes—he's more to say to me nor Father Catesby ever had: and I can speak up to him better. If he gives me rat I give him tat, I reckon."

"I thought you were complaining of him," said Jake innocently; "I don't want you to be bothered by my priest."

"*Your* priest! I spose you keep a private chaplain and a picture gallery. If anyone bothered me I should know how to learn 'em better."

It was quite evident that whatever it was his mother had meant to say, she could not, or would not, on that occasion bring herself to say it. Probably Jake guessed very well, but he would neither help nor hurry her, and no more was said then.

About a week after she stopped him as he was going out in the morning, and said with a queer shyness:

"You're ridin' over to Shelport to see them sheep?"

Jake nodded.

"And you'll be away till tea time? Well, when you come back I shall ha' changed my name."

She was undoubtedly confused, and her healthy color was augmented by an unmistakable blush of diffidence. Jake was really taken aback.

"Change your name, mother?" he repeated with a rather disagreeable sensation of surprise.

"Isn't my name Selina Sheen?"

"What then? I wish you'd get it out whatever it is."

Mrs. Sheen laughed, but still with a sort of shamefacedness.

"Well, you want such a *lot* o' tellin'," she said, putting on her shop apron. "Selina Sheen's my name, and Selina I shall *be* arter the ceremony as before, though *he* says it's a heathenish name as no saint ever had. 'Praps it suits me none the worse for that,' said I. But of all the men for their own way he's the one—"

"Who is?"

"Father Burke, of course. Who else has been botherin' me to do it. And he will have it I'm to take the name o' Bridget. 'Bridget Sheen'll sound a'most like an Irishwoman,' says he—"

"So that's it," said Jake, bursting out into a laugh that was partly of relief, partly of amusement, and partly of real pleasure and contentment. And to this day he is not sure whether his mother had *meant* to mystify and plague him: she was quite capable of it.

"Yes, that's it," said Mrs. Sheen. "It was the only way to get any peace by what I could see of it. I wish summat'd bring old Lome and Simon Yest into the shop together: I'd like well to tell 'em both myself."

Jake knew his mother far too well to attempt any congratulations, or even to express a word of his own contentment.

"I'd like to hear you," he said instead.

[THE END.]

THE CHURCH AND FRENCH DEMOCRACY.

BY HILAIRE BELLOC.

III.

WHEN in the sixteenth century a prodigious upheaval of the human mind produced what we call the Renaissance, and at the same time the questioning of every foundation upon which society had reposed for a thousand years, one main political issue emerged from the vortex. I speak only of one main *political* issue because, though philosophy is far more important than political machinery in the determining of men's lives, yet the *political* effect of the philosophical conflict was the most clearly apparent effect it had, and is that phenomenon which can be most clearly noted and described in the generations that followed.

This political effect was the division of Europe as a whole into two types of political society: the one type prevailing where the tradition of civilization and the Catholic Church had withstood the storm; the other type prevailing where the storm had uprooted that tradition and the faith along with it. We must be very careful to distinguish these two types, because they do not exactly correspond to most of our preconceived modern ideas. For instance, you cannot say that the one type was "democratic" compared with the other type. It was far more complicated than that.

Speaking generally what happened was this: In the countries which remained Catholic, central government remained exceedingly strong, and the strength of central government naturally worked for the defence of small property, and of the mass of men against great wealth and the power of nobles. Where the Catholic faith was lost, the tendency was for the central government to grow weak, for small property to have no protection against the rich, and for the great landowners and great merchants to become the chief force in society.

Of this contrast you could have no better example than the contrast between France and England. Within a hundred and fifty years of the Reformation, France and England, which had originated in exactly the same type of Catholic mediæval society, had arrived at opposite poles of political development. In England the Crown had become an insufficiently salaried office, with

ever-diminishing power, quite overshadowed by the great merchants of the town and the land-owning class, with whom those merchants were closely intermixed. The small man was rapidly going to the wall, losing his property more and more, and becoming a proletarian wage-earner, while all the functions of government were falling into the hands of a small and wealthy clique which governed the country.

In France the Crown was never in greater power than at that moment. Louis XIV. could personally control most of the energies of the state. He inherited from his father's great minister, Richelieu, and himself developed further, a great bureaucracy acting under his absolute central government, and mainly drawn from the middle professional classes, while at the basis of society was a peasantry, which had come to have not only security of tenure, but very widely-distributed ownership.

With this strong Crown was closely associated the Catholic hierarchy of France, and all the external machinery of religion, and one could almost say that France was Catholic because she was politically a strong monarchy, and that she was politically a strong monarchy because she was Catholic. That is the first point to recognize clearly. There was in France about two hundred and fifty years ago, arrived at its full maturity, a whole complicated organization of society dependent upon one strong central point, the monarch, and in all its elements closely associated with the forms and external machinery of the Catholic Church.

The next point to be seized is that France thus organized was not spiritually homogeneous, and perhaps it was as well for the faith and for the future of the country, on the temporal side, that this was so—given the condition into which Europe had fallen. The two elements of heterogeneity—that is internal differences—were the indifference of increasing masses of the population, and the presence of a large Protestant body, which, apart from its numbers, was strong from causes I shall presently describe.

The growing indifference of great masses to the Catholic religion, especially in the towns and in proportion to the education of the king's subjects, was due in great measure to this very alliance or identity between the monarchy and the Church. It was inevitable that the external forms of religion should become official, and, being official, should have less energy to spare for the non-official side of rational life. There ceased to be any active care to preserve the spiritual discipline of the Church; an appointment to a bishopric was mainly a political matter, and, as the system grew

old, the most scandalous appointments were made, not indeed in very large numbers, but with curious carelessness. At the same time there was no movement from below, no fostering of the internal life of the organized Church, which could have prevented the spread of infidelity or indifference. A few concrete instances will make clear what I mean. A man had to have his child baptized in the Catholic Church. That was virtually the only form of registering the birth. A man so baptized in the Catholic Church must marry in the Catholic Church: there was for him no other legal form of marriage. When he died, being thus formally and externally a Catholic subject of the king's, he must be buried in the Catholic cemetery and with Catholic rites. But when that man learnt in his studies a science which proceeded from all the brains in Europe, and many of those brains outside the Catholic Church, and even hostile to it, he found no corrective to the influence which such learning so derived would naturally have in withdrawing him from the Catholic attitude of mind.

It is exceedingly important, when we read history, to remember that the Renaissance, which is at the foundation of the modern world, ceased shortly after its origin to be universally Catholic. The authorities of the Church thought it sufficient to be neutral. They had behind them in the Catholic society of France the momentum of a civilization a thousand years old, and the preservation of all the external forms masked the rapid disintegration of Catholic feeling that was going on below the surface.

Another aspect of the same thing was the history of the religious orders. The older ones continued to enjoy their rich endowments, but there was not a corresponding zeal for recruiting new and worthy subjects. The great abbeys became places of emolument, largely within the gift of the Crown, and they were filled, as the bishoprics were filled, often by pious men and women, but also sometimes by men and women who simply regarded them as sources of revenue and the gift of patronage. In the great noble families, a son who "went into the Church" might live the most openly scandalous of lives, and yet expect clerical appointment here as he might expect it in the Civil Service; and as time went on what the position of a great abbot meant to the mass of the people, was simply a large income apportioned to one of their betters. The numbers of those who could thus live upon the endowment of the older orders, was regarded as a matter of almost equal indifference, and I think I am right in saying that within a hundred years after the full maturity of the centralized monarchy under Louis XIV., there were not, in

proportion to the population, one-tenth as many men and women of French blood in religion then as there are to-day.

The second element which disturbed the external homogeneity of this apparently secure Catholic society under the old French monarchy, was the body of Protestants. They were very numerous. A hundred years before, during the wars of religion, quite half the gentry and great merchants had seen in the assault upon the Catholic Church an opportunity for enriching themselves, and for extending the influence of their class. True, the great mass of the landed gentry had been brought back to Catholicism by the vigorous support which the nation gave to its great national institution, the Crown, but very many of the nobles were still traditionally Protestant, and this was still more so with regard to the great merchants.

To this must be added an effect of Protestantism in its youth, which historians have too much neglected. Then as now the effect of this philosophy was to call upon the powers of the individual, to excite him to personal effort and to competition. It was long before the final result of such a system could be apparent. We see it to-day in the dreadful thing called capitalism, with its vast hopeless mass of despoiled humanity working at a wage for the small body of owners, but in the time of which I am speaking, what was chiefly apparent as the economic effect of a Protestant upbringing was the vigor it lent to private enterprise, to the quick appreciation of new discoveries in industry, and to the rapid accumulation of wealth in the hands of those who were thus sympathetic with individual effort and competitive commerce. Thus the French Protestants, or Huguenots as they were called, were, as their descendants boast, the most modern in their industrial effort, and the most successful in the existing processes of manufacture. They were, of course, also occupied in founding that capitalist system which is so odious to the Catholic temper, and which would have conquered French society as it did England, had the Huguenot power in France extended. Allied with all this Huguenot attitude towards life and work, were of course the comparatively small body of Jewish financiers. These were laying the foundations in many other countries, but especially in England, of the power which we have seen so enormously increased in our own time, and though they were checked by the power of the Crown, they were checked only, not set back or countered by any financial move of the monarchy in competition with them. The Crown had vigorously fought the political power of the Huguenots, which, as it was anti-national and particularly odious to the mass of the people, it had

succeeded in repressing; but it did not effectively destroy their commercial power. They were far more numerous in proportion to the population than they are to-day, and they had behind them the active sympathy of the Protestant and Jewish commercial societies of Holland, beyond the Rhine, and in England.

These, then, are the elements of the problem as the eighteenth century opens. A very strong central government, which, by defending the small man, is creating a great body of independent citizens: an alliance between all forms of this strong government and the Catholic Church, which alliance masks under its external order the very rapid growth of indifference or antagonism to the spirit of the faith, a rapid decay in the moral prestige of the hierarchy and the religious orders, and at the same time the presence of a very large wealthy and actively commercial body of Huguenots whose every effort was anti-Catholic.

For more than the lifetime of a man, for nearly the whole of a century, this state of affairs, already mature, continued to grow old. The lifeless, mechanical part of it went on unchanged. Most of the living element in it made against the Catholic atmosphere in society. The best writing, the best thinking, and the best talking was either upon matters indifferent to the Church, or was actively hostile to it. Criticism, that ever active force without which neither an art nor a society can live, found ready to hand for its exploits the large, inert, and apparently secure body of "Church and State"—a mass of rules, officials, and set customs which no one, not even the critics, thought could be overthrown, and which, therefore, were attacked with the greater zeal, because the attackers did not conceive that any great change destructive to the comfort of their own lives could come about. How long this state of affairs might have continued undisturbed, it is difficult to say. It could not have continued for ever, but something was happening which was bound to terminate it, which was affecting its very root, and this something was the accident that befell the monarchy.

That institution presupposed a fairly regular succession of average men. There might be gaps in minorities, or in the illness or incompetence of a particular monarch, but these gaps would be tided over in the normal course of things, just as a bad series of years are tided over in an established system of commerce. As it happened, the French monarchy in the eighteenth century went through a quite exceptional crisis, for which none of its framers or supporters could have bargained. Just when the hardening of its

structure through old age and through the completion of its scheme in every detail imperilled its survival, that institution happened to come into hands which failed it. When Louis XIV. died the heir to the throne was his great-grandson, a little boy of five years old. So first of all there came a very long minority, following upon habits of luxury among the governing classes, fostered by sixty full years of splendor at the Court. Then when the boy (Louis XV.) was grown to be a man, he turned out to be a man devoid of initiative.

He was a great gentleman, he had no inconsiderable personal dignity; he was courageous enough and not disorderly in temper. But he lacked all those springs of personal effort which can preserve a man from sensuality or, even if he is sensual, direct him towards the necessary daily effort which we should all exercise, and which the personal head of a highly centralized state must exercise or perish. His vices, which were those common enough to kings, were on this account enormously exaggerated in the public eye, and when he had passed midde age, they made him appear contemptible. He was already fifty-three when, at the end of an unsuccessful war, France saw herself humiliated by her rivals; he died in his sixty-fifth year, leaving the institution of the monarchy upon which all the old régime depended seriously, and perhaps irretrievably rottened. The only thing that could have saved it, was the advent of some vigorous character to replace the dead man. Of such happy accidents the past history of the monarchy was full, although it is true it had never gone through so prolonged a crisis as this, but as luck would have it, his grandson and successor, Louis XVI., was a young man almost absurdly unfitted for that particular moment. There was a nervous weakness in him of a very grave kind, hidden under a large unwieldy body. His young wife, energetic and quite foreign, completed the disaster, and it was under his nominal rule that the machinery of the monarchy began to cease working. The symptoms were most apparent on the financial side; every experiment was tried before summoning the old National Parliament to prop up the breakdown; they failed, and that Parliament was summoned in 1789.

What followed was the great Revolution. How it suddenly revealed the true political and religious state of the country, the new gulf which it happened to dig between the official machinery of the Church and the mass of the people, and its consequent effect upon the religious life of France in our time, I will make the subject of my next paper.

THE ORIGINAL DIARIES OF THE COUNCIL OF TRENT.

BY BERTRAND L. CONWAY, C.S.P.

THE Goerres Society, which represents the best modern German scholarship, has well merited the praise of Popes Leo XIII. and Pius X. for undertaking to publish all the original documents relating to the Council of Trent.* This monumental work will be completed in thirteen splendid quartos of some thousand pages each, three of which (vols. i., ii., and v.) have already been published.

For nearly three centuries our knowledge of the inner workings of the Council of Trent has been obtained principally from either the prejudiced and unreliable *History of the Council of Trent* by the apostate Servite, Fra Paolo Sarpi (London, 1619), and the polemical treatise† published to refute it by the Jesuit Cardinal, Sforza Pallavicino (Rome, 1656). Neither of these writers were capable of writing an objective, impartial history. For as Calenzio says: "Neither Pallavicino nor Sarpi possessed the true historical spirit, which is bent solely upon discovering the truth, and setting it forth in all clearness and honesty. Sarpi wrote to attack the Church, and Pallavicino to defend her at all costs."‡ Bossuet wrote of Sarpi: "He was a Protestant under a religious habit, who said Mass without believing in it, and who remained in a Church which he considered idolatrous." Pallavicino, in a letter to the Marchese Durazzo, June 2, 1657, says of his own work: "My history is in great part apologetic in tone. In fact it is more of a book of polemics than a history properly so-called. I aim at refuting my adversary by showing his ignorance and deceit, and hope to win the confidence of my readers by proving to them that I am well informed. I would have them highly esteem both the rulers of the Church and those who presided over the Council," etc.§

Bishop Hefele, in his well-known *History of the Councils of the*

**Concilium Tridentinum Diariorum, Actorum, Epistolarum, Tractatuum Nova Collectio (The Council of Trent, a new Collection of Its Diaries, Acts, Epistles, and Treatises).* Edidit Societas Goerresiana. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. Price of Vol. I., $18.00.

†*Istoria del Concilio di Trento.*

‡*Esame critico-litterario delle opere riguardanti la storia del concilio di Trento,* p. 117.

§*Littere del Pallavicino,* p. 71. Venice, 1669.

Church, declared only forty years ago that he would not dare write the history of the Council of Trent, not only because of his age and the heavy burden of the episcopate, but because he could not obtain access to the original *Acta* of the Council written by Angelo Massarelli, its secretary-general.*

The very year (1874) in which Bishop Hefele made this statement, Father Theiner, the Prefect of the Vatican Archives, published his *Acta genuina Concilii Tridentini* (two volumes), but this edition did not pretend to give all the critical documents, and even those that were given were not published in full. He paid no attention whatever to the editing of the other documents so essential to a clear understanding of the Council, such as the diaries of the secretary-general, the letters of the legates, the Cardinals of the Curia, the bishops and the foreign ambassadors.

Some may ask what is the use of publishing such an enormous amount of original material, when any scholar competent to write a history of the Council could read the manuscripts himself? As a matter of fact, no one man would be able to read all the original documents, which are scattered in hundreds of public and private libraries in Italy, Spain, Hungary, Germany, Austria, France, Belgium, and England. But even if one man could have mastered all this material—it would take him fifty years of continuous work—we would still be doubtful about his critical estimate of the various documents, which are frequently colored by writers who favor politically either Spain, France, or the Holy See.

Before the opening of the Vatican Archives to the world by Pope Leo XIII., it was impossible for any scholar, Catholic or non-Catholic, to obtain access to many of the most important original documents. Not only the Roman See, but all the governments of Europe for centuries guarded most jealously their State documents. We know that even Pallavicino, who was chosen by the General of his order to defend the Council against the attacks of Sarpi, was not allowed to see the documents himself, but had to be content with excerpts expressly made by two of the custodians of the Vatican library, Conteloro and Centoflorino, and submit his work to the strictest possible censorship before publication. Oderico Raynaldi, continuing three centuries later the *Annals* of Baronius, suffered the same restrictions.

Ranke wrote in 1836 that a new history of the Council of Trent was absolutely necessary, but he was utterly skeptical about

**Conciliengeschichte,* vol. ii., praef., p. vii. Freiburg, 1874.

its ever being accomplished. He wrote in his *Roman Papacy:* "That those who could do it have no wish to see it done, and those anxious to do it do not possess the means."* As a matter of fact, however, we know that it was the original intention of the Roman pontiffs to publish everything relating to the Council. We learn this from two letters that Cardinal Cervino, afterwards Pope Marcellus II. (1555), wrote to Massarelli, November 12 and December 1, 1548. He acknowledges the receipt of two volumes of the decrees, and urges his correspondent to arrange carefully the *Acta* of the Council in view of their being printed.† Moreover the manuscripts of the *Acta* in the Vatican Archives are marked "imprimenda"—to be printed. That they were not printed *de facto* was due first to the sudden death of Massarelli, July 16, 1566,‡ and, second, to the well-founded conviction that the enemies of the Church would use them everywhere for the purpose of anti-Catholic polemics. There were no Protestant scholars in that day either competent or willing to write a true history of the Council of Trent, which they knew was held chiefly to condemn the errors of Protestantism. They would simply have used the *Acta* to frame new charges against the Church and its rulers.

Many non-Catholic writers, who blame the Pope severely for not having published all the documents on the Council in the Vatican Archives, in reality justify by their conduct the Roman authorities. For they prove by their writings that they do not care so much for the records in themselves, as for the acts or sayings of the prelates which can be used against the Church. They take special delight, for instance, in calling attention to the sermon preached before the Council by a layman, Count Nogarola, December 26, 1545;§ the dancing of the bishops at the citadel of Trent on March 3, 1546;‖ the scandalous speech of Father Diruta, preacher of the Cardinal of Trent, May 1, 1546;¶ the unseemly quarrel between an Italian and a Greek bishop, in which one pulled the other's beard, July 7, 1546,** and certain sarcastic remarks spoken in anger by some exasperated prelate in defence of his own views or the so-called rights of his sovereign.††

When Father Theiner published his edition of the *Acta,* non-Catholics accused him of omitting intentionally all that might militate against the Church, although he really did his utmost to write objective history. He was seriously hampered by a rigorous

Die Römischen Päpste, vol. iii., p. 289. †Pages 809, 813.
‡Page lxxix. §Page 360. ‖Pages 507, 508.
¶Page 543. **Page 90. ††Pages 99, 100, 133, 326, 383, 477, 535, etc.

censorship, and his ignorance of some very important documents. To set at rest forever all suspicion of a *suppressio veri,* and to answer satisfactorily the fables, calumnies, and false conjectures current among anti-Catholic controversialists, the scholars of the Goerres Society have determined to publish every document that related to the Council. The proposed volumes of the series will treat in detail the diaries (vols. i.-iii.), the *Acta* (vols. iv.-ix.), the *Epistles* (vols. x.-xii.), and the treatises of the theologians and canonists (vol. xiii.).

The diaries are perhaps the best possible sources from which we may ascertain the complete history of the Council. For as they were written for the author's eye alone, and not for the general public, they are apt to be truthful, sincere, and devoid of all human respect. They are of special value in the present instance, for they were written not merely by the friends, but also by the enemies of the Roman Curia, and their authors are not merely prejudiced Italians, but Spaniards, Frenchmen, Belgians, and Germans.

A new edition of the *Acta* was absolutely necessary, for Father Theiner's arbitrary editing rendered his edition practically useless from the standpoint of scholarship, and he made no use of the original *Acta* of Massarelli, the secretary-general of the Council, which recorded the *vota* of the congregations and the speeches made at every session.

Some of the letters of the ambassadors, legates and other members of the Council have already been published, and they form, as can readily be seen, an excellent commentary on its proceedings. Many of the most important letters that passed between the legates and the Roman Curia are here published for the first time. The final volume will give us all the important treatises of theologians and canonists—such as Nausea, Campeggio, and Sirleto—which were written either before or during the Council. They played an important part in directing the discussion of certain dogmas and laws, and they bring out clearly the full force of the different decrees.

Throughout these volumes all the variant and doubtful readings are given on every page, and copious critical notes furnish us brief but accurate biographical sketches of all the personages mentioned in the text. The editors also point out the differences in the various codices of the original documents, the epitomes and the commentators, the writers who discuss the theology, the Scriptural texts, and the canon law alluded to in the text, etc.

The first volume, which lies before us, is edited by Sebastian Merkle, who writes a very scholarly Introduction of one hundred and twenty-nine pages. The text itself consists of five documents, namely, the *Commentary* of the Council of Trent by Hercole Severolo, the Procurator of the Council (December 11, 1545 to January 16, 1548), and the four diaries of Angelo Massarelli, the secretary-general of the Council (vol. i., February 22, 1545 to December 13, 1545; vol. ii., February 6, 1545 to March 11, 1547; vol. iii., December 18, 1545 to March 11, 1547; vol. iv., March 12, 1547 to November 10, 1549).

The Introduction consists of four chapters. Chapter I. discusses the reasons that prompted the publication of the present work, gives a list of all the documents edited, and the European libraries in which they may be found, and enumerates the seven diaries of Massarelli, only two of which had hitherto been published by Döllinger.

Chapter II. deals with the *Commentary* of Severolo. Father Merkle proves its authenticity, discusses its origin, character, and purpose, and gives a complete list of all the codices of the work, with a critical estimate of their value. He then writes a brief biographical sketch of the author, setting forth his accuracy and his trustworthiness. He next speaks of the epitome of this *Commentary,* which Massarelli used in compiling his *Acta,* and makes a comparative critical study of the *Commentary,* the *Epitome,* and the *Acta.* The *Commentary* of Severolo is the only original source we possess of the first four months of the Council (December 11, 1545 to April 1, 1546). Neither Sarpi nor Pallavicino knew of its existence, and Raynaldi, the only writer who has hitherto made use of it, did not know who wrote it.

Chapter III. gives a brief sketch of the life of Massarelli, and analyzes his chief works, viz., his *Acta* of the Council, his seven diaries, and his letters to the Cardinals of the Curia. The secretary of the Council was not a very brilliant scholar, but he was a well-educated cleric, an indefatigable worker, and ever most active in ecclesiastical affairs. A man of more cultivated taste or greater literary ability—he makes frequent mistakes in Latin—would have omitted many of the gossipy and trivial details, which he relates with all the gusto of a modern newspaper reporter. He tells us about a murder and a robbery at Trent; the great entertainments given on feast days in the line of jousting, fireworks, and walking the tight-rope; the menus of the banquets given in honor of dis-

tinguished guests; the state of the weather; the high cost of living; the quarrels about precedence; fishing trips, deer hunts, horse racing, etc., etc.

Everyone who reads these diaries carefully will acknowledge that Massarelli was a simple, honest man, although, like most of the Italians of his day, he was unable to distinguish between the divine authority of the Church and the political policies of the Pope and the Roman Curia.* When, for example, Charles V., the better to win over the Protestants, earnestly and persistently demanded the return of the Council from Bologna to Trent, Massarelli calls him a persecutor of the Church on a par with the old Roman emperors, and prophesies for him a miserable and violent death. Again he taxes with stupidity or deliberate malice every bishop who honestly opposed in Council the wishes of the Roman Cardinals, and he accuses the opponents of the legates of ingratitude or heresy. Still it is unjust to accuse him, as some have done, of continually making false statement of fact, or of deliberately failing to record accurately the *vota* of the bishops. The editors of the present work have detected him in only one deliberate falsehood,† and declare that his mistakes—if they exist—in recording the *vota* were due to the inadvertence of a sick and busy secretary. We readily admit that he was guilty of many errors in judgment, and that he occasionally voiced his prejudices in pretty strong language.‡ The reader will readily pardon him because of his evident sincerity.

Chapter IV. gives us the reasons which prompted the editors to publish the text of all the original documents in its integrity. They argue—and rightly—that it is fairer and more satisfactory to allow the reader to form his own judgment upon the data as a whole, than to make excerpts requiring lengthy and perhaps partisan explanations. The critical editing of the text, with a complete list of all the various readings, was in itself a gigantic task, and will prove most helpful to the future historian of the Council of Trent.

During the first quarter of the sixteenth century, the Catholic world was talking of the necessity of a General Council to reform the flagrant abuses that had crept into the Church, and to determine once for all the true Gospel of Christ in opposition to the errors of the reformers, which were unsettling the minds of thousands. The Popes were rather slow in answering the popular demand for a General Council, because they felt that the times were unfavor-

*Page lxxx. †Page 818, line 32; page 825, note 2.
‡Page 232, line 28; page 383, line 20, etc.

able. Many worldly clerics were utterly opposed to reform of any kind; the Emperor was afraid of antagonizing the Protestant princes by the publishing of conciliar decrees denouncing the Lutheran errors; the continual wars between Charles V. and Francis I. made it difficult for the bishops to assemble and to agree upon the place of meeting; the Popes were afraid of a repetition of the schismatic proceedings of the Council of Basle.

Pope Paul III., however, was determined that the Council should be held. He convoked it in 1536 to meet in Mantua, May, 1537, but owing to the very strong opposition against it, he was obliged to prorogue it for six months. It was then deferred for various reasons to meet at Vicenza, May, 1538, and again at Trent, November, 1542. The three legates sent in this year waited many months for the bishops to arrive, but as they failed to appear, the Council was again suspended until March, 1545. It was finally opened December 13, 1545, by the three legates, Giammaria del Monte, Cardinal Bishop of Palestrina, Marcello Cervini, Cardinal Priest of Santa Croce, and Reginald Pole, Cardinal Priest of Santa Maria in Cosmedin. There were present at the opening session four archbishops, twenty bishops, five generals of religious orders, two ambassadors of King Ferdinand, Pighini, the auditor of the Roman Rota, and Severolo, the procurator of the Council.* The Emperor's ambassador, Didaco de Mendoza, unable to attend because of sickness, begged the Council to excuse him. Because of the small number of bishops present, nothing was accomplished at the first session save the public reading of the Papal Bull of convocation, and the mandate of the Papal legates.

The interval between the first and second sessions (December 13, 1545 to January 7, 1546) was spent in discussing questions of precedence, the credentials of those seeking admission to the Council, the method of voting, the mode of procedure, and the like. The legates insisted strongly upon the superiority of the Pope over the Council, which had been questioned at Basle, and declared that they presided in his name. The motion of the Bishop of Fiesole to add the words: "Representing the Universal Church" to the title "Sacred Ecumenical Council" was defeated, after a good deal of argument, as misleading and unnecessary. The bishops then elected all the officials of the Council, viz., a procurator, a secretary-general, a lay protector, two notaries, and two *scrutatores* to count the votes. Congregations of theologians and canonists were ap-

*Page 4.

pointed to prepare the *schemata* of the doctrinal and disciplinary decrees, that were to be discussed and voted upon by the General Congregation of Bishops. The old custom of individual voting, which had been set aside at Constance on account of the great Western Schism, was again adopted. One vote was given to each of the generals of the religious orders, and to every three abbots. The Public Session announced the final result of the discussions of the General Congregations, and formulated the decrees and canons.

The third session (February 4, 1546)* published a decree upon the Nicene Creed, and another on the obligation of attending the Council. For about a month the bishops had discussed the mode of procedure to be followed in their deliberations. They found it difficult to decide whether matters of doctrine or discipline should take precedence in the discussion and framing of the decrees. A compromise was finally effected, and they decided to treat both doctrine and discipline together. As a matter of fact the Council published two decrees, the one on doctrine and the other on discipline, at nearly every public session.† During the next two months the Sacred Scriptures formed the sole topic of discussion.

The fourth session (April 8, 1546)‡ formulated the two decrees that settled finally the relation between the Bible and tradition, the canon, the use of the Latin Vulgate, and the rules of Biblical interpretation. The preliminary discussions are given in the most minute detail in Massarelli's third diary.§ One has only to read these well-reported speeches to see at a glance how false are many of the statements made by prejudiced non-Catholics regarding the meaning of the Tridentine decrees. Take, for example, the question of the authority of the Latin Vulgate. It was explicitly stated‖ that in declaring the Vulgate the authentic edition to be used in preaching, disputations, and theological lectures, the Council did not thereby reject all other editions as false, but merely asserted its superiority over them. It, moreover, admitted the fact that many errors had crept into the original text, and requested the Pope to order these mistakes corrected as soon as possible. One of the bishops is recorded as saying that Christ and His Apostles used the very words of the Vulgate—a statement which our editor questions, although it is also recorded in the *Acta*.

*Pages 27, 434, 476. †Page 20, *et seq.*

‡Page 534. There were present at this session five cardinals, eight archbishops, forty-one bishops, three generals of religious orders, and two abbots.

§Pages 476-523. ‖Page 527.

The fifth session (June 17, 1546)* formulated first a decree on original sin. It declared that Adam by his fall had lost his original holiness and justice, and had deteriorated in both soul and body; that the sin of Adam had injured not only himself but all his descendants; that it had been transmitted to them by propagation; that the effects of Adam's sin are wholly taken away by the merits of Jesus Christ and His grace in baptism; that the concupiscence which still remains in man, has never been called sin by the Catholic Church, but that it comes from sin and inclines thereto; that this decree has no reference whatever to the dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

Most of the discussions preliminary to the fifth session† dealt with the decree on discipline, which had reference to the teaching of the Holy Scriptures, and the preaching of the Gospel by bishops, priests, and regulars. Some very bitter speeches were made regarding the duty of episcopal residence, and the preaching of regulars without episcopal approval. Pietro Pachecci, the Bishop of Jaën, and Braccio Martello, Bishop of Fiesole, were the chief offenders. Both Cardinal del Monte, the presiding legate, and Cardinal Pole, rebuked the Bishop of Fiesole on account of his "seditious, calumnious, quarrelsome, and illogical discourses."‡ They told him plainly that he was calumniating the Holy See by accusing it of granting privileges to the regulars contrary to the divine law, and that he was schismatical and heretical in spirit by attempting to limit unduly the Pope's power in their regard. The General of the Servites was the chief defender of the rights and privileges of the religious orders, and although his challenges were at times a bit vehement and melodramatic in tone, his points were well taken. He said in conclusion, "I wish the Council to consider carefully all the privileges granted by the Pope to the regulars. If the bishops assembled consider them harmful to the Church, we are willing to be deprived of them."§

The sixth session (January 13, 1547)‖ gives us the results of six months discussion in the form of a lengthy doctrinal decree on justification, and a disciplinary decree emphasizing the duty of episcopal residence and visitation.¶ The presiding legate expressly stated, in view of some rather angry discussions, that the Council

*Page 80. There were present at this session four cardinals, nine archbishops, fifty bishops, three generals of religious orders, and two abbots.

†Pages 50-80. ‡Pages 56-57. §Pages 59, 63.

‖Pages 121, 458, 601. There were present at this session four cardinals, ten archbishops, and forty-five bishops. ¶Pages 82-120, 440-458, 564-603.

did not convene to settle any controversies of the schools on questions of grace, but to condemn the errors and heresies of the reformers on justification.* They wished particularly to denounce Luther's heretical teaching on justification by faith alone, imputative justice, the slave will, election, merit, good works, etc.

The untiring and irrepressible Bishop of Fiesole made so many speeches that he finally wore out the patience of his listeners. Once, when he asked leave to speak, the presiding legate, with a twinkle in his eye, said, "I will *always* give his Grace of Fiesole permission to say whatever he desires," whereat all the Council, seeing his point, laughed heartily.†

The Cardinal of Trent lost his temper during a heated argument with Cardinal del Monte, and afterwards, while asking pardon for his vehemence, got angry again because the legate did not deign to reply, but merely nodded his head.‡ The presiding legate's kindly, dignified, and firm treatment of all the bishops is an evidence of one great quality of Pope Paul III.—the power of selecting capable men to carry out his will.

The seventh session (March 3, 1547)§ published a doctrinal decree on the sacraments in general, baptism and confirmation, and a disciplinary decree on matters connected with episcopal residence. The Council forbade the holding of incompatible benefices, and set forth the conditions required for valid appointments thereunto.

It is very interesting to note how the subject matter for the doctrinal decrees of this session was originally presented by the theologians. They submitted fifty-one questions for the consideration of the bishops, which were divided into three sections: theses which are absolutely heretical; theses which many theologians declare should not be condemned without some explanation; and theses which some theologians believe should not be condemned, but entirely ignored.

The eighth session (March 11, 1547)‖ did not publish any decrees. The legates declared the Council adjourned, and transferred it to Bologna, alleging the existence of a pestilence, which, according to the Council's physician, was then threatening the city. The bishops of the Emperor's party voted unanimously against the transfer, and declared that under no circumstances would they stir from Trent. They declared, in great anger, that the pestilence

*Page 108. †Page 124. ‡Page 100.

§Pages 124-136, 458-465, 601-621. There were present at this session three cardinals, nine archbishops, fifty-one bishops, five generals of religious orders, and two abbots. ‖Page 142.

was a myth, and that the real reason of the transfer was the unfriendliness that had arisen between the Pope and the Emperor.

As a matter of fact, they were estranged at this time, and remained so until the death of Paul III. The Pope bitterly resented the Emperor's refusal to give the investiture of Parma and Piacenza to his relative, Pierluigi Farnese,* and was angry at the Emperor's continued interference in theological matters. Charles V., in the manner of one of the old Byzantine emperors, tried to settle the doctrinal difference between Catholics and Protestants by his own authority. The famous *Interim* of Augsburg,† May 15, 1548, mentioned frequently in the text allowed Protestants to receive the Eucharist under both kinds, the married Protestant clergy to keep their wives, and the princes to retain the stolen ecclesiastical property. As might be expected, this decree satisfied no one. The Catholics rightly maintained that the Emperor had no right whatever to make concessions, and the Protestants denied the power of a General Council to legislate concerning their affairs.

It was stigmatized by the Protestant party as "a fornication with the whore of Babylon, a work of the devil, a revival of Papistry, and a scheme to undermine the pure faith."

The fourth diary‡ treats of the ninth (April 21, 1547) and tenth (June 2, 1547) sessions of the Council held at Bologna. No decrees were formulated at either session, although for eight months the theologians discussed the five sacraments of Extreme Unction, Orders, Matrimony, Penance, and the Eucharist, besides the Catholic teaching on Purgatory and Indulgences.

Continual protests were made by the Emperor and the thirteen bishops of his party, who were still at Trent, against the validity of the transfer,§ and although the Pope refused to consider their objections, their opposition prevented anything being accomplished at Bologna. Massarelli remained in the city until October 6, 1549,‖ but most of his time was spent in writing up his diaries and the *Acta* of the Council, and acting as inquisitor in a number of heresy trials. The diary closes with the death of Pope Paul III., November 10, 1549.

*Pages 244, 248, 310, 692.
†Pages 761, 762, 765-767, 771-773, 779, 831.
‡Pages 626-873. §Pages 737, 757. ‖Page 867.

THE MISSION'S LAST TENANT.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

A SMALL, crescent-shaped bay, formed by the wooded promontory of the Pointe de Montreal and the curve of the Canadian shore, such is the little harbor whose steep strand marks the site of a once-famed Jesuit mission for the Indians, during nearly two centuries a landmark of the blue strait, known as the Detroit River, that connects the great Lakes Huron and Erie.

Until a few years ago the original mission house was still standing, a long, low structure of huge squared logs, with white chimneys—a house surrounded by a pleasant orchard, planted by the good Father Poitier, S.J., at the period when large numbers of the Huron tribe worshipped in the rude chapel, whose foundation walls may, to-day, be traced in the field just beyond.

So solitary was the orchard in its age that it appeared to have been forgotten by the world. Having re-discovered it for ourselves, the girl artist and I spent many happy afternoons under the gnarled trees that occasionally dropped down to us a withered, rosy apple, wholesome and of excellent flavor, although but a meagre representative of the fine "pomme de neige" whose graft was brought from Normandy when Canada was a province of France.

Here we were ensconced one day, with sketch-book and writing-pad respectively, in the shade of the old French pear tree that, straight and tall, like a grenadier, guarded the entrance to the orchard. From our coign of vantage, looking up the wide, sunlit strait, we could see, on the northern bank, the buildings of the city of Detroit; opposite to us, across the shining waters, stood out the gray walls and green bastions of Fort Wayne, and all around us was the beauty of summer.

When we had first found this quiet sanctuary, the mission house was occupied by a swarming family of French-Canadians, descendants, perhaps, of the sturdy habitants that were employed to build it as a headquarters for the "Blackrobes" and explorers who, in the eighteenth century, roamed the wilderness from Michilimackinac to Louisiana.

Now, the ruin, whose unpainted timbers gave back a sheen of

silver, appeared deserted. That it was not entirely abandoned, nevertheless, soon became manifest, for, as we worked, its weather-beaten door opened, and from the shadowy interior issued a little old woman, who came quickly toward us, through the long grass to which the wild flowers gave a hue of purple, like the mists that lie on distant hills.

Like the venerable mission, its tenant was low in stature and of broad dimensions. The keen eyes, that studied us from beneath a grotesque, narrow-brimmed hat, reminded me of the dormer windows in the moss-grown roof, and her air, although unmistakably shabby, was that of one who opposes a strong and cheerful endurance to the ills of life.

"Madame, we are trespassers," I called out in French, for such was, evidently, her origin.

At the unexpected greeting in her native tongue, she forgot all else, and, clapping her hands together with the joy of a child, replied in the same language:

"Ah, it is good that madame speaks as I do, because I know not English."

As the mission's tenant spoke with a burr in her throat, there might be a doubt about the compliment, but on neither side was evidenced a disposition to be critical.

"And your name is —?" I said interrogatively.

"Madame Beaufort. My husband and I live here with the rats and the ghosts. My faith! I cannot tell which are the more troublesome."

"You are not a Canadian?" I hazarded further, leaving the question of the spiritual manifestations for another occasion.

"No, madame," she raised her head and spread her palms upward in a fine disdain. "I am from Poissy in France. So also is my husband. We have been, too, in Paris."

She must have been over sixty years of age and very poor, otherwise she would not have taken up her abode in this dilapidated house, isolated from the happy-hearted habitant families, for whose provincialism she professed so withering a scorn.

"From Paris to Detroit is a long journey," I said musingly.

Madame Beaufort sighed, and her glance swept over the scene before her, the expanse of azure waters flowing on in a swift tide to Lake Erie, the city not far away, the star-blazoned banner floating above the fort, the orchard with its fragrant grass, the birds singing in the trees, and, last of all, the old home of the missionaries.

"Yes, it is very far away, and so different," she faltered.

For a moment her round, wrinkled face lost its brightness and grew comically pensive, like the face of Pierrot when he weeps.

How we all, even to the humblest, look at life through the prism of the emotions! What did this woman know of the city of Paris beyond the wretchedness of the most miserable streets of Montmartre or the "quartiers" where the "little people" congregate? Here before her now lay the loveliness of earth, and sea, and sky, the peace of nature, and yet she saw no beauty in the prospect as she contrasted it with the picture in her mind.

"Oh, a day in the city's square, there is no such pleasure in life," quoted the girl artist, in a murmured aside.

"Madame has been in my country, perhaps?" asked the French woman wistfully, turning to me.

"In Paris and other parts of France, but not in Poissy."

"It is almost the same. Madame knows how beautiful are the fields of grain, with the poppies growing in between, how green and fresh are the market gardens for many miles about Paris. Ah, it is gay," she continued, resolutely banishing the regret aroused, it would seem, by the recollection of ancestral cabbage plots. "In France they sing and step lightly in the 'ronde, ronde, ronde!' Upon the Avignon bridge. Like this, madame."

Throwing off her hat, and catching up the sides of her blue print gown, Madame Beaufort began to dance around lightly in a ring, singing and tripping as merrily as any young girl in the parish of l'Assomption, the church whose slender spire rises from among the trees west of the mission, presenting one of the prettiest views along the river.

The dance was naïvely pathetic, the old woman, squat in figure yet sprightly, with her gray hair wound in tight plaits about her head and covered with a silk net, spinning around, now swaying backward and forward, now courtesying with the coquetry and affected grace of a young lass, and a playfulness that was ludicrously engaging. Yet this abandonment of gaiety was but a means of concealing deeper emotions. Madame Beaufort danced, because if she had not she must have cast herself down on the green carpet under the trees, and given herself to passionate weeping. In the midst of her witch-like gyrations she stopped short, and an expression of alarm settled upon her old face, over which smiles and frowns had alternately flitted during her fantastic ebullition of feeling.

"Madame," she cried earnestly, fearing I might misunderstand, "I dance, I sing, but I am not crazy."

"No, no, we comprehend," I hastened to reassure her, taking her brown hand in mine. "When the heart is touched, and sometimes when it is sad, we must laugh, sing, dance our merriest, or else weep bitterly. Is it not so?"

"Yes, yes, madame knows, madame has lived," she stammered, dashing the bright drops from her eyes. "My, I have no brains. 'Je suis bête comme une cruche,'* but I can dance; yes, all my life, whatever comes, I dance. Now, if it pleases madame and mademoiselle, I will show them my house. Monsieur Beaufort, he is gone to market."

Madame Beaufort pointed in the direction of Sandwich, the Canadian town a mile away, whither her lord and master, as the man proved literally to be, had betaken himself to sell garden truck and buy a few necessaries for madame's frugal housekeeping.

The old couple lived under one corner of the mission roof, and their "ménage" was simplicity itself. But Madame Beaufort led us through the unoccupied part of the ruin, from cellar to loft, with a grand air of proprietorship. Here was the kitchen where the Indians used to gather around the hearth. Never was hospitality refused them; indeed, the chiefs often sat at table with the good Father, the superior of the mission. There was the library where "Blackrobe" travelers from the wilds were made welcome, and where Father Poitier spent his scant leisure, with his few precious books and his writings. For he had set forth the Indian tongues in a manuscript that, unhappily, was lost in a great war. In those early days the garret was barricaded, so that the Indian women and children, and the old men, might find a safe shelter in the mission house, when the villages along the shore were attacked by redmen of hostile tribes, and the warriors were away on the warpath. Thus we went through all the shadowy rooms, whose walls, could they but speak, might have told us so many stories of the scenes of heroism they had witnessed. And then Madame Beaufort showed us her garden, as faithful a reproduction as might be of the vegetable patches that dot the country for miles in the environs of Paris.

It was over her leeks and chicory, lentils and cabbages, that the hale old woman told us the story of her life, which, translated into English, ran as follows:

"Seeing me now, perhaps, madame would not think that I had

*"I am as stupid as a pig."

the luck, good or bad, to get two husbands. Yet so it is. The first was a good man, alas, too good for this world. After he died I *fell in* with Monsieur Beaufort; we married, and after that I *fell out* with him many times, ha! ha! It was all because of my daughter, madame, the child of my first marriage. He was jealous of the love I gave her. Now she is married, and has children of her own, and we are out here in America. So there is peace on that score.

"It is twelve years since Monsieur Beaufort came from France to New York. From there he journeyed to Detroit, which place he thought was still a city of French-Canadians. When leaving me he had said he would send for me as soon as he found work. In six months he sent my passage money, and told me to come. My daughter wept, the children sobbed, and I felt that my heart would break, when I thought that I was taking leave of them forever, and such, indeed, the separation is like to prove. 'My son-in-law,' he said, 'do not go. Monsieur Beaufort is not so good to you as he might be; you shall have a home with us while you live.'

"From my soul I thanked him, madame, but—I came. My passage money was for the steerage, but my daughter bought a second cabin ticket for me. Mercy, the voyage! When I began to care to live, again, there was nothing to eat. They do not know how to cook on these great ships, madame. Ah, I have often thought since, as I did then, if I could only have had a cup of broth, such as I make every day from the vegetables that grow in every French peasant's garden, and which, as you see, flourish here as well. Well, I reached New York, but it was to find new difficulties. Since there was no one to meet me at the island called Ellis, and I had very little coin, I was detained until the officials should hear from Monsieur Beaufort. Not knowing me, they feared I might be telling them a lie, madame, and that I was trying to slip into this great rich country wrongfully, and might become a beggar in its city streets. But, I was not troubled. I gave them the name of my husband, and a man in uniform wrote it down, with the address. The place where the immigrants were lodged was well enough; but still there was no black broth, and for lack of it I could not eat. But I laughed and sang, and, sometimes, I danced to cheer up the women among us who were sad. After a few days came a letter concerning me. It was not from my husband, but from the Immigration Office in Detroit. My heart seemed to stand still when the official read it to me.

"'No man of the name you gave me has called at the office to inform the officials of your coming, and they can find no trace of any such man,' he said. 'You are like to become a public charge, I must send you back to France.'

"Ah, madame, then my heart began to beat again very fast, to beat with joy. It was all I could do to keep from dancing, even before those gruff men. Through no fault of mine, I was to be returned to France. I would see my daughter and my little grandchildren once more. I would spend the remainder of my life in the home my son-in-law had offered me. I wept, madame, but I wept from happiness. It was not for long. I took thought again, Monsieur Beaufort would never have sent the passage money if he had intended to desert me. 'There must be some mistake,' I declared, and taking my husband's letter from the bosom of my blouse, I showed the official the address Monsieur Beaufort had given me. It was written large and plain, if not over well.

"'B-e-a-u-f-o-r-t!' cried the man, picking it out letter by letter. 'Is that the way you spell it?'

"'How else would it be?' I asked with some sharpness. A woman does not care to be thought a fool, madame.

"'You said Bowfor, and so I wrote it, B-o-w-f-o-r,' he replied roughly. 'I shall have to communicate with the agent again.'

"The officials in America are not *all* clever, madame. How was I to know that I should have tried to speak French in the American fashion? Not all Americans *do,* to be sure not, madame, for instance," she added lest she might have given offence, and then went on. "The next time, when the answer came, it was all right. I journeyed on the steam cars by night and by day, and at last got to Detroit, yonder, very weary. And when I arrived Monsieur Beaufort was angry. He said the delay was all my fault. And perhaps it was since, as I have told, madame, I have no brains; I'm as stupid as a pig.

"Soon after my coming, we crossed over here to Canada, and took up our abode among the French-Canadians of l'Assomption parish. Monsieur Beaufort worked at his carpenter's trade, and I made a small garden, like this one, and sold the produce. We did well at first; but the years passed; my husband took ill; he became too old to work; I was ill too; the winters are so cold here, and there is such a great wind that one cannot keep warm. And so, we grew poorer and poorer, until we could pay no rent, and were

without a roof over our heads. Then the good Father of l'Assomption said tó us:

"'The old mission house is scarce more than a ruin, but, if you think it will afford you sufficient shelter, you are welcome to live in it.'

"And truly it makes a good lodging for us, madame. In winter I close all the rooms but the kitchen; Monsieur Beaufort makes a great fire in the chimney, and, with our store of vegetables and the wood we have gathered, we do very well. Yes, yes, the old house will last as long as we shall need it."

"But what of your daughter and her children?" I inquired, as Madame Beaufort paused to take breath.

The brightness died out of the wrinkled face, and its expression grew mournful.

"Ah, madame and mademoiselle," replied the old woman with a sigh, "in the beginning I had letters from my daughter, telling me of the little ones, messages that made my heart glad. But they also soon caused me trouble. Monsieur Beaufort was always vexed when the letters came. At such times he would linger in the wine shop of the town, or, coming home, would tell me I might return to France if I desired, for he was tired of seeing me weep over the precious letters, and he cared not at all to hear the news that was in them. So after that I hid my tears and laughed and sang again. Thus it was best to do. But, truly, it is long since I have danced, as to-day, in the sunshine.

"I seldom sent an answer to the letters. Since I have no brains I had to have the writing done for me, and one does not like to tell one's troubles to everyone. So, after a while, my daughter ceased to write. Perhaps she thinks I have moved away, perhaps she thinks I am no longer living. Still letters matter not so much between us, after all. She knows that while there is breath in me I shall love her; and afterwards, forever and forever, since one loves with the soul as well as with the heart, is it not so? I think of her every day, and in my mind I see her children grown tall and strong. Our love is a bridge across the sea, and over it our thoughts pass to each other, so I am content."

"But, by all the mission saints!" I cried thoughtlessly, "since Monsieur Beaufort did not treat you well, and your daughter was so devoted to you, why did you not stay with her? Why did you leave your country and all whom you loved?"

Our hostess drew back a little and stared at me in frank sur-

prise. The sun was now sinking into the opalescent waters down near Lake Erie, but a lingering ray of golden light, shining aslant through the trees of the orchard, brought out into strong relief the figure of the sturdy peasant as she stood before us Yet, was it only the sunlight that gave to her parchment-like face a softer expression, and to her squat figure a certain dignity as she answered? "My daughter is my daughter, madame, and her children are my grandchildren. It may be that my second marriage was a misfortune, of that I do not often speak. But Monsieur Beaufort *is my husband;* it was my duty to cleave to him. *Therefore I came.*"

A decade of years ago the mission farm was sold. Would that it could have been kept as a historic spot, and the mission house could have been preserved as a shrine, for, verily, great deeds for God and humanity and civilization were done here in the olden time! The soil tilled by several generations of aborigines under the supervision of the "Blackrobes," is now cultivated anew; the mission house has, with the exception of two or three rooms, been razed to the ground. The study where the good Father Poitier wrestled with the Indian tongues still exists, however, as the commercial office of the productive and prosperous vineyards of the vicinity. But the apple and pear trees have been cut down; and, together with the house and the orchard, the mission's last tenant has passed away.

The girl artist and I have wandered far from the beautiful strait, yet in memory I frequently see again its broad current sweeping past the Pointe de Montreal, the city nearby, the flag floating over the fort, and the little old woman dancing on the grass, or standing with the sunlight shining upon her face, as she unconsciously revealed, in naïve speech, the heroism of her simple life.

CANON SHEEHAN.

A MEMORY AND AN APPRECIATION.

BY JOHN J. HORGAN.

I.

I REMEMBER very well the last occasion on which I visited him at Doneraile. It was a glorious spring day. High overhead floated soft, white, fleecy clouds in a sky of vivid blue. As we drove along the high road from Mallow, suddenly at a turn in the way the beautiful panorama of wood and valley and mountain burst into view. There was Doneraile far below, as he himself once described it, "nestling in a deep well, sheltered by the impenetrable umbrage of woods and forests," away behind it lay the brown and green solitudes of the Ballyhoura hills, and to the left the towering Galtees, still topped with their winter nightcaps of snow. Across the hills the cloud shadows chased each other in the sun, below us in the fields a busy farmer guided his plow over the fresh green turf. All was peaceful, quiet, remote from the roar of the railway and the traffic of the town. And then we came down into the valley along the winding road, well shaded with interlacing trees, past the comfortable laborers' cottages, where his name was a household word, down the long village street, and there at the end was the Mecca of our pilgrimage, the little two-storied, unpretentious house where Canon Sheehan lived. A few yards away Spenser's "gentle Mulla" flowed on its even way through reeds and shallows. Across the road were the trees of Lord Castletown's beautiful demesne. All around was the quiet leisured flow of life in this prosperous little Irish village. There were the surroundings amidst which all his great work was done, not only the work which made his name famous throughout the world, but that other work which he placed first, his work as priest and guardian of his people.

II.

I had come for the week end, one of many that I had the honor and privilege of spending under his roof. In the afternoon we went for a drive to visit the historic Kilcolman, where Spenser

lived and wrote the *Faerie Queene*. It is an old, gray frontier castle, perched above a brown bog. From the summit on a clear day you can see five counties. The Galtees seem to frown over your head, and the lordly Shannon is a gleam of glory on the horizon. We talked there amongst the ruins of many things; of how it was there Spenser welcomed Raleigh, newly-home from his voyage round the world, bringing with him those two commonplace necessities of modern life, potatoes and tobacco; of how there, too, he wrote his magnificent *Epithalamium* in loyal fealty to his Irish wife, and how there finally as a reward for his ruthless policy the " wilde Irishe," as he called them, burnt his castle to the ground.

Back at Doneraile again we spent the afternoon in the garden he loved so well. The long, narrow garden, a *hortus conclusus, et disseptus* with its high trees and shrubs, the garden with which readers of his books are so familiar, and which he greatly loved. Here he showed me the crocuses bursting up joyously from their winter sleep, and we paced up and down the narrow-sheltered path where much of his work was thought out. There, too, was the little wooden summerhouse where in summer he often wrote. Before his last illness fell upon him, he often worked in the garden himself, directing or helping the gardener. It was his place of peace and meditation—secure from all interruption or observation; it was there he spent the happiest hours of his life. And when the evening came, we strolled out along the country roads in the dusk, and talked of books and men. He was at his best then. He never shone in a crowd. His natural shyness and modesty, which he so often admitted and deplored, seemed in a crowded company to dry up that delightful easy flow of genial, speculative conversation to which those who knew him intimately loved to listen. But with a friend on a country walk or by his own fireside, few men were more interesting or more entertaining. Interesting not only because he talked well himself, but because, like all good talkers, he drew from his companion the best he could give to the common discussion. Americans and others anxious to meet the famous author, often traveled to Doneraile to see him, but I fear many went away without ever meeting the real Canon Sheehan that his friends knew so well.

His house spoke of the man. Books everywhere. On the drawing-room table; in broad compact bookcases around the dining room; in marshaled ranks lining the little study upstairs where he read and wrote. And all methodically neat. As he wrote some-

where himself, he was a precisian, and this neatness and order was reflected in his writings and in his life. But in that house there was no luxury, no ostentation, no display.

The following day was Sunday, and I had the privilege of attending his Mass, and listening to his simple, beautiful, little sermon, in the fine old parish church, which he had done so much to beautify and repair. In the afternoon we went up together to the splendid field beyond the river, where every Sunday the young Gaelic athletes of the surrounding parishes contended for supremacy. There was a hurling match in progress, a fine exciting match well played. It was delightful to see him there amongst his people, quiet and unpretentious, the gentle parish priest beloved by all, sharing the pleasures and sports of the crowd with all the enthusiasm and interest of a boy. Those who wish to read one of the best descriptions ever written of a hurling match, should turn to the first chapter in his novel *Glenanaar,* and they will find there a description of such a scene as we saw that afternoon. And in *Parerga* also there is another description of a similar scene. I shall always like to think of him, as I remember him that Sunday, a genial smile lighting up his keen intellectual face as he pointed out to me the celebrated players and the points of the game; one likes to remember a dear friend at his best, and he was at his best then.

III.

And now I turn from this happy memory to write something, feeble and unworthy though it be, about his life. Patrick Augustine Sheehan was born in New Street, Mallow, on March 17, 1852. It was probably the day of his birth that determined his baptismal name; while his own choice at a later epoch fell on the glorious son of St. Monica, whose praises he was afterwards to sound with fervent eloquence. He did not play a noisy part amongst the juvenile "rakes of Mallow," but grew up a reserved, solitary boy. My uncle who was then curate at Mallow, often told me of how he gave Canon Sheehan his first musical lessons in the church choir. Readers of *My New Curate* will remember the village choir over which Father Letheby presided, and how he "brought clear to the front the sweet tenors of the schoolboys, on whom he said all his hopes depended." It was a picture of his own schoolboy triumphs in the Mallow choir.

Very early he showed a singular aptitude for mathematics, and

his last two years at the Mallow National School were devoted exclusively to geometry and algebra. His classical education was not begun until 1866, when he entered St. Colman's College, Fermoy. In 1868 he took fourth place in the concursus, and was anxious to go to Rome for his ecclesiastical studies. He was dissuaded, however, and returned to the Diocesan Seminary. He never lost his affection for St. Colman's, and in after years he devoted a considerable part of the profits from his books to renovating the college chapel, and also for its general advancement. Gaining the first place at the next concursus, he went to Maynooth in September, entering for the class of logic. Strange to say he escaped distinction during his Maynooth course, so completely that after he became famous many who were almost his contemporaries at college, have been slow to believe that he was ever a student of Maynooth.

The explanation is chiefly that he was in very delicate health during the whole of his Maynooth career, from 1869 to 1874. All his family died at an early age, except a younger brother, who survives him, and who holds a high position under the local government board. So unsatisfactory was his health at this period, that he was obliged to interrupt his theological studies in the academical year 1872-1873, remaining at home to rest for those twelve months. Meanwhile, however, he was not losing time or letting his mind lie fallow. He was an omnivorous but desultory reader in the sectional libraries of the college. Carlyle and Tennyson were his teachers during this period. From the former he learned the gospel of work, which had a marked influence on all his after life. He was fascinated by Tennyson's dreaminess, mysticism, and music, and learned by heart a great many of his poems. You will find apt quotations from Tennyson in nearly all his books, and in most of his addresses. Later on he was repelled by Carlyle's hatred of the Church, and by his unchristian doctrine of brute force; and Tennyson he exchanged for the more robust thought of Dante and Browning. Such reading was not without its influence on his professional work. Father Tom Burke once said that he read poetry every day, in order to gain as much vividness and sweetness as he could for his language in the pulpit.

Canon Sheehan received the Holy Order of Priesthood at the earliest legal age. He was ordained in the Cathedral of Cork on the Feast of St. Joseph's Patronage, 1875, which is kept on the third Sunday after Easter, and was, therefore, in that year the 18th of April. The diocese of Cloyne being at that time sufficiently

supplied with priests, he was lent to a less fortunate English diocese. The Bishop of Plymouth placed him on the staff of his cathedral, and in Plymouth he preached his first sermon on the first Sunday of May, the subject being the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. One of his earliest sermons was on the sanctity of the Church, and a remarkable circumstance is connected with it. A very famous clergyman of the Established Church, the Rev. Robert Hawker, Vicar of Morwenstow in Cornwall, broke down in health that year, gave up his vicarage, and came to his native town Plymouth. On the evening that the young Irish priest preached on the sanctity of the Church, the retired vicar sat under the pulpit with his wife and three daughters. This fact was brought out strongly in the local newspaper by angry Protestants, when Mr. Hawker's conversion was announced a few days later.

This was Canon Sheehan's last sermon at Plymouth, as he was soon afterwards moved to Exeter, where the remainder of his time in England was spent. Here he officiated for two years under the saintly Canon Hobson, for whom he ever afterwards retained the most graceful and affectionate regard. During these years, amid all the occupations and distractions of active life, Canon Sheehan read and studied far more theology than during all the years of college life set apart exclusively for such studies. In the midst of heretical surroundings, and addressing, Sunday after Sunday, congregations largely composed of actual or probable converts, his profound sense of responsibility towards the souls with whom he came in contact, urged him to exert his powers to the utmost, and he felt himself obliged to master every subject of controversy that might help souls on to the light. It was an experience gained during this period of his life that he afterwards drew largely for some of the most interesting chapters in *The Triumph of Failure, Luke Delmege,* and other of his books. He was probably more reluctant to be taken from such congenial and fruitful work, when the Bishop of Cloyne called him back to Ireland, than he had been to leave home originally and go into exile.

Of the thirty-eight years that have elapsed since he returned to Ireland, the first four were spent in his native parish of Mallow. One of the first works he undertook in this new sphere of action was the formation of a Young Men's Society. This interest in the work of the young Catholic laity was one of his leading characteristics, as all who have read his works are aware. An inaugural lecture which he delivered to this society in 1880 was one of his

earliest publications. In 1881 he was transferred to Queenstown, where he labored for eight years. Here it was that his literary career fairly began with a simple little story called *Topsy,* written for a children's magazine. Some other short stories of this period have been reprinted by the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland amongst their penny publications. His first long story, however, *Geoffrey Austin, Student,* was not attempted till his second curacy in the place of his birth, for in 1899 he returned from Queenstown to Mallow.

He had previously contributed many articles to the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record,* and an essay of his in *The Irish Monthly* on *The Two Civilizations* excited the warm admiration of Judge O'Hagan. The friendship which was thus early formed between him and Father Matthew Russell, continued to the end, and many of his most beautiful poems and short articles first saw the light in *The Irish Monthly.* The first work of his I ever read was a poem on the sea, which appeared in its pages. Before he left Queenstown, however, his health completely broke down from overwork. He fell into such a state of nervous prostration that he had to be relieved from all duty for a year (1888), which he spent at Glengariff and Youghal. Like the similar interruption of his Maynooth life, this year was by no means intellectually blank.

In 1895 he was appointed parish priest of Doneraile. Here the aid of two curates left him sufficient leisure to achieve the literary work which has laid Catholic readers in every country in the world under a heavy debt of gratitude. *Geoffrey Austin* was followed by *The Triumph of Failure* (1899), in which some of the same characters appear, and which was his favorite work. If *The Triumph of Failure* did not meet with the success it deserved, his next book, *My New Curate* (1900), raised Canon Sheehan to a position in the world of letters which was unique. It appeared first in the *American Ecclesiastical Review,* and had an enormous sale in America before it was appreciated here. In it he revealed himself as a master of a singularly pure, lucid, and cultured English style, and as one of the little band of great writers who have truly and sympathetically portrayed Irish life. Then followed from his pen a series of novels, essays, and poems which enhanced and increased his fame. Of these the most interesting to my mind are *Luke Delmege, Glenanaar, The Blindness of Dr. Gray,* and the two delightful books of essays, *Under the Cedars and the Stars,* and *Parerga,* which are perhaps the best literary work he ever did.

Of his novels I like *Glenanaar* much the best, and consider that the dramatic description of O'Connell's defence of the Doneraile conspirators was one of the finest things he ever wrote. O'Connell dominates the scene from his first angry interruption of the surprised solicitor-general with the words, "That is not law," until the final collapse of the Crown case under his determined attack. It was one of O'Connell's greatest triumphs.

When his work became known in Rome, Propaganda recommended him to the Pope for the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity, which was immediately conferred upon him. And then when he was at the height of his fame, came the first warning of the illness which was to be fatal. He told no one, not even his brother, but obtained the best advice, and finding that it was at best only a matter of a few short years, he set himself quietly and cheerfully to complete his work. Last year when I wrote to congratulate him on his birthday, he wrote back, "Ever so many thanks for your kind wishes just received. I close my sixtieth year tonight, not a bad record for one who was often told he would never comb his hair gray. Are you writing a book? I have no respect for ephemeral literature, and I often see *Great Catholic Laymen* alluded to in foreign papers, especially Australian, as a leading Catholic work." This last reference was to my book, for which he had kindly written a preface in 1905, and in the publication of which he took a great interest. But the condition of his health became rapidly worse, and, finally, in the early part of this year, he had to be removed to the South Infirmary at Cork for special care and nursing. Sad as it was to find him ill and suffering, it was a great consolation to be able to see him so near and so often. Every week I called on him, generally on Saturday afternoons, when my work was done, and brought him books from my heterogeneous library, for his intellect was as keen as ever, and reading did not tire him.

He had a most open mind. All literature was interesting to him, and he read very quickly. After a time the careful nursing and skillful medical treatment began to tell, and soon he was allowed down into the garden, and the good nuns lent him a quiet little room near the chapel, where he could sit and read undisturbed. Through it all he never complained. He knew that his illness was hopeless and his cure impossible, but he wanted to get back once more to Doneraile to die in harness amongst his own people. And in the early spring his brother took him back to the little village,

amidst the trees and the garden that he loved. For sometime we had good news of him, everything seemed to be going well, and he returned by degrees to the daily round of duty. But it was not for long. The heavy hand of illness descended on him again, and he had to give up everything. His brother was with him. He saw many of his old friends up to a few days before the end. Then the final weakness came upon him, and he could see no one. He could not even read, he who had so much loved books. Quietly and patiently he waited for the end, reciting fervently and frequently the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, to whom his devotion was great. He had written a beautiful book in her praise, *Mariæ Coronæ*. And at last on Rosary Sunday he passed quietly away. Catholic Ireland had lost one of its greatest sons.

IV.

We are too near him yet to be able to estimate the place he will eventually take amongst the writers of our time. His works have been translated into all the leading European languages. Great masters of literature have spoken of them in terms of well-deserved praise. But I do not think that all this ever gave him more than a moment's passing pleasure. To him his priesthood was before and above everything else. He won the love and reverence of all his people, rich and poor, old and young, ignorant and educated. And he was always working and striving for them. He disliked all humbugs and charlatans, and measured their worth without saying a hurtful word. I do not think anyone ever saw him in a temper or heard him say a bitter thing. A few days before he died, he was looking through some old papers and manuscripts with his brother, and they came to a big pile of memoirs and recollections which he had written from time to time. "Ah," he said, "we will burn these, they might hurt some people's feelings if they were ever published." His friends will regret this decision (which unfortunately he carried out), whilst they respect the fine charity of the man.

He has left behind it is true a finished novel, *The Graves of Kilmonna,* which deals with the rising of '67, and some other manuscripts, which will no doubt be published in due course. Like all his work it is committed to paper fully and perfectly, not in an illegible scrawl like Carlyle's, or with "walking sticks gone mad" (as Tennyson described Dr. W. G. Ward's), but with characters,

deft, uniform, neat, and even elegant, while at the same time simple and unaffected. If my readers believe, as I do, that handwriting often betrays personal characteristics, they will appreciate the significance of the epithets I have applied to Canon Sheehan's calligraphy.

He never let his literary work impair his pastoral efficiency. He used to rise early, and offer Mass at Our Lady's altar in his parish church. When not otherwise bound he always applied it through her hands to the soul in purgatory that was next to be released, for he held that devotion to the Holy Souls is the perfection of charity, just as devotion to our Blessed Lady is the secret of all civilization in its reverence for womanhood, and as the ineffable mystery of the Eucharist is the solution of all the mysteries of life. After breakfast he used to visit the schools or some of his parishioners, and in these quiet walks he composed much of what he afterwards wrote down. But his favorite place for composition was, as I have already said, his garden. Flowers and little children were his chief delights. He seldom left Doneraile, and a few weeks at the sea—sometimes Ballycotton, sometimes Kilkee—were the only holidays he ever took. The sea was ever present to him.

> There could be no solitude here [he wrote], for voices were ever calling, calling to you; and you had to shade your eyes from the glare of the sunlit foam, that not only dazzled and blinded at your feet, but floated up in a kind of sea-dust that filled all the air with sun mists, and was shot through and through with rainbows that melted and appeared again, and vanished as the sunlight fell, or the wind caught the smoke of the breakers and flung it back against the steel blue, darkened sea without. Far up along the coast, you could see the same glorious phenomenon—a fringe of golden foam breaking helplessly against iron barriers; and here and there where a great rock stood alone and motionless, cut loose from the mainland by centuries of attrition, you might behold cataract after cataract of molten gold pouring out and over it, covering it for a moment in a glittering sheet of water, and then diminishing into threads of silver as the spent waves divided into tiny streamlets and fell. It was again the eternal war of nature, the aggressive sea, flinging its tremendous tonnage of waters on the land; and the patient rocks washed and beaten and tortured forever turning their faces to the sea.

You understand now how he loved the sea.

V.

I came again to Doneraile on the day of his funeral. All the countryside had come to do him homage. A nation mourned by his grave. Lords and members of Parliament, farmers and laborers, professional men and artisans, all at one in their sorrow and in their loss. But it was in the little house by the river that one missed him most. The gentle presence, the quiet voice, the kindly smile, all gone. And yet not altogether gone. For his example lives—the example of pain borne without complaint, of duty nobly done, of a great work for Ireland, and the faith persevered in to the end. The procession passed through the little village street, through the convent grounds, where he so often went to encourage and help the good nuns in their work, and finally they laid him to rest beside his church. There his body lies, but his brave soul has gone from us—he has passed to his reward.

In the garden of death, where the singers whose names
are deathless,
One with another make music unheard of men.

"YEA, AND HIS OWN LIFE ALSO."

BY FRANCIS P. DONNELLY, S.J.

WHAT, must I ever whet the altar knife,
My God and Father? Oh, relent, relent!
Wouldst Thou have every tie be rudely rent,
Of blood, of friendship, mother, child or wife?
Must heart-beat with its fellow beat have strife,
And will the edge of war's arbitrament
Through raw, through quick, through quivering soul be sent,
Unto the parting of my life from life?
Alas, but Thou wilt have it so with me,
Blending sweet solace with the bleeding smart
And forging weakness to the strength of Christ.
Bleak Bethlehem and darkest Calvary
And spear that slays the slain, teach my faint heart:
Love is best love when love is sacrificed.

THE TIME SPIRIT IN MUSIC.

II. THE PROBLEM OF THE PRESENT.

BY THOMAS J. GERRARD.

SINCE in Beethoven intellectual design seemed to have reached its apogee, no alternative was left the composer but to seek originality in new color rather than in new design. Since in Beethoven pure music was at its purest, novelty could only be obtained through new elements. So a reaction set in towards mixed music, and specifically towards what is called programme music, where the words are not sung, but a description of the ideas to be conveyed is printed on the programme. Beethoven, himself, gave the impetus to this new direction, but he is careful to tell us his descriptive music is rather the expression of inward feeling than outward painting. Although Beethoven's intellectual level was not maintained, his intellectual principle was. It is paramount in Spohr, Weber, Berlioz, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, and Dvorâk. The staggering blow to real music was first dealt by a Wagner.

Wagner was undoubtedly a very great musician. But Wagner came of a family of actors, and he was a dramatist first and a musician afterwards. He built his music *according to the exigencies of the dramatic situation.* He was not anti-intellectual in the same sense as some of the later modernists. He kept an intellectual grip on all his work, but it was his individual intellect uncorrected by the collective intellect. If he made a mistake, he stuck to it, and worked it out to its logical consequences. Hence, although his music contains some of the finest overtures of all time, some of the most entrancing melodies, some of the most compelling choruses, it contains, also, many, long, tiresome recitatives. The rarity of closing cadences causes nerve strain. The trained musician will not feel it, but the psychological effect on the average hearer is decidedly unhealthy. More harmful still is the authority given to smaller men to dispense with the laws of beauty, and, under plea of sincerity, to express *any* and *every* subjective state.

Before an artist answers the question: "Ought I to express

what I feel?" he ought to ask a previous question: "Ought I to *feel* what I feel?" If he ponder morbidly an illicit feeling, he is an incipient lunatic. If he present it to the general public through the medium of a music-drama or a symphonic poem, he is a criminal. If he do so and call it sincerity, he is a hypocrite.

Since exaggerated subjectivism is the selective principle of modernism, each modern becomes a class by himself. Strauss, Ravel, Moussorgsky, Mahler, Reger, Debussy, Scriabin, Schönberg cannot be said to be Wagnerian. No two of them can even be called affinities. To keep our inquiry within tangible limits, we will choose the last three as representing three degrees of extreme modernity.

Claude-Achille Debussy was born in 1862 at St. Germain-en-Laye. He was educated at the Paris Conservatory, and consequently received a thorough grounding in the classic forms. No charge of incompetence can be brought against him. What he does, he does with full knowledge and intent. He early showed a disposition to assert his independence. The Prix de Rome which he won at the Conservatory, enabled him to follow a course of study in Italy. Not satisfied he went to Russia to observe the extempore music of the wandering gypsies. The outcome of this we find as the chief characteristic of his later work—the formless expression of primitive, natural impulses. Debussy was fond of day-dreaming, and essayed throughout his music to express their incoherent and fleeting substance. Whilst living in Rome he submitted to the Société des Beaux Arts in Paris two works, first *Le Printemps,* and then, a year later, a setting to a French translation of Rosetti's *Blessed Damozel.* Although the board of examiners was comprised of such moderns as Gounod, Delibes, Massanet, Saint-Saëns, Thomas, and Reyer, both works were declared to be "erratic and infected with modernism." The rejection of his work by the Société des Beaux Arts only stung him into more determined rebellion.

About 1893 Debussy came into prominence. His chief work at this time, the one which has given him most fame in England and America, was the prelude *L'apres-midi d'un faune.* It can hardly be called descriptive music, nor yet pure music. It attempts to express the feelings left after reading Malarme's poem of the same name. He reached the height of his success in 1903, when his lyric drama *Pelléas et Mélisande,* a musical setting to a drama by another pseudo-mystic, Maurice Maeterlinck, was produced at

the Opéra-Comique in Paris. In this there is a certain amount of unity owing to the sequence of the story. But it is a literary unity, not a musical unity. Musically it is a collection of Debussy's moods and colors. The orchestra provides an atmosphere rather than a design as a setting for the voice.

The composer desires to dispense with what he considers parasitic musical phrases. Melody, he maintains, is anti-lyrical. Its rhythm differs from the rhythm of the soul, whose feelings vary frequently and rapidly. The music to express these feelings must be capable of frequent and rapid change. If musical form does not directly adapt itself to express impulse, it must be blotted out. Intellectual symphonic development is entirely out of keeping with dramatic life and action. When design has been thus cast aside nothing is left but color. Those who like the new colors discovered by Debussy, call them quaint, those who do not, call them eccentric. They are derived from a scale which is a convention of Debussy with himself. Some say he picked it up in Russia, others that he made it up from the Gregorian modes. In any case, it is certainly not Gregorian as it stands. It is, however, well adapted to produce that quality of modern music which is called its mystery.

Debussy does not wish us to inquire too closely into his mystery, lest we see through it and it be no longer mystery. Herein lies the difference between true and false mysticism. A real mystery is a truth partly revealed and partly concealed; by meditating on the part revealed we go on receiving new insights into the part concealed. A false mystery is a truth wherein the known terms are too confused and ill-defined for us to grasp it. When we analyze the given terms and coördinate them, we understand everything, and there is an end to the so-called mystery. Debussy calls such analysis *un crime de lèse-mystère.*

Bach and Beethoven, however, have lost nothing of their mystery by analysis. Nay, the more we analyze them, the more mystery we find. There is ever a receding " beyond," the perennial interest which constitutes true mystery. But when mystery is obtained by the juxtaposition of unrelated chords, by the repetition of unresolved dissonances, by successions of perfect fifths, by spasmodic changes of time, devices meant to produce intellectual confusion, the result is mistiness not mystery. As in all other spheres of experience, the problem of intellectualism in music is allied to the problem of will. When intellectual light has been snuffed out, the only principle of guidance left is animal impulse.

In the determinism of irrational nature, Debussy finds his "splendid object-lessons of liberty." The freedom he asks is not the freedom of a reasonable human being. It is an independence which is the very antithesis of such freedom, the independence of the animal impulses from intellectual control. Recognized beauty of musical form must be sacrificed to obtain this end. "Therefore," he says, "no fixed rule should guide the creative artist: rules are established by works of art, not for works of art. One should seek discipline in freedom, not in the precepts of a philosophy in its decline, and that is good only for those who are weak."

Debussy was not as advanced in practice as he was in principle. His use of the cyclical method gives coherence to large areas of his work, and saves much of it from the reproach of mere sensuousness. Then, too, his practice of applying music to symbolize natural sounds kept him in touch with the objective world. His *Reflets dans l'eau* is a beautiful idealization of a rippling stream and the trembling shadows beneath it. In his *Jardins sous la pluie* we can hear the drip, drip of the rain, the sharp shower, and afterwards the bright sunshine falling on the leaves, but all beautifully idealized, as far removed from vulgar imitation as it is possible to be. If he had only balanced human nature as he balanced the nature of the streams and clouds and flowers, he might have been the prophet whom the exigencies of modern music demand.

Still more subjective and nebulous is the Russian composer, Scriabin. Theosophy is the secret of his eccentricity, and he uses all the modern tricks to give its ideas expression. Scriabin was born at Moscow in 1872. Educated for a military career, he early renounced it to enter the Moscow Conservatory. He studied pianoforte, and in 1892 was a gold medalist. He spent much time in Paris, Brussels, and Amsterdam, building up his reputation as a pianist. In 1898 he returned to the Moscow Conservatory as professor of pianoforte, which position he held until 1903. Then he resigned and gave himself entirely to composition.

Prometheus, "a tone poem of fire, a musical exposition of the philosophy of theosophy," has recently won him European notoriety. The hero is not the hero of Æschylus, but one of the "Sons of the Flames of Wisdom," who has as special mission to humanity to convey the spark which develops into human intelligence and consciousness. The chaos in the beginning of things, when sounds were elementary and natural, has to be interpreted. A theme having confusion in it becomes an inevitable component

of the modernist tone poem, an excuse for producing hideous sounds, which politeness requires us to call cacophony.

Scriabin produces his cacophony by the use of a scale basis of his own invention. It is something like that of Debussy, only a little more eccentric. His work is all tone or musical color. To elucidate its meaning, he proposes to invent machines whereby his hearers may receive simultaneous sensible impressions of the metaphorical color and smell of music. The artistic principles so laboriously wrought out by Palestrina, Bach, and Beethoven now fade away before the tricks of the light-piano, the color-organ, and the smell-machine. Intelligence retires in the presence of sensuality. And still the composer cannot express himself, but must issue a long descriptive programme to tell his hearers what he means.

If we take Debussy as analogous to early post-impressionist painters, and Scriabin as analogous to the later ones, then we may class our next example, Arnold Schönberg, as analogous to the futurists. Debussy and Scriabin had each a definite scale basis, scales with some remote foundation in the nature of things. Schönberg employs the whole chromatic scale in one chord combination. He literally sits on the keyboard of his piano, and thereby produces his artistic cacophony! Yet Schönberg is not a member of the Stock Exchange playing a Saturday afternoon joke. He is a musician of European repute. He was born at Vienna in 1874. In 1901 he went to Berlin, acting first as kapellmeister in Wolzogen's "Buntem Theatre," and later as teacher of composition at the Sternschen Konservatorium. In 1903 he returned to Vienna. For seven years he worked successfully as a private teacher of composition. In 1910 he received an appointment for the same subject in the Imperial Academy of Music. Late in 1911, however, he returned to Berlin. In his book on harmony there is a passage which sums up not only his own life work, but the whole of the method of modernist art. He says: "The artist does nothing which other people hold to be beautiful. He simply does that which he himself feels that he must do."*

Schönberg is an artist who has come to himself. He speaks only to the elect. There is a kind of silent outspokenness, whatever that may be, between him and his friends. But how may one become an *illuminati?* Be open and yielding. Throw aside everything to which you are accustomed, all principle, conviction, infal-

*"Der kunstler tut nichts, was andere für schön halten, sondern nur, was ihm notwendig ist." *Arnold Schönberg,* von Karl Linke, etc., p. 22.

libility, nervousness. Put out the lights in the room and listen to yourself within. Then suddenly the light will flood your soul.

If Schönberg cannot express himself in sound, he expresses himself in paint. His hand is guided not by understanding, but by a strong inexplicable impulse, which overpowers the defenceless artist. He has only this feeling: "Something is happening to me. My hand is being led." When he has finished these pictures he calls them "Visions." I have two of them lying on my desk. One looks like an ape with the earache. The other, like Satan in delirium tremens. Such is the drama of the vast inwardness. Schönberg's music steers us with unerring aim into a great chaos. It takes us along paths which give no indication either of coming to an end or of going to anywhere. Tradition is the wall which bars entrance to the new cacophonious world. Tradition, the idol of a bygone day, must be shattered.

We are loth to follow this movement to its still lower depths. It would not be difficult to show its association with rag-time and the degenerated dances connected therewith. It is time to ask whether there be no way out of the mess. Is there no modern school which retains the traditions of the past, and yet is alive to the needs of the present and the future? Our English composers are very correct, as clear as twice two are four, and as barren. Our musical festivals have given birth to an endless number of useless oratorios and cantatas, Balaam, Beelzebub, Potiphar, and the like. But they are all so prim and uninteresting that they die quite young. Even Elgar, whom we would like to claim as the Newman of music, has foregone the promise of his *Dream of Gerontius*. We ask again: Is there no living composer who satisfies or at least assuages the modern demand for tone, color, and feeling without apostatizing from intellect? Is there no artist in musical sound who utters the claims of enhanced individuality without apostatizing from the collective judgment?

Such a prophet seems to stand among the French group of writers. We may be premature in speaking thus of Vincent d'Indy, but we think we see in him one who understands the aspirations of the time-spirit, one who is in constant communication with its every slighted movement, yet is thoroughly saturated with and enamored of tradition, who, in fine, is capable of speaking the ancient truth to the modern world.

D'Indy inherits his Bach-Beethoven tradition from his master, César Franck, who was born at Liège in 1822, and died in 1890.

Franck was a professor at the conservatory in Paris. He studied and employed every form of the musical art. He is best known, however, for his organ compositions, and for his oratorio *Les Béatitudes.* In *Les Béatitudes* he sustains the beauty of reason, clothed with feeling. The music is solid architectural design, and alive with mystic poetry. Franck suggests mystery, not by cacophony, but by silences. With the fact value there is a spirit value, and the silent periods following upon the spoken word give opportunity for reflection and inference.

Franck was alive and working when the Wagnerian crash came, and he was courageous enough to stand out against it. His was not an unreasonable complaint, but a protest founded on a thorough scientific knowledge of his art, and made effectual by his strong personality, and the moral authority which he exercised on his circle of friends.

Vincent d'Indy was born at Paris in 1851. With the exuberance of French youth, he thought he could make a short cut to the end without using the means, and wrote a grand opera without studying counterpoint and fugue. But just then he had the good fortune to fall under Franck's influence, and became his pupil at the conservatory. For several years he played the drums in the Colonne orchestra, and eventually acted as chorus master, all to gain experience. Out of the fullness of his knowledge he wrote three important works: *Le Chant de Cloche,* a dramatic legend; *Fervaal,* an opera in three acts, and *L'Etranger,* an opera in two acts, all characterized by extraordinary knowledge of technical combinations, and rich fecundity of color. The real genius of d'Indy shows itself in that with such a complete knowledge of orchestration based on practical experience, he yet depended chiefly on the resources of design for the production of color. His melody may even be called poor, but so intelligently is it manipulated that the simplest themes become gorgeous under his treatment. In studying M. d'Indy's work, we realize St. Thomas' requirement of *claritas* for the perfection of a work of art. Not the clearness of plain banalities of the two and two make four type, but the clearness of a great complexity of elements organized in harmonious unity.

That master critic, M. Romain Rolland writes of d'Indy: M. d'Indy eliminates very little: he organizes. He employs in his music the qualities of a commander: intelligence of aim and patient will-power to attain, a complete knowledge of the means at his disposal, a sense of order, and a mastery of himself and his work.

In spite of the variety of materials which he employs, the ensemble is always clear." Although d'Indy was born in Paris, yet his parents came from the mountains, and his delight has ever been to go to the mountains to breathe in the inspirations of nature. His *Poème des Montagnes* (1881), his *Symphonie sur un thème Montagnard français* (1886), and his *Jour d'été dans la montagne* (1905) illustrate both his power to idealize scenes from nature, and the evolution of his form from the material to the spiritual. D'Indy is now engaged on a great oratorio, *St. Christopher.*

It is true d'Indy has many critics. He has not made the same splash as Debussy. His work is not so sensational, but it will certainly be more permanent. He is above all things an artist. But he is also a propagandist, as his connection with the *Scuola Cantorum* shows.

The *Scuola Cantorum* is a rival of the conservatory of Paris. It was founded by d'Indy, Charles Bordes, and A. Guilmant primarily for the reform of church music by a return to plain chant and Palestrina. To meet the problem of how to apply the restrictions of ecclesiastical usage to the enrichment of secular art, its founders turned for guidance to the musicians who had set things right after Monteverde's rebellion several centuries earlier—to Heinrich Schütz, and Giovanni Gabriele and the German and Italian composers of the seventeenth century who prepared the way for Bach. In 1900 d'Indy became head of the school, and at once set about enlarging its ideals and activities.

The principles of M. d'Indy and his school may be summed up as a strong faith in the classic traditions combined with a sane eclecticism; a summary, truly, of the notes of development as opposed to corruption. Strong faith in the classic tradition sounds the notes of continuity of principles, logical sequence and conservative action upon the past. Venture in a sane eclecticism sounds the notes of power of assimilation, anticipation of the future and chronic vigor. The leader of such a movement cares nothing for the glamor of public applause. He may well be content to await the steady growth which all history shows to be the condition of healthy life.

THE GENERAL CONVENTION OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

BY JOHN F. FENLON.

WE are sometimes interesting for reasons we do not suspect. The recent General Convention of the Episcopal Church attracted an unusual degree of attention, if big headlines and generous notices in the papers had their accustomed effect. Many readers were won by a pure interest in religion; many others, under the inspiration of the press, cherished the devout hope of seeing a good fight. The public, which dearly loves to see the godly in a fight, was led to expect a battle royal between the Catholic and Protestant parties in the Episcopal Church. The convention met; the opposing parties debated, divided, skirmished, but they did not fight; there were no casualties; hardly anyone lost his temper; politeness, urbanity, reigned; excitement there was none. It was all a sad disappointment. And so the wearied public toward the close of October, turned for comfort to the New York campaign in the hope (which was realized) that it would bear little resemblance to a prayer meeting. The disciple of Mr. Chesterton will say they did not fight because they did not feel. It appears he will be mistaken. The truth is, we are told, that a clash was averted because the feeling was too intense, the havoc would be too great; just as modern nations avoid war, because the consequences would be too terrible. The battle is yet to be; it must be; although it may be fought out silently, on many a field, and the victory really won before the last clash on the floor of some future convention. In the meantime, although there was no great battle, there were several minor ones of significance; and much that was said and done at this convention is of interest to those who watch the fortunes of religion.

I.

Let us begin with the message of the constituted authorities of the Church. The bishops, reverting to the exercise of an ancient prerogative long fallen into disuse, issued a pastoral letter at

the end of the convention. It is a beautiful, and, in some respects, a strong document. In these days, when the most earnest prayer of Christians is for reunion, it is good for us to hear from the official leaders of another Church an utterance with almost every word of which we can heartily agree. Its aim is the aim of our Holy Father, Pius X.—to restore all things in Christ. Catholics will note with more than sympathy its unequivocal assertion of our Lord's divinity; its vivid realization of His unceasing work in the world, enlightening, purifying, and strengthening mankind; the personal devotion to our Savior which the letter breathes; the longing for a united Church; the condemnation of godless education, the insistence on the necessity of religious education for the preservation of the nation; the recognition of eternal truth, dogma, as the foundation of religion; and, finally, the high doctrine of the Church as the custodian of truth, the representative of Christ on earth, and His protagonist in the unending conflict with the wickedness and ignorance of the world. In all these great truths and principles, we are one with the author of the letter, whose meaning we hope to have given correctly. We trust we are one, too, with the great majority of the bishops in whose name it is issued; though, knowing the diversity of opinion in the Episcopal Church, we are not so sanguine as to believe that all interpret the letter precisely in the sense of its author. Some things in it we should say differently, and we would add many; but, taking it as it is, we are happy to be able to agree with it so heartily. We count it a great gain that a document so strong in its doctrines and principles, so catholic in tone, is put forth in the name of all the Episcopalian bishops.

II.

The most distinct advance in Episcopalian opinion which this convention marked, in our judgment, is in the earnestness of its conviction about the necessity of Christian education. The note is not new, but never before was it so clear and insistent. Danger opens our eyes. It has forced the Episcopal Church to see clearly, as all the Churches will see in time, that "the foundation of our hope for the future of this country, of the Church and of the nation, is the Christian education of our children."

The spectre which the Episcopalians have seen in their own house, is the diminishing interest in religion on the part of children. A considerable increase in adult church membership is, strangely

enough, accompanied by a falling off in the enrollment of the parochial and Sunday schools, and in the number of children confirmed. The decrease in the Sunday school is particularly remarkable, being a loss of sixteen thousand since 1910. Furthermore, the Sunday school, which ought to be the aid of the Church, has become to no small extent its rival or supplanter; a kind of children's church, as I believe it is called. The children who go to Sunday school, having had enough religion for one day, seldom accompany their parents to the family pew. Apparently, they have little sense of the meaning of divine worship. The church is no more sacred than the class-room, where they may sing hymns and listen to a discourse. Would this be so, we may ask parenthetically, if they believed in the Real Presence of Christ and in a Sacrifice? It is not surprising, then, that after Sunday school days are gone forever, a very large percentage, perhaps seventy-five per cent of the boys, disappear as active members of the Church. No doubt, much of the blame must fall where the committee which makes this report places the whole of it: upon the indifference of parents. "We cannot escape the conclusion," it declares, "that parental neglect, and the non-attendance of children at service and Sunday school, may cost us our very existence as a Church in this nation."

The situation is serious: what can mend it? Is it the public school? We note it as a sign of the times that hardly one word was said at this convention in praise of our public school system; and nobody seemed to regard it as an aid to religion. The most radical and outspoken was Bishop Brent, whose words condensed as much wisdom and practical sense in a short space as any speech on this subject we remember to have read. The Bishop finds in our public school system "a degree of moral failure," "a degree of moral chaos" which threatens the life of our country. "Am I not right in saying," he asks, "that many of you who are just as loyal to the spirit of democracy as I am, are sending your children to Church schools because you are afraid for the morals of your children?" He instances the proposal to teach "sex hygiene" as an indication of that moral failure, as well as a fresh danger for the children.

Our secular system of education, however, according to most of the speakers, is fixed and permanent; a change cannot be made and ought not to be attempted. Nevertheless, a resolution was passed without debate, instructing their General Board of Religious Education

> to take up the whole question of moral and ethical education in the public schools, and to effect, if possible, through coöperation with other religious bodies, a system of instruction commensurate with the needs of our youth, together with such forms and exercises as will conduce to the truest patriotism, the highest sense of personal integrity and purity of life, and that as one means of furthering this object, the General Board of Religious Education be instructed to take prompt action to promote the daily reading of a portion of the Holy Scriptures in the public schools.

The import of this is not yet clear. It seems, however, to evidence a desire (we do not say a design) to introduce "undenominational religion" into the public schools. There are no indications that any attempt of this kind could succeed for many years to come. It would be opposed by the great majority of non-Catholics; and by Catholics as well. Whatever be the meaning of this resolution, the dominant sentiment at the convention seems to be crystallized in this saying of Bishop Brent, that "religious teaching in schools is the normal thing." It is secular education, education with God and religion eliminated, which is the abnormal thing, deformed, maimed, as truly piteous as a child born blind. The idea was put in the clearest light by Mr. George Wharton Pepper.

> Education without religion [he says] is no education at all. There cannot possibly be a religious education and a secular education. There is only education, and these two elements must enter into it. This being so, if you neglect the religious part of education, you make a mess of the whole matter. Education consists in drawing out of a man all that is noblest and best in him, and the very noblest and best thing is for a man to find God and know that he has found Him.

Bearing in mind these words of Mr. Pepper, as well as Bishop Brent's opinion of public school education, let us read now the statement put forth at the end of the convention in the name of all the bishops. "The noblest faculty of the human soul is the capacity of knowing and realizing the presence of God; and a system for the training of youth which should make no provision at all for the development of this faculty, would be a travesty of education and a menace to civilization." Strong language, indeed. It is put hypothetically, for the House of Bishops would not

countenance a direct attack on the public schools; but its application is obvious.

It is but a short time since none but Catholic priests and bishops dared to use such language: it will not be long before the sad logic of facts—the decline of religion, the thinning of Sunday school ranks, the decay of morals among children and youth—will cause the leaders of other Churches besides the Episcopal to see a great light. History will record (we grow prophetic, for there are some things too plain not to be foreseen) that one of the most curious anomalies of the nineteenth century was this, viz., that the religious teachers of a people enthusiastically embraced the suicidal policy of opposing the daily teaching of religion in the schools. Already many of them realize that the only hope of preserving the Protestant Churches lies in some system of religious training more efficient than the Sunday school. Children need the daily bread of religious instruction and influence; is it possible for them to thrive on a cream puff Sunday afternoons?

For the Episcopal Church to reduce its high ideal to practice —to create parochial and secondary schools and colleges—is no light task. Conditions are not favorable. We must remember that the Episcopalians are a relatively small and widely-dispersed body. Parochial schools are necessarily local; and as it rarely happens that Episcopalian children are numerous enough in a neighborhood to justify starting a parochial school, success in this line is quite limited, and prospects are not bright. Their secondary schools for both boys and girls thrive better, some of them being among the very best in the country. Unhappily, they are usually for the very rich. What the Church needs urgently, as Bishop Brent points out, is an increase of secondary schools for people of modest means. Strange, with all the wealth of Episcopalians, they do scarcely anything to supply this need. Their rich men prefer to endow secular colleges. The Church thinks it wiser to spend its millions on the numberless struggling or moribund little missions that dot this land. It even prefers to waste, as it seems to us, its money and men and women in the effort to convert Cubans, Porto Ricans, Haitians, Mexicans, Panamanians, Brazilians, etc., many of whom, we are sure, need the Gospel very sadly, as sadly, perhaps, as the unchurched millions in our slums, possibly even as sadly (who knows?) as the unchurched myriads in our fashionable suburbs, apartment houses, palaces, and Newport villas; yet, sadly as they need the Gospel, they have shown only a very feeble desire

to receive it from Protestant missionaries. If the Episcopal Church concentrates its efforts on building up its own life; if, heeding the advice of Bishop Brent and men like him, who see things, it develops teaching vocations among the many earnest men and women of its communion; if it multiplies schools where God and our Savior Jesus Christ may be named and honored and worshipped, then will there be great hope of preserving its children from the materialism and agnosticism of our secular education. None wish them this success more heartily than Catholics.

III.

The idea of social service has seized strong hold upon Episcopalians. It stirred this convention to enthusiasm. How much of this was real, how much the sort that flourishes at conventions and dies the day after, we do not know; but there can be no doubt that a new spirit is kindling the hearts of many. The Episcopal Church has always been considered the ally of the rich classes, the apologist of capital. It used to have hardly any contact at all with the poor; and the little it knew about them aroused no warm sympathy for their lot. The present convention was very much occupied with conditions among the poor, and with the question of social justice. When we read the speeches of some, we are inclined to believe that the pendulum is swinging towards the other extreme, Socialism; but these are, of course, the more ardent and radical minds. The convention created a permanent Joint Commission of Social Service, and referred to it, among other resolutions, the following which deserves notice and consideration:

> *Resolved,* the House of Bishops concurring: That we, the members of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, do hereby affirm that the Church stands for the ideal of social justice, and that it demands the achievement of a social order in which there shall be a more equitable distribution of wealth; in which the social cause of poverty and the gross human waste of the present order shall be eliminated; and in which every worker shall have a just return for that which he produces, a fair opportunity for self-development, and a fair share in all the gains of progress. And since such a social order can only be achieved progressively by the effort of men and women, who, in the spirit of Christ, put the common welfare above private gain, the Church calls

> upon every communicant, clerical and lay, seriously to take part, and to study the complex conditions under which we are called upon to live, and so to act that the present prejudice, hate and injustice may be supplanted by mutual understanding, sympathy and just dealings, and the ideal of thorough-going democracy may be finally realized in our land.

This is excellent: it is immeasurably truer and better and wiser than a resolution merely proclaiming the Church the defender of private property and the foe of Socialism. This great truth has become a hoary platitude; the effect of insisting upon it, if that is the only message one has for this age, is to convince the convinced, to cause doubters to scorn and deniers to rage. Those who thunder denunciations against Socialism, and have only enough breath left to whisper a gentle impeachment of the terrible and inveterate injustices of society, are among the most efficient allies of the socialists. The only possible way of preventing the spread of social discontent and socialistic ideas, is to root out some of the most glaring injustices of society, and by continued progress to approach nearer and nearer to the ideal of social justice. This, we take it, is the wisdom that has dictated this resolution; and it is a very promising sign of the times when a Church made up so largely of the capitalistic classes should so clearly and strongly confess the evils resulting from the capitalistic system, but not necessarily inherent in it. The resolution, however, be it noted, does not advocate social justice as a preventive of Socialism. Justice is justice, and should be wrought if there were never a danger of Socialism; the menace of Socialism, however, is having as one happy effect the quickening of our sense of social justice.

There is an earnest desire abroad to redeem the Episcopal Church from the disgrace of being the Church of the rich and fashionable. Exclusiveness and the smug sense of superiority, which are said to be far too prevalent among them, are denounced in scathing terms which no outsider would feel justified in using. There was no lack of frank self-criticism during these weeks. It has been practised in the past, also; but we have never heard that it led to the creation of churches in which a goodly number of the poor worshipped side by side with Morgans and Vanderbilts and Astors. It is hard to learn the lesson of the equality of all before the altar of God, as well as in the sight of God; it is one of the lessons men learn best, and most readily on their knees before

His Real Presence on the real altar of the Sacrifice. If the spirit of democracy is not yet very vigorous among Episcopalians, the Church is at least turning to the people, and particularly to the poor; and they are ill acquainted with the Episcopal Church who do not know that it has many men and women working among the poor of our large cities, with an earnest desire to better their material and moral and spiritual condition.

IV.

One thing made plain by the convention is an ever-increasing desire for a fuller sacramental, ritualistic, and liturgical life in the Church. There is a yearning in many hearts for some of these divine helps which mean so much to Catholics, because they are received with so deep and spiritual a faith. This desire is showing itself notably in the case of the sick, in those whose need of spiritual ministration is most urgent. Catholics have always thought it strange that so many Episcopalians (are they not the vast majority?) should be content to face death and the judgment throne of God with no desire of the Sacrament. We do not, of course, believe they have a true Sacrament; but they profess to believe they receive in it or with it the Body and Blood of their Savior which He declared necessary for our spiritual life (John vi. 53). Yet most of these persons seem never to have realized the meaning of their faith; else, where is their love of their Savior? where is their desire to be made pure and free from sin, and thus be prepared to meet Him Who is the Judge as well as the Savior of mankind? It is, then, a touching and hopeful sign when an increasing number of the sick, as we are assured, manifest a desire for the Sacrament: it betokens a deeper sense of sin, a keener perception of their soul's needs, and a livelier faith in Christ. There is a wish on the part of thoughtful men in the Church to meet this practical need of their people. The present communion service for the sick is often found inconvenient, as it requires the consecration; hence, the demand for the reservation of the Sacrament. The prejudice against reserving the Sacrament is still dominant in the Episcopal Church, and the practice is not authorized, as this would almost be equivalent to sanctioning belief in the Real Presence. This the Church is certainly not yet ready to do. Ardent high churchmen have overleapt the official barrier, and have begun to reserve the Sacrament and carry it to the sick. A form of prayers for this service is now recommended by an official com-

mission, and, if reported favorably, will come up for adoption at the next convention. It is safe to prophesy that it will not then be adopted in such a form as to commit the Church to a belief in the Real Presence.

Incidentally, the practice of reserving the Sacrament is also an adoption of the Catholic Church's custom, among the laity, of communion under the form of bread alone. As faith in the Real Presence deepens, there is less attachment to the unessential custom of partaking of the cup. The reception of Christ Himself, the one thing essential, is accomplished under the one form as completely as under both. The use of the cup is regarded as a menace to health by one delegation in the convention, which proposed as a remedy the practice of intinction, or the dipping of the bread into the wine. This expedient is not likely to prove the most practical, if ever adopted. The Catholic custom is the true solution of the difficulty.

Parallel to the desire of the sick for the Sacrament is the desire, now declared to be widespread, for the anointing of the sick with oil in the name of the Savior. The use of this rite, which is growing, has arisen and spread entirely without authorization, "each priest using such prayers as he sees fit." The form of prayer most in use, I am told, is a translation of our own; a new form was submitted and referred to the Commission on the Prayer Book. The impulse to the spread of this practice, which is still very far from being general, came chiefly from the example of the Catholic Church, but partly also from the belief in faith cure among followers of the Emmanuel movement. At present there seems to be a disposition among many to believe, with St. James, that *the prayer of faith shall save the sick man,* but not to go so far as the Apostle, and believe that *if he be in sins they shall be forgiven him.* At any rate, we welcome the advance many are making towards Catholic doctrine in regard both to this sacrament and to the Eucharist.

The abiding, eternal question of revising and enriching the liturgy was, naturally, the subject of much discussion and many memorials. Few, if any, are satisfied with the Prayer Book in its present form; it is felt to be too rigid and monotonous, while the Catholic-minded men feel also how sad is the mutilation inflicted by the reformers of the sixteenth century upon the rich and magnificent liturgy of the Catholic Church. The question is likewise a very vital one to-day in the Church of England, where a group of scholars, said to be well versed in liturgy, have just put forth

a revised version of the Prayer Book. *Lex orandi, lex credendi.* The revisers, whether in America or in England, have an impossible task; for if a Church is to have a real liturgy, and express in beautiful language and rites its deepest beliefs and sentiments, how is that possible unless its faith be one? And though they have but one creed, who knows better than our Episcopalian brethren, however unwelcome it may be to be reminded of it, that the faiths among them are multitudinous? It is possible and perhaps not difficult to suggest improvements in the liturgy that may be generally welcomed; but to compose a liturgy that will satisfy the variety of minds in the Episcopal Church, is a task beyond the wit of man. The Gordian Knot may be cut, however; and many ministers solve the difficulty by making additions to the liturgy which please their own taste, and harmonize with their own beliefs and sentiments. The Prayer Book is no longer reverenced as it once was. How reverential was the attitude of Newman and the Tractarians! They regarded it almost as an inspired book.

A kindred question is the enrichment of the calendar, which, in the revised American form, contains no saint who lived after the Apostolic age. This remnant of pure, unmitigated Protestantism is naturally extremely distasteful to those who claim to be children of the Catholic Church, and kin with the saints of all times. They would, therefore, place upon their calendar certain of the fathers; great apostles of the nations, such as St. Patrick, St. Boniface, St. Willibrord, "the patron saint of the old Catholics;" certain notable mediæval and later Saints, such as St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Jeanne d'Arc, and St. Catharine of Siena. While thus satisfying their feeling of kinship with the saints of the Church, they would also vindicate for their own Churches of England and America the honor of raising up saints. The idea at the root of this is certainly true, and the sentiment right; for the Anglican and Episcopal Churches cannot be truly Catholic unless they are in communion with the Church of the saints, and unless they themselves can prove the indwelling of the Holy Spirit by the eminent sanctity of some, at least, of their children. Unfortunately for the strength of their position, there is no deep sentiment, either in the English or American Church, which would proclaim any son of theirs a true Catholic saint. Even those most deeply venerated have never received the veneration accorded to saints. And when the question arises as to the tribunal which will judge of sainthood, it will be a difficult matter, we fancy, to get the

majority of Episcopalians to take seriously the competence of the General Convention.

One suggestion in this connection was the occasion of some hilarity in the daily press, which, however, did not report it quite fairly. It was not proposed, exactly, to place George Washington among the canonized saints. The proposal was, as the layman who made it explains, to place his birthday on the calendar, and thus "to give the stamp of the Church's approval to the patriotic commemoration of George Washington." This idea is startling, and opens up a long vista of possibilities. We gaze adown the long calendar from New Year's Day to December 31st; nearly every niche is vacant. Now patriots are more easily discovered than saints, and it would be an easy and pleasant occupation to enrich the calendar with the imposing figures of American patriots and worthies. The gentleman who made the suggestion was not as happily inspired as usual. It is pure positivism; once admit the principle, and the enriched calendar would soon resemble Westminster Abbey, which was dedicated to the glory of God and His saints, and turned to the glory of the nation's heroes. And heroes are rarely heroic in sanctity, even when they are the fathers of their country. The one only passport to the saints' calendar which is honored by the Catholic Church is heroic sanctity.

The reform of marriage discipline is a very urgent matter. It is all the more urgent because the Episcopal Church has been going on all these years with very little marriage discipline, either on paper or in practice. In regard to divorce, however, it has maintained a far better standard than other Protestant Churches. The Catholic ideal forbidding any sundering of a lawfully contracted and complete marriage, is upheld by very many Episcopalians, particularly among the clergy, but conventions meet and conventions dissolve, yet divorce and the remarriage of a divorced person remain permissible. A formal report on the question will be presented to the next convention. Despite the absence of legislation, the Catholic ideal is steadily gaining ground; members of the Episcopal and of other Churches are coming to see that this ideal *must* be the mind of Christ. Before many years, we are hoping a General Convention will enact a canon absolutely prohibiting divorce. This reform will require courage, for many of the laity bitterly oppose such a canon; but the Church cannot stand up forever against its most enlightened opinion. It is conscious, too, of a great opportunity of leadership; for if it purges itself of its sins, it will

become the champion of Christian marriage among the Protestant public. It will be bound to have a deep influence upon the other Protestant Churches, which, in their turn, are becoming aware that they have wandered still further from the ideal of Christ.

The *Ne Temere* decree of Pope Pius X., as this convention shows, is resented by many Episcopalians; in so far, at least, as it enacts that a marriage between a Catholic and a non-Catholic is valid only when witnessed by a duly authorized Catholic priest. We cannot compress an explanation and a defence of the *Ne Temere* decree into our brief remaining space. Let us remark, however, that many seem to misunderstand the import of the law. One would imagine its main purpose was to insult Protestants. Some people, like many Orangemen and German Protestants, seem to crave to be insulted by the Pope: we expect better judgment from most Episcopalians. The law is made, of course, for Catholics, and its purpose is to safeguard the sacredness and inviolability of marriage.

Let us, for a moment, consider the tables reversed. Let the Episcopal Church decide not to recognize any marriage between an Episcopalian and a Catholic unless the ceremony be performed by an Episcopalian minister. I am very sure we Catholics should not mind it in the least; we should look upon the law as a matter of home discipline which concerned its own members; and as we do not believe in the infallibility of a General Convention, its decision would not cause a single ripple of uneasiness in our conscience, nor one twinge of resentment in our hearts.

Many reflections crowd the mind in watching, on the one hand, these efforts to Catholicize the Episcopal Church, and, on the other, the active opposition as well as the great force of inertia by which they are resisted; in studying the actual working of Church authority and the real power controlling it; and, finally, in trying to estimate the value of the title upon which the Protestant Episcopal Church might claim the right to be called Catholic, and to be recognized as Catholic by all Christendom. What the reflections of the writer are, it ought not to be difficult to divine; but it is surely high time to leave the reader, for the present at least, to his own reflections.

THE SISTERS OF PERPETUAL ADORATION.

BY E. M. DINNIS.

They lingered when the banqueting had ceased
To thank Thee, and the moments sped apace;
Still at the undiminishable feast
They say perpetual grace,
Thy guests, dear Lord, who while the years take wing
Their *Benedicite* before Thine altar sing.

For hunger hath not naked left the Board
Whose Heavenly Food the quickening Spirit held;
That Love her gift might render to the Lord
To stay Thou wert compelled,
Though for the guest the board no more was spread—
How could they let Thee go, Thou Who art Living Bread?

For these brief, beauteous moments of the morn
When Thou didst deign within their hearts to dwell,
Demand the intervening hours forlorn
Wherein Thy praise to tell.
So must they needs, in love and holy fear,
Adore Thee from afar, Who came so near—so near!

Healed by the Living Balm we passed, all-swift,
Back to our world, but these remained behind
To thank the Giver, present in the Gift
Upon the altar shrined.
One word in gratitude they paused to say,
And in that "Thank You, Lord!" a lifetime passed away.

THE CURSE OF CASTLE EAGLE.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

Chapter XI.

THE TRUCE.

IT was a month later when Meg came back to prepare for the travelers. She had been very happy in the dear, shabby, comfortable, love-lit home, less populated now than of old, since so many of the children were at school.

"You'll be staying with us now, Meg?" said Terence Hildebrand fondly, the evening she came home. "Sure the house is not the same with so many of the children out of it. I do sometimes awake in the night, and ask myself where my children are all gone to. I never thought I'd have a little girl of mine earning her bread."

Meg kissed him.

"Pauline is very happy with the Archduchess," she said. Pauline was the second sister who had gone to take Meg's place. "Now that Aunt Agatha has come you won't miss her. Are we not lucky girls, we Hildebrands, that when we must go out into the world we should find such dear employers?"

"You're really happy at Castle Eagle?" Terence Hildebrand asked wistfully. "Isn't it a gloomy place with all that trouble hanging over it? I was grieved to the heart, indeed I was so, when I heard of the loss of the yacht; I suppose there's no doubt the poor fellow's gone with it. Ireland could ill afford to lose the like of him."

Another time Meg had commented to her father on the strange coincidence of a Hildebrand entering the house of a Rosse, leading him on to tell the old story in his own way, which, except in the matter of detail, did not differ materially from the story as she had heard it.

"I was all against your going at first, Meg," he said; "but afterwards I knew I could trust my girl."

Meg said nothing, but she wondered what her father would think if he knew that day and night now she prayed that it might be given to her, a Hildebrand, to help to fight the shadows which lay heavily upon the Earls of Turloughmore. She was half-shocked, also, because she was so eager to go back. There was something of contrition in the way she kissed her father and the children the morning she left.

Terence was a little puzzled and shy before his daughter's ardent embrace, and the flash of tears in her eyes.

"There, Meg, there!" he said soothingly. "If you care so much, child, in the name of heaven stay at home. I'll write and say they can't have you. Mary O'Neill let me in for this. I never meant you to go off earning your bread instead of enjoying yourself as you ought to at your age."

"In the name of heaven I must go," she said, smiling through her tears. "You cannot imagine, papa, how much I have to do. If you knew you would be the first to tell me to go."

"Why then go and God speed you!" Terence said, standing by the car which was to convey his daughter to the station.

Meg was haunted after the train had sped on its way, leaving him behind, by the memory of her father's solitary figure as he stood at the end of the platform, while she leant out to wave a last farewell; he had run with the train the length of the platform to see the last of her.

"It isn't Budapest, papa," she had called out to him. "I can be home any time in a few hours," and she saw by the smile on his rosy face under the grizzled hair that he had heard her, and was comforted.

After a couple of hours in the train she changed, crossed country by a slowly-crawling, loop-line train: reached a junction and went south. The warmth of the south came up to greet her. She saw the mountains: between the mountains lay golden tracts of fertile lands. The train ran by towns, in valleys with a river flowing through them, the hills either side clothed in richness. She tried to read a book, and could not, because of the haste of her spirit. At last in the distance rose up the blue hills beyond Castle Eagle. At last she was nearly home.

The country had clothed itself in verdure since she had last seen it. Anything it had had of a gloomy and forbidding aspect in the winter had passed away. Streams were singing in all the fields, and the trees were out in their first verdure. The pastures were full of daisies. The meadows spread a richness of color, which came to her with a shock of delight. As a background the greenness almost dazzled the eye: if it were not the most restful of colors she could not have looked at it.

For a day or two she should be alone at Castle Eagle, except for the servants. The Dowager, who had many friends, had been called away to one who was sick. Meg was disappointed not to see again the old lady who had seemed so ready to enter with her into a conspiracy for the good of the family. She went on thinking of the doom of her friends. Were the Rosses to come to an end and their

possessions pass to the cousin three-parts English by blood, whole English by birth, training, education, and traditions, because the last of the Rosses was sickly and ready to lay down the burden of his race for someone who could take it up without the doom attached to it? Her heart cried out against the thought. The good family which Ireland could so ill spare!

She remembered how Lady Turloughmore had said, lifting her head proudly above her grief, that it had been worth while, that despite all the shadows it had been worth while, and that there were others who would have found it worth while if she had not. Meg's face softened and glowed. She was looking out of the carriage window at the distant blue hills coming nearer and nearer. She was alone, and she spoke above her breath, startling herself.

" Oh, my dear," she said, and it might have been a quotation from Lady Turloughmore: "there are women who would not count the cost."

The orchard trees below the terraces of Castle Eagle were still in a wild bloom of tossed shell-pink and white when she drove up to the door. The creepers which ran over the house front and up the side of the tower were shining and glossy-green. The window boxes had been filled, and their brilliant color shone out against the background of the windows.

She received a passionate welcome from the dogs. Phelim received her with a beaming face, and Kate ran down the stairs to take her small parcels and carry them to her room, with " You're welcome as flowers in spring, Miss," on her tongue. Even Mrs. Browne, who was no longer as light on her feet as she had been, climbed from the housekeeper's room in the basement to welcome Meg back.

While she unpacked her trunk, Kate gave her the local news. Not much of it, for neighbors were few and far between. Julia, she said, was growing " more of a torment " than ever. She hadn't yet got the wind out of her head.

" 'Tis annoyin' her ladyship she'll be instead of lettin' the creature rest. Her tongue's never off his poor lordship. God rest him; an' she's as merry as a cricket makin' ready for him that'll never come home. I wouldn't be botherin' wid her to-night, Miss," Kate said earnestly. " 'Tis as like as not you'd find her in bed. She doesn't seem to know day from night half the time. I hope to goodness she won't be burnin' herself to death in her bed, an' the rest of us with her, one of these nights. 'Tis in an' out like a dog at a fair, it do be wid her, seein' if the Earl is come, enough to break anyone's heart, an' him tossin' about in the say. 'Tis the handsome gentleman he was, and many a poor girl would have given up all for him if he asked her, but he never did, not like some gentlemen I could tell of. The Rosses were always good."

Meg's heart lifted at the praise. She was so glad the Rosses were always good. She had a fear that if they were not so good she might yet have been constrained, unhappily, to love them. Now she was happy in the house, among these familiar things that awaited them, with a peace, like a truce of God, lying sweetly on the world.

Chapter XII.

THE DAWN.

Meg was very glad to sleep, and she slept, but she was soon awakened. In the furbishing of the room which had taken place in her absence, the curtains with which her bed head was draped had been removed, and white linen ones substituted. At the head of her bed the starched curtains gaped, and she had not noticed it. Now she felt a draught stirring her hair on the pillow; it had aroused her as though cold fingers had passed through her hair. Sleepily she got up, leaning on an elbow to draw the curtains closer. Her hand touched the wall. She discovered that it was chintz drawn tight as a drum that covered the walls, and not a flowery paper as she had thought it.

She fell asleep, having drawn the curtains. She awoke once more, this time with her heart in her mouth. There had been some noise close to her ear. A tremendous noise. It might have been the report of a gun. She had an idea that she smelt powder. The crackling of wood had been in her ears. Surely there was a smell of burning wood. She jumped out of bed in some alarm, and went out into the corridor. The house lay in the strange unreal light of the summer dawn. Through the windows she caught a glimpse of the fields still asleep: the hills with the mists curling and rolling away from them. In the fields were cattle and sheep. Above the hills hung an eagle, motionless it seemed. The world looked like a picture, still life indeed, as it looks at early morning, awaiting the touch that shall bid it live. There was no smoke in the corridor. The air was fresh and pure. Not a stir in the house. The servants were not yet lighting the morning fires. She went back into her room. The grayness of the dews had been on the fields, and she felt cold in her thin nightgown, with her windows open to the sea. The faint smell of wood smoke still lingered. She explained it to herself. The gardeners had left a heap of smoking rubbish somewhere. She remembered to have seen a spiral of smoke ascending in the courtyard.

She must have dreamt the noise—unless it came from the sea. The sea was calm, almost waveless, as though it could never be lashed

to fury. From the short grass, dry and brittle, studded with a myriad little snail shells, over the Wolves and the Little Beach, the larks rose shrilling into the air. The gulls wheeled and poised, uttering shrill cries. Everything was sweet and quiet. She must certainly have dreamt the noise. A memory came to her of having heard such a noise before, in the winter darkness. Then she had been terrified at first. But who could be frightened now, with the long shaft of the morning sun piercing the blinds and falling goldenly on her bed? Yet the early morning had a strange sense of solitude. She lay with closed eyes, and while she waited for sleep to come, the clock in the stable yard struck four o'clock.

She was not to sleep so easily, although there was a drowsiness upon her. Prince, who had welcomed her in the corridor with a quiet and dignified delight characteristic of him, had followed her into the room. Now he showed a curious uneasiness, sniffing and whining about the walls. She called him to her sleepily, laying a hand upon his head, and presently he lay down on the rug beside her, and was quiet while she slept. She said to herself, getting up in the familiar morning room, that if such things had happened in the winter dark she might well be frightened. Impossible to be afraid in the shining summer dawn, and with the companionship of such a splendid brave protector as Prince.

She was standing, brushing out her long hair at the glass. It was full of light. The sun was in it, and brought a million sparks and running trails of light, as you sometimes see it in a peat fire when there is a meteoric trail of light and then darkness. Her brush lifted in her hand she had a sudden revelation; she turned and stared at the wall behind her, the wall against which the head of her bed stood. She had discovered the reason for the chintz, and also for the curious chill she had often felt in the room despite warm rugs and deep carpets and splendid fires. The wall of her room was the wall of the tower. The chintz was stretched tightly over its irregularities and roughnesses. She could see and feel them through it. The next thing that occurred was—had there ever been any communication between the tower and her room. She drew the little French bedstead away from the wall. She passed her hands over the chintz. There was nothing but the hardness of the stone beneath. She could feel the rough edges of the granite under her hand—the strong wall of the tower, built for eternity rather than time, enclosing its secret as in the bowels of the earth and the depths of the sea.

Her imagination leaped beyond the stone wall, and saw the crumbling skeleton of the man who had starved to death there, caught by his remorseless enemy like a rat in a trap. A handful of crumbling bones amid the litter of ages, the sand, the dead leaves on the floor, in the

dimness of the stone room pierced only by the arrow-slit. She wondered if the poor soul was at rest; if it craved a sleeping place in the green earth for what remained of its body. "May the Lord have mercy upon Conall M'Garvey," she said, as many a one had said before her. She tried to banish the tremor of fear that shook her with the discovery. She could not be afraid in broad daylight. She had a thought that she would ask permission to change her room. But no: that would be cowardice; that would be running away; that would be to yield to the superstition against which she had talked so bravely.

Supposing there had been a noise—she wasn't sure there had been, that she had not dreamt it—it could have no power over her in this golden day. Something of a strange happiness seemed to brood over the world. She dressed herself quickly, and went down into the dew-drenched garden where the birds were singing. The mists had rolled away from the mountains, while yet the plains might have been a lake, so motionless was the surface of silver that hid the fields, and villages within its depths. The world seemed new-made, so beautiful was it; just straight from the hands of God. There was a brooding happiness and peace in the day. They are such days in human life, foretastes of heaven, when beatitude seems to fill the heart flowing in, brimming it to its heights, filling it to its depths, like the sea. She asked herself why she felt such a radiant happiness. Was it because Lady Turloughmore and Lord Erris were coming home? She had good reports of them. Lady Turloughmore had gained a measure of resignation. Her bodily health had benefited by the peace of her spirit.

As she stood dipping her finger in the fountain, a flock of pigeons, which had come to drink, strutting daintily about her feet—they looked so clean, so demure with their feathers of slate gray and their feet like scarlet sealing-wax—she was again struck with a sense of the unreality of the morning world. It looked so clean and clear, emerging from the mists. One shared in the renewal of everything, being out in it. The sense of being utterly alone in that shining, morning world, gave her a thrill of delight. She had a good deal of time to put in before the servants were about. They took it more easily than usual in the absence of the family, and it had been something of a distress to Kate that Miss Hildebrand would not have her breakfast in bed, and be pampered and lapped about in luxury, but must get up and dive into a stone-cold bath, and go walking on an empty stomach, which to Kate's mind were about as dangerous things as anyone could do. She looked about her, and saw that the mists were clearing away before the power of the sun. The fields lay steaming in a golden haze. The woods were revealing themselves out of the shrouding vapors.

Something scattered the strutting pigeons; drove them to flight. Lady Turloughmore's pet pigeon had followed her from the house; the creature had become as tame as a dog, and was disputing the pride of place near her. By this time he would attempt even to drive Prince away, and while the other dogs treated the bird as an enemy to be fought or propitiated, Prince treated him with a characteristic dignity and forbearance. She picked up the bird and put it on her shoulder, where it preened itself against her neck.

The clock in the stable yard pealed out five silvery strokes. It would be at least three hours before she could think of breakfast. She had a sense of exhilaration that made her feet light. She remembered in a corner of the garden a gate that led into the woods where the owls hooted at night. She thought she would explore that way, which she had not taken hitherto. Laughing to herself at the thought of old Phelim's mystification when he should come down to an unbarred, unbolted door, she took the path into the wood, Prince frolicking decorously about her, the pigeon cooing on her shoulder, as she went.

Chapter XIII.

BIDDY PENDERGAST'S COTTAGE.

She emerged from the wood on to a hillside alive with rabbits who sat at the door of their homes, washing their innocent faces in the morning dew. The appearance of the dog was a signal for a scurry, a noiseless scurry, which in a breath left the hillside bare of life. She went on down the hill, past clumps of blackberry bushes which at one point surrounded a steep quarry, from the stones of which, in all probability, Castle Eagle had been built.

She glanced over the edge of the quarry and drew back sharply. There was a sheer fall of a hundred feet to the hewn-out pit below. How easy it would be to walk over the edge, although the ivy had grown in thick masses, and sent out long trails to catch at the unwary foot and hold it back. There was something cold and lonely about the quarry in the shining morning. She turned away from it with a feeling that was almost relief, and went on down to the meadow below, where the corn crakes were sawing in an ecstasy of the summer spirit. If she had not known it to be a long-legged bird, she would have thought the corn crake some faun-like creature, sitting on a gray rock in the summer heat, making rude music that is the very voice of the summer itself.

The meadow had been cut by the scythe close to the hedges, in preparation for an early mowing, so that there should be a way for

the machine to pass. She took that way over the pale green of the lopped grasses. A little stream sang in the ditches. The hedge was yet white with the May, which was responsible for the fragrance that ascended in the air these days and nights. The stream was so clear that it seemed to run over shining sands of gold, set with jewels which in the hand would be only pebbles. A dark furry creature, a badger or some such beast, ran across the track and disappeared in the ditch, causing a great excitement and quite a futile chase on the part of the stately Prince. She followed the little path along by the edge of the meadow. It came to the boundary hedge, and climbed a bank through a gap into the next field. The field was sown with young oats, that sent up their silken, emerald spears like a little army of banners above the brave earth.

About the middle of the field was something that attracted her attention, a building of some kind or other. She had a curiosity to see what it might be; and turning aside from her path she went towards it between the lines of the young oats. It was rich country, of dark brown mould, very fertile. Therefore, it was a somewhat surprising thing to find a considerable space in the centre of the field as bare as your hand, except for a few tufts of weeds, enclosing in its dreary square the thing which she had taken for a cabin or a rough cattle shed. It was in fact the gable of a cottage, the gable, a bit of the wall and what had been a portion of a chimney, the stones rising in ledges one above the other blackened with smoke.

As she stepped on to the bare patch and looked at the ruin, she was all of a sudden aware of the greatest sense of desolation. Had a cloud been drawn over the sun that the golden morning was turned cold? A low wind sighed about the fields. The immense loneliness of the Irish landscape at twilight came upon her, daunting her spirit. Something seemed to pass her by in the chilly wind, lifting her hair. Prince pressed himself against her as though he would push her back. He growled, and looking down at him she saw his spine lift sharply. What devilry was in the place that the dog saw and she did not see? For a moment she felt impelled to turn and run. But she was afraid of her own cowardice. A person whose daily life was not spent among shadows could afford to be frightened; not she. If she once let fear enter into her stronghold she was lost. Fear is a relentless master.

She went forward a step or two. "In the name of God," she said aloud. "In the name of God." The sun was shining once more, and the sun was warm. She stooped and patted the dog. She had infected him with her fear. What was there in a ruined gable set in the middle of a field to frighten anyone?

Looking about, her eye lit on the figure of a scarecrow at a little distance. She might as well be frightened of that. She stood and

noticed gulls blown in by the storm swooping daintily down between the rows of oats in search of food. A flight of rooks came from the wood, also on the hunt for provender. It was an odd thing. They broke their flight before passing over the bare patch with its gable, dividing in two lines which passed to either side. A coincidence, of course; it could be nothing but a coincidence. She had regained her courage in the name of God; and she would not be daunted. She went forward and inspected the gable, and the adjoining wall and bit of chimney piece. It must be very old. The stone slabs of which it was built were of great age. Doubtless some of the slabs were sunk in the earth; others lay heaped about overgrown with nettles. Nothing grew there but the dock and the nettle.

She turned to walk away, quietly, without panic. Among the weeds her foot struck against something, a piece of metal, a ring of iron perhaps. She forgot it in observing for the first time that Prince had not followed her, but was sitting bolt upright between the rows of oats, watching her with an anxious and grim expression. When he saw her come to join him he turned about with one of his sedate gambols, ran along between the oats, came back and leaped on her; altogether displayed great relief at her turning her back upon the ruined gable. She extended her walk, and came home by the orchards below the house, where there was still a drift of blue-bells under the trees, although the bloom had fallen and the little fruit was forming on the boughs. Her appearance in the dining-room, where the table was set for her with as much care as though she were one of a large party, drew a compliment from Phelim.

"'Tis like Diana you are or the Graces, Miss," he said.

Meg laughed. She found Phelim's humorous, respectful ways, his roguish, innocent, old face, irresistible.

"I've been on foot since five o'clock," she said, "and I'm as hungry as a hunter."

"Glory be to goodness," said Phelim, "why would you be gettin' up in the middle of the night like that, Miss, unless it was to be that you'd be taken for Aurora? It was a misty mornin'. It'll be a hot day."

Meg laughed merrily. She had a very happy and infectious laugh.

"I don't know where you got your acquaintance with all those fine people, Diana and Aurora and the Graces—"

"Aye an' Hebe too and Venus an' Helen of Troy. Unless it was to be I had a grandfather a schoolmaster."

"That might be it," said Meg, setting to with zest on her eggs and bacon, the delicious perfume of the Irish coffee in her nostrils.

Phelim watched her with the greatest enjoyment, looking all the time the very personification of dignity.

"Ye'll have found the fields wet, Miss," he said. "I understand from the state of the dog's paws that you took the field way."

"We did, indeed; and there was a heavy dew. Prince got wetter than I did, for he would run in and out of the meadows."

"'Tis well a farmer didn't catch him at it; a dog like that, as big as a calf, would trample down a dale of medda."

"It would soon rise again in the sun. Tell me, please, Phelim" —she took a slice of the toast which Phelim brought to her—"I want to know something. Beyond the wood and the hill where the quarry is and the meadow, you come to a field of oats. There's the gable of an old house in a queer, big, bare patch. Why don't they root up the old house and plow the bare patch? It looks so odd and wasteful in the middle of a beautiful fertile field."

"Is it that, Miss? Ye haven't been wanderin' there on your peregrinations? That was a very unlucky spot for ye to come to on a mornin' walk. There isn't a man in the country 'ud dare to plow up that bare patch as you call it, Miss, not even if it would grow anything but weeds, an' that I am sure it wouldn't. The birds of the air won't pass over it. As for the ould stones, they'd bring a curse anywhere they wint. Nothin'll grow on the bare patch but docks and nettles, an' when the field was pasture the very bastes wouldn't go over it. The dew never falls on it they say. There's a curse on the place."

"What put the curse on it?" Meg asked.

"I wouldn't be sayin' anything to his lordship or her ladyship about it if I was you, Miss." He looked at her with his alluring slyness. "Because, ye see, 'tis an unlucky ould spot. That was Biddy Pendergast's cottage, the Lord betune us an' harm! There isn't a man in the country 'ud plow that field by himself. I wouldn't blame them. The horses do be tuk with the greatest of terror as soon as they comes near it. They say 'tis pitiful to see them, the poor dumb bastes."

Meg did not feel that she could rebuke this superstition as wholeheartedly as she would have done yesterday. For a moment she too had known the blind, unreasoning terror.

The event of the morning cast no shadow over Meg's radiant day. She put the uncanny place and her momentary terror out of her mind, while she went about doing all manner of little things in the house which a daughter might have done, and singing to herself for pure pleasure that the world was so good, and that the shadows must still flee before the light. The sense of a happy expectancy was over all the hours. During her holiday, her godmother had added to her wardrobe one really charming frock. It was much prettier than anything Meg had hitherto possessed. She wondered if she might wear it for the home-coming to-morrow night, with a green ribbon at the waist. She went to her room early and sat by her window, with a shaded

candle, making some slight alteration in the frock. The owls had begun to hoot in the wood, although the green light was yet in the sky: and the blackbirds were shouting "good-night," keeping the birds awake when they should be sleeping. She was out of sight of the wood, but she imagined the long aisles of it silvered by moonlight, and the stir of the little wood-creatures everywhere. As though the thought had caused the thing, she was aware of a stealthy movement somewhere close at hand. Not in the room. She thought it was not in the room. The birds in the ivy outside. It must be the birds in the ivy, the little ones pressing and pushing for room in the over-full nests. She glanced suspiciously at her bed, where it stood against the walls of the tower. There was a fumbling, a pushing somewhere. Rats in the wall. An old house like Castle Eagle was certain to be riddled by rats. The sounds ceased. All was quiet. Except for the hooting of the owls and the last good-night of the blackbirds, there was not a sound.

Chapter XIV.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

There was a golden quietness over the next day, which long afterwards Meg remembered. What fruition, what budding, and flowering of happiness was it that her heart waited for with a satisfied expectancy? She could not have told. She only knew that as the golden day spilled out its sands, she would not have lost one minute of it. She did not desire to hasten it towards its end. Whatever awaited her at the end, that was to be better than all else, she would not anticipate it. The day was enough. She did not ask herself whither her absorption in the new friends was leading her. She was not in the mood for troublesome questions. She laid hold upon the passion of pity which Lady Turloughmore's need had excited in her, and let that suffice. She spent the day in decking the rooms with flowers, in rearranging, in decorating; everything had been made thoroughly sweet and clean, and it was only left to her to give the last decorative touches.

She took the dogs for a long walk, and came back to find the house quieter and sweeter than ever in the long, golden afternoon sun. The hall door stood open. Except in a storm, doors and windows had a way of standing open at Castle Eagle. The gardens were all smiling in the sun. Thrushes and blackbirds, linnets and finches were singing; larks were rising all over the short pastures close to the sea. As she stood on the steps of the hall door, she noticed that the tower threw a long shadow, which made the front of the house almost

cold. She shivered. Vaguely she felt that the shadow of the tower, between the sun and the flowers, was like the shadow of the old cruelty that lay between the Earls of Turloughmore and the happiness and peace other men enjoyed.

The mood passed as she entered the house. It was a good house, she thought as she entered it. Whatever had been done far back in the past, for many generations now the family had been above reproach. It had purged itself. Religion and charity had made their home in Castle Eagle. Surely the visible blessing must follow; or else the promises were unfulfilled.

"Late, late in the gloaming," they came home. Meg was in the hall to receive them, on the door step, helping Lady Turloughmore to alight from the carriage, feeling her hand taken in a warm clasp by Lord Erris, collecting innumerable small packages; a little afraid of the light and shy radiance she felt now to be on her face as she followed them into the dining-room.

Miss Roche, in her ridiculous poke-bonnet and cloak with capes, was to stay the night. Impossible to have an awkward moment with Miss Roche of the company. She presented herself in a new aspect to Meg. No courier could have more knowledge of Europe, its hotels and picture galleries and scenery, and all the rest of it, than Miss Roche. She poured out a flood of talk during the supper time. There was no possible moment for awkward pauses. A disgraceful trunk, covered with cowhide from which the hair had come off in patches, stood in the hall, waiting till Miss Roche's temporary man-of-all-work should come to fetch it in the morning. She carried all the things she needed for the moment in a string bag and hold-all. The little old face was falling into lines of fatigue before the supper concluded, and Miss Roche assented readily enough to Lady Turloughmore's suggestion that she should go to bed.

"I'll have a deal to do as soon as I get home," she said, "so I'd better be getting rest when I can. The house won't be the better of a month's absence from it, and it falling to pieces already."

"Stay with us a few days, Anastasia, and let me send over a couple of maids to make the house ready for you. Seeing what you've done for us—"

But Miss Roche shook her head vehemently.

"Maybe it's too far gone for charring," she said. "Anyhow I like the house as it is."

Meg had noticed with joy that Lady Turloughmore was looking almost herself again. She had not put on mourning.

"I am so glad to be at home," she said, gazing about at all her familiar things, "so glad! There will be so much to do and to see to-morrow. The creatures, the gardens—what is up in the gardens,

Miss Hildebrand? It seems ages since we went away. No change would surprise me."

"There is still some apple blossom left," said Meg. "I've been watching it jealously, fearing it would fall off before you came. The first wind will scatter it."

"Supposing we see it to-night—lest a wind should spring up before morning," said Lord Erris. "It's a pity it's so dark. But a lantern will show us the apple blossom, or else we may never see it this year."

He too was looking the better for his change. There was a certain excitement about him quite new in Meg's experience of him. She said to herself that the change had heartened him, that he had come back to his youth. He had looked much older than his twenty-seven years in the habitual pain and weariness which had lain upon him like a cloud. To-morrow it might descend again. To-night he was no more than twenty-seven.

Phelim was not surprised at being asked for a lantern, so that Lady Turloughmore might see the apple blossom. "The wild roses'll be out in sheets over all the hedges, before yez know where yez are," he said, confidentially. "I do always be sorry meself whin the hawthorn's over."

They went out, Lord Erris carrying the lantern, Lady Turloughmore with a hand thrust through Meg's arm. Was this to be a companion? Meg asked herself, in a happy excitement. Her father had grumbled at his daughters being governesses or companions. "Be cooks if ye must," he had said, "and train for it. Try to be the best cook ye can be: don't swing between earth and heaven, belonging to neither." Which was perhaps only the good gentleman's way of expressing his annoyance that his daughters should quit the parental hearth.

Here was no swinging between earth and heaven. There was something in Lady Turloughmore's manner tenderly warm. She leant on Meg's arm. She forgot to call her "Miss Hildebrand," and called her "my dear" instead. She asked for news of Crane's Nest and the Hildebrands. "When the summer holidays come, we must have those boys and girls to stay with us," she said. "We are always glad of young things about the place—are we not, Ulick?"

Lady Turloughmore went up to bed after her inspection of the garden. "I shall sleep to-night," she said. "It is so quiet after the waterfall, that grew louder every night once the snows had melted."

She allowed Meg to go with her to her bed-room door. Arrived there she turned and kissed her, and the sweetness of the unexpected caress brought the happy flush to the girl's cheeks, and the moisture to her eyes.

"It was very sweet to find you awaiting us, my dear," she said.

"If my little girl had lived she would have been just your age. Now go down and sing to Ulick. It is good for him to listen to your soft singing."

Meg went back to the drawing-room obediently. There was something about Lady Turloughmore which made it a delight to do her behests. She went into the drawing-room shyly—her movements were very gentle always. Lord Erris, who had been standing by the chimney piece, looking down at the ground with a somewhat gloomy air, turned round at the sound of the closing door, his face flashed a gleam of delight, transfiguring it.

"I thought you were gone for the night," he said; "and I was just wondering how I should put in the evening. It is only half-past nine."

"Lady Turloughmore said I was to sing to you: afterwards, if you wish it, we can play a game of chess."

"Excellent mother!" he said, quite joyously. "The songs first then, and the chess afterwards. The blue devils were just lying in wait for me. You have exorcised the blue devils. I shall entertain an angel instead."

She sang for him, while he stood by the piano and watched her face. Her repertoire was limited: "Silent, O Moyle," "Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded?" "She is Far from Land," the "Ave Maria" of Gounod, and a new song she had learned in his absence, "Bredon Hill." She had a little voice, but of a softness like dew or twilight, and a most sweet expressiveness. While she sang the new song he walked away to the fireplace; and when she turned about at the conclusion to look at him, he was standing gazing on the rug at his feet, as he had been when she had come into the room.

"I'm afraid you don't like it," she said, disappointed.

"The new song?" he replied. "Oh, yes—I like it. It is rather terrible, don't you think? I suppose—the bells—would be terrible."

"I am so sorry," she said. "I won't sing it any more."

"You will, please: to-morrow night and the next. I shall always want to hear it. Perhaps—there is a pleasure in pain."

She got out the table and the chessmen. She was sorry the song had so moved him. He did not sleep well, she knew, being often a creature of racked nerves. She hoped he would forget the song after a well-contested game of chess, and be ready to sleep.

"They call it the game of kings," he said, his hand poised above his men. "If I was anything but a cripple I should never play a game to which I had to sit."

Her eyes fluttered and fell before his. It was the first time he had referred to his weakness so nakedly; and it hurt her.

"Am I brutal?" he asked. "I have something to tell you. Per-

haps I could not be so brutal—to myself—if I had not something to tell. It is my move, is it? Well, here goes!"

He moved his king on the board, and was silent, watching her, while she made a flurried move, smiling at him. She was no great player at chess.

"I said I had something to tell you—did I?" he said. "Well, it is—we have learnt that—my disability—may be cured. Cured or made worse. The bone will have to be unknit, a tendon stretched. It will be a case of kill or cure."

"Oh, I am so glad," she said breathlessly. "When will it be? You—do—not hesitate?"

"You advise me to have it done?" he asked slowly.

"Can there be any doubt of it?"

"If it fails it leaves me much worse off."

"It won't fail."

"At my age the bones are pretty well established. But there is a chance."

"No more than a chance?"

"I confess the chance seems worth taking, to myself. If you could know how—hard it has been. It may cripple me worse than ever. On the other hand it may make me like my fellows. Would you wish me to be like my fellows?"

He leant across the chessboard and mechanically moved the pieces. His hand touched hers, and the color sprang to his cheek.

"What do you say?" he asked, in a voice of curious intensity. "Shall I remain as I am or shall I take the risk?"

"I should take the risk," she said: and her eyes fell before his.

Chapter XV.

"Love that hath us in his net."

They finished the game with an outward quietness. If the atmosphere was charged with electricity, if they trembled as their hands met over the pieces, there was no indication of the fact. Nothing could have been more outwardly decorous than the lit drawing-room, the windows open to the summer night and a bright fire on the hearth, because a fire was cheerful to welcome the travelers home, and because there are few evenings in the moist Irish climate when one cares to be without a fire. The young man and the pretty girl, their heads bent over the chessboard, made a quiet picture. Meg was badly beaten, hopelessly checkmated. Terence Hildebrand, who had taught his daughter chess, would have been ashamed of her as a pupil. She

wanted to escape—to get away before anything could happen. She had run up against the thing she most desired and was afraid of it.

She escaped at last, none too soon, for she was afraid of betraying herself. She had begun to realize with a sinking heart what the exaltation, the golden peacefulness of the last few days meant. She had thought she pitied Lord Erris, pitied him profoundly, and loved and pitied his mother. Her love, her affection for these people, strong enough for the first time in her life to make it possible for her to turn her back on her own home without pangs—she had felt it a treachery that Castle Eagle had had power to draw her from Crane's Nest without grief, rather with joy—had been something more than she had realized. She had deceived herself.

Alone, in her little room, she sat down and faced things, with flushed cheeks and an excitement which would not be still, although she tried to beat it down, to chill it with cold common sense and worse. The memory of Lord Erris' eyes as he said good-night, as he had stood and watched her pass up the stairs, came over her with a rush of delight, bidding cold common sense go packing. Was this then the way love took, by the road of pity, to enter the heart? She had a memory of the white and gold hussar, straight, strong, debonair. She had felt a sense of surprise at her own limitations, that it was so easy to be discreet where he was concerned. For Lord Erris she had believed herself to have a passionate kindness cheating herself; and lo and behold it had become love. For the moment she did not look further than love. Suddenly it came upon her as a cold shock that he had let her go. If he had wanted to keep her as she went up the stairs she must have stayed, for love had entered by the gate of pity, and the citadel was surrendered. He had not wished her to stay. It was a dash of cold water on her ardor that he had been willing, even more than willing, to let her go. Some instinct told her that he had been glad when the hour of temptation was over.

She remembered a foolish speech of a foolish young woman, an English governess whom she had met in Vienna. "At home in England," Miss Sayers had said, "you and I would be 'only the governess.'"

What had she been thinking of? She remembered how her godmother, following the Archduchess, had commended her discretion. What was it she had said? Something to the effect that not every girl could be trusted at Castle Eagle. "They would be making eyes at Lord Erris," she had said. "He is very handsome, poor boy. I can trust your discretion." And she, Meg, with the white and gold hussar in her memory, and certain other fine gentlemen who had been ready to pay her furtive attentions if she had been the girl to receive them, had laughed while she had replied that her discretion could be trusted.

Memories came to her mind of how many times Lady Turlough-

more had thrown her and Lord Erris together; of things the Dowager had said, had seemed about to say; of something in the way Miss Roche had looked at her which had caused her a vague embarrassment. But —was it not because they trusted her discretion, as the Archduchess had trusted it, but with less reason? She was not the governess of the penny novelettes to believe that the noble son of the house was ready to fall in love with her the minute he looked at her, while his mother, the Countess, stood ready and eager to aid and abet him. She stood up from her chair, making an impatient gesture as though she flung her folly behind her. If there was to be any more of this nonsense, if she could not trust herself, she would have to go, to put herself out of the occasions of folly. The thought of going was so intolerable to her as to make her realize, with a sharp condemnation of herself, that if things were so bad as all that she had better go at once, without delay, before she betrayed their trust in her—"making eyes"—odious thought! —at Lord Erris.

As she laid her head on the pillow tears came to relieve her. She asked for light in the night, and the morning brought her light. She was first down—sitting behind the urn at the breakfast table when Lady Turloughmore, followed by her son, entered the room. Plainly they had been in conclave; they were still talking as they came in. Lord Erris' face looked eager and young. "The sooner the better," he said, as he came towards the table; and his mother assented gently: "Yes, the sooner the better, although I could wish you had not the long journey back so soon."

"My dear mother, I shall, I hope, grow accustomed to getting about the world. I have been too long content with being a useless cumberer of the ground. I shall have so much to see."

Lady Turloughmore sat down at the table, and stretched her hand for her letters.

"Anything for me, Ulick?"

The hope which at one time had been in her expression at such a moment was no longer there. She took her letters listlessly, and laid them to one side. The animation of her home-coming had died out this morning. Meg noticed that her blue eyes had a washed-out look, as though in the night she had wept in torrents.

"My son goes to Baden almost at once," she said to Meg. "He will not be long with us."

Meg noticed that nothing was said as to the reason for Lord Erris' visit to Baden, and understood the delicacy that withheld the explanation.

"You will be able to get on without me, mother," Lord Erris said, "now that you have Miss Hildebrand to keep you company. It will not be for very long."

"Have you forgotten that Algy Rosse is coming?" asked Lady Turloughmore. "Algy will insist on entertaining and being entertained. We must achieve some mild gaieties for him."

"I shall be sorry to miss Algy. He is an agreeable creature," Lord Erris said. "Miss Hildebrand, are you equal to entertaining my cousin, Mr. Algernon Rosse? He is not long down from Oxford, and he has a very pretty taste in art, poetry, and music. He plays tennis and croquet, and can do most things that befit a young gentleman. Withal he is as modest as having a very good opinion of himself consists with; he has taken a very decent degree at Oxford; he is going into the diplomatic service. He has a pretty, golden mustache, small feet and hands, of which he is not proud, is very careful of his clothes, and dances divinely—I think that is the phrase."

"Poor Algy!" said Lady Turloughmore. "You make him out a *petit-maitre,* Ulick. He is better than that."

"It is pure jealousy," Lord Erris said grimly. "An Orson like me cannot be expected to appreciate Prince Charming."

He hurried through his breakfast and went out to inspect his horses. He was dressed for riding. He had hardly left the breakfast table when his mother spoke.

"I am so rejoiced that Ulick is going to see Dr. Kellner," she said. "There has been so much doubt about it. Now he seems to have made up his mind. Dr. Kellner has made some wonderful cures, really and truly wonderful. His little house in Baden is thronged as a miraculous shrine might be. They are few he sends away unhealed."

"He has seen Lord Erris?"

"Oh, yes, he has seen him. He said a terrible thing in his queer German-English. 'It ess von of dose gases,' he said, 'dat ees gill or gure, gill or gure.' I was horrified till I discovered that the killing would mean things worse and more hopeless than they have been. They have been so bad that I could not wish my poor boy not to take the chance of being cured. Think what it would be to see him walk like other people! The treatment is very drastic; there is not only the operation, but his foot will have to be kept in plaster of Paris till the bones knit again. And—there may be the terrible disappointment at the end. I did not dare urge it upon Ulick; it is such a risk; but I am glad he will take it. It is worth the risk."

Light and shade passed over Lady Turloughmore's face with the rapidity of sun and cloud as they ruffle a meadow. She concluded on a lightening of the expression.

"After all, God is good," she said. "God is very good. I could not have lived my life at all if I had not felt so convinced of the goodness of God."

Miss Roche came in, dressed in her eccentric traveling clothes, and was told the news.

"I knew Ulick would face it," she said. "I knew Ulick would face it. He will be one of Dr. Kellner's famous cases. You shall see, Shelagh, you shall see. He made up his mind quickly;" she sent a queer glance at Meg from under her eyelids, between which the eyes narrowed themselves to mere slits. "I heard you playing and singing last night, Miss Hildebrand, and I in my beauty-sleep."

Lady Turloughmore took no notice of Miss Roche's apparently irrelevant remark.

"He is eager to be off. He has telegraphed for Dr. Dwyer to meet him in Dublin the day after to-morrow. Dr. Dwyer will see after him. He was eager to go by himself, but he accepts Dr. Dwyer to lessen my anxieties. Fortunately he likes him. He would certainly need someone to travel back with him if he is to be in plaster of Paris. He will have to travel very carefully."

"He'll lose the hunting next winter." Again Miss Roche's eyes darted brightly at Meg and were hidden again. "We'll be put to the pin of our collar, as the saying is, to amuse him when he comes back. I think the Lord meant him to get well, for he has never yet attained to that resignation which is the hardest thing to see in anyone that suffers. As long as there's discontent there is hope."

"Poor Ulick!" said the mother softly. "I am sure he was very patient. I've found it hard to forgive myself, when I've had to look at him in pain and he built for strength. That was the saddest part of it."

"Indeed then the Lord won't find it hard to forgive you, a good, little valiant woman if ever there was one. I'm not saying Ulick wasn't patient. He chafed. Bless my heart, I don't want him to be patient, with a foot like that. I want him to be impatient, and to get well like other men. I want to see him married, with a houseful of children, before I die."

Again the swift glance darted and was withdrawn. Lady Turloughmore sighed.

"Algy Rosse is a very pretty fellow, and a nice, pleasant lad," said Miss Roche: "but all the same we don't want to see him in Ulick's shoes. Not but what I'll be at rest with my fathers long before that. I'd like to see Ulick married before I die. I'm as fond of him as if he was my son. Why wouldn't he marry? Lots of girls would jump at him, just as he is. Not because he is Lord Erris. There is something about him. Bless you, there are some men that attract women and some men that don't. I know, though I'm an old maid."

She finished breakfast, and went off, refusing Lady Turloughmore's offer of a carriage to take herself and her queer belongings.

The trunk which had come out of the ark she would send a donkey cart for. She insisted on carrying all manner of queer odds and ends, and did not refuse Meg's offer to walk with her as far as Carrick, though she insisted on bearing her share of the burdens.

"I won't ask you in," she said, when they reached the house. "The place wouldn't be fit to receive you. The last time I was away a water pipe burst, and destroyed I don't know how many things on me. The carpets were rotten with the damp. You never know what will happen in those old houses as soon as your back's turned. They're crumbling like their owners—that's what they are."

"I wish you would let me stay," she said. "It seems so lonely for you. I could help you to get straight. I really love housework."

"In a nice clean house. Things have been allowed to go too long at Carrick. It would break your heart, so it would. You don't suppose I like to live in all the dirt and decay. My father kept twenty servants, to say nothing of hangers-on. It was a very different place in his time. Good-bye."

She whisked round the corner of the house, carrying a certain proportion of the things they had brought between them, and returned to find Meg still standing where she had left her, contemplating the sad house front.

"I wouldn't know what to do with the likes of you at all," she said humorously. "Go back now and give my love to Shelagh Turloughmore, and tell her not to fret for her boy, that he'll come home as well as anybody. And listen now—don't be coming over or sending messages, for I've got a working fit on me, and I'm going to put the place in order. Tell Shelagh that from me—to let me alone till I come or send. And listen now, child, if you were to send Ulick away heartened up and lively, it might be doing him a power of good. Do you think you could do it, dear?"

There was something of a painful anxiety in Miss Anastasia's face and voice as she leant a little closer to Meg, speaking in a whisper. Apparently what she saw in Meg's face satisfied her, for she did not wait for an answer.

"Never mind me," she went on, "never mind me, child. I've known the boy from a baby, and I know he's worth all you could give him, even if he drags a lame foot after him all his days. Don't I know? Well, God bless you, my dear." And so saying she disappeared finally.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

New Books.

VINCENT DE PAUL. By E. K. Sanders. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $4.00 net.

This book is a record of the life and times and work of St. Vincent de Paul. The author, who is not a Catholic, has chosen to treat rather of the work of the Saint than of the Saint himself. Her attitude is always one of impartiality and detachment. She dwells, therefore, for the most part on those features of St. Vincent's work and character which meet the common approval of mankind. She sees the splendid temporal results of so sanctified a life, and, indeed, she goes far in her apprehension of the secret which made that holy life so obviously effective. The evidence of a witness so single-minded and so temperate, cannot fail to impress every reader who is fortunate enough to peruse this excellent biography.

The life of St. Vincent is most encouraging to the ordinary man. St. Vincent was a peasant; he was not unusually learned, and he achieved no particular distinction in early life. In fact, until he was over forty, no casual observer would have proclaimed him above the average in any particular. His father was a peasant proprietor in the south of France, and so rough and unpolished that his pious son admits that he was once ashamed of him before his fellow-students.

St. Vincent was ordained priest in 1600, and subsequently completed his studies and took his degree. In 1605 he was captured by pirates, taken to Tunis and sold as a slave. Having converted one of his masters, he escaped and got back to France in 1607. In 1611 he became curate of Clichy, but soon exchanged his curacy for a tutorship in the noble family of de Gondi. The holiness of his priestly life, and the wisdom of his spiritual guidance, seem suddenly to have captured the admiration of his noble patrons. At this time, when he was forty-one years of age, an incident happened which might almost be compared with St. Augustine's *Tolle! Lege!* He was summoned to the deathbed of one of the peasants on the estate. The sick man, though apparently respected by his neighbors, had been for long in the habit of making false confessions, which were followed, of course, by sacrilegious communions. And now that he was dying, the terror of all this evil doing possessed

him, and St. Vincent was called to his assistance. But the poor penitent was not content with the secret shame of the confessional. He desired that Madame de Gondi, as representing his liege lord, should come to him, so that he might make a public acknowledgment of his wrongdoing in her presence. The whole incident came to St. Vincent as a great spiritual experience, indeed, as a "revelation of the spiritual conditions under which the peasantry of France were at that time living"—it came to him as a decisive call to his real life-work.

We need not touch upon every link in the chain of St. Vincent's life. He was brought by divine guidance to Paris, and there was put into his hands the work to which he had served *almost fifty years of hidden apprenticeship*. In 1625 he founded the Congregation of Mission Priests; in 1642 the Sisters of Charity took their first vows, while the Ladies of Charity were established in due course with their variously appropriate works of mercy. In reading the history of these immensely successful undertakings, we are naturally led to wonder what was the real secret of St. Vincent's power. The answer is to be found in the statement that *St. Vincent was at one and the same time a practical man and a man of prayer;* and, furthermore, that his life of prayer was the cause of his practical success. He weighed all things in "the scales of the sanctuary."

Until St. Vincent understood through prayer that a given matter or policy was according to the Divine Will, he would take no active steps towards carrying it out—fearing, as he said, "to encroach upon the purposes of God." Given, however, the divine sanction, nothing would hinder him from resolutely carrying it through. Such a course saved him from endless mistakes and complications, and from the endless worry and wear and tear that such mistakes would certainly have cost him. "Let us leave all to God," he would say, "for ourselves it is only necessary that we should have humility and patience as we await the orderings of His providence.....we may (then) feel that we have only what God has given us, and that we have sought neither men, nor goods, nor importance.....Let us leave all to God. Let us wait for His commands, and not try to forestall them." A clear brain, a true heart, an immense patience, an absolute distrust of and indifference to self, and, finally, above all, a serene and child-like dependence on God—these are the qualities that made St. Vincent de Paul at once the holiest and most practical man of his time.

St. Vincent was far ahead of his time. The foundation of the Sisters of Charity was at that period an altogether novel experiment. To no body of religious women had such freedom ever before been allowed. But their saintly founder knew that God needed them to save His poor, and would, therefore, protect them in their new and devoted work.

One could speak with great pleasure and sincerity of other features of this thorough piece of biography. It would have been interesting to have heard of the English foundation of the Sisters of Charity, or a little more of the great devotion paid by St. Vincent to our Blessed Lady, and, above all, of his interior life and its services. But apart from these matters, the historical part of the work is well done. Paris during the Regency; the intrigues of Mazarin, his relations with the Queen; the noble ecclesiastic who was rather more "noble" and rather less ecclesiastical than he should have been; the great ladies who re-acted from pleasure to piety, and gave their jewels to St. Vincent; the terrible rebellion of the Fronde; the efforts at social reform undertaken by the excellent Renaudot and the sad reason of their ultimate failure; the Port Royalists and their relations with St. Vincent—all these things are sketched with lively fidelity. But the sense of proportion is never lost. St. Vincent stands out in all his splendid simplicity as a man sent by God to do His Will—to save the suffering and to correct the frivolous.

THE CURE OF ALCOHOLISM. By Austin O'Malley. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.25 net.

Dr. O'Malley writes in his preface:

> The reason for the existence of this book is to call attention to the fact that the efforts commonly made in opposition to alcoholism are too specialized: they try to plant sobriety in a soil not fitted for it. Sobriety is only a part of temperance, and temperance itself is but one indivisible phase of that spiritual unity called the cardinal virtues. The drunkard must aim at the acquisition in the natural order of all the cardinal virtues, or their reception in the supernatural order, since he is lacking in each of these almost as much as he fails in temperance, and temperance will never come to anyone unaccompanied by the other virtues. It is impossible short of a miracle of grace to cure a drunkard whilst the physical effects of the drug he has taken are present, therefore before applying moral treatment, physical elimination of the poison must be accomplished.

The first five chapters of the book explain the nature of alcohol, its proportions in liquors and patent medicines, its physical and mental effects, the alcoholic insanities, the relation between alcoholism and heredity, and the physical treatment of alcoholism. The next five chapters describe the moral treatment. The author explains the moral responsibility of the drunkard, the control of the passions, the four cardinal virtues, and the natural and supernatural means of curing drunkenness. A final chapter treats of opium, cocaine, morphine, and other intoxicating drugs.

We commend this excellent treatise to doctors and priests, although we are skeptical of some of Dr. O'Malley's pet theories, as, for example, the relation of climate to certain races. Dr. O'Malley gives too much theology in his second part. What he says is accurate and true, but it is hardly germane to his subject to discuss at such length the various Catholic theories of grace, the gifts of the Holy Ghost, the cardinal virtues, etc. For instance:

> Treating a drunkard with drugs solely is quackery; giving the pledge as a remedy is often an incitement to perjury.
>
> The hospital authorities that supply whiskey to drunken patients are respectable "speak easys," which are never raided by the police, because no one has ever directed the attention of the police to them.
>
> There is always something wrong with the mind of a true neurasthenic, and he does not take moral medicine well.
>
> A confirmed drunkard is not a Catholic, of course, except in the state census.

WORLDLYMAN: A MODERN MORALITY OF OUR DAY. By Percy Fitzgerald. New York: Benziger Brothers. 90 cents net.

We are pleased to be able to welcome a new book from the author of *Saxonhurst.* Mr. Fitzgerald's latest publication is a "modern morality," Anslem Worldlyman of Old Saxonhurst, a dissipated, frivolous pleasure-monger, not too bad it is true, but "like the curate's egg," good in parts, is rapidly sliding down-hill. His friend, Father S. Sepulchre, has foreseen this, and true to the promise made when Worldlyman was leaving school, has always kept an eye on his young protégé.

A crisis comes. A breakdown in health; a convenient "really you must take a sea voyage" from H. R. H.'s own medico; a first trip of the new unsinkable *Leviathan,* a few days of "reckless

junketing in the booths of this Vanity Fair afloat," and then the beginning of the end. A festival in honor of the "admirable captain of I don't know how many voyages" brings on a speech in praise of the "unsinkable ship." This covert blasphemy is rebuked by Worldlyman, but his words are greeted with cries of: "shut up," "keep it till Sunday," "no sermons here." Events move rapidly. Fun and folly pay no heed to the sudden shock, and the rasping sound as the iceberg strikes the ship. The ghastly figure of Mors, the monk, stalks across the scene, and warns Worldlyman of the approaching doom. In answer to Worldlyman's prayers, Father S. Sepulchre arrives (never mind how) to prepare him for the end. And the end is not long delayed. The lifeboats hurry off with their burdens, and those who must die face death with a calmness and a courage given them by the faith and zeal of the wonder-working priest.

"You don't like thinking? Well, here are some facts." This is the spirit of the book. Worldlyman is every man, and the thin wall of an ocean liner is about as sure and as treacherous as what separates any of us from eternity—that enormous fact which we glide over so heedlessly, "when we glibly say, 'life everlasting. Amen.'"

The book is attractively written, and alive with humor. Its most interesting character is Father S. Sepulchre, with his improvised proverbs; his shrewd and quaint comments; his wonder-working zeal. The closing paragraph shows the kindly apostle the same in death as in life, "smiling, praying, comforting, encouraging, calling on all near him to be ready and alert for the only next few moments, when they should at last 'step into eternity' together." There is more fact than fancy in this little book, and much food for thought in the sober realism of *Worldlyman,* a modern morality of our own day, setting forth how he passed from death to life, from sin to virtue; how he was lost and how he was found again.

FRANCISCAN TERTIARIES. By Father William, O.S.F.C. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.00 net.

Though, as the title indicates, this book is intended for members of the Third Order of St. Francis, it is in many respects adapted to the needs of any Catholic who sincerely desires to put the teaching of the Church into practice in daily life. Such chapters as those on Loyalty to Church, on Dress, and on Amusements are exceedingly "timely."

SPIRITISM UNVEILED. By D. I. Lanslots, O.S.B. St. Louis: B. Herder. 75 cents net.

This work ought to be welcomed by Catholics who are desirious of knowing the attitude of the Church on this important subject. The treatment, though brief, is thorough, and questions of philosophy and theology are considered entirely from the viewpoint of Catholic teaching. The book has the value and authority so utterly lacking in the studies of Spiritism, which confuse verifiable phenomena with hypothetical explanations not always consistent with what the present author calls "sound theology."

"CHRIST'S CADETS." By C. C. Martindale, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. 35 cents net.

This little volume of the "Stella Maris" Library is addressed to the Sodalists of Our Lady, and deals with the three young Saints, Aloysius Gonzaga, Stanislaus Kostka, and John Berchmans. The author does not attempt to write "lives" of these "cadets" of Christ; he gives rather a study of the salient features of their ascetic growth. The book is excellent reading, and its practical teaching on the subject of sanctity is much to be commended. Judging by this volume, the "Stella Maris" Library should be a valuable addition to our devotional literature, for both in its style and its treatment of excellent matter, *"Christ's Cadets"* is altogether pleasing.

THE STORY OF MARY DUNNE. By M. E. Francis. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.35 net.

It would be a difficult question to decide just for whom this book is intended. If it is designed for the use of parents and guardians, the story form is hardly suitable; if for those who are entering womanhood, few of those entrusted with souls who stand "where the brook and river meet," would choose to place such a tale in their hands; if it be designed for those whose work and experience have put them in possession of such facts, it is, to say the least, superfluous. There only remains the victims themselves, and while we do not deny the possibility of its moving them to remorse, regret, repentance, such a result is, on the whole, improbable. Altogether we do not find it easy to justify the existence of this book, being of opinion that in common with eugenics and their kindred subjects, it is a matter for private and individual handling; and likely to make an impression, and bear fruit for good, only under these

conditions. Doubtless the book has been written with the best intentions, but the tale itself is depressing and hopeless, disturbing in its effect on the youthful reader, and even on maturer ones.

We regret exceedingly that the author who has given us that charming idyll of *The Manor Farm,* should have felt impelled to combat moral evil by such a misguided method. The words of Archbishop Whiteside quoted by the author: "A barrier at the top of the precipice is better than an ambulance at the bottom," are very true and very sad, but we fear that a novel will prove but a frail barrier. The evil which this book combats is appalling, is tremendous, but no doctor endorses the exhibition of the victims of contagious disease as beneficial to those in health, neither will such exposures as this book gives stem the tide of moral corruption which at present works such havoc. A weapon to slay these dragons must be stronger forged than a novel.

THOMAS HARDY'S WESSEX. By Hermann Lea. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

Those who desire to know well the country of Hardy's novels, will be interested in this book. When all is said, mental pictures *do* need confirmation, at any rate, in the majority of cases. And here we have just such confirmation as is needful. Books of this kind are sometimes "made to order;" but to Mr. Hermann Lea this work has been one of leisurely delight. "It is more than twenty years," he tells us, "since I first became interested in tracing the topographical features of the Wessex novels, and I have lived in Wessex continuously during that period, and have traveled over practically all the main roads, and many of the lanes and byroads—traversing more than one hundred and fifty thousand miles on cycle, in a car and on foot."

The author's method is to give a short historical background to the Hardy country, and then to deal with the topographical features of each story in turn. The volume contains two hundred and forty illustrations, some of them of unusual excellence.

THE REVOLT OF DEMOCRACY. By Alfred Russel Wallace, O.M., F.R.S. New York: The Cassell Co.

Only a few days after the appearance of this little book, the illustrious author of it died. His own last work, to tell the truth, is a little slight and disappointing, but the excellent biographical notice of Dr. Russel Wallace contributed by Mr. James Marchant,

is both interesting and timely. In a periodical quite uncommitted to any prejudice in favor of dogmatic Christianity, there occurred a short while ago a passage which sums up most justly the great results of Dr. Wallace's life. We quote the passage, and put in italics the remarkable sentence with which it closes.

> What Darwin and Wallace really did was not so much to invent a theory of evolution by Natural Selection, as to furnish and marshal the large and varied evidence necessary to establish it in the world of science, and to exhibit its far-reaching consequences in the life of thought. In this work Wallace was an able though an independent lieutenant. *But his true service to his age was in furnishing a stout barrier to the torrent of quasi-scientific rationalism, which, drawing over-freely from the new evolutionary teaching, threatened to submerge all the landmarks not merely of dogmatic religion, but of morality and humanitarianism.*

It is certain that a later and more definitely religious generation than our own will abundantly confirm this verdict. It will look back upon Russel Wallace not only as a man who saw a valuable, though partial, scientific truth, but also as a man who saw this truth in proper relation to other truths that were far more important —truths that proclaim the spiritual nature and destiny of the whole human race. In this respect he differed from Darwin. As Mr. Marchant puts it, "Darwin thought that Natural Selection alone was sufficient to explain the development of man, in all aspects from some lower form. Wallace.....thought that as an intellectual and moral being some other influence—some spiritual influx—was required to account for his special mental and psychic nature." Darwin, again, believed that acquired characters were inherited, Wallace thought not. To sum up, Wallace had philosophy enough to see that biological formulæ could not be applied beyond their proper sphere without great danger to individual, to political, and to social life. Unfortunately, many prominent leaders in thought and action seemed quite unaware of this. As a result both trade and politics have suffered terribly. Apply the doctrine of the survival of the fittest to trade, and we get the warrant for savage competition, in which the weaker always goes to the wall, and the employee becomes a mere pawn in a game of giants; apply it again to international politics, and we have a sufficient excuse for the tyranny and destruction which "imperialists" wage against inferior races.

Wallace saw what was going on, and the latter part of his life was mainly occupied in protesting against the false deductions drawn from what may be truly called his own scientific premises. He proclaimed that man was the master and not the slave of material forces; that the laws of the spirit "could utilize, modify, or abrogate and override the physical laws of evolution for their proper purposes," and that man had to look above himself and not beneath himself for the highest truth and for the most powerful inspiration. In his search after spiritual truth he held, and sometimes relinquished, many tentative opinions at variance with revelation; but that was to be expected. At any rate he was moving in the right direction, and he took many followers in his train. His influence, perhaps, more than that of any of his contemporaries, tended to assuage the bitterness of conflict between science and religion; and the force of that benevolent influence is increasing rather than not, for it has become contagious.

THE CATHOLIC STUDENT'S "AIDS" TO THE BIBLE. By Hugh Pope, O.P. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.35 net.

Father Pope has written this book to guide the Catholic student in his reading of the Bible, and to help him read it with an intelligent interest. He says in his introduction: "In these days of specialization there is always a danger lest what we term foundation work be neglected. This is especially true of Biblical studies. A knowledge of the written Word itself must precede the use of commentaries, and even of introductions. Of what use to read a commentary on one book when we are ignorant of the relations between that book and preceding or subsequent ones? Of what use to read about inspiration before we know something at least of the inspired Word itself?"

This book is not an introduction, still less is it a dictionary of the Bible. The author has departed from the lines usually adopted in similar aids to the Bible, and has purposely developed certain features at the expense of others. He has omitted, for instance, the concordances generally given, and has devoted the space thus saved to the amplification of the introductions to each book. He has made these as complete as possible, in order to interest the student in the books themselves, by showing him their contents and divisions, the main points in their teaching, the principal proofs of their authenticity, and by indicating all the serious difficulties connected with these questions. Following the example

of St. Augustine, whom he continually quotes, he does not hesitate to point out the chief Biblical difficulties, thinking it preferable that a student should from the outset realize that the Bible is a book which he who runs may *not* read, than that he should later be tempted to think that difficulties and apparent contradictions have been unfairly passed over by his teachers. Some very good maps accompany the volume.

THE CORYSTON FAMILY. By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.35 net.

There is not one of the Coryston family that we would care to number among our friends. Lady Coryston, herself, is a cold, unfeeling, unnatural tyrant, whose political opinions have deprived her of all true feminine and motherly instincts. She so dominated her henpecked husband that she forced him to disinherit his eldest son, and to leave her perfect control of his immense estates. Coryston, the eldest boy, a hare-brained socialist enthusiast, on learning his mother's determination to cut him off without a penny, retaliates by renting a small house on her estate, and spreading the seeds of discontent among his mother's hitherto satisfied tenants. Arthur, the mother's darling, is rather an effeminate nincompoop, who recites his mother's Conservative speeches by heart in Parliament, until he falls in love with Enid, the daughter of the Radical Chancellor. Marcia, the daughter, accepts without question her mother's tyrannical rule, and obediently engages herself to Edward Newbury, a man of Conservative principles after her mother's own heart. One of the farmers on the Newbury estate is about to be evicted for having married a divorced woman, whereupon his wife calls upon Marcia for help, with the result that her engagement is broken. The suicide of the farmer and his wife makes Marcia realize that the intolerance of her fiancé would negative their future happiness. The young Newbury in despair follows "his mystic bent," and becomes an Anglican missionary to the pagans.

Of course Mrs. Humphrey Ward tries to bring out clearly the utter heartlessness and cruelty of dogmatic Christianity, although her picture of the High Church Anglican is a caricature rather than a portrait.

The whole book is a subtle attack on the suffrage movement. For Mrs. Ward's idea of the true function of a woman is: "The creation of a spiritual atmosphere in which the nation may do its best, and may be insensibly urged to do its best, in fresh, spon-

taneous ways, like a plant flowering in a happy climate, instead of taking up with all the old-fashioned, disappointing, political machinery that men have found out."

JANE AUSTEN. By F. Warre Cornish. English Men of Letter Series. New York: The Macmillan Co. 75 cents net.

Mr. F. Warre Cornish has added an interesting volume to the English Men of Letter Series on *Jane Austen.* English country life, even if we look at it from the privileged point of view of the well-to-do country gentry of her time, was rather an empty kind of existence. "Difficulty of locomotion makes neighborhoods small, and small neighborhoods contract interests and create monotonous habits of living. The vacuity of country life a century ago is illustrated by every chapter of Jane Austen's books; and those who complain that her range of subjects and scenes is small must remember the seclusion of her life in the country, " where nothing ever happens." The distractions of this kind of life are characteristic—books of engravings, cabinets of coins and medals, drawers of shells and fossils; backgammon, cribbage, speculation, and other card games. The clever ladies were permitted charades and acrostics, but the dull ones must needs be content with " filigree work, netting and knitting, miles of fringe, and acres of carpet work."

The men were only a little more employed. They did not smoke and they did not read; shooting, riding, and driving seemed to prescribe the range of their daily activities. Jane Austen's father, it is true, was endowed with so much leisure that he found time to read Cowper aloud to his family of a morning. But human nature is always human nature; and where men and women, young and old, meet together in such an atmosphere of spacious leisure we shall have comedy, we shall have tragedy, we shall have life. Jane Austen has given us this early nineteenth century English country life. Her presentment of it as a delightful comedy of manners is final, the beauty, the delicacy, the reticent perfection of her novels will never be surpassed.

Mr. Warre Cornish has done his work of appreciation with loving care. The first chapter is biographical, the second deals with Jane Austen's *Letters,* while the subsequent ones are devoted to the study of each particular novel. His own favorite is *Pride and Prejudice,* and we heartily subscribe to his preference. Elizabeth Bennet was Jane Austen's favorite, too. " I must confess," she wrote, " that I think her as delightful a creature as ever appeared

in print." As our author says, "she is as much alive as Clarissa, or Shirley or Bathsheba Everdene or Clara Middleton, and in the unity of a nature full of contradictions belongs to the highest class of creations in comedy." It is a clear gain to turn from the vulgar open-work of so much modern fiction to the novels of Jane Austen, with their delicacy, merriment, and reserve.

COURT MASQUES OF JAMES I. Their Influence on Shakespeare and the Public Theatres. By Mary Sullivan, Ph.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

Dr. Sullivan has made an original study of the Court masques in the days of James I., in order to show their diplomatic bearing, and their influence upon English literature. As she says in her opening chapter:

> The real occasion of the production of all the greatest masques of the Jacobean Court lies as deep as the business of State. When foreign ambassadors at the English Court officially insisted that a masque was a public action, wherein one nation could not be favored more than another without manifest testimony of bad faith to the nation neglected; that a masque was a public spectacle and solemnity which could be seen by ten thousand persons, who would publish to all Christendom the diplomatic significance of the Court's least action during its performance; when masques were held in one country to counteract or influence the diplomatic importance of a masque given in another; when King James himself insisted that a masque was a diplomatic function, used to prove to a continental sovereign England's affection for him; when prime ministers announced that deportment at a masque had a large influence in shaping a treaty of peace; it seems time to examine such masques in connection with the historic conditions with which they were associated, for the effect of the diplomatic bearing upon the literature of the masque and of other dramatic forms.

Chapter I.-IV. consider in detail the ascendancy of Spain, and then of France, at the English Court as evidenced by the masques given on holidays like Twelfth-night, or in honor of the marriage of one of the King's relatives. If the masque was given to show special favor to some country, the King paid marked attention to the ambassador of that country, the Queen danced with him at the close of the masque, and his wife and family were treated with the greatest possible courtesy.

A literary production which had for its patrons an audience

like that of the Court of King James, was not destined to be wholly satisfying from the viewpoint of literature. The audience called for a high-class, costly vaudeville entertainment, abounding in animated dialogue and historical allusions, and attractive to the eye by the dazzling splendor of jewelled costumes and the intricate steps of the dance. They were always on the lookout for surprises in the line of the grotesque and the comic. Such writers as Ben Jonson must have suffered to force themselves under contract to answer such an appeal.

Some writers have maintained that the Shakespearean stage was devoid of splendor, and that the women's parts were given to boys. Dr. Sullivan thinks both these untenable.

The author acknowledges her debt to prior investigators of the masque such as Paul Reyher, Dr. A. Soergel, Dr. Rudolph Brotanek, and Dr. Albert Feuilleart, though she herself has gone to the original documents in the British Museum and in the Public Record Office. An appendix of some sixty pages gives a number of the original documents.

MEMOIRS OF BARON HYDE DE NEUVILLE. Translated and abridged by Frances Jackson. Two Volumes. St. Louis: B. Herder. $6.00 net.

The subject of these memoirs, Jean Guillaume Baron de Neuville, was born at La Charité-sur-Loire in 1776, descended on his father's side from a Jacobite English family that had settled in France after the uprising of 1745. Hereditary legitimist tendencies were strongly marked in him, and soon received opportunity to display themselves, as he was only fifteen years old when the first rumblings of the Revolution called him to Paris, to attach himself to the unpopular cause of monarchy. A consistent Royalist throughout those terrible days, he played a part in the rising at Berry, and this, together with his efforts to persuade the first Consul to restore the Bourbon heir, had much to do with his self-exile to the United States. After the downfall of Napoleon he became an important diplomatic agent of Louis XVIII. and of Charles X., representing his country at Washington and at Lisbon, besides conducting various special negotiations, and holding a portfolio in the Martignac cabinet. But the revolution of July forced him once more into retirement. Faithful unto the end to his "legitimate" sovereign, he died in Paris in 1857.

Although he wrote no memoirs, he left behind a considerable

amount of autobiographical notes and correspondence, and it was mostly from these that his nieces compiled the three volumes which appeared in France in 1888. The variety and interest of his narrative, the simplicity and force of his style, and his absolute disinterestedness and honesty, make the work, despite its size, unusually attractive. The work has an added and higher value as a historical source. The present work is an abridged translation of these voluminous memoirs, space having been saved by the omission of the correspondence and debates. While this diminishes considerably its value to the historical student, it renders it more inviting to the general reader. The work, both of translation and of abridgment, has been capably performed, and the material make-up is equally good. It is to be hoped that the translator will provide us with an English rendering of the most important portions of the correspondence omitted in this volume.

RELIGIOUS ORDERS OF WOMEN IN THE UNITED STATES. By Elinor Long Dehey. Hammond, Indiana: W. B. Conkey Co. $3.00 net.

This volume is a valuable contribution to the history of the Catholic Church in the United States. It is far more than a mere summary of facts. It contains a history of the foundation, rule and purpose of all the female religious communities of our country. Their history is an inspiration, and the present volume shows what a vital force they are in the life of the Church. The book includes numerous illustrations of persons and places, and represents extended and painstaking labor; and we trust it will meet with a sale encouraging to its zealous author.

SWEET-SCENTED LEAVES AND OTHER STORIES. By Violet Bullock-Webster (Mrs. Armel O'Connor). Published at Ludlow, England. 5 *s.*

Charming is the word that rises to the lips as one skims these exquisite little tales, but a further acquaintance soon shows that they are more than that: they are steeped in that fragrant essence of charity which we had almost feared had been swept off this poor old earth of ours by organization, methods, rules. We confess to being something of an anarchist in this matter of relief of the poor. Present-day ways snatch from one the delicate fragrance, the privacy of sweet charity that seems best to suit Christ's words, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doth." As the Re-

cording Angel visits at eve this world of ours, we suspect that it is not the eminently proper reports of philanthropy that arrest his attention, comforting as these may be, but rather the attitude of mind and soul so well portrayed in these beautiful sketches. How far from modern methods seems the delicate reverence shown in *Our Lady's Party;* the almost timid consideration and kindness of *Sweet-Scented Leaves,* of *John and Sally* of Mrs. Marchant, and her simple self-surrender between two exacting natures.

For ourselves, we confess to a preference for *Sweet-Scented Leaves.* Miss Devereux is delightfully natural in the midst of her holiness. Lose no time in making her acquaintance, and enjoying the contrast between grace, which she typifies, and her maid, Sally, who represents a very human piece of our nature unadorned. To have been the inspiration of such loving acts of fraternal charity should be reward enough, but our author merits also the praise of a lesser charm—literary grace, and her sure touch of familiarity with the invisible world.

THE EIGHTH YEAR. A Vital Problem of Married Life. By Philip Gibbs. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. $1.25.

Mr. Gibbs writes a quick, brilliant story to prove how some men by their selfish thoughtlessness drive their wives either to desperation, or force them into the ranks of the militant suffragettes. He shows how much of modern marital unhappiness comes from men and women trying to live beyond their means, and shirking the duties of paternity and maternity. This book is an excellent sermon on the evils of divorce and race suicide.

THE SEVENTH WAVE AND OTHER SOUL STORIES. By Constance E. Bishop. London: R. & T. Washbourne. 3 *s.* 6 *d.*

We were not at all impressed with this series of psychological tales, although the publisher's advertisement assured us that in them "the twentieth century life of to-day seems to be infused with the spirit-sense of the ages of faith, and the supernatural is made as near and familiar as it was when miracles were generally unquestioned, and to encounter dancing fairies hardly raised surprise." Perhaps we are made merely of ordinary mortal clay, for this new writer utterly failed to imbue us with "any deep mystical yearnings to pass through the fleshy screen to reach the hidden heart of all things."

We felt throughout that we were listening to a highly nervous

and imaginative woman, who was most of the time on the verge of hysteria. She is always having presentiments; she hears voices continually rousing her from sleep; she feels that when the wind howls, the sound is almost human; she is ever weeping in an anguish of soul, "desolating, unspeakable, and overwhelming;" she doubts at times "whether she is in or out of the body;" she knows that the wind always howls in November human-like, etc., etc. Occasionally we are surprised after reading some very pious passages, to come across such expressions as: "I have had a h— of a time since I saw you last.....It is my spine, they say—some rotten disease—and it's h— to bear." This is bathos with a vengeance.

THE Manresa Press announces the publication of a shilling library of Catholic books, some original and some reprinted, to perform for Catholics the services rendered to the general public by such series as Everyman's Library and the People's Books. The editor is the Rev. Alban Goodier, S.J., who has already enlisted many notable contributors; the project has the approbation of the Cardinal of Westminster. The earliest publications will be the *Letters and Instructions of St. Ignatius Loyola; Allen's Defence of English Catholics,* and *St. Antonino, Patron of Economists.* B. Herder, St. Louis, will be the agent in the United States.

A SPECIAL word of commendation is due to the excellent manual of Irish history, entitled *Ireland's Story,* by Johnston and Spencer. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.) It is some years since it first appeared, and happily it has not wanted for a cordial welcome. But if there be still teachers, or directors of reading circles, who are interested in "Ireland's story," and are unacquainted with this presentment of it, we would strongly advise them to secure a copy.

A VERY attractive book for children is Grace Keon's *The Life on Earth of Our Blessed Lord for Little Catholic Children.* (St. Louis: B. Herder. 60 cents net.) Mothers will be the most helped by it, though all who have the care of the tiny ones will be assisted by these pages. Music, song, and story are all called into requisition, and very easy verses tell the chief events of Christ's Life, Passion, Death, and Resurrection, so simply that there is very little to explain. The illustrations are usually well chosen, but there are one or two which might have been better selected. The

size of the book and the typography are all that can be desired, and the price is very reasonable. Finally the book well deserves the patronage of those for whom it was written—Catholic children as well as Catholic mothers, whose labor of love it will lighten considerably. May it lead the hearts of the children to the love of our Incarnate Lord!

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

L'Esclave des Nègres, by Jean Charman. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. *2 frs.*) A biography of St. Peter Claver, the missionary to the negroes in Spanish America. The author's sympathy with his subject has given us a life which, though not long, and covering ground already familiar, is a real addition to the literature of this great Saint.

Armelle Nicolas, 1606–1671, by Le Vicomte Hippolyte le Gouvello. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. *3 frs.* 50.) The subject of this biography has not been canonized, but her wonderful life and humility and close union with God have led to the hope that one day she may receive the honor. Meanwhile the number of her biographers is none too great to admit a new one. The present work is a theological no less than an historical study. The character of "la bonne Armelle" is well drawn, and at the end the author gives, as "pièces justificatives," some important contemporary letters concerning her from high sources. Had he done no more than remove from her memory the undeserved stigma of Quietism, the author would have rendered a real service.

Louis Veuillot, L'Homme, Le Lutteur, L'Ecrivain, by Eugène Tavernier. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie. *3 frs.* 50.) M. Eugène Tavernier, his former private secretary, has given us a most admirable and interesting summary of the works and personality of Louis Veuillot, that "good soldier of St. Peter" as Jules Lemaitre calls him. He is perhaps better understood now than in his lifetime, when he was verily a storm centre, and brought "not peace but a sword;" and we shall leave it to yet another generation to understand him still better. Louis Veuillot rose from the people by his own immense talent and force. M. Tavernier describes how in the place of honor in his study hung the portrait of his father in his leather workman's apron, a maker of wine barrels at Bercy, the great wine-selling district of Paris. Veuillot's parents had a hard struggle for existence, and the struggle was unlit by religious belief. His own conversion was during a journalistic expedition to Rome, after he had established himself in the journalistic world, and from that day his pen was at the service of the Church, as a soldier's sword is at the service of his country. M. Tavernier's own personal recollections of his master make his portrait of the man a very living and lovable one. His appreciation of his work as a writer sends one with keen anticipation—never disappointed—to his books.

L'Édit de Calliste; Étude sur les Origines de la Pénitence Chrétienne, by Adhémar d'Alès. (Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne. *7 frs.* 50.) Several chapters of this work have already appeared in various French reviews, namely, *The Études, The Recherches de Science religieuse, The Revue d'Histoire ecclésiastique, The Revue Pratique d'Apologétique,* and *The Revue des Questions historiques.* The book also supposes the reader's knowledge of two other works of the author, namely, *The Theology of Tertullian* and *The Theology of St. Hippolytus.* The author discusses at great length the place of the "peremptory edict" of Pope Calixtus in the development of the Church's penitential discipline.

Was it in reality a great revolutionary change as some scholars maintain, or was it, as the author holds, a mere minor incident in the history of the Sacrament of Penance, which obtained undue prominence owing to the bitter attacks of Tertullian and other anti-Catholic rigorists. The book is in reality a detailed history of the origins of penance in the first three centuries, the author bringing out clearly two things; first, the Christian tradition proves with the utmost clearness that God pardons all sins without exception, no matter what their number or their enormity, and, second, the Church has always claimed the power of pardoning sins given it by Jesus Christ. We do not think that the author settles once for all, all the points in controversy, and we think him at times rather unfair to such eminent scholars as Dr. Funk. But no student of early church history can afford to neglect reading this most suggestive volume.

Dieu: Existence et Cognoscibilité, by S. Belmond. (Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne. 4 *frs.*) This volume is an ardent defence of the philosophy of Dun Scotus. The author blames the opponents of the Subtle Doctor for not having read his writings, and for ascribing to him many a false theory, merely because they were incompetent to judge him aright. He is especially angry at those who would fain see Scotus denounced in the Encyclical *Pascendi* of Pius X. The book consists of three parts, The Existence of God, What We know of God, and The Knowledge of God.

Gustave III. et la Rentrée du Catholicisme en Suède, by P. Fiel et A. Serrière. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie. 3 *frs.* 50.) This work does not pretend to give a complete picture of the religious history of Sweden during the reign of Gustavus III. The authors wish merely to describe, after the original documents, the mission of the Vicar Apostolic Oster, who was sent to Sweden by Pius VI. in July, 1783. Most of their material is drawn from the Abbé Oster's letters to Propaganda. Although his apostolate did not bring about the counter-reform that he dreamed of, and although Sweden remained dominantly Lutheran, the Church of Stockholm owes a great debt to its first Vicar Apostolic.

Le Mystère de l'Incarnation, by Édouard Hugon. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. 3 *frs.* 50.) Father Hugon has written a scholarly, theological treatise on the Incarnation. Its five chapters discuss: The Mystery of the Incarnation, The Divine and Human Natures, The Union of the Two Natures, The Qualities of the Humanity of Christ, and The Worship of Jesus Christ.

Les Commandements, by J. C. Brousselle. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. 3 *frs.* 50.) Father Brousselle of the Lycée Michlet has added another volume to his already rather extended course of religious instruction. He treats in a simple, practical way the Commandments of God and the Church. We would like to see manuals of this type written in English for the boys of our Catholic colleges.

Les Conventionnels Régicides, by Pierre Bliard. (Paris: Perrin et Cie. 5 *frs.*) Pierre Bliard gives us a complete sketch of the political life of the chief members of the Convention who condemned Louis XVI. to death. He follows them from the days of the revolution up to the time of Louis XVIII. He brings out in bold relief their ignorance, immorality, cruelty, irreligion, obsequiousness, and dishonesty. No greater set of rascals ever lived in history, unless we except the apostate Scotish nobles in the time of Mary, Queen of Scots, or the corrupt courtiers of the early Roman Emperors. An appendix gives an alphabetic list of the three hundred and eighty-seven regicides.

Abel, by G. Fanton. (Paris: Eugene Figuière et Cie. 3 *frs.* 50.) M. Fanton writes this novel to show that the sins of the fathers are visited upon their innocent children by a sort of fatality. The story is spoiled by the author's overzeal in defending the cult of the effete positivism of Auguste Comte.

Foreign Periodicals.

Catholic Principles and Social Policy. By Henry Somerville. Is there a distinctive Catholic social policy? Apart from the questions of divorce, secular education, and the treatment of the feeble minded, does our faith perform merely the negative office of warning us against what is actually immoral or poisonous, or does it positively supply us with definite principles, distinctively even if not exclusively Catholic, suggesting the broad lines of a constructive social policy? The former is the opinion of many Catholics, yet to the writer it seems erroneous. Social reform implies a pattern according to which existing society should be altered. The four factors in every social question are the individual, the family, the state, and wealth, to omit for the moment the fifth, and for a Catholic the essential factor of the Church.

Now has the Church any definite teaching on these four subjects? Most certainly she has; principally indeed as regards the ends to be achieved, but in certain cases also as regards the means proposed to reach those ends. Catholic principles are in many instances adopted by non-Catholics, yet the latter often spoil their effect by intermingling irreligious principles with them, or by pushing them to extremes. English Catholics are indeed divided in social policies; sometimes merely as to the means of attaining commonly accepted ends, sometimes because modern social reform has to deal with situations created by a deliberate setting aside of Catholic principles, Catholic remedies, though the simplest and best, cannot be applied in these cases, because the people whose coöperation Catholics require would not respond to appeals based on Catholic assumptions. English Catholics still lack a carefully thought-out policy, such as Bishop Ketteler gave Germany. A beginning towards this end is being made by the Catholic Social Guild. —*The Month,* December.

The Discipline of the Church. By Gustave Neyron. From the time of the Reformation even to this day, the great cry which rings through the world is for liberty of thought. The discipline which the Catholic Church exercises over the restless brains of men, has ever been a stumbling-block to those without her pale. To dissipate this erroneous view is the chief intention of this article, proving that order and not chaos is the result of recognition of this prerogative of the Church.—*Études,* November 5.

The Forgiveness of Sins. By L. Labauche. A. d'Alès of the Catholic Institute of Paris has written a book on the edict whereby Pope Calixtus declared that he absolved persons guilty of immorality if they had done penance. The protests of Hippolytus and of Tertullian, at that time a Montanist heretic, raise the question as to whether this was a doctrinal innovation, or merely the exercise of a power which the Popes not only had had from the beginning, but had used? Did the Church, as Harnack says, then first become conscious of her power to absolve? Or shall we say with Funk that, though conscious of this power always, she had not previously used it in favor of such persons, but had abandoned them to the extra-sacramental judgments of God? M. d'Alès shows that the Church always had this power, and that under Calixtus there was a relaxing of the former disciplinary strictness. His successors extended this relaxation to apostates and murderers.—*Revue Pratique d'Apologétique,* December 1.

The Tablet (December 6): Anglicans, if they accept a revelation, are quite at a loss to know what that revelation is. A proof of this is seen in a recent open letter from the Bishop of Zanzibar to the Bishop of St. Albans under the title, *Ecclesia Anglicana; for What Does She Stand?* The Bishop, in fiery words, points out that at the recent Conference at Kikuyu between Anglican and Nonconformist missionary societies, steps were taken for the establishment of "a new, united Protestant Church of East Africa and Uganda." Pending the formation of this Church, the two Bishops and the heads of four Protestant societies have pledged themselves: (a) to recognize common membership between federated churches; (b) to establish a common form of Church organization; (c) to admit to any pulpit a preacher recognized by his own Church; (d) to admit to communion a recognized member of any other Church; (e) to draw up and follow common courses of instruction both for candidates for baptism and candidates for ordination. The Bishop has petitioned that this Conference be judged by his Metropolitan's Provincial court. We look for the decision. The whole matter is another evidence of the doctrinal chaos in the Anglican Church.

The Month (December): Selections from the late Father Gerard's diaries illustrating his opinions on materialism, his careful observations of nature, and his sense of humor, are given by the Editor.——Continuing his discussion as to *The Church and the Money Lender,* Rev. Henry Irwin rebuts the contention of the

laissez-faire school, that the canonist prohibition of usury hindered the natural evolution of trade and industry by discouraging the growth of credit. Against Lecky he quotes the non-Catholic economists Cunningham, Nicholson, and Ashley.——The Society of St. Willibrord, formed to be a medium of closer communion between the old Catholics and the Church of England, recently met at St. Mary's, Charing Cross, and in the presence of at least one bishop with indisputable orders, the Jansenist Bishop Prins of Haarlem, the Rev. F. W. Puller delivered as a sermon a history of the ancient (Jansenist) Church of Holland. Father Sydney Smith points out many historical inaccuracies in the address, and takes up the larger question of the value of this Society. What principle of unity will hold together Anglicans, Jansenists, and old Catholics, since their only common element is the negative element of revolt against the authority of the Holy See?

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (December): Rev. Austin Cane, M.A., reprints a paper, entitled *Roma Liberata,* apropos of the Constantinian centenary.——In *Excuse of Silence* John Ayscough tells why he does not give to the public his impressions of the Church from within.——Some remains, probably of Irish origin, found at Angers, France, are described by Dom L. Gourand, O.S.B. ——Rev. H. V. Gill, S.J., reproduces statements from great scientists on *The Origin of Life,* to prove that the existence of living creatures is one of the strongest arguments for the existence of a living Being Who is the author of life.——A sketch of the eleven houses formerly belonging to the Premonstratensians in Ireland, is given by W. H. Grattan Flood.

Le Correspondant (November 10): René Lavollée shows the financial gulf into which the French government is plunging more and more deeply. From 1876 to 1899 the increase in state expenses was nine hundred and twenty-five million francs; from 1900 to 1913 some one thousand four hundred and three millions. In 1913 the figures, officially given at four thousand three hundred and seventy-eight million francs, should really be raised to five thousand one hundred and fifty-eight millions, and the prospects are that the 1914 budget will surpass this by three hundred millions. Of the various projects designed to meet this increase, the income tax seems the favorite. This solution is energetically attacked by M. Lavollée.——An anonymous article describes the equipment and history of the United States Navy.——The intense Catholicism of

the Catholic youth of Belgium, their patriotism, social spirit, and energy, guided and directed by Henry Carton de Wiart, is the subject of an article by Henri Davignon.

(November 25): Biard D'Aunet describes France's loss of prestige through her unfortunate financial moves in Egypt from 1884-1904, and warns against a similar policy in Asiatic Turkey. ——An anonymous article on the Mexican situation asserts that the United States is trying to establish a protectorate in that country. Twenty years from now, the writer says, "all the inhabitants of the Mexico of Hernando Cortes will be speaking Yankee..... Never has 'Christian and Latin' Europe had such a chance to ruin the Monroe Doctrine forever.....Thus it is that the weak who lack will power perish, and the ambitious who lack scruples wax great. The Latins are abdicating. He is blind indeed who refuses to see it!"——E. Sainte-Marie Perrin discusses the poetry and novels of the Countess de Noailles, the leader of a school which publishes to the world its most personal experiences.——Henri Bremond pays high tribute to the charming writings and the delicate Catholic soul of Madame Lucy Goyau.

Revue du Clergé Français (December 1): P. Pisani describes the fate of the old colleges of Mount St. Genevieve, the Latin Quarter during the Revolution.——Adam Bertrand, O.S.B., a member of the Astronomical Society of France, presents a plan for the reform of the Calendar, which would make Christmas the opening day of the year.——E. Vacandard, in the *Chronicle of Ecclesiastical History,* praises Lucien Romer's *Political Origins of the Wars of Religion,* and considers Henri Fouqueray's *History of the Jesuits,* vol ii., excellent as an apologetic work, but not entirely impartial. He also praises Leon Cahen's *Religious and Parliamentary Quarrels* of the reign of Louis XV. as an exposition of facts; and finds Abbé Garzend's study of the Galileo question utterly unsatisfactory in its attempted distinction between theological and inquisitorial heresy.——A. Boudinhon presents long opinions as to the guilt incurred by reading books put on the Index for other reasons than heresy.

Études Franciscaines (November): *The Motives of the Incarnation,* by P. Chrysostome, O.F.M. This article is a discussion of the proofs given for the Thomistic view of this question by P. Édouard Hugon, O.P., in the *Revue Thomiste* (May-June, 1913). The latter argued that revelation knew no other motive for the

Incarnation than the redemption of mankind; P. Chrysostome claims that St. Francis de Sales, St. Hilary, and the Venerable Bede say that Scripture does know other motives. P. Hugon quotes St. Irenaeus, St. Athanasius, St. Cyril of Alexandria, St. Augustine; his opponent quotes other passages from the same Fathers, in which they formally recognize other motives.——An anonymous writer of the sixteenth century made some remarkable notes on pictures and works of art in Italy. H. Matrod enlarges on what this writer has to say of the Franciscan churches in Northern Italy, many of which, however, the critic did not visit, and only one of which was entirely intact. To measure the direct influence of the Friars Minor on art in that century, one ought, M. Matrod concludes, to multiply what remains by ten; their indirect influence is incalculable.——Father Raymond, O.M.C., prints all the documents in a controversy with M. T. Richard, O.P., on *Dun Scotus and Modernism.*

Études (December 5): Marc Dubruel gives a full account of the excommunication of Louis XIV. by Pope Innocent XI. in 1687, based on the private and hitherto unpublished correspondence between the nuncio Ranuzzi and the Pope's private secretary, Lorenzo Casoni.——H. Caye reviews the thirty-sixth meeting of the Houses of Christian Education, discussing particularly the spirit and activities of the Catholic Association of French youths, and its counterparts in Canada and Belgium.——Since France bids fair to be one of the great iron producing countries of the world, Henri du Passage thinks it fitting to describe the deposits in Lorraine and Normandy. Unfortunately France is lacking in native miners and coal.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (November 15): *The Right Use of Liberty,* the address delivered by Monsignor Baudrillart at the opening Mass of the Catholic Institute of Paris.——Now that the three-year military law has been voted, means must be taken to preserve the soldier seminarists from the moral dangers of army life. L'Ami du Prêtre offers suggestions on this point; the Holy Father has urged the holding of provincial reunions of the bishops for the same purpose.

(December 1): Dom A. Gréa points out the great value of poverty for the sanctification of clerics. Up to the thirteenth century church property was held in common; the bishop was strictly

considered as an administrator, and he used this property for the social welfare. But when the system of benefices grew up, unworthy men entered the clerical state to obtain them or seized them as laymen. The apostolic life in common largely disappeared outside of the religious Orders. The riches of the churches became an object of complaining and of hatred among the people, and one of the causes of the sixteenth century revolt. We are now facing and in part experiencing a spoliation of church property. It is to be hoped that this will cause priests to have increased trust in the providence of the bishops and the people to reassume more generously their duty of supporting their pastors.——P. Richard discusses the latest history of France by Lavisse, published in eighteen volumes, from 1900-1910, with eminent collaborators. The last six volumes he considers utterly unsuitable in tone for any patriotic or Christian student; the others may be made helpful if the teacher guide the student in his use of them.——M. d'Herbigny describes a new philosophico-religious Russian cult, founded by M. N.-F. Fédorov. This cult aims at finding a scientific and natural means, whereby all may rise after death as Christ did. One of the leaders, M. N. Peterson, has tried to prove his theories by St. Paul. When he attempted to find them in the works of Vladimir Soloviev, he fell foul of a living defender of this Newman of the North, Prince Eugene Troubetzkoi, who has had no difficulty in proving the entirely Catholic and Papal views of his friend.—— Max Turmann contributes a review of Socialist activity abroad.

Revue des Deux Mondes (December 1): *Will the Village Churches of France be Allowed to Disappear?* This is the question which M. Maurice Barrès puts to the French people in a sincere and eloquent appeal. His article gives a graphic account of the vandalism of the local "commune" in all parts of France towards the small churches. They have withstood the centuries, the tempests, the Jacquerie, the English Wars, and the revolutions, and are now to be torn down by the French government! The attitude of the latter towards the Church is well shown in M. Barrès' interview with M. Briand.——*Mes Espagnes,* by M. Louis Bertrand, is an interesting and sympathetic presentment of modern Spain, as yet so little known to the world at large. A curious point made by the author is the strong influence which Spain has always exercised on the French.

Recent Events.

France.

The Ministry of which M. Barthou was the head has fallen, after a tenure of power which was longer than was at first expected. It developed strength as time passed, and its defeat was somewhat of a surprise. The ostensible cause was not entirely the real cause. What led to the resignation of the Ministry was the rejection by the Chamber of the proposal to exempt from taxation the new Rente which had been voted. The support given by the government to the Electoral Reform Bill, which would have allowed minorities a voice in the Parliament, was, it is thought, the real reason. This bill was obnoxious to M. Clemenceau, and to a large number of the Radicals, the seats of many of that party being threatened in the event of its having gone into effect. To a certain extent the fate of the government was affected by the rumors that negotiations were being carried on with the Holy See, with a view to the resumption of diplomatic relations. The Radicals are the remorseless enemies of any step looking towards a reconciliation. Even the increase in the army was not warmly supported by them, as many considered that it might become an instrument of reaction. Proportional representation would have strengthened the Right, and this M. Clemenceau and the Radicals looked upon as dangerous to the Republic. In the administration of the Church and school laws, the late Ministry stood for the policy of *l'apaisement,* advocated by M. Briand: its fall must therefore be looked upon as a victory of the more anti-religious elements of the Chamber.

The new Ministry is made up of men of whom very little is known, although several of its members have held office in some one or other of the many previous Cabinets. There is, however, one exception. M. Caillaux, the Minister of Finance, is the Prime Minister who, in the negotiations with Germany which followed upon the action of that Power in sending a warship to Agadir, was on the point of betraying the interests of France. He was in consequence driven from office almost with obloquy. That he should so soon be restored to power, shows either how short-lived is the memory of French politicians, or the extreme need in which France finds herself of men of ability. He is reputed to be one of the best

financiers which the country possesses, and it is of such men that there is the chief need, as the financial position is very serious. The budget for the year 1914, for which provision has to be made, shows a deficit of some one hundred and sixty millions. In addition to this the increase of the term of service in the army involves a non-recurring expenditure of one hundred and eighty millions. To meet this deficit and this additional expense, the government made elaborate proposals; but as they have been defeated in the Chamber, and withdrawn by the new Ministry, it is not necessary to specify them in detail. The new government has a difficult task before it.

Germany.

The Prussian officer has, by the arrogance which is his characteristic, been the cause of serious trouble not only in the Reichsland, but also in the Reichstag. At a place called Zabern not far from Strassburg, a lieutenant in an infantry regiment is reported to have said to a recruit that if he stabbed a *Wacke,* he would not be punished; on the contrary, he would give him a reward. The term *Wäcke* applied to a native of Alsace, was considered in the highest degree insulting, and led to riots and demonstrations lasting several weeks. The lieutenant in question was not adequately punished by the military authorities, and had to go about with a guard of soldiers for protection from the people. The military authorities at length got so exasperated that they took the law into their own hands, and without having recourse to the civil authorities arrested discriminately a large number of civilians, including even officials of the courts. The conflict which arose was between German officials. Indirectly, however, it was an indication of the dislike which is still felt by the people of Alsace for their German overlords. The Alsatians keep the laws, indeed, and have no intention to revolt, but their feelings and aspirations are still French. Hence it is that they were so easily excited.

These occurrences in Alsace led to a stormy debate in the Reichstag, where the conduct of the military was defended by the Chancellor of the Empire. A vote of censure was passed on the Chancellor for his treatment of the affair by a majority of two hundred and ninety-three votes against fifty-four. This majority was made up of the Socialists, the National Liberals, and the Catholic Centre. The only supporters of the government were the Conservative and Extreme Conservative groups, with one National

Liberal. This defeat of the Chancellor has led to a grave constitutional crisis, of which the results cannot be foreseen. It has revived the movement for making the members of the Ministry responsible to the Reichstag, and giving thereby to Germany real parliamentary government. To this the Emperor and the Conservatives are vehemently opposed, but the odium which has been excited by the high-handed proceedings of the military may give an impetus to it such as has never been received before. It is a new feature in German life, that so complete and universal a condemnation should have been passed on the military element.

Last August the trial took place of the military officials who had communicated secrets entrusted to them to the firm of Krupp. In November the agent of that firm in Berlin and one of its directors were convicted, the one of bribery and the other of aiding and abetting the agent in committing the offence. The court was satisfied that no German military secrets had been betrayed abroad, but it affirmed that, while the proceedings left no stain upon the German officials as a whole, the bribery had done grave injury to the military administration. It shows that their standard of public duty and personal honor is far from high. The Socialists, however, are taking the conviction as a proof that wholesale corruption pervades the War Office. The injustice of this accusation is made evident by the fact that it was the War Office itself that brought the offenders to trial, and resisted every attempt to hush the matter up.

Austria-Hungary. The Dual Monarchy is placed in the same difficulty as the French Republic, and, to a certain extent, for the same reason. In both countries the army has been increased; but Austria-Hungary has also to pay the bill for the mobilization of its forces during the Balkan crisis. The cost of the army increase is far less than that of France, being only about thirty millions. The mobilization, however, cost nearly seventy-five millions of dollars. For the first six months of 1914 the expenditure on the army and navy exceeds the revenue ear-marked for that purpose by the vast sum of one hundred and forty-three millions. The government is at its wit's end to find the ways and means.

The Emperor Francis Joseph has just been celebrating the sixty-fifth anniversary of his accession. In spite of the heavy work of the past year, his Majesty still continues to enjoy excellent

health. The consciousness that by his persistent forbearance he saved his country from a war that might have been disastrous, make it a matter almost of world-wide congratulation that his life has been prolonged. His heir, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, has been paying a visit to King George of England. The relations between the two Courts were at one time very cordial. Many were surprised when they learned from Queen Victoria's diaries and letters how close their sympathy was. The policy adopted by Count Aehrenthal brought about a certain degree of coolness. It is thought that the visit may tend to a restoration of the former relations.

Students of the working of parliamentary institutions find in the various forms in which they exist in Austria-Hungary, and the ever varying methods of their working ever fresh developments. For months past the Opposition in the Hungarian Chamber has entirely abstained from participation in the proceedings of the House. They have recently, however, decided to return, but will not take any part in divisions, although they will set forth their point of view when circumstances demand it. The way they have chosen is startling indeed: law tomes and packs of playing cards have hurtled through the air; the President's bell has been unable to cope with the din of interjections and invectives; the Parliamentary guard has had to intervene between the irate legislators.

The Hungarian government, which is so obnoxious to a part of its own people, sometime ago altogether deprived the people of Croatia of their Constitution, and placed them under the absolute rule of a commissioner. It has now vouchsafed to abolish the dictatorship, and give back to Croatia its Constitution. It was the question of the official language to be used on the railways that led to these arbitrary proceedings of the government. The matter has been settled by a compromise. A Diet is to be elected almost immediately.

One of the most remarkable features of the political arrangements of the Dual Monarchy is their instability. Constitutions seem to come and go at the good will of the officials. Last July Bohemian autonomy was suspended by an imperial decree, and lately there was a prospect of a similar fate befalling Galicia. The tactics of obstruction adopted by the opposition have been the reasons alleged for such drastic proceedings on the part of the government. The Minister for Foreign Affairs, Count Berchtold, recently gave an exposition of the relations now held by Austria-

Hungary to its neighbors. He openly acknowledged that during the recent crisis sentiments hostile to the Monarchy existed, not only among the Balkan States, but also among the great Powers. The development of the situation, however, had removed many causes of misunderstanding, and had not only decreased the causes of friction, but had led to an agreement which will have a favorable influence in the future. The Triple Alliance is declared to remain in full force and vigor, the great safeguard of the peace of Europe. With Italy the coöperation is particularly close, owing to their common interests in Albania. With the Balkan States a new era of closer economic friendly relations is, it is hoped, about to be opened. The territorial expansion of the Monarchy in the Balkans, the Count declares, was terminated by the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina. The withdrawal of the Trieste Decrees, which followed shortly after Count Berchtold's statement, has convinced the Italian people that the good will towards Italy which Austria-Hungary professes is really felt.

Italy.

One of the most gratifying features of the general election which recently took place, was the defeat in the first and fourth divisions of Rome of the candidates who belonged to what is called the *Bloc*. This *Bloc* had made the Roman municipality practically a Freemason corporation. In politics it was to a large extent Republican, and was almost as much antimonarchical as anticlerical. Two-thirds were aliens by birth—that is to say, Neapolitans, Sicilians, Piedmontese, and other provincials. Signor Nathan, the Syndic, was half an Englishman. Above all the *Bloc* was anticlerical. With considerable reluctance the municipality accepted the verdict of condemnation passed upon it, and gave in its resignation. A Royal Commissioner has been appointed until another election can be held.

The Deputies of the new Chamber are classified in the following way under the *genus* Liberal, as this is claimed by all: Constitutional Ministerialists, 291; Constitutional Opposition, 22; Constitutional Independents, 5; Catholics, 24; Radicals, 70; Republicans, 16; Socialist Reformists, 23; Socialists Proper, 51; Syndicalist Socialists, 3; Independent Socialists, 3; making a total of 508. The majority of Signor Giolitti is 291 to 217, and it is considered to ensure his safety, for on no conceivable question could the 217 which make up the opposition be brought into agreement.

No little stir has been caused by the disclosure made after the elections, that no fewer than two hundred and forty-eight of the successful candidates had received the support of Catholics because they had accepted the six-fold programme which Count Gentiloni, the head of the Catholic Electoral Union, had made the condition of that support. The pledge which he required of a candidate was that he would support no legislation directed against the Catholic religion or Church, that he would be in favor of religious education, and that he would not help to bring in a bill for divorce. As on three hundred and thirty elections the *non expedit* was suspended, this gave to Catholics a good opportunity to exert their strength. Rather indiscreetly Count Gentiloni published the names of the new members who on these conditions had acccepted Catholic support. This has led to a number of denials, and the Socialists are crying out at the existence of a vast clerical plot which is a menace to their liberties. A "concentration to the Left" has become the political watchword of which they stood so much in need.

The Balkans. The war which was looked upon as in the highest degree probable between Turkey, with Bulgaria as an ally, on one side, and Greece on the other, has been averted. This was due to the diplomatic intervention of Rumania, which is at the present time the most powerful of the Balkan States. Not that she deserves this position, for she did nothing against the common enemy, thereby maintaining her own strength unimpaired, and taking advantage of the weakness of Bulgaria to deprive her of a considerable strip of territory. How long the peace will last is doubtful; the same paper which contained the news of the ratification of the treaty, published a telegram from the Dardanelles announcing the arrival there of a body of Turkish troops, which were to be quartered there for the winter. This was looked upon as confirmatory of the prevailing belief that the war would be renewed in the spring. A treaty with Servia adds to the long list of these instruments. Montenegro and Albania are now the only Balkan States that have not in this way resumed regular relations with Turkey.

Very little progress has been made in the settlement of the other outstanding questions. How the Ægean Islands are to be divided is now being discussed. Turkey, Greece, and Italy are claimants, the latter, so far as is known, not avowedly, but by an

actual possession which she shows every sign of making permanent. The question is left by the Treaty of London to the Powers for settlement. The exact delimitation of the southern boundary of Albania has been put off to the spring. A Prussian officer has been found willing to make the attempt to rule over the Albanians as their king. He has been made in Germany, being a member of the House of Wied, one of the mediatized families. As he is a Protestant, it is very doubtful whether he will find a single co-religionist among his subjects, three-fifths of whom are Moslems, and the rest either Catholics or Orthodox. The Constitution has yet to be made. It will be interesting to see how Prince Henry of Wied will execute authority over tribes that from times immemorial have never really submitted to any control.

The rumors that have been in circulation that King Ferdinand was going to abdicate the throne of Bulgaria, have not been verified, although there is reason to think they were not entirely without foundation. As more facts come to light, the conduct of Bulgaria in bringing on the second Balkan war is seen to be more defensible than was thought at first, although, even yet, it cannot be fully justified. Great blame attaches to General Savoff, the Bulgarian Commander-in-Chief in the first war against the Turks. He seems to have disregarded the commands of his own government, and to have attacked the Greeks in defiance of its orders. The chief cause of the disastrous termination of the second war must be laid at the door of the Russian Tsar. He was displeased with King Ferdinand for having refused, in a somewhat curt way, his proffered mediation. In consequence, he gave to Rumania the permission, which he had hitherto withheld, to invade Bulgaria—an event which decided the conflict.

The International Commission which has been investigating the charges and counter-charges of cruelty, has presented a summary report. It finds that the soldiers of every state engaged in the wars, were guilty of gross crimes against the civilized usages of warfare. The Bulgarians were the most guilty, although they had the magnanimity to give every facility for the investigation, a thing which Servia refused to do. Certain private letters of Greek soldiers which fell into the hands of the Bulgarians, have been published, which show that if the Greeks were not the worst, the worst must indeed be beyond description. The authenticity of these letters has been both denied and re-affirmed.

China.

China remains in name a Republic, but for the time being is being ruled by a dictator. Yuan Shih-kai secured his election as President before the Constitution had been made, although that portion which defined the powers of the President was settled, at least on paper, before his election. No sooner, however, had he obtained power than he silenced the opposition in a more effective manner than Count Tisza has done in Hungary, although he has not gone quite so far as General Huerta in Mexico. Yuan Shih-kai was elected President on the second of November; on the fourth he issued mandates, in which he denounced the democratic opposition party, which goes by the name of the Kuo Ming Tang, ordered its dissolution, and deprived its members of their seats in Parliament. Nearly four hundred members were affected by these decrees, and as a result the whole of the Parliamentary opposition to the wishes of the so-called President was swept away, and he was left to mould the Constitution, which has still to be framed, according to his own good pleasure. His action was of course totally unconstitutional. The pretext alleged was that the members of the Kuo Ming Tang had been guilty of complicity in the recent rebellion. But there was not even the pretense of a trial, nor was any opportunity offered for defence. The real reason was that the organization stood for making Parliament the depositary of power, whereas Yuan Shih-kai wished the President to be supreme. Foreign opinion justifies his action as necessary in the chaos that now exists in China as the only means of maintaining order, in the same way as General Huerta is recognized by every country except our own on the same plea.

Not many days had passed, however, when the President took further and still more drastic action. His former decree had left so few members of Parliament that a quorum could not be formed. Yuan Shih-kai accordingly, by a further decree, suspended Parliament altogether. The government is to form an administrative conference, consisting of seventy-one members, to act until, at some undetermined date, Parliament is reorganized, or able to resume its settings. What is to be the business of this nominated conference has not yet been disclosed, although the discussion of the budget, the reorganization of the National Assembly, and the drafting of a constitution are mentioned as within the scope of its functions. All, however, is to be according to the good pleasure of Yuan Shih-kai. It is thought probable that Manchus will be made

members of this new authority, and it is looked upon as certain that there will be included no Young Chinese. The latter are held to have thoroughly demonstrated their complete incapacity.

It is evident from the actions of the President, that he looks upon himself as the teacher and guide of the nation, not as its mouthpiece and voice. Students of the address delivered by him at his inauguration might have foretold what was coming. In it he declares that it is his conviction that the fundamental principle of governance consisits in a clearly defined system of administration, and in the strengthening of the cardinal principles of morality. It is when these have been attained, that the time will have come to take in hand the promoting of the progress of the masses. It is for this reason that he has aimed at producing gradually such reforms as would make for public enlightenment. When, however, the President claims credit for having preferred conservative to extreme measures, one may well wonder what in his eyes would be an extreme measure.

The Republican form of government, he declares, is that which China possessed four thousand years ago. This form, however, presupposes a respect for morality, and a law-abiding habit on the part of the people; and this is just what the Chinese people lack. He has himself met with so much opposition that sleep and appetite have deserted him. The President then proceeded to give a long homily on morality, declaring that it consisted in the four characters: loyalty, trust, steadfastness, and sobermindedness. George Washington is cited as the example of trustworthiness, inasmuch as, when a lad, owing to his father's discipline, he never told a lie. The President concluded his address by saying: "I solemnly pledge myself to make those four words my own ideal, and to impress them on my countrymen. I declare solemnly that so long as I remain President so long will I perform my duty."

The declaration that he recognized as binding all the treaties made by former Chinese governments with foreign countries, and the privileges bestowed on their citizens, as well as all contracts entered into with foreign firms, together with his acknowledgment of the dependence of China upon foreign capital for its development, has secured the good will and friendship of those countries. The utmost aim of modern diplomacy in its present stage of development is the maintenance of the law and order which are necessary for trade and commerce. It has been rumored that it is the purpose of the President to declare Confucianism to be the established religion

of the Republic. If these rumors should prove to be true, an obstacle would be placed to that spread of Christianity of which so much hope has recently been felt.

In view of the chaotic state of internal affairs, the President has thought it prudent to abandon the purpose of maintaining over Mongolia the dominion hitherto exercised. An agreement has been made with Russia which, while it leaves to China a suzerainty over Mongolia, fully recognizes its autonomy, and renounces any right on the part of the Chinese to plant colonies in that province or send soldiers there. Its exact boundaries are to be settled by a conference called for that purpose. With reference to Tibet, and the autonomy which it demands, negotiations are being carried on with the British government. It seems probable that China will be deprived of all real power over territories which comprise more than half of the present empire. If the result of this were to be the strengthening of the power of the central government over the provinces that remain, the loss of Mongolia and Tibet would be to the advantage of the Republic. But of this as yet there is no sign. Since the establishment of the Republic, the provinces have been asserting greater independence than before, and have been sending to Peking smaller contributions to the expenses of government. It is for this reason that China is, as the President fully recognizes, dependent upon the foreigner for the means of carrying on his government. All its money is exhausted, and it is now crying out for more.

How strange are the relations which exist between China and foreign powers is illustrated by an event which occurred recently at Tientsin. The troops of seven nationalities took part in military manœuvres on Chinese soil. A force made up of Americans, French, Germans, Japanese, Russians, and British, under the command of a British general, was opposed to a skeleton invading army composed of American, Austrian, French, German, British, Japanese, and Russia detachments under a French commander, while a Japanese general was the director and umpire-in-chief.

Japan.

The government in Japan has succeeded in controlling a people which seems rather prone to hasty action. A short time ago it looked as if the popular excitement would have forced it to intervene in China in consequence of certain outrages committed upon Japan-

ese in the course of the suppression of the revolution. The concessions prudently made by China averted this danger. The present Ministry is fulfilling its task of reducing expenditure, and of practising that economy which is the chief necessity of Japan at the present time.

The death of Prince Katsura has deprived the Empire of one of the principal makers of recent history. He was at once an able soldier, a keen-sighted statesman, and a resourceful financier. The papers are telling us that his brain was the largest of which the weight is known, with the exception of that of the philosopher Kant, and his was of the same weight. The last efforts of the Prince, however, resulted in failure. He was an aristocrat by temperament, and his attempt to resist the movement for a more complete control of the government by the people, led to his downfall last February.

By the death of Prince Keiki Tokugawa, Japan has lost the last of the Shoguns, that is to say, of the military officials who had for some centuries supplanted the Mikado, and had become the practical rulers of the country. Prince Keiki Tokugawa submitted to the Mikado's troops in 1868, and has since that time been living in retirement, although not in disgrace, for the title of Prince was conferred upon him as a token of the Imperial favor.

The failure of Japan to do justice to the Christians of Korea, who were accused of conspiracy against the life of Count Terauchi, the Governor-General, has contributed greatly to the loss of esteem for the Japanese now widely felt in this country. The story is too long to tell here, but clearly discloses the inconsistency and partiality of the judges, and their subservience to the government of Korea.

With Our Readers.

THE end of the year is an appropriate time to review the work of The Paulist Press during the past twelve months. We feel that it is a subject of special interest to our readers. The Paulist Press is the publishing house of the Paulist Fathers. Its work covers not only the publication of THE CATHOLIC WORLD and of the juvenile monthly, *The Leader,* but also that of books and pamphlets which instruct the faithful, and aid in the defence and promotion of Catholic truth.

* * * *

THE PAULIST PRESS is essentially a missionary enterprise, and it aims to sell its tracts, books, etc., at a price that will cover the cost of their publication. Also it endeavors to help poor missions by sending reading matter free; to distribute in needy localities, or in places where the Church is suffering special attack, or where misunderstanding is particularly prevalent, such pamphlets and books as will meet the attack or remove the ignorance, and to do this without cost to pastor or to people. The Press is able to do this by donations which it receives from generous souls interested in this urgent and fruitful work, and of course its success in this line is proportionate to the amounts so received.

* * * *

THROUGH such donations it has been able also to send THE CATHOLIC WORLD to non-Catholic universities, to colleges, to societies of various kinds where there is much misunderstanding of Catholic teaching and practice, and where bigotry is often very pronounced. Experience has shown that THE CATHOLIC WORLD has in this way done splendid work in directing Catholics; in giving others, who perhaps would never otherwise have the opportunity, a right understanding of Catholic teaching, and in many instances has been the direct means of winning souls to the true Faith.

* * * *

THE work of The Paulist Press is but a small part of that great apostolate of the press in which so many earnest souls are engaged throughout the country. The increased interest in the work of that apostolate shows a gratifying growth among our Catholic people, and is very encouraging. For such interest means a more extended and a keener appreciation of Catholic truth, and a realization of how Catholic teaching affects every walk of life, every field of human endeavor.

SUCH a growth is consoling to everyone who has at heart the present and future welfare of our Holy Church. Where the Catholic press is intelligently conducted and well-supported; where the interest of the faithful is real and vital, there is Catholic life strong and virile and stable. That interest and support are not by any means as great and generous as they should be: but there is decided growth, and from that we may gain new hope and inspiration.

* * * *

AS one evidence of such growth we may point to the book racks which are now quite common in our churches. These racks have proved a great stimulus and blessing to our people. They make it easy and convenient to obtain Catholic reading matter. As he enters or leaves the church, the Catholic sees a number of pamphlets on interesting subjects. He is at liberty to look them over at his leisure, and he may purchase any of them at a very low price. And the reading of these small pamphlets will lead him to know and to read also the more valuable and weightier books on Catholic teaching and practice. These book racks are no longer an experiment. The work was inaugurated by The Paulist Press. The metal rack which that Press has produced, after some years of experiment, has been introduced into more than one thousand churches during the past year. To fill these racks, to keep them regularly supplied with timely reading matter, requires a constant supply of new booklets, tracts, etc. Not only from The Paulist Press, but from all the Catholic publishing houses in the country such publications are being constantly issued.

* * * *

DURING the past year The Paulist Press has sold ninety-seven thousand copies of its pamphlets; of leaflets, four hundred and six thousand. Of the books published, it is worthy of note that the *Question Box* keeps up its exceptional record. The sales of the edition in English during the past year were over fifty thousand copies, and of the Spanish edition twenty-six thousand four hundred copies. The sales of the *Question Box* have now reached a total of seven hundred thousand copies. This publication will soon equal *Plain Facts,* of which over eight hundred and seventy-five thousand copies have been sold. Of the other books published by The Paulist Press, the sales have amounted to three thousand one hundred. This does not include the forty-eight thousand copies of the popular *Mass Book,* nor the small publications on temperance subjects, which have reached a sale of fifty-one thousand copies. To sum up, The Paulist Press has sold and distributed during the past twelve months over one million one hundred thousand copies of its publications.

OF new publications The Paulist Press has just issued *Parish Sermons* by Father Walter Elliott, and *The Saviour's Life,* by a Paulist Father, both of which give promise of a large circulation.

IT is a mark of strength to apologize with dignity. Fair-minded persons will appreciate the strength, honesty, and sense of justice shown by the Editor of *The Survey* in his recent sincere apology for allowing a story offensive to Catholics to appear in his magazine. The Century Company has not shown equal courtesy after a similar offence. The tone of their apology does not ring true. Catholics do not relish flippancy in regard to the Sacrament of Matrimony, the confessional, and the priesthood.

A MONTH or so ago THE CATHOLIC WORLD spoke of the reaction among many, who had first encouraged it, against the craze of eugenics and sex instruction in schools. As a further evidence that intelligent minds are trying to put some sober sense into the discussion of the matter, we quote the following from the *Evening Post* of New York City:

> A decided reaction from the first fine frenzy of the militant eugenists is revealed in the latest literature on the subject.....
>
> Common sense is always bound to make itself heard.....Common sense has no authority in the field of pure science, where discoveries frequently consist in establishing the truth of things that the ordinary sense of men has declared impossible. But once the principles of science are brought into touch with life, the corrective and inhibiting influence of common sense must enter.
>
> Common sense, as applied to this question of eugenics, denotes something far different from a Gradgrind philosophy of hard facts and strictly prudential considerations. Common sense connotes sentiment, poesy, and the higher human instincts when it upholds the sanctity of life, of love, and of human purpose against the stock-farm interpreters of eugenism. Common sense is much more philosophical than the mass of pseudo-scientific eugenists, when it refuses to fix its attention upon an isolated problem to the overlooking of counter-problems. Common sense refuses to grow excited over the necessity of preventing the "degeneration" of the race because it recognizes that no such process is under way; because it recognizes that the health of the race is improving, that the span of human life is increasing, and that a greater proportion of the race is tasting a greater share of happiness than ever before. Common sense is aware, for instance, that discoveries are constantly and continually being made in the field of medicine, which at one stroke do more for the health and well-being of the race than the eugenists could hope to attain through ages of painful effort.

* * * *

STILL another evidence of the terrible evil wrought by such haphazard and thoughtless (to say the least) methods, as direct the extreme champions of eugenics, is furnished in the condemnation by the

State Board of Charities of New York of the much-discussed George Junior Republic. The republic was a sort of "co-ed" institution of correction. Its boys and girls were to govern themselves. They were to try, sentence, and imprison, for whatever period they wished, all offenders among their members. According to its founder, one might see at this institution "boys and girls as they really are." Now after a thorough investigation the State Board not only criticizes the moral conduct of the founder, William R. George, but also finds that his example had the effect of leading to immoral acts on the part of a number of the older boys and girls.

* * * *

THE report of the Board recommends the removal of the girls from the colony, and condemns practically every feature that has characterized the "republic" idea. But the most germane contribution from the report to the matter we are discussing, is its finding that the republic gave too great emphasis to the exposition and discussion of crime, and that this in turn generated crime. Now, according to some modern educators, knowledge of evil and of the wretched consequences of sin, will inevitably check the growth of evil and of sin. "Put before them the horrible results, show them the far-reaching evil effects, and they will halt. Paint the picture in all its horror, and anyone who sees will never again offend."

* * * *

THE root fallacy of all this is that it forgets that if a man is ever to be virtuous, he must love virtue for itself. Vice has enough attraction in it to win him, and enough power to persuade him that he can have the pleasure without the penalty. It is strong enough sometimes to win him, even though he knows he must pay the penalty. And the exposition of its power over our fellows does not help us to be any stronger. Rather does it furnish a cloak and an excuse for our own weakness. The members of the Junior Republic knew enough of vice—too much says that unprejudiced Board—and thus they were made more vicious. Many of the men and women who have the charge of public instruction might well take the lesson to heart.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
The Unworthy Pact. By D. Gerard. $1.37 postpaid. *Lives of the Saints.* Compiled from the "Lives of the Saints," by Rev. A. Butler. 50 cents. *England and the Sacred Heart.* By Rev. G. E. Price. 90 cents net.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
The Morning Watch. Translated by Father Mullan, S.J. $1.70 postpaid. *Life and Characteristics of Rt. Rev. Alfred A. Curtis, D.D.* By the Sisters of the Visitation. $2.70 postpaid. *The Tower of St. Nicholas.* By M. A. Gray. 75 cents. *The Practice of Mental Prayer.* By Father R. de Maunügny, S.J. $1.35 postpaid.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:
Sermons and Homilies. By Edmund English. $1.35 net. *The Early Church in the Light of the Monuments.* By A. S. Barnes, M.A. $1.50 net.

FR. PUSTET & Co., New York:
Psalterium Vespertinum. Edited by J. M. Petler, S.T.B. 15 cents net.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:
History of the Popes. By Leopold von Ranke. Three Volumes. 35 cents each.

D. APPLETON & Co., New York:
The Vatican, the Center of Government of the Catholic World. By Rt. Rev. Edmond Canon Hughes de Ragnau. $4.00 net, by mail, $4.20.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
The Sonnets of William Shakespeare. By Countess de Chambrun. $1.75 net. *John Murray's Landfall.* By H. N. Dodge. $1.25 net. *Folk-Ballads of Southern Europe.* Translated into English verse by Sophie Jewett. $1.50 net.

THE DEVIN-ADAIR Co., New York:
A Primer of Social Science. By Rt. Rev. Monsignor H. Parkinson, D.D. $1.00.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
The Life of Francis Thompson. By Everard Meynell. $4.50 net.

DODD, MEAD & Co., New York:
Italian Yesterdays. By Hugh Fraser. Two Volumes. $6.00 net.

SCHWARTZ, KIRWIN & FAUSS, New York:
Hints on Latin Style. By J. A. Kleist, S.J. *Aids to Latin Prose Composition.* By J. A. Kleist, S.J.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D. C.:
Chippewa Music—II. Bureau of American Ethnology Bulletin. By F. Densmore.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia:
The Book of the Epic. By H. A. Guerber. $2.00 net. *A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare—The Tragedie of Cymbeline.* Edited by H. H. Furness. $4.00 net.

ANGEL GUARDIAN PRESS, Boston, Mass.:
The Cry of the Street. By Mabel A. Farnum. *Lyrics of Faith and Hope.* By Henry Coyle.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:
Goethe: His Life and Work. By A. Baumgartner, S.J. Volume II. In German. $4.00 net.

REV. JAMES DONAHOE, St. Paul, Minn.:
The Scope of Charity for Catholic Charity Workers. By Rev. James Donahoe. 35 cents.

THE NEWMAN CLUB PRESS, Austin, Texas:
Claudella. By M. W. Handly.

CHATTO & WINDUS, London:
Prodigals and Sons. By John Ayscough. 6 *s.*

MRS. ARMEL O'CONNOR, Mary's Meadow, Ludlow, England:
Sweet-Scented Leaves. By Violet Bullock-Webster. 5 *s.*

THE IRISH MESSENGER, Dublin:
The Church and Labour, The Church and Working Men, The Church and Working Women, The Church and the Working Child, The Church and Trades Unions, The Church and Social Work, The Pillars of Socialism. By Rev. L. McKenna, S.J. Pamphlets. 1 penny each. *The Church and Labour.* (A series of six tracts.) By Rev. L. McKenna, S.J. 1 *s.* 2 *d.* *The Social Problem.* By Rev. P. J. Connolly, S.J. Pamphlet. 1 penny.

AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Melbourne:
Catholicism: What It Is and What It Is Not. By Rev. Monsignor R. H. Benson, M.A. *As We Forgive.* By A. McNamara. Pamphlets. 1 penny each.

GABRIEL BEAUCHESNE, Paris:
L'Inquisition et l'Hérésie. Par Abbé L. Garzend. *Manuel de Sociologie Catholique d'après les Documents pontificaux.* Par P. Poey. 5 *frs.* *Introduction à La Philosophie traditionnelle ou classique.* Par H. Petitot. 3 *frs.* *Le Miracle et ses Suppléances.* Par E. A. Poulpiquet, O.P. 3 *frs.* 50. *L'Ascétisme Chrêtien pendant les trois premiers Siècles de l'Église.* Par F. Martinez.

PIERRE TEQUI, Paris:
Sur mon Chemin. Par René la Houlette.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XCVIII. FEBRUARY, 1914. No. 587.

THE UNCONSIDERED REMAINDER.

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.

IT is curious what creatures of one idea we all are, especially when we begin to frame theories. Some particular aspect of a problem we are engaged in considering, monopolizes our attention; some luminous spot in the object of our search darkens the rest of our field of vision. A mysterious form of hypnotism steals over us; consciousness becomes for the time being partially eclipsed; we have failed to control our ideas, and they retaliate by controlling us.

If you have ever pored over the history of philosophy, you must have turned from its pages with a feeling of surprise, amounting almost to bewilderment, at the amount of incomplete thinking there recorded. Nearly everybody appears to be basking in the light of his own predilections. It veritably seems as if the system-builders were incapable of seeing the truth in all its relations, and foredoomed to see it in but one; and that not always the broadest, nor the most inclusive, though constantly mistaken for such by its devotees. Were another Ruth to follow in the wake of these gleaners, she would find enough unused material for a second reaping, and be well rewarded for her search. A history of human oversights would make a fine companion volume to the history of philosophy.

It is not necessary, however, to go so far afield in quest of

Copyright. 1914. THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

instances. These may be discovered closer to hand in the intimacy of your own mental life—in the profiles of truth so often mistaken for its full-faced picture; in the opinions once held with pride, and later abandoned in humiliation, when the limited sweep of your vision was suddenly pointed out in blinding clearness by a mind more penetrating than your own. It is hard for any of us to realize how easily his attention may be *monopolized*. Victims of ideas seem to be less conscious of their enslavement than victims of passion and habit.

Psychologists say it is all a matter of temperament, this tendency of the mind to confine attention unduly to one side of a problem. The reasons underlying it, in other words, are temperamental rather than logical—matters pertaining more to the different way individuals are affected by their environment, and to their greater or less ability to assimilate it, than to any radical difference in the structure of the mind itself. This explanation is made to cover all the differences of opinion appearing in the history of philosophy from Thales to James. In fact, the recent philosophy of Pragmatism might justly be called the autobiography of this temperamental theory.

There is, indeed, an original capacity, a native disposition of mind, differing in each individual, and determining to a large extent how he shall assimilate his environment, and be affected by it. Things and interests that rouse your soul to a high pitch of enthusiasm may leave mine cold, indifferent, and unresponsive. The way I think, feel, and respond to the same stimulus differs from yours, though we both possess a common nature. A varying power of assimilation, a different receptive capacity, is the badge of all our tribe. Lazarus may have a richer vision than Dives, notwithstanding the difference in economic ease and comfort. The unconsidered remainder of truth too often lies, like an undiscovered country, beyond the range of the temperamental choices peculiar to each of us as individuals.

But this does not mean that character is the joint product of heredity and environment. Nurture, no less than nature, is at play in the making of men. Our native capacities are easily enlarged by training, they are not predestined to move in appointed grooves. Be the explanation of our mental shortsightedness, therefore, what it may, the fact is more important than the theory. One concerns life; the other, knowledge. It is enough if we realize that we lack, in no small measure, what has recently been

well called "the ability to see things steadily, and to see them whole."

There is no need to pursue the matter further in the introduction to the present theme. We have the power within ourselves to correct and overcome this defectiveness of vision. A more careful training of the attention, a more severe exercise of our reasoning powers, less chasing after metaphors, images, analogies, and suggestive figures of speech, not to mention that other chief prerequisite—the elimination of judgments based wholly on the personal temperament of the individual—will go a long way, if not, indeed, the full length, towards effecting a cure. Recurrences of the same fault should not stay our efforts to accomplish this mental reform. Robert Bruce took heart at the sight of a spider, repeatedly trying, in the face of many failures, to remount the filmy ladder leading to his web. Success favors the persistent, as fortune the brave.

The possession of a fixed idea or principle may be a sign of perfection in matters that concern the performance of duty, public and private. The road of the moral conscience is unbending, lit with the silvery light that makes good resplendent, and leaves evil dark. A definite moral sense of direction is not a limitation of action, so much as a free, unwavering choice of a particular destiny, and the means that lead thereunto. But when we leave the sphere of matters moral, and enter that of truths to be seen rather than of things to be done; when we step, so to speak, out of conscience into consciousness, it must be confessed that the world which floods our vision with the rich variety of its contents is not one that may be written out in a simple formula, or exhausted in a single line of thought. Your Socialist, therefore, and your biologist, all the men, in fact, who sing one song, and thrum a single string, have not caught the music of the spheres, nor gathered in and garnered the full meaning of life. This requires a chorus for its rendering; no solo could ever do it justice. Accordingly, the purpose of what follows is simply to show, by means of several shining examples to the contrary, what a redeeming thing it is to be able to complete the thinking which others leave unfinished; to consider the unconsidered remainder, and escape out into the open from the imprisoning theories of men.

Let the account, usually given, of the American Revolution lead the way in the line of instances. It is one of the straws showing how steadily the wind blows over the fields of history; and, inci-

dentally, how the very heart of movements sometimes escapes us in the hurried prepossessions of inquiry. The historic struggle of the Colonies against the Crown is usually set down to the stupidity of Lord North and the Tory ministry then in power. The writings of Edmund Burke, and the speeches of William Pitt, have done not a little towards dramatizing this ministerial theory in our school-books and histories. One is led to wonder, on reading our own historians, how Lord North, the Earl of Guilford, has managed, all these years, to escape a monument to himself as the great American liberator, so little does anybody or anything else seem to have commandingly figured in the winning of our liberties. But for him, it would seem, the Colonies would never have forsworn their allegiance to the Crown.

The dramatic surface of the situation has drawn attention away from its real undertow. It was good politics at the time, against a blundering and overbearing ministry, to lay the American uprising at their door; and the first Earl of Chatham, William Pitt, was not the man to allow such an occasion to slip unimproved; so telling a blow against the Earl of Guilford to remain undelivered. Stupidity there was, and plenty of it, assuredly; but there was politics, too, as well as tragedy and drama. William Pitt, as every schoolboy knows, opposed the policy of the reigning ministry with an eloquence that still lives. But we should not forget his "swan song." On the seventh of April, 1778, the old lion, with all his remaining strength and fire, protested in the House of Lords against the recognition of American independence. He saw the dismemberment of the British Empire approaching, and drew back. The political mantle had fallen from his shoulders; things had gone too far to wear it longer; he stood forth at last, an Englishman, grieving over the prospective loss of the brightest jewels in the British imperial crown. It was no longer a question of the ministry, but of England. The rude awakening had come.

On our own side of the ocean, historians for a hundred years past seem to have read the Declaration of Independence in the exclusive light of a protest against tax-gatherers. In the cry, "No taxation without representation," the first noun has attracted far more attention to itself than the last; with the result that what was merely an occasion and excuse, has been made to pass for the real cause and reason of colonial disaffection. Who, however slightly versed in American history, but knows and realizes that the spirit of self-government was astir in the land, against all

legislation shipped overseas from the Parliament in London? More than the stupidity of a Tory ministry, levying obnoxious taxes on otherwise faithful dependencies of the Crown, inspired the revolutionary movement, and carried it through, against untold odds. It was the Tory conception of the nature and powers of the State, as instanced in the odious tax measures, that fanned the incipient spark of self-government into a flame. It is only natural to wish to have a voice in one's own despoiling. The New England town meetings had given a foretaste of the sweetness of self-government, long before the bitterness of oppression had set the people's teeth on edge. Liberty, long rocking in the cradle, had at least learned to stand upon its feet, and saunter forth to destiny. Parliament had a rival, and was unaware of the fact, until the youthful David went forth to measure his strength and skill against Goliath.

The Earl of Chatham, no less than the Earl of Guilford then at the head of the ministry, underestimated the situation. The English army officers themselves, if we may judge by their transmitted reports, were slow in realizing the extent to which disloyalty had spread. There is no reason for doubting the genuineness of their surprise at the counterblasts which Lord John Burgoyne's bombastic proclamations to the countryside elicited, on his disastrous march to defeat at Saratoga. And can anyone for a moment imagine that the "embattled farmers, who stood by the rude bridge that arched the flood" at Concord, and "fired the shot heard round the world," were consumed with regret, as they primed their pieces, at the action of Lord North and his ministry in stepping between them and their devotion to the mother country oversea? It would put a tax upon credulity to do so. The ministerial theory breaks down at every turn. Napoleon Bonaparte once made the remark, that "the true statesman is one who keeps his heart in his head." There were many statesmen and gentlemen farmers in America in 1775, or thereabouts, who would have welcomed classification under this definition. It fitted their case perfectly. Truly, what historians neglect to take into account, is sometimes of far greater reach and importance than what they actually consider. No more chronic instance offers than the one we have just reviewed.

A more serious example of human oversight is furnished by current discussions of the social problem. The paramount issue to be considered and reasoned out—need one so emphasize the obvious?—is the right relation of the individual to society. Some means of mediation between the two has to be found. And yet,

when we look into the history of the problem, we are surprised to discover that extremism, and not mediation, has governed nearly all the attempted solutions. The middle ground has been left unoccupied by the theorists. A century and a quarter or more ago, Thomas Paine contended against Edmund Burke that enlightened self-interest is the ideal force of government and social organization. The individualist theory thus obtruded itself upon a nation's notice. But when the evils of unregulated individualism began to make themselves felt in the economic order of existence, the Socialist made his appearance on the scene, seeking to abolish all private ownership of the means of production, as a condition precedent to the more equitable distribution of the world's wealth and opportunity.

Thus in a century thought has swung from pole to pole, without coming to equilibrium. The result of this oscillation from the doctrine of the rights of man to the dogma of State supremacy is a peculiar one, which he who runs may read in current literature. The individual, who makes his bow so impressively to the reader, when the social problem is stated, becomes conspicuous by his absence when the problem is solved. His salutatory was in the nature of a farewell. He seems to have been introduced merely to afford an occasion and excuse for talking about the State, so little does he personally figure in the determination of his rights, or in the freedom of his choice of destiny. A problem which began with two distinct agencies to consider, ends with only one of them clearly discernible. The individual has disappeared, swallowed up in society, as a part in a whole, as a cog in a wheel, as a grape in a winepress. He is made the victim of an overbalanced social theory, and must perforce pay his toll to the theorists.

The price demanded is his individuality, and all the things that lie outside the narrower problem of living yet fall under, and add zest to, the wider problem of life. It has recently been said, with much more than the proverbial grain of truth to lend the saying savor, that most modern discussions of the social question "afford the strange spectacle of a man walking down a country road, followed at a more and more respectful distance by his own soul." The mysterious disappearance of the human individual, in modern sociology and philosophy, from the high post of spiritual dignity and moral grandeur that once was, and still should be his, is a story all by itself, which must await a less crowded moment for the telling than the present, when the method rather than the merit of the

subjects under review has the first claim to consideration, and the main thought of our theme has the right of way.

It should be clear to all minds, not oversteeped in prejudice, that the solution of the social problem, whatever particular form it take, must not destroy either the individual or the State, nor over-empower either to the ruin of the other; but rather seek to discover some practical way of reconciling the conflicting rights and interests of both, that shall not in the end amount to the extermination of one of the parties to the issue. Personal initiative and social control are not exclusive opposites, but complementary factors. This dual aspect of the social problem is coming to be more and more recognized by recent writers. A less institutional and more personal tone is observable. Less effort is spent on trying to rearrange institutions, and more on securing the acceptance of practical principles of relief. This change of front is significant. It means that the weakness of the former line of thought is being discovered. To make the lamb lie down with the lion, by changing his relation to the king of beasts, from the external one of individuality to the internal one of "benevolent assimilation," "absorption into the larger self," "organic unity," "common consciousness," or what not else of like import, is, no doubt, a most effective and thorough means of adjusting differences. But who can fail to see that such a drastic recourse as this overdoes the solution badly, in attempting to treat a problem of reconciliation as if it were, by right and of necessity, a problem of elimination and substitution?

Individuality is not all wrong, because individuals abuse it. That many of our social ills come from the competition of industry, unfavorable environment, and insufficient or unenforced legislation, is unfortunately all too true. But have we here the roots of the social evil, have we not rather its fruits? Does not the problem lie deeper than all such external manifestations—in the ungoverned passions and ambitions of individual men? If so, is it not social reform that we need, and not Socialism? The need of the former is no proof of the need of the latter, though often put forward as such. The two things have about as much in common as a volume of Edmund Burke and of Karl Marx bound in one.

The strangest thing about recent social theories is that they invert the problem of reform, and displace the real issue. The State does not exist for its own sake, but for the sake of the individuals who go to make it up. The individual is prior to the

group, and individual morality to social, in point of fact, whatever may be theoretically argued to the contrary. Individual morality furnishes the ground for social, opening outwards in its development, like the buds of a rose, or the folds of a fan. Individual rights and duties are accordingly the *source,* not the *result* of social morality. The revival by the modern Socialist of the old Tory conception of the State is a strange anachronism, based upon an absurdity in the conception of government, long since outgrown and discarded, though the theorists of the day have unfortunately renewed its lease of life. This absurdity is the conception of the State as an external entity, having its existence apart from the society of human beings, managing their affairs, allotting their tasks and duties, and subjecting them, one and all, to a despotic paternalism and meddlesome interference.

The State is an inner outgrowth of society, not an external imposition upon it. It has no existence apart from individual, human beings. These it was who gave it form and constitution, under the laws of nature and of God. And certainly, if history counts for anything in reaching a conclusion on the matter, it was not to put a premium upon mediocrity, or to reduce all men to the dullest, lowest level of their kind, that the State came originally into existence. A protest should be filed against the present levelling-down movement of Socialism, which attempts to carry over the personal rights of man to the column of social duties, in a ledger badly in the need of balancing. The individual, as an individual, has personal rights and duties, distinct from those which entail upon him as a social being, as a member of society. These personal rights cannot be invaded. Sociality is not the only attribute of man, all Tory thinkers, past and present, to the contrary notwithstanding. The duty of the State is to protect the individual, not to absorb him and his, body and soul, by extending the right of eminent domain to everybody and everything within its borders. The social problem must be viewed and solved from within the individual, not from without. Human conditions can neither lastingly nor effectively be improved by changing the internal problem of reforming the character of individuals into the external problem of reforming their environment. This is to stand the social problem on its head; to invite us to view and solve it upside down.

Another addition to our dreams, therefore, is the engaging Altruria of the Socialist, which now succeeds Utopia as the future land of promise, flowing with milk and honey, where no man may

overfill his measure without discovering that it has dwindled to his rightful portion, when he raises it to his greedy lips. Planning a perfect State is not so much like novel-writing, that one may manage the characters at will, and make all the future citizens of Altruria automatically good and moral, merely by the literary expedient of arranging all the circumstances to that end beforehand, and by killing off the marplots and undesirables before the last and crowning chapter is reached. It is indeed poetic to imagine, and courageous to maintain in print, that a change in the industrial environment will bring with it, of necessity, a change in the individual. New machinery, new men! We do not remember having seen any of those who solemnly repeat this social rhapsody, pause long enough to prove it. They are content with stating the paradox, that we shall all grow gradually better by improving everything but ourselves. Self-improvement is to be the inevitable result of changed surroundings.

This optimistic forecast of the social future does not rest on any profound analysis of the nature of moral character. Morality is not transferred to the individual from the external conditions under which he lives. It does not exist ready-made in any surroundings. The most favorable environment refines rather than removes moral evil. It neither produces virtue, nor extirpates vice, automatically; it merely offers a free field for the sowing either of cockles or of wheat. Custom and circumstances may indeed *modify* morality for good or ill, but it is beyond their power to *create* it. Doing a thing a thousand times a day would never engender in us a sense that it had to be done. The imperative necessity that accompanies the manifestations of the moral law in conscience is, therefore, no result of long-repeated custom. Character is something we have to work for in any situation, not a magically bestowed gift. And until the social optimist of the day can show that custom and circumstance may create morality, as well as modify it, he has not advanced a single step in the direction of proving his Utopian thesis.

The fact of the matter is, he has left out of consideration the very groundwork his optimism needs to prove itself effective. The omitted portions of life contain the inspiration which the parts retained in his theory conspicuously lack. To work for humanity with extinction ahead for the workers; to be reef-builders all of us, like the corals, turning to stone after our laborious day is done, that others may rise on our dead selves, there to find surer foot-

ing against submersion in the sea of life, and a larger outlook over its engulfing waters, is this the clarion cry of the new optimism? And are we to be asked to face all this nescience and future nothingness, merely because a group of materially-minded economists have forgotten that the State, like the Sabbath, was made for man?

The race, the community, the greatest good of the greatest number—are we to be put off with these abstractions, and asked to accept them as life's finalities?—we who feel the eternities astir within us; we who experience a hunger of soul, which no theories of future economic comfort in bodily life can ever appease; we who want the infinite and not the indefinite for our lasting portion. Truly the unconsidered remainder has its revenge, when set forth in contrast to all the drear blankness of negation, proposed for acceptance in its stead. It would seem we should have learned something from the fate of the far East, where the doctrine of future nothingness has held sway for centuries of empty years. There is no real optimism in thinking of ourselves as bubbles in a cosmic stream, with our names writ in water, and Euripides or Shakespeare to read o' winter nights, to inject some tragedy into the dullness of a socialistic Altruria; with its dead levels of purring content; its lack of all real occasions for sympathy, pity, or self-sacrifice; with nothing but the moving-picture show of the imagination left, to relieve the monotony of "perfect" existence.

Further discussion of Socialism is not to our present purpose. Accordingly we dismiss it from view, with the parting remark that it is an over-emphasis of the problem of living at the expense of the problem of life; an attempt, in fact, to substitute the former for the latter. Other examples of incompleteness of thought and insufficiency of consideration, besides the two already dwelt upon somewhat at length, await their turn for treatment at our hands. Out of the many that offer, we choose those which may be grouped conveniently under one head—the idea of development. These will illustrate our theme still further by pointing out the limitations of the comparative method, now all too exclusively employed as the instrument of research.

The avenue by which the problems of life, education, and religion are now approached is the biological. The "germ-theory" is made to cover everything under the sun, neither that luminary itself, nor even the universal frame of things which we call the world, escaping the intake of its sweep. The thought of our times is guided not so much by the actual facts of human life and human his-

tory, directly studied in themselves, as by an analogy, much open to question, drawn from the history of plant and animal life. This analogy is the familiar one of organism. Society is said to be an organism; so is religion, aye, even the universe itself.

The result is that we find ourselves more frequently investigating the origin and growth of things, than inquiring into their nature and value. What things grew out of, rather than what they have grown into, if grow they ever did to the extent imagined, preoccupies and monopolizes attention. We are hearing a vast deal about our animal ancestry in consequence; and oaks are as nothing, compared to acorns, at the present hour of writing. The history of man is rewritten as if it were for all the world the story of the animal and the plant, serially continued. Marginal attention has so displaced focal, that we see men, verily, "as trees walking," like the blind man of the Gospel in the first stages of his cure. We ransack the flowery kingdoms, explore the supposed life-giving chemistry of warm brooks, make long side-excursions into the psychology of animal life, and spend so much time in visiting our "distant relations" that home begins to wear an unfamiliar look. Is it any wonder that we return from these digressions with a view of the human individual, and his human life, which looks as if taken from the wrong end of a telescope? Surely, there is something more distinctively human about us than these long-distance glimpses afford; something we have not caught, simply because we have not looked for it in the right place. Methods, instead of being our servants, have become our masters.

The overflow of all this comparative thinking into our educational methods, our social and religious theories, is not surprising. Thought has always had the habit, and never more so than now, of stepping down from its mental seat to visit classrooms, and accost the so-called man of the street. Formerly the Good Book counseled us to go to the ant, and learn diligence of this busy little mason. We make the same journey now, it would seem, to learn the advanced principles of his sociology. The ant and the bee are our new Solons. The lure of what we imagine ourselves to have been distracts us from the study of what we are, or may become. So far is this comparative method carried at times, it would really seem to be an accepted principle of education, that the best way to study anything is to study something else!

Now the point we wish to make is, not that this is all wrong, but rather that it is not all right. Whether society, or religion, or

the universe itself, each in its own way, sufficiently resembles an organism, to be called such in very truth or not, there is no gainsaying the fact that this is a pretty roundabout way of approaching and attacking problems which are distinctively human in their nature, and paramountly so in their concerns. Things have individuality as well as fraternity; and no amount of comparative thinking, spent upon their fraternal relations, or their putative links of parentage, will yield either the pith or the fullness of their individual being. The fact of the matter is, we should never call society, religion, or the universe at large, an organism without putting an interrogation point in brackets immediately after the term, to call attention to the inherent shortcomings of the analogy. All comparisons limp, and this one is no exception to the lameness of its kind.

To compare society to an organism is to view the entire range of social phenomena in a new but misleading light. The truth is ill served by such a comparison when overdrawn. The concept of organism is validly applied to living things. Plants, animals, and men are "organic wholes," known to be such through reason and experience. But when extended to society, religion, and the world at large, in a literal *biological* sense, the concept of organism is employed beyond its legitimate sphere, and fills the mind with much ambiguity and false suggestiveness. Of course, in the *logical* sense of a coherent whole, held together by an internal principle of some kind, the concept in question is clear and unmistakable, applying indifferently to a book, a philosophical or political system, the State, nay, even the cosmos itself; all of which may be called organic wholes, without a strain upon language or a tax upon credulity, when the meaning is simply that of consistency. It is quite another matter, however, when the term is used not logically, but biologically, to imply that society is a living thing, and that individuals, in their relation to it, are comparable to the organs or functioning parts of an animal body.

This inflated meaning of the term leads at once to much loose thinking, at variance with the dictates of common sense, and serious in its consequences. Society ceases to be a collection of individuals, and becomes an individual itself. A collective idea is reified, real existence is conferred upon an abstraction. The result of this analogical prejudgment is to transfer individuality from its real possessor—the human individual—to something which we know does not and cannot possess it, namely, society at large.

The psychological effect produced by spelling society with a capital S is simply tremendous. It makes us feel, as the Greeks must have felt, when they found themselves encased within the wooden horse of Troy. We begin to speak of ourselves as "parts," "organs," "functions," "centres," "differences," "units" of the "organic whole." Biological language comes as trippingly to the tongue as if animals, and not men, were recounting the story of their lives. All our human rights and duties are translated into biological terms, and re-defined according to the demands of analogy, rather than in the light of objective fact. The protest of conscience and consciousness against this high-handed procedure is stifled in the very utterance, simply by enlarging the scope of the analogy so as to include these two shrieking protestants within its net. The analogy is now in complete control of a situation which should have been inductively studied, and not deductively prejudged. We are in the grasp of a comparison that finds us men, and leaves us little short of manikins. It would indeed seem that, before reforming our ways of acting, we might profitably spend some time on the reformation of our ways of thinking.

Is religion any better off than society for being styled an organism? It seems not. Whatever resemblances religion may bear to an organism, there are differences which makes the appellation dubious and ill-deserved. It is a general law of analogies that they hold only in one point, and this general law makes it inevitable that at some stage or other in its career of explaining religion, the biological analogy should break down. Religion is not so thoroughly like an organism, that we may write its history as we would that of the growth of a geranium or a tree. History is not written merely by consulting analogies, or exegeting metaphors. One might, in a comfortable armchair, a pad and pencil to hand, and the suggestive idea of organism before the mind's eye, dash off the life-story of religion, without rising to take a book down from the surrounding shelves. But the religion thus discovered would be made in the study, and smell suspiciously of the lamp. It would be a task to find its real counterpart among the religions that appeared in history, the course of which is not determined by the demands of analogy, or necessarily in accord with the suggestiveness of a comparison.

And yet who has not seen the rich and complex story of religion told over and over again in this simple, off-hand, pretentious way? No historical connections studied, no relation of parent re-

ligion to its supposed offspring historically established; but everything subjectively decided beforehand, and the course of history mapped out with a stroke of the pen, and on the authority of a questionable biological equation such as that of organism. Is there no such thing as a direct method of investigation? Must we regard the comparative method as a substitute for the direct, or merely as a complementary aspect of the latter? What has become of contrast—the grim challenger of comparison?

He has been forgotten, and we need to renew his acquaintance. This collector of differences has quite another story to tell than the one usually told by the collector of resemblances. He offers us no composite photographs of men and animals, religions, nations, races, worlds. His is an assortment of individual photographs directly taken, resembling somebody in particular, each of them, and not everybody in general, all of them. He is the party of the other part, bringing in a supplementary report, and smiling, as he tells us, of the unconsidered remainder. Let us hear him for his cause.

There is such a thing as integral comparison, and it represents the full fruits of scholarship; there is such a thing as partial comparison, and it stands condemned by its very name. Compare *completely* any Christian doctrine you will with the doctrine of any other religion, Jewish or pagan, said to resemble it and to have been its source, and you will find distinct elements of difference in the Christian that appear nowhere else; just as, if you compare the *complete* natural history of man with that of any other animal, you will never doubt that there is a difference in kind between the two. The objective differences defy reduction to subjective unity. They offset the resemblances, and tilt the scales to the other side. It is only by putting on our analogical spectacles that we can see, for instance, the glimmerings of all monotheistic religion in the galleries of the ancient gods. The historian enjoys no such keenness of vision. He knows that you cannot argue from resemblances to the *historical* dependence, or the *common* origin of the things resembling. His sense of the limitations of history saves him from the omniscience of his analogically-minded fellowmen. Good biology makes poor history; and if we reverse the adjectives in this sentence, it will still appear to have an equal amount of truth.

Unfortunately we seldom see the integral method of comparing religions employed. The tendency is all towards the partial method of comparison. Some isolated point of resemblance, taken out of

its concrete context and setting, is compared with another point, similarly detached, and a flying leap made to the conclusion that, because there is partial resemblance, there must have been complete identity originally. Philo's doctrine of the Divine Word is a chronic instance of this unscholarly procedure. We remember but one critic who took the trouble to compare Philo and St. John completely; and he reached the conclusion, quite unusual for his times, that the latter did not borrow his ideas from the former, but merely used the same wrapper of language for their expression. A direct study of religious facts and doctrines, in themselves, apart from all biological presuppositions, is badly needed just at present, to recall human thought from the ways of indirection, along which it is obstinately proceeding.

As applied to the universe in general, the concept of organism fails no less signally than elsewhere to justify the wisdom of its exclusive employers. There is indeed a common ground, so to speak, in which all things meet; a unity in the midst of difference, that is no mere rhetorical flourish or figure of speech. When we think away the differences that mark off rose from rhododendron, and man from all beings else, we reach a sublimated remainder which is the idea of being—the common attribute of all things, the exclusive appanage of none. Hegel once compared this absolute, or rather Schelling's view of it, to a dark night in which all cows look black. And so well he might. Is this sublimated remainder, in which everything looks like everything else, an organism, a germ, the well-spring of the world, and the underpinning of all reality, or just a vague, indefinite, empty, common, ordinary abstraction?

It depends on the amount of "philosophic faith" or "common sense" which you bring to its consideration. Time out of mind it has been mistaken for the Infinite. Its favorite name now is that of organism, but this rechristening by Hegel has not changed its nature a whit. An organism it surely is not, unless we regard philosophy as the art of transferring names from their rightful owners to others whose title to the same is clouded. The extension of this concept of organism from the limited sphere of plant and animal life, where we know it really belongs, to the universe at large, where, from the very nature of the case, we are forced to relinquish knowledge for guesswork, is a leap in the dark which only a thorough-paced, long-indoctrinated idealist has faith enough to make. He alone believes that we have the power to know the universe *as a whole*. His more modest brethren claim

that it is the parts, not the whole, with which we are first and last acquainted. So it is, after all, a choice between Gnosticism and knowledge, which must finally decide the question, whether we shall continue to regard the universe as an aggregate or system of interrelated individual things, or as an individual and living organism, within which we are all caught like squirrels in a revolving cage or rats in a trap.

The "germ-theory" is altogether too audacious. It ought to turn about and account for itself, after finishing its merry round of universal explanation. A universe that "just growed," like Topsy, is too self-sufficient altogether. It mistakes the fact of its *development* for an explanation of its *origin*. Topsy missed this point in her philosophizings, and she has not lacked for distinguished company. She failed to see that the question of growth involves, but leaves unanswered, the further question of origin. Within the "organic whole" of budding individuality which she was, she discovered the reason of her existence, as philosophers—some of them, at any rate—discover within the world itself the solitary source and ground of all its being and relationship. The inner wheel of development arrested her attention, the outer wheel of origin escaped it, as it escapes that of others. Perhaps there is a moral to the story. Who knows? The self-sufficient world of the present may yet turn its attention to the unconsidered remainder, and rediscover God.

THE CHURCH AND FRENCH DEMOCRACY.

BY HILAIRE BELLOC.

IV.

BEFORE describing by what a series of accidents the religious state of France was disturbed and its evils accentuated for the moment by the Great Revolution, I must give my readers some idea of the actualities of religion upon the eve of the outbreak.

If you had gone into a middle class family in Paris just before the Revolution, you would have found very much what you found in France a generation or two ago in the matter of religion. The father rarely, and perhaps never, attended to the exercise of the faith. The wife did; the children made their First Communion, the daughters would preserve their religion, the sons would not. The intellectual and scientific life of the time in which one may suppose the father and his sons to be interested, either left religion on one side or attacked it. Some of its most eminent leaders practised, but none of them produced, those powerful apologetics for the Church which similar men in our own time have so abundantly produced. Some of the best intellectual work was proceeding from Catholic pens and even from those of Religious, but you will read it in vain to discover any trace of a reaction against the pressure which the fashionable scientific and political philosophies were exercising against and upon the Catholic temper.

If you had gone into one of the Parisian churches upon a Sunday morning, you would have found it nearly empty, and the small congregations attending the few Masses hardly ever composed of the working classes. For them the hierarchy of the Church had come to mean simply a part of the established order which they disliked, and which they regarded as a form of oppression. The few religious houses in the capital you would have found in something the same position that a club in London is to-day, excepting of course that you would have discovered a much smaller membership. They would have interested you with the story of their large endowments, and of their history. But you would (save in the case of a few educational bodies and of a much larger body of nursing Sisters) have found them as indifferent to the

people as the people were to them. While you would have discovered upon every side the official recognition of religion, the splendor of its great offices, its regular place in the palace, the kept days of many guilds, and a host of minor customs surviving, you would perhaps nowhere have listened to a sermon that arrested you; you would hardly have come across a book which would have awakened you to the nature of the subterranean conflict between the Church and the people, in the sense of explaining that conflict in Catholic terms, and attempting to regain for the faith a popular support. Certainly you would nowhere have discovered a trace of public enthusiasm. You would have found no meetings, no crowds in favor of the Church; not even a large congregation which would have given you evidence that the Church was really alive. Indeed our religion never reached in France a lower level of energy between the third century and the twentieth than it had fallen to in the great French towns at the close of the eighteenth.

In the country it was otherwise. There were whole great districts where the universal practices of religion were still the rule, though these districts did not cover the greater part either of the area or of the population. But unfortunately these patches of secure conservation and continuity enjoyed their conservation and continuity almost in proportion to their isolation; and whether because a difference in language, or mountains and barren lands, or poverty, or the lack of opportunities for travel or insufficient instruction, or distance from the great towns thus isolated them, it was without a doubt to their isolation that they owed the spiritual benefits they enjoyed. Such a condition was of grave omen for the upheaval that was about to take place.

The steps by which that upheaval proceeded in so far as they concern the Church, I will next detail, first premising a very important point which you will find omitted in most histories, and which was this: That the one most widespread social institution of the middle and upper classes at this moment was Freemasonry. Everyone belonged to it, priests and nobles, and probably the King himself; while not consciously or directly organized at that moment in opposition to the Catholic faith, and while forming nothing like the disciplined army which the exaggerated fear of occult power has sometimes believed them to form, the Masonic lodges could not but afford a mould into which any widespread national action on the part of the educated classes would run; and that mould was by its constitution alien to the framework of the Catholic Church, and

vaguely devoted not at all to the spiritual ideals of Catholicism, but to a vague humanitarianism which was, if anything, opposed to the Catholic ideal, and was at any rate a world apart from it.

The revolutionary movement took definite external form in the early summer of the year 1789. The French National Congress which had centuries of tradition behind it (and was far more democratic in spirit and in procedure than is any modern parliament in the New World or the Old), had not been summoned for one hundred years, when it met in the month of May, 1789, to begin its great task. There was not a mere election of deputies to the Commons House of these "States General" (such was their official name), there was also a vast collection of documents from every district and from every trade and profession in the country, forming a complete and exhaustive foundation for reform. Further, this National Congress, or "States General," met with the momentum behind it of quite a generation. For nearly the full lifetime of a man, and for all the lifetime of the younger men, French society had been filled with democratic theory, and latterly with democratic practice like a driving force. All authority that was not from the people had decayed and was ready to fall. In other words, public opinion was alive and working at a higher pressure than perhaps it has ever been seen to work before or since in any nation of Christendom. Remember that all this readiness for achieving a great change towards democracy came after that period which I have described, in which the faith was at its lowest ebb, and you will be better able to appreciate the consequences of certain accidents that followed.

The first year of the Revolution was one of extremely rapid and tumultuous change. The three or four thousand towns, large and small, which had been the centres of French life since the beginning of history, which began as Gaulish tribal centres, continued as Roman centres of administration, and, the most important of them, as Christian bishoprics, spontaneously organized active forms of self-government. They raised a militia, they instituted debate and resolution as an instrument of government everywhere. Paris, of course, led all this, compelled the Court and the Parliament to come within its walls, and expressed throughout its million inhabitants so violent a sympathy with the new movement towards democracy that it had the force of an army. To this torrent the Crown, which was the fundamental institution of the French, bowed.

It remained in control of the finances and of the army to a

degree which modern historians often forget. Even at the height of this first period of the Revolution, all the organized *official* power was centred in the hands of the monarch and his personal advisers, as much as it is centred in the hands of the governing wealthy class of England to-day. Therefore the conflict between the new movement and this old fundamental institution of an absolute monarchy was exceedingly serious. You had nearly all talent and the great bulk of an enthusiastic national opinion on the one side. You had the greater part of national administration upon the other. It was evident that following upon such a tension there would either be a fierce struggle or the complete humiliation of the Crown, its possible breakdown, and, if it broke down, the breaking down with it of a vast quantity of ancient subsidiary institutions dependent upon it, such as the organization of the magistracy, of the army and navy, and of all the old society.

That old society was still represented throughout the rest of Europe by similar national institutions which, though in many places decayed, were nowhere the subject of such violent assault as in France. The governments, therefore, of the various German States, and of Spain and of England, were all of them more and more opposed to the course of the Revolution in France, and in this opposition they had the support of their people in a greater or a less degree. Thus, there was a great deal of sympathy with the revolutionary side in the valley of the Rhine, in North Italy, and other districts; less in Eastern Germany, very little in England, and none at all in Russia. The French people, therefore, were going eagerly forward to the accomplishment of their great reform, not only at the risk of a collision with their still existing executive institutions, but also a still greater risk of foreign war, invasion, and the suppression by European armies which hemmed them in on every side of their national desire.

It was in the heat of such a moment, in the second year of the Revolution, in 1790, that the democratic politicians of the Congress committed the prime error from which their conflict with religion was to follow. They proposed what was called "The Civil Constitution of the Clergy." Three forces combined to produce this lamentable error and anomaly, the spirit of which is only now disappearing after the lapse of a hundred years.

First, the French people have always, from Roman times, loved an exact organization of the State. It was that appetite which had produced the absolute monarchy, and the breakdown of the

monarchy in no way involved the breakdown of so vital a national characteristic. That the various parts of the State should be coördinated one with another, and should move from one centre, had been an idea permanently inherited by the French from the genius of Rome. It is one which the French will never relinquish. Among these institutions which men could coördinate with the rest was, of course, the national hierarchy, and the monarchy had given expression to this feeling for unity by a strict control over the hierarchy, coupled with a high public recognition of it as one of the chief factors of society.

The Revolutionaries would have found it simply unthinkable to leave such a factor adrift in the new state of things, and in proposing a novel arrangement for the Church, consonant to the new state of society they were erecting, they found themselves doing what seemed in their eyes—and for that matter in the eyes of nearly all Frenchmen—a natural thing. That they bungled the job and why they bungled it, I shall presently show, but that the job should be attempted was in the very nature of French society and tradition, and it is only those ignorant of that society and tradition who can for a moment envisage the French Church as something fundamentally separate from and independent of the French people. In other words, the conditions to which Catholics are accustomed in Protestant countries, and especially in England and in the New World, the conception of a Church which is but one of many sects, and a sect of which the State takes no official cognizance, is an essentially Protestant conception which the French will never long tolerate, and which the French of the Revolution could not consider for a moment.

Secondly, the main material issue in the early part of the Revolution was financial. The immediate cause which led to the summoning of a revolutionary *Parliament* at all was the inability of the government to " carry on "—the load of debt, and the insufficiency of the revenue. One very ancient form of property had already gone in the crash, and these were the dues, called Feudal Dues, paid to the nobler class by the farmers of the land. Another much larger form of property, but closely analogous to these Feudal Dues, was the property of the religious corporations, of the bishoprics, of the parishes, religious hospitals, religious educational institutions, etc.

The reader must clearly understand what that property was. Only part of it was what we would call real estate; the greater

half of it was a right to receive dues from land, the strict property in which was vested in others. It will be apparent both that payments of this kind would be less popular and less natural than rent paid on land owned absolutely, and that these old-fashioned payments would suffer in public opinion from the same appearance of being meaningless and often unjust as the Feudal Dues had suffered from. Meanwhile, it was urgently and imperatively necessary to find *some* security upon which to raise the great sum which alone could prevent national bankruptcy. From all these financial causes combined the Parliament proposed in their scheme of Church settlement that the old quasi-Feudal Dues and other property of the Church should in part be abolished (where they were thought unjust); in part taken over by the State; that against this revenue should be issued script or paper representing its value and acceptable as tender, that is, acceptable in payment of any debt, national or private. While the clergy were to receive a large revenue (but one very much smaller than their old revenue), which revenue was to be paid them by the State and apportioned to the strictly ecclesiastical needs (and no more) of each diocese, parish, etc.

Collegiate property—such as that of hospitals, monasteries, etc.—was to be dissolved. The religious side of such dissolution I will explain in my next paragraph. Its financial side was part of this old financial policy with which I have just dealt. Thus, if a monastery doing no public work was receiving dues from neighboring farmers and land, the land was to pass to the State as security for the new script, the farmers were in future to be relieved of the vexatious dues, the community was to be dissolved, and a small pension to be attached to those who desired to remain in religious life, and for these particular houses (much fewer in number than the old houses) were to be provided. Thirdly, there was the religious idea behind the whole matter, and it was here more than in any other respect that the blunder came in.

The whole mass of educated men, many of them of the highest talent, most of them of the sincerest conviction occupied in the revolutionary settlement, took it for granted that the Catholic Church, already obviously moribund, was dying. They thought of it as something inherited from antiquity, still a strongly organized institution within the nations but self-evidently failing, and therefore to be dealt with tenderly, and to be allowed to dissolve without producing a catastrophe in its dissolution.

A parallel from modern affairs will make clear what I mean. Let us consider a body representative of the modern European nations like the Congress at Berlin thirty-five years ago. They were dealing with the Ottoman Empire. They took it for granted that the Ottoman Empire was destined to disappear, and that fairly soon. But they recognized that it was still an existent though declining force. They thought that if it was not "let down gently" it might, as it went to pieces, bring about grave troubles, just as a ship sinking, if it sinks too rapidly, sucks objects near it down into a whirlpool.

Calculations of this kind in history are nearly always wrong because man cannot prophesy, but they are always being made, and it is most instructive to note how and why they fail. It is a very good lesson in statesmanship. Make a list of all the great men, all the powerful intelligences, that were appreciating European society at the end of the eighteenth century, and you will see how universal was this attitude towards the Catholic Church at the time. Talleyrand, Mirabeau, Rousseau, Voltaire, Burke, Frederick of Prussia, Metternich—I take the list entirely at random, and the names cover different generations. It might be extended indefinitely before you should discover here and there perhaps one name in a hundred of a man who had at least some comprehension of the vitality and probable permanence of Catholicism. England and Prussia took it for granted that Catholicism was but the surviving superstition of Polish or Irish peasants. The great French statesmen and writers took it for granted that it was strong in proportion to the ignorance of its adherents. It is only when you come to the very greatest intelligence of that time, Napoleon's, that you find some grasp of the then hidden springs of European history. And I think it may be truly said even of Napoleon that, while the Catholic Church attracted his attention all his life and piqued his marvelous intelligence, he did not, save perhaps at the very end of his life, know quite what he had been dealing with in that matter. Miracle was put on one side altogether by those men. The Catholic philosophy never appears in their writing. No one I think could conceivably have calculated in that time what the resurrection of the Catholic Church in the ensuing century was to be.

Filled with such a spirit it was but natural, though it was erroneous, that the settlement of the hierarchy under the new régime, of its functions in the State, of the discipline to which it was to be subjected, should be a civil settlement; nor is it at all

remarkable that the resistance aroused should have bewildered and even exasperated those who had to meet it.

I think the best lesson for any man who desires to understand what I mean in this matter, is to be derived, if he has the leisure, by reading the debates in the French Parliament. He will there perceive how even those who most vigorously defended the claims of the Church failed to use those arguments, as to her nature and her mission, which are to-day commonplaces. Even the pious and devoted Catholic priest, if he were of the wealthier and governing classes, did not understand how strong a case he had. He always defended his faith in terms, so to speak, of the enemy's philosophy.

The upshot of these three forces which combined to frame the new policy of the revolutionary French State, was this act for "The Civil Constitution of the Clergy." There were other forces at work. There was the sectarian bitterness of the newly-enfranchised Huguenot, immensely wealthy and rancidly hateful; there was the contemptuous attitude of the very few who were already powerful in Jewish finance; there was the pedantry of lawyers, and there was the impatience of worldly men who wanted to have done with the whole business quickly. But in the main it was these three factors which were at work, and this is what they produced:

The clergy were not only to be despoiled of endowments often excessive and always disproportionate (the most necessitious services *gained* by the new settlement, and many irreligious worldly foundations very properly lost), they were not only to receive in return a much diminished revenue paid directly by the State, but they were to be incorporated into the new arrangement of society in two ways. *First,* their nomination was to depend upon popular election, in particular of bishops. *Secondly,* the link with Rome was to be confined to letters notifying elections, and merely demanding confirmation thereof.*

It so happened that the lethargic and good-natured King was a very convinced and practising Catholic. A somewhat unexpected opposition came from him. A much more expected but still surprising opposition came from the priests and bishops directly involved. The Parliament passed the Act upon the 12th of July, 1790. It was not until the 26th of August that the King consented

*The whole of this part of my subject the reader will find treated at greater length in the sixth and last section of my little book on the French Revolution in the Home University Library, published by Henry Holt & Co. of New York at 75 cents.

to sign, but sign he did. It was not until the autumn, in the month of October, that the protests of the bishops began to come in.

The test was the oath. Nearly all the bishops and a great majority of the clergy were opposed to taking the new oath of loyalty to the State, because part of the new constitution of the State included this "civil" rearrangement of the French Church. Rome had not yet finally decided against the measure; it is very important to remember this point which is too often forgotten, and a good deal of latitude was at first allowed. It was not until nearly the end of the year that the Parliament demanded the oath upon compulsion, an oath by this time demanded, remember, for a law duly passed and signed and sanctioned by the King. It was not until the 26th of December that the King signed the decree by which that compulsory oath should be tendered. Upon the 4th of January, 1791, came the first attempt at compulsion in the form of requiring at least those priests and bishops who were members of the National Assembly to give way.

All the bishops save four refused to do so. The revolutionary statesmen, now frankly bewildered, could still point out, however, that of the parish clergy a much larger proportion (nearly one-third) had accepted the oath of fidelity to the new democratic organization of society, though this new organization of society included this "Civil Constitution of the Clergy."

With the spring of 1791 the policy was inaugurated of replacing, or attempting to replace, the clergy who had refused to take the oath. The popular elections to ecclesiastical vacancies took place in March. There was of course the most violent resistance to this attempt at ousting the old familiar and popular occupants of the benefices. Still Rome remained silent; though the Pope, Pius VI., wrote letters both to the bishops and to the King, they were but letters attempting to prevent schism. It was not until the 13th of April, 1791, that Rome at last spoke strongly. Upon that date appeared the Brief *Caritas*. It condemned "The Civil Constitution of the Clergy." But the declaration came late: the flame in France was already well alight.

The confiscation of the Papal possessions in France followed, and the withdrawal of the representative of the Holy See from the French Court. But not even the Papal Brief which encouraged resistance, let alone the rupture of diplomatic relations between the Court of the Vatican and that of Louis XVI., were the root of the matter. The root of the matter was that the clergy had re-

sisted for the most part (and in the persons of their bishops almost unanimously) the taking of an oath of loyalty to the new democratic régime. This oath seemed to those who imposed it the simplest and most legitimate of demands, merely requiring the same honest allegiance to the new France as had been paid to the old. But that same oath could only be, in the eyes of an alert Catholic—above all if he were a priest—an admission of forms of Church government divorced from and alien to the tradition and authority of the faith.

From that moment, then, and after that blunder, all the elements of a violent divorce between the structure, if not the spirit, of the Catholic Church and the revolutionary movement had openly appeared. By the beginning of June, 1791, the quarrel was fully developed to the point of a refusal to admit a Papal Bull or Brief into France without leave of the government.

Yet even a quarrel of such violence might have been appeased, as many similar quarrels had been appeased in the past of European history, and no fatal breach might have happened between the hierarchy of the Church and the new state of society—let alone between the spirit and discipline of the Church and the new state of society—had it not been for a further accident, through the advent of which the conflict was enormously embittered and rendered in some sort final. This accident was the outbreak of war between the Revolution and Europe, and the henceforward fatal and unavoidable antagonism between the priest who would be loyal to the Church and the nation which was determined to conquer its foreign enemies. For once the war had begun there was introduced not only as between one man and other, but as between the various parts of most men, each within his own soul, a necessary conflict between patriotism and religion.

It is to the consequences of this, which color the whole of the French nineteenth century, that I shall turn in my next paper.

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET.

A LOWLY LIFE; A LOFTY SPIRIT.

BY CHARLES BAUSSAN.

THERE is an austere beauty about the country of The Hague. Situated at the extreme point of the peninsular of La Manche, its fertile fields rise like flowers from the granite vase that holds them up above the lashing of the sea. Here in this land of toilers on sea and shore, in the parish of Gréville, stands the little hamlet of Gruchy, its houses scattering along both sides of the road. Near the centre of the village a lane branches off: a very lonely lane over which ancient gables, scarred with cracks and veiled with ivy, lean ominously. This lane leads to a courtyard, surrounded by crumbling houses, and closed by a thorny green hedge, in front of which is a well with stone coping and cord.

The first house on the right, as you enter the courtyard, is separated from its neighbor by a vine that runs up the wall to the very top of the roof. It is a two-story building, with four windows, two on the ground floor and two above, looking towards the rising sun. Here on the fourth of October, 1814, the painter, Jean François Millet, was born.

His father was a tall, gentle peasant, with curly black hair, and peaceful eyes. His mother bore and raised nine children, devoting all her time to the care of her household and her little ones. She came of a family of farmers and fishermen, from Sainte-Croix-Hague, of fairly good birth. The family name was Henry-du-Perron, and the farm where one of the members lived had all the air of a manor house. With Jean Millet and his wife lived his mother and his uncle, a priest, the Abbé Charles Millet. This grandmother was Jean François' godmother. She named him Jean after his father, and François first because of her devotion to the Saint of Assisi, and then, too, because he was born on the feast of St. Francis. She was a woman of great good sense and some culture, of strong faith and deep spiritual insight, who not only gave alms to the poor, but did them reverence as well—a truly Christian attitude. The Abbé Charles Millet was in hiding because he would not take the oath of "The Civil Constitution of the

Clergy." He recited his breviary and helped on the farm, following the plow and tilling the soil in cassock and sabots.

The parents of the future painter of the "Angelus" were both very pious, so the boy grew to manhood in an atmosphere of faith, which clung to him throughout life. Frequently he was awakened in the morning by his grandmother's sweet, grave voice saying: "Wake up, my little François, the birds have been singing God's praises for a long time."

The ceremony of the blessing of a bell, a storm, a shipwreck on the coast were the earliest recollections of Millet's life; but it was the work and peace of the fireside, the plowing, the long winter evenings when the men braided baskets and the women spun, the soothing whirr of his mother's and grandmother's spinning wheels, which made the deep and lasting impression upon his life and thought.

When he was six and a half he went to school, a little later to Sunday school, and at twelve years of age made his First Communion. For two or three years afterwards, he studied Latin with the vicars of Gréville, the Abbé Herpert and the Abbé Lebrisseux, thus acquiring his taste for the *Bucolics* and *Georgics* of Virgil. He worked, too, in the fields with his father; cultivating, sowing, mowing, curing the hay, threshing the grain, leading the hard life of a peasant, while the slumbering soul of an artist recorded impressions of life, of truth, and of beauty. In his leisure moments at home he read his grandmother's and great-uncle's books; the life of St. Francis de Sales, the works of St. Jerome, particularly his letters, Virgil, and the Bible, a Latin Bible illustrated with old engravings. Perhaps it was these old engravings that first stirred in him the desire to draw. Who can tell? At all events he began to study and to reproduce everything he saw about him: the garden, the stables, the fields, the neighboring farm lying in a dip of the land, the distant horizon. He carried the thought of his art with him to his work in the fields; then, too, his father had an eye for beauty, and would often pause, his hand on the plow or the scythe, to say: "Look at that tree, François, it is as beautiful as a flower." And François looked so well that ever after, in Paris or in Barbizon, his eye never ceased to behold these sights of his childhood, nor his hand to portray them: the peasants of Gréville, the work of Gréville, the country of Gréville.

"How intensely local I am!" he used to say later on, thinking of that little corner of Normandy where his spirit forever dwelt.

So the little peasant drew in pencil the trees, the houses, the fields, or etched them on wood with the point of his knife. An etching of a boat may still be seen on the door of his home in the lonely courtyard of Gruchy.

One day, as he came from Mass, he saw an old man with bent back and trembling limbs. With the sight there came to him suddenly the idea of motion, of design, of foreshortening. As soon as he reached the house, he drew the figure from memory with a bit of coal. Everyone recognized the old man at once. François Millet was then eighteen.

"I see that you have had this on your mind for a long time," said his father; "we will go to a painter in Cherbourg, and ask him to give you lessons."

François made two drawings to take with him: one was of a shepherd playing the flute under a tree, while another, near a group of sheep grazing on the hillside, listened. It was an *Eclogue* of Virgil, but the shepherds and the landscape were distinctly of Gréville. A quotation from St. Luke was the inspiration of the second drawing, which showed a man coming out of his house to give bread to a beggar. When the painter Mouchel, a pupil of David, saw them he would not believe that Millet had done them alone. Millet then began to work with him, studying the masters and the laws of drawing.

At the time of his father's death, in 1835, he returned for a while to Gruchy, and tried to work the farm, but although he always loved the soil, his desire henceforth was to paint it, not to till it. He soon went back to Cherbourg, and entered the studio of Langlais, who was a pupil of Gros. He passed all his free time either at the museum, pencil in hand, or in his room reading. When he received a scholarship from the city of Cherbourg, he went to Paris to study with Delaroche. The master's comment to Millet, when he saw his first drawing at the studio, was: "You are a newcomer. Well, you know too much and too little." Millet worked away in his corner. His comrades called him "the man from the woods," and Delaroche, puzzled by his self-contained individuality, sometimes overwhelmed him with criticism, and again was loud in his praise.

But Millet found friends in the Louvre: Lesueur, Poussin, Fra Angelico. He used to say: "Fra Angelico made me see visions, and when I was alone in my garret at night, I would think of those sweet masters who made the creature so fervent that she

was beautiful, and so nobly beautiful that she was good." He had taken a little studio with a friend, and was earning a meagre living, painting portraits for ten francs, and Biblical scenes and genre pictures for five francs. The loving, earnest face that used to bend over his crib to wake him in the mornings when the birds sang at Gruchy, was ever in his thoughts, and this beloved grandmother's portrait was the first canvas he sent to the Salon in 1840. To this he added the portrait of old Fanchon, a family servant, another memory of childhood days. The following year Millet spent some time in Cherbourg, and there married Mlle. Ono. From 1842 to 1844 they lived near the Church of St. Sulpice, at number 5 Rue Princesse. These were sad years. His young wife was sick all the time, and finally died in the spring of 1844. Driven by necessity, Millet had continued his work in spite of his sorrow. Two pictures sent to the Salon were the result: "The Milkmaid" and the "Riding Lesson," children playing horse.

After his wife's death, he returned to his beloved Normandy, seeking to regain his courage. There he remained nearly two years, married Mlle. Catherine Lemaire of Lorient, and in December 1845, went again to Paris. In 1846 he produced the "Man Pushing a Wheelbarrow" and the "Young Girl Carrying a Lamb;" in 1847 "Œdipus Loosed from the Tree;" in 1848 the "Winnower." These were among his greatest works. But yet to this austere painter, living apart and not knowing how to bring himself before the public, fame did not come. The Revolution of 1848 paralyzed all sales; and the spectre want sat at Millet's hearth. A friend at last succeeded in getting him help from the administration of the Beaux-Arts. "I thank you," said Millet simply when it was brought to him, "it comes just in time; we have eaten nothing for two days; however, what matters most is that the children have not suffered; up to the present they have had food." Ledru-Rollin bought the "Winnower" for five hundred francs, and the father and mother could then eat with their children.

Want did not debase Millet's soul, nor weaken his character. One night he met two young men who had stopped before a window to look at one of his pictures, "The Bathers." "Do you know who painted this picture?" asked one. "Yes," answered the other, "a fellow named Millet, who only paints nudes." The remark was unjust, for although at the time, and when he first finished his studies, Millet occasionally indulged in mythological or figure subjects, he did so but rarely, and never crudely. He was none the less

affected by what he had overheard, and said to his wife when he went home:

"If you are willing, I will never again paint that sort of thing. Life will be harder; you will suffer, but I shall be free, and can accomplish what I have wanted to do for so long."

"I am ready; do what you will," was Mme. Millet's answer.

Millet was now free indeed; he had shaken off the shackles of the school of the day. Henceforth he was entirely himself, the man of the soil, the peasant, painter of peasants.

In 1849 he exhibited a "Peasant Woman Seated," and went with his family to live in Barbizon. Eighteen hundred francs and his brushes comprised his fortune. He settled himself in a peasant's house at the entrance to the forest of Fontainebleau, and there he remained for the rest of his days, adding from time to time first one room and then another, as they were needed to accommodate his children, of whom he had nine, four sons and five daughters. Someone asked him: "How many children have you?" "I do not know," he replied; "I count them at table." François Millet's nine children perpetuated the tradition of the nine children of his father, Jean Millet, and the home at Barbizon differed little from that at Gréville. Millet's life in Paris and in the studios was an incident, an incident without influence on his thought, his work, his genius. His inspiration, his genius were bound up in that simple rural life which was truly a part of himself.

His mornings were spent in the garden, planting, sowing, hoeing, gathering; his afternoons in a low-ceilinged, ill-lighted studio painting. From time to time he made studies of the peasants in the fields, sometimes giving a day to a sketch, sometimes completing it in two hours. Towards evening, whenever possible, he went to the forest to rest.

"I know of no greater joy," he wrote, "than to lie on the heather and watch the clouds. If you could but see the beauty of the forest! I run away to it sometimes at nightfall when my work is done, and each time I return crushed. There is such calm, such terrifying grandeur, that I find myself really afraid. I do not know what those rascally trees talk about, but what they say we do not understand merely because we speak a different language. I am pretty sure, however, that they crack no jokes."

Nothing could be simpler, more rustic, more homelike than Millet's life and house in Barbizon. While he worked on a canvas, his wife and daughters chatted and knitted in the studio, or in the

garden under the elders and lilacs, a pet crow hopping about. Millet delighted in the sound of these dear voices; sometimes he interrupted his painting to kiss one, or to play with another. Or he would read aloud to the family the Bible, Theocritus, Virgil, Lamartine. His love of the forest and of art drew him to Jacque and to Rousseau, but with these two exceptions he scarcely saw anyone. His family was all sufficient. When visitors asked for a sketch as a remembrance, he usually gave the men a pair of sabots and the women a sheaf of grain.

He was tall and well-built with a bushy black beard; and with his nine children about him reminded one of the patriarchs of the Bible, from which he loved to read. The first canvas to go forth from the Barbizon studio was "Ruth and Boaz," a Biblical subject, but translated into French. The reapers and gleaners were those of the country about him.

From year to year Millet garnered a harvest from the fields: in 1850 "The Sower" and "The Binders." The sower's rhythm of motion and absorption of manner belong to all times and all countries, but Millet's "Sower" in his felt hat and sabots is a youth from Gréville. He carries on his left arm a white seed-bag; in the background is a laborer holding a plow drawn by two horses; the ground, over which a flock of crows may be seen flying against the gray autumn sky, is the high ground of Normandy, where Millet worked in his childhood and youth, where were planted in his heart the seeds that now were ripe for the harvest.

"The Binders" are working under a hot June sun. Two of them stand by a stack binding the hay, squeezing it tightly with arms and knees. Close at hand a young girl of melancholy mien is raking up the hay which has escaped them. Her motions blend with theirs, her grace with their strength, in the unity and harmony of a common task.

The "Departure for Work in the Fields" and the "Wood Pickers" were the product of 1851. In that same year Millet's grandmother died. "Ah! could I but have seen her again!" he cried. Then, in 1853, came his mother's death, she who for so many years waited anxiously for him to surprise her by a visit. With her in mind he painted, some years later, "Waiting," a picture of intense feeling.

He was obliged to go to Gruchy to divide the few family effects. For his share he asked only an oak wardrobe and his great-uncle's, the Abbé Charles Millet, books. The following year he

took his wife and children with him to Normandy. He heard the Angelus ringing at Gréville, and going into the church of Eculeville, a neighboring parish, saw an old priest kneeling before the altar. It was the Abbé Lebrisseux, his old Latin teacher. Millet rushed up to embrace him.

"Have you forgotten your Bible? Do you still read the Psalms?" the good priest asked.

"They are my breviary, my inspiration," Millet said.

The sight of his pupil had roused the spirit of the old Latinist:

"You used to love Virgil."

"I love him still," replied the artist.

Millet sent the "Peasant Grafting a Tree" to the Exposition of 1855. The man in his garden, the woman with a child in her arms watching him, is a rendering in the universal language of art of the verse that never grows old:

Insere, Daphne, piros, carpent tua poma nepotes.

During the preceding years he had painted a "Woman Gleaning," the "Harvesters Resting," the "Woman Putting Bread in the Oven," and the "Woman Feeding Chickens." In spite of his industry and genius, in spite of the simplicity of his life, and that of his family, want often visited his hearth and forced him to sell dozens of drawings, sketches, even paintings for a bit of bread. In a time of need his neighbor, the artist Rousseau, gave evidence of his tactful friendship. While Millet was absent from home, he carried off one of his paintings. Next day he told him: "Do not look for your picture. I have sold it to an Englishman. Here are three thousand francs." Some years afterwards Millet found the picture in Rousseau's possession. "Were you the Englishman?" he asked. "Yes," admitted Rousseau, "but you know the picture is still yours to dispose of."

The shepherd pictures belong to 1856: "The Shepherd in the Fold at Night," a lonely plain with the sheep in the moonlight, and the "Shepherd Bringing Home His Flock at Sunset." In 1857 the "Gleaners" followed. Of the three figures, one, the old woman, stoops slightly, anxiously scanning the ground with eyes no longer good, while the two young women bend well over, grasping the blades with one hand and binding the sheaves with the other. In the background the harvesters, with wagons and horses, are stacking the grain. A little later in the same year Millet painted an Immaculate Conception for the Pope's state carriage. He repre-

sented the Blessed Virgin as a young country girl, gazing tenderly at the Child in her arms; on the globe at her feet lies the dead serpent.

1859 was the year in which the "Angelus" was painted. Who does not know that touchingly sublime story? the man and woman praying with bowed heads. The man, his hat in his hands, the woman, her hands clasped; the basket on the ground, the fork stuck in the earth, and far away across the plain a pointed belfry outlined against a gray twilight sky, illumined only along the horizon by a streak of light.

"I want them to hear the bell ring!" Millet said. And we hear it. We hear it in the quiet of the plain, in the stillness of the listening things, in the attitude of the two peasants who hear the bell, and obey it.

In answer to Simon Luce's question, Millet wrote: "The 'Angelus?' I can tell you nothing more about it except that while painting it, my thoughts were back in the fields in my early days when my grandmother always made us stop our work at the sound of the bell, and say the Angelus 'for the souls of the departed,' very reverently, hat in hand." The Belgian Minister, M. Van Praet, bought the "Angelus" for two thousand five hundred francs. It was re-sold successively for one hundred and sixty thousand, two hundred and forty thousand, and five hundred thousand, francs.

"Death and the Woodcutter," and the "Woman Watering Her Cow" appeared the same year as the "Angelus;" in 1861 followed "Waiting," the "Woman Feeding Her Children," the "Sheep-shearing," the "Woman Carrying Buckets;" in 1862, "Crows in Winter" and the "Potato Planter;" in 1863, the "Man Resting on His Hoe," and the "Shepherdess." There was no decline in his art, but his health was failing, and for several years he was obliged to go to Vichy for the cure.

"November" and the "Woman Churning" were exhibited in 1870. After the war he went again to see his "country," to look again with love and sadness upon his home of former days.

> It distresses me [he wrote] to revisit these fields, the house where I was born, where my parents lived and died. As I approached the poor old home, I was so overcome I could scarcely control myself. Oh! how much it recalled! I also walked over the fields where I used to work. Where are now those who worked with me? Where are the poor people with whom I used to gaze upon the boundless sea? Now the fields belong

> to strangers, who have a right to ask me why I trespass, and to order me off. My heart is bursting with sadness and melancholy.

He brought back from this expedition a sketch of the "Church of Gréville." This and the "Shepherdess Leaning Against a Tree," the "Churner," and the "Vine-dresser at Rest" were among his last works.

Illness attacked him, and stopped his painting. He dared no longer say to his physician as he had formerly: "Doctor, cure me, for I have no right to be sick." One winter's day, lying in his bed, he heard the hounds in the forest, the dark forest he loved so dearly. They had a stag at bay, and Millet could hear the poor creature's death cry. "It is a warning," he said, "it announces my end." A few days later, January 20, 1875, he died in the little house which stands between the forest and the plain. To earn the daily bread, the bread for his family, was the constant effort of this hard worker, and the effort killed him. Yet this hard-earned bread was never bought by the sacrifice of courage or honor. The daily bread was also the inspiration of his art.

No painter has ever done a work greater, or more full of unity. Millet's work was directed entirely by the Biblical command: "Thou shalt eat thy bread by the sweat of thy brow." These words, the truth of which he experienced daily, formed the basic philosophy of his art. To express this thought he re-illustrated, after his own fashion, the old Bible, his first book, the first love of his childhood. He pictured work, the universal law, and pictured it of a kind ever old and ever new, the most unchanging, the most noble, the most beautiful, the work he knew best—the labor of the fields.

The Biblical mind in a rustic soul made this "peasant genius." His art is simple, austere, religious. His characters are clothed with great simplicity; their gestures are rare and serious; their attitudes almost hieratic. Their emotion is not hysterical; it is restrained, and is all the more real and intense to the discerning eye. As his correspondence shows, Millet himself was keenly sensitive. Still he was often accused of hardness and brutality, and even of Socialism. He defended himself from these accusations with good sense and wit, and with eloquence too.

> The gossip about my "Man with a Hoe" seems very strange to me [he wrote]; thank you for telling it to me, as it gives

me an insight into the marvelous ideas ascribed to me. In what club have my critics met me? Socialist! Truly I might answer the accusation in the words of the Auvergnat agent writing to his people: "They say I am a Saint-Simonian; it is not true; I do not know what that is....." Is it not permissible to depict simply the thoughts that come to mind at sight of a man destined to earn his living *by the sweat of his brow?*

Some say I deny the charms of the country. I find there something greater than charm—infinite grandeur. I see, as they do, the little flowers of which Christ said: "Not Solomon in all his glory was arrayed as one of these." I see very clearly the dandelions' aureoles, and how the sun far above the earth touches the clouds with his glory. I see none the less, in the smoking plain, horses plowing, and a weary laborer in a rocky spot stopping after long hours of work to straighten up and take breath. The drama is surrounded by glory. It is not my invention. The "cry of the earth" is an old saying.

My critics are, undoubtedly, men of intelligence and taste, but I cannot put myself in their shoes, and as I never have seen anything all my life except fields I try to tell as well as I can the story of what I have seen and felt at work. Those who would do better have certainly a wide scope.

Again he wrote:

You do well to lay stress on the *rustic,* for, truly, if that does not show a little in my work, then I have accomplished nothing at all. I repudiate utterly the *democratic* idea, as it is interpreted by the followers of Théophile Silvestre, which they have tried to attribute to me. I merely wished to draw attention to the man devoted to earning his living by the sweat of his brow, with never a thought of any special pleading. I am a peasant of peasants.

Millet, both in conception and execution, differs entirely from Courbet. It is scarcely necessary to say that Millet cannot be claimed as a pupil of Courbet, simply because both painted peasants. Dates disprove the claim. Courbet exhibited his first rural subjects in 1850: the "Burial at Ornano," the "Stone Breaker," and the "Return from the Fair." The same year Millet exhibited his "Sower" and the "Binders," having already shown in 1846, 1848, 1849, among other canvasses, the "Man with the Wheelbarrow," the "Haymakers Resting," the "Peasant Woman Seated," the "Keeper of the Sheep," and the "Winnower," all strictly rural

as well as individual. If one copied the other, surely Millet was not the cipher.

One day Millet was working in Diaz's studio. Proudhon came in, and began to talk of the people and of Courbet's poverty. He did not see Millet, or pretended not to see him, and the latter went on working in his corner, without paying attention to him. Their minds ran in different channels. Millet's peasant was a very different man from Proudhon's. The peasant, as Millet saw him, was not rebellious, he was obedient to his task; he stood out a noble figure. Millet's art ennobled all it touched. In that he was the superior of the Dutch and the Flemish, who were too given to detail. He saw, he painted broad lines, outlines, simple actions, man against the horizon of the world.

It happened that he and Decamps both painted at the same time a shepherd watching a stream. "We both painted a shepherd," said Decamps, "but mine was a peasant by the edge of a brook; Millet's a man on the brink of the river." Herein is genius. Alone in space, glorified by work, his peasant is a king. He dominates the picture; the landscape is subordinated to the man; it obeys him. The lines of the fields, the coloring of the earth, the hills, the woods on the horizon harmonize and become one with the figures. Whether he plant potatoes, kill a pig, or sow grain, Millet's peasant is serious and calm; he has a task to perform, and he masters it.

Everyday life, arduous or peaceful, is what Millet always pursues with his peasant.

> It is the human side that touches me most [he writes]. The joyous side never appears to me, I do not know where it is. I have never seen it. The gayest moments I have known have been found in the calm, the silence which one may enjoy so deliciously in a forest or in cultivated fields.....In cultivated places, however arid, you may see people hoeing, digging. From time to time someone will straighten himself up and wipe his forehead with the palm of his hand.....Is this work the gay, hilarious thing some would have us believe in? Nevertheless I find there the truest humanity, the loftiest poetry.

He applied this law of labor to himself, to art, to everything:

> Work is my programme [he said], for every man is subject to the ills of the flesh. "Thou shalt live by the sweat of thy brow," is the edict of the ages, the immutable destiny which changes

> not. What every man should seek is progress in his profession, to strive ever to do better, to become strong and skillful in his trade, to surpass others by his ability and conscientious application to work. This to me is the only way. All others are dreams or guesswork.

This conscientious application to work Millet had in perfection. Although he looked at things in a large way, he was scrupulous in his attention to detail, when they were important to convey his thought. He writes: "X—— thought my 'Potato Planter's' sabots were lined with sheepskin. If I tried to put anything in them, it must have been straw. Where I come from a man would be a laughing stock who put sheepskin in or on his sabots. . . ."

When he painted his dear hamlet of Gréville, he was distressed because he could not make everyone see it as he saw it. "I am working at my end of the village which looks out to sea. My old elm begins, I think, to bow to the wind. If only I could make it stand out in space as I see it in my memory. Oh! the infinite spaces of my childish dreams, shall I ever be able even to suggest you to others?" Art rooted in thoughts of such depth and gravity could not rest in mere surface beauty. "Beauty," said Millet, "does not dwell in the countenance alone; it is found rather in the composition of the figures, and of all that goes to complete the subject. Beauty is expression."

To Millet art is but the artist's servant: "His facility of execution should only be used by the painter to accomplish good. Unhappy the artist who puts his talent before his work. It would be amusing, indeed, if the wrist should lead the hand."

A child of the people, he believed the people could understand art. Did he not remember the admirations of his childhood, of his father, the plowman stopping at the end of his furrow to look at a tree "as beautiful as a flower?" In every instance, painting after painting, drawing after drawing, his work exalts sternly, without flattery, yet all the more nobly, the tiller of the soil at his work.

With a text from the Bible for his mental inspiration, with the love of his "country," the recollections of his childhood for emotional inspiration, with the intimacy gained by daily struggle with the wind, the sun, the soil, this peasant peasant, as he calls himself, has made of seedtime and harvest, of plowman and shepherd, an epic poem worthy to rank with the greatest—the epic of the earth.

THE TESTING OF ISABEL.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

I.

THE young interne with the keen, clear-cut face, and air of intellectual alertness, which made discerning people say that "young Dr. Wyverne had a future before him," sat by the side of the white hospital bed, regarding with a compassionate gaze the patient to whom he had just delivered a very unfavorable opinion. This patient was a gaunt man, whose wasted face showed traces of having possessed more than ordinary good looks in early life, which were almost obliterated by later signs of hard living and dissipation, but whose blue eyes retained a singular charm of appealing frankness. The appeal deepened in them now as he looked at the doctor.

"And so," he said at length, after a silence that had lasted a minute or two, "you can't give me any hope of ever getting well?"

"I'm sorry to say I can't," the young man answered, with the same compassion in voice as in glance. "You have a disease which is practically incurable, and although you may live for sometime—"

"That's the worst of it," the other broke in. "To live for sometime when I can never walk again, or be anything but a helpless invalid, is a harder sentence than if you told me death was near at hand."

"Yes, it's hard," Wyverne agreed sympathetically; "but there comes a time when we all have to face hard things, and"—pausing an instant while he cast about in his mind for some form of possible consolation—"after all they are 'stuff to try the soul's strength on,' you know."

"But suppose your soul hasn't any strength," the man returned. "I haven't any illusions about my soul, you see—its been tried and found wanting long ago. If it had had any strength, I might have held what was mine at the beginning, and not be what I am now—a human derelict, floating about the world, without ties or friends, and only fit to be put out of the way as soon as possible."

"It's a pity to regard things so hopelessly," the young interne

remarked. "Courage helps in facing the worst situation, and no doubt you have someone to whom you can look for care and help."

"Not a soul!" the other replied. "There isn't a human being, so far as I know, who would turn around to save me from dying in the street. Certainly not"—an inexpressible bitterness came into the voice now—"my wife or my daughter."

"You have, then, a wife and a daughter?" Wyverne said, a little surprised.

"It would be more correct to say I *had* both," the sick man answered, with the same bitterness of tone. "They are not mine now: another man has them."

"You mean—"

"A very ordinary thing: my wife obtained a divorce from me fifteen years ago, and the court gave my daughter to her. I haven't seen either of them since."

"But surely you might have seen your daughter. There's always a provision for that."

"Oh, yes, I might have seen her, if I had chosen to insist upon my right to do so. But it would have meant fighting my—er—ex-wife straight along; so I thought it best, for the good of the child, to drop out of her life. I couldn't do anything for her; and I was very fond of her—seeing her now and then, and realizing that she was getting farther and farther away from me could only have been painful, so I had courage enough to cut the rope of connection, and—drop."

"Wasn't it rather weakness than courage?" Wyverne felt impelled to ask. "Don't you think you were shirking a duty? You are her father: no divorce could change that fact."

"It couldn't change the fact, but it changed all the circumstances, so that the fact lost its significance," the man replied. "I wasn't so much to blame as you may perhaps think," he added after a moment. "If you've time to spare, and wouldn't mind, I'd like to tell you about it, and make you understand why I'm so utterly alone in the world."

The young doctor glanced at his watch. There were a few minutes still left of the time he had arranged to give to this patient, who, afflicted with an incurable and increasingly painful disease, had from the first interested him in rather unusual degree. There was some subtle quality in the man—wreck as he truly called himself—which made him attractive, and touched the sympathy in Wyverne which was always quick in responding to any demand. It

had been hard to tell him in plain terms that there was no hope of his recovery, and since he had been led for the first time to speak of himself and his own affairs, if it would afford him any comfort in such dire strait to speak further, why surely it was a small act of charity to listen. Therefore Wyverne said:

"I've a little longer time I can give you, if it would be any relief to you to tell me about yourself."

"It would be a great relief," the other answered. "You've an uncommonly kind way about you—as if you really cared what became of a poor devil—which isn't what one expects to find in a hospital; so if you're sure you don't mind—"

"I'm quite sure of that."

"Then here goes: I'll make the story short, and, as you'll find, it's common enough in the main outlines.....I had a good start in life, and I married early, for I fell desperately in love with a girl who was beautiful enough to turn any man's head. As a matter of fact, she had turned a great many before mine, and the admiration she excited hadn't been very good for her, though I didn't find this out until after we were married. Then I soon discovered that she wasn't satisfied with my devotion only, and she wasn't satisfied either with the kind of life I was able to give her, though it was much better than any she had known before, for her people were in extremely reduced circumstances. But the more she had, the more she wanted—social pleasures, fine dress, and above all constant admiration. I stretched things to the utmost to give her what she desired; but my means had fixed limits, and I presently found myself deeply in debt. We were forced to pull up, our mode of life necessarily became much narrower, and she grew so discontented that life was soon a hell—don't think," he broke off abruptly, "that I'm acquitting myself of all blame. I was weak, in the first place, in yielding to her extravagant demands, and afterwards I grew irritable and violent, as a man will, who has debts abroad and discontent at home. Then the child came, and for a little while matters were better; but the improvement didn't last long, and after a time I found it a relief to take a traveling position, and be away as much as possible.....Yes, I see by your face that you know how *that* ended. I began to drink to enable me to forget my troubles, and dissipated habits led to—other things; so it wasn't remarkable that when I came home one day my wife told me plainly that she was tired of me, that she had secured evidence sufficient for a divorce, and that she was about to take steps to obtain it."

The speaker paused, and lay silent for a minute, staring out of the window beside his bed with eyes which seemed looking far away into the past, as if seeing again the final scene of which he had spoken.

"Of course there was another man," he went on presently; "a man who could give her all that I hadn't been able to give. He was a rich man then, and rising rapidly—he's one of the heads of the great trust to which he belongs now—and her beauty had fascinated him so that he told her, 'Get a divorce, and I'll marry you at once.' There was no difficulty about getting the divorce—I savagely and deliberately helped her to obtain it by myself furnishing all the evidence needed—and I had no desire to make any contest, even when the court handed over the child to her. What could I do with a child, a man without a home, and without any woman relative, besides being of dissipated habits? So when my wife requested me to efface myself, and let the child grow up without intruding my claim, since Beresford could do so much for her—"

Here the young interne, who had been listening silently—finding the story common and sordid enough, yet conscious that it was veritable tragedy, the tragedy of a ruined and broken life, which was being laid bare to him—suddenly roused to keener attention.

"Beresford!" he exclaimed quickly. "Are you speaking of Andrew Beresford, the multimillionaire?"

"Exactly," the other replied. "Andrew Beresford it was. You see how much chance I had against a man like that. He took my wife when he wanted her, just as he absorbed the business of a thousand men, when it served his interest to do so, and I was as helpless as they were."

"And is it possible that the girl who is known as Isabel Beresford is your daughter?" Wyverne asked with increasing wonder and excitement.

The sick man glanced at him curiously. "Certainly Isabel Beresford, as she is called—her real name is Isabel Ferguson—is my daughter," he replied. "Do you know her?"

"Yes, I know her," Wyverne answered. "Perhaps you're not aware that Beresford makes his home in this city?"

"I've heard so—bought a large estate, and built a palace on it, didn't he?"

"He has a very fine place, and when the family are here they entertain a great deal, and quite magnificently."

"That must suit Kate—my wife that was—down to the

ground," the other commented sardonically. "It's the kind of life she was always longing for, and would have sold her soul at any time to gain. Well, if she did sell it—I'm not making any assertion about that, you understand—she's got her price, which is more than many people succeed in getting. But"—a different tone came into the voice now—"tell me something about Isabel. What is she like? Do you know her well?"

"As well as a busy hospital interne would be likely to know a young lady in fashionable society," Wyverne answered. "I've always admired her extremely. She's very beautiful—"

"I thought she would be."

"And she has a charming character. And O by Jove!" the young man cried suddenly, "she's got your eyes. I recognize them now, and know why they have all the time seemed so familiar to me."

Ferguson nodded, evidently pleased. "Yes, she always had my eyes," he said; "but the rest of her face was like her mother. I wish I could see her, if it were only for a few minutes," he added, sighing a little.

"And why shouldn't you see her?" the young doctor asked. "What could be easier than for her to come to see you? And if she knew of your condition, I'm sure she would wish to come."

"Do you think so?—do you really think so?" the other queried wistfully. "She's heard dreadful things of me—"

"But she knows that you are her father, all the same. And she has a very tender heart for suffering. I believe that if she was told of your hopeless illness, she would be willing to come and take care of you as a daughter should."

Ferguson shook his head. "I couldn't expect anything of the kind," he said. "She doesn't know me. I've done nothing for her since she was five years old—"

"But you're her father, and you have need of her—that constitutes a claim of duty."

"I don't feel that it does, considering all that has gone before," Ferguson declared obstinately. "And she hasn't been brought up to think much of duty. The only duty my wife ever recognized was to do the best for herself."

"You will find your daughter different."

"I'm doubtful of it, but, after all, you know her and I don't. Are you"—abruptly—"in love with her?"

The dark eyes met the blue ones fully and frankly.

"Yes," the young man answered. "I've been in love with her for a long time. I have never told her so, because it appeared rather hopeless, when I thought she was Andrew Beresford's daughter, and heiress to all his wealth. But what you've told me seems to change things, and bring her within reach in an almost miraculous manner. I have sometimes been presumptuous enough to think she cares for me, and if she does, she'll be willing to come to me—and to you—when I tell her about you."

There was wonder and compassion mingled in the gaze that rested now on the keen, handsome face so suddenly aglow with strong feeling.

"I hope you may be right in your judgment of her," Ferguson said slowly, "but I wouldn't count on it too certainly if I were you. It will be a hard test, and you see I know the influences that have moulded her."

The young interne rose and stood by the side of the bed, smiling down at the helpless man stretched on it.

"A hard test!" he repeated. "Perhaps so, but if it wasn't hard it wouldn't be a test at all, and personally I can't doubt the result. Whether or not she cares to come to me, I'm sure Isabel will come to *you,* my friend."

II.

Any other than such a pronounced optimist and idealist as Alan Wyverne would have hesitated before making his confident prediction to the poor victim of spinal paralysis in the hospital, and might have been assailed by even stronger misgivings than those which came to him when, on the evening of the same day, he drove up to the imposing Beresford mansion—always spoken of in the press as "palatial"—where a brilliant entertainment was in progress, in honor of the birthday of the daughter of the house.

He was rather late in arrival—for an emergency operation at the hospital had detained him—and although his profession had long since made him familiar with the contrasts of human existence, he had a sudden, vivid sense of such contrast now, between the scene he had so lately left, with all its gruesome details, and this scene of festivity—the great house glazing with lights, the throbbing seductive music of a hidden orchestra, and the gay throng, for whom pleasure was the law and end of life! "One almost wonders

if one is on the same planet!" he reflected, and a moment later found himself gazing into Isabel Beresford's beautiful eyes.

These eyes—of violet-blue under dark lashes—had always charmed him, and they seemed more than ever charming now, in their singular likeness to those which had looked up at him from a bed of pain, and given him a hope he had never dared indulge before. It was this hope which kindled a glow in his own eyes that made the girl exclaim:

"You look as if you had heard some wonderful good news! Are you going to share it with me?"

"Be quite sure of that," he answered, as he took her hand. "But, first, let me offer my congratulations and best wishes on your birthday, though you have already received both—"

"Yes, with your lovely flowers. No one else sent any that I liked so well. You see I am wearing some of them."

"I see. They match your eyes. It was for that reason I chose them."

They did indeed match her eyes wonderfully, the great cluster of Parma violets which she wore at her waist. She was a slender, exquisite creature, fair as a lily, with delicate features, and dark silken hair, and her absolute unlikeness to the rugged personality of Andrew Beresford had often struck Wyverne, when he thought her his daughter. Now it was all explained. The poor wreck lying on the hospital bed was of altogether finer fibre than the man who had so ruthlessly thrust him aside in the battle of life; and this fineness was his daughter's inheritance. Had she also inherited the strain of weakness which Ferguson's story so clearly revealed, or had the mother, who had taken her way, over his heart, "to the world made for her," given to her daughter's character an element of hardening strength? This was the question in Wyverne's mind, as he looked at the graceful, violet-eyed girl, and knew that on the answer to it depended all for which he and the desolate man in the hospital hoped.

"When can you give me an opportunity to tell you my news?" he asked. "Am I too late to beg for a dance?"

She smiled as she held out her card to him. "I've saved a place for you," she said, "because I knew it wasn't your fault that you were so late."

His glance thanked her eloquently. "It wasn't in the least my fault, or I shouldn't deserve your kindness," he said. "Until I can claim my turn, then—"

He fell back as another man came to claim his, and devoted the interval which followed to exploring the spacious rooms thrown open on all sides, until he found what he was in search of, a remote palm-screened nook where two might talk without fear of being disturbed; and to this he led Isabel Beresford when the time for his dance arrived.

"I'm sure you'll like to rest for a little while," he told her. "You must be tired of dancing, and I want to talk to you."

"I *am* a little tired," she confessed, "and this is a pleasant place to rest and talk." She leaned back in a corner of the luxurious seat, which was only large enough for two, and looked at the young man with an enchanting smile. "Now tell me your news," she said. "If it is good—and it must be good, or you wouldn't be so anxious to tell it—it will fit in delightfully with the rest of my day, which has been so very good."

But instead of replying, he sat gazing at her silently for a moment, with a deeper sense of misgiving than he had yet known, as he suddenly realized how far from fitting in with the rest of her day was the news he had to tell. And while he hesitated, she went on speaking, with a soft, little laugh of happiness:

"It hasn't been quite like an ordinary birthday, you know," she said. "It is my twenty-first, and it has been celebrated as if it were the coming of age of a princess. Indeed I'm sure no princess could have had anything more charming than some of the gifts I've received. This"—she lifted a string of pearls which hung around her neck, that he might admire their perfect form and lustre—"was my father's gift."

Her father's gift! At the words Wyverne's thoughts turned swiftly again to the bed by which he had stood in the morning, and the man who lay thereon—the man whose only possible gift to his daughter on this anniversary of her birth, was the priceless jewel of a great opportunity. And then he found his tongue:

"They are beautiful pearls," he said, "and must have cost a fortune. But when you speak of them as your father's gift, are you not making a mistake? Mr. Beresford is not your father."

Her eyes opened widely on him in surprise and evident displeasure.

"It is you who are making a mistake," she replied quickly. "He *is* my father—the only father I have ever known."

"But not the only father you have ever had," Wyverne re-

minded her. "If you cannot remember your real father, you must at least know that he existed—that he still exists."

Involuntarily, as it seemed, she shrank farther away, with repugnance expressed in every line of her face and figure.

"I don't understand why you should wish to remind me of something which I have no desire to remember," she said coldly. "I cannot imagine how you discovered the—the fact of which you speak."

"I can tell you that very easily," Wyverne replied. "I have met your father. He is a patient in our hospital."

She was deeply startled now; but he saw clearly that her repugnance did not decrease.

"Is there any reason for talking of this?" she asked, drawing her slender, dark brows together in a frown. "It—it is not a subject which I care to discuss." She made a motion to rise. "Shall we go back to the ball-room?" she said. "I believe that after all, I would prefer to dance."

But Wyverne caught her hand, and the entreaty in his eyes compelled her to sink back into her seat.

"Please don't insist on going," he said earnestly. "You will have a great deal of time to dance, but I have only these few minutes to tell you what it is vitally important that you should know."

"How can it be vitally important?" she asked, turning pale. "Don't you know that the man of whom you speak has no place in my life, and no claim on me?"

"I couldn't possibly know that," Wyverne answered in his deepest and gravest tones. "As your father, he must always have a claim on you for honor and love and service."

"But this is absurd!" she broke out. "How can I honor and love a man I have never seen since I was six years old, when my mother was forced to divorce him?"

"We will not speak of your mother's divorce," Wyverne answered. "Let us leave that aside. For however great her reasons for the step may have been, one fact is clear: no court can divorce child and parent. Your father is your father, whatever his faults or failures; and I am sure that your heart is too true, too tender, and too good not to acknowledge the claim of such a relationship."

There was an appeal in his voice which she found it difficult to resist, and suddenly her eyes—the lovely violet eyes which had charmed him—filled with tears.

"Oh," she cried, in a tone of almost childlike disappointment, "is it possible that this is the news you wanted to tell me?"

At these words, a flash of intuition came to him, and leaning forward quickly, he took her hands.

"Yes, this is the news," he said, "but there is much involved in it. The great fact that I love you is involved in it. Isabel, do you hear, I love you!"

A radiance which shone through their tears, now sprang into the wide eyes which met his own, and, as if by magic, all the sweetness and enchanting softness returned to her face.

"Ah!" she breathed, rather than said, "*that* is the news I wanted to hear!"

And then, for a brief space, paradise opened its gates for them.

Presently some words of hers brought them back to the point where the world had dropped away, and left them with the blissful certainty of their mutual love.

"This is my best birthday gift!" she sighed softly. "I am glad you have brought it to me to-day."

Wyverne started. In the sweetness of these golden moments, he had forgotten how much of his news still remained to be told; but there seemed less difficulty now in telling it. Since Isabel loved him, everything else became easy, and dropping a kiss on the silken masses of her hair, he said:

"Dear heart, the gift has been yours almost as long as I have known you; but it would not have been brought to you to-day—nor, I fear, on any other day—if I had continued to believe that Mr. Beresford was your father. It was only when I met your own father that the way to you was opened to me, that I could come and tell you of my love."

"But why should you have felt in that way?" she asked, drawing back a little, so as to look up in his face. "Why would you not have told me that you loved me as long as you believed that Mr. Beresford was my father?"

"Surely you must see why not," he replied. "Mr. Beresford is a very rich man, and if you were his daughter you would be the heiress of his wealth. Such an inheritance would open all the possibilities of the world to you; so how could I, a comparatively poor, and certainly an obscure man, have asked such a brilliant princess to consider any life which I have to offer?"

"Are you so proud, then," she reproached him, "that you would not be willing to share a great inheritance with me?"

"I would rather share anything else," he told her, "and there is a duty which I shall be glad and proud to share with you. Isabel, dearest, may I tell you about it—may I tell you about your father?"

Again she shrank involuntarily. "Is it necessary?" she asked.

"It is very necessary," Wyverne answered, "for he, too, has a gift for you—the gift of an opportunity not only to fulfill a duty, but to bestow a great happiness."

She glanced at him with a frightened expression. "You had better tell me exactly what you mean," she said.

And then he told her. She listened silently, but he went on. As he described the desolate condition of the man to whom he had been obliged to communicate the terrible sentence of medical science, he saw a softening of her attitude of resistance; and when he finished his story, she looked up with her eyes again misted with tears.

"How sad!" she said. "And will he never be able to walk again?"

"Never. The case is quite hopeless. But he may live for years."

"That makes it the more dreadful."

"So *he* feels, for he is alone in the world: he has nobody—or he thought he had nobody—to take care of him."

There was a pause, in which from the ball-room distant alluring strains of dance music reached them, before Wyverne said urgently:

"Isabel, darling, don't you see the duty which is before, not you alone, but before us?"

"You think," she murmured, "that we should take care of him?"

"Could I think anything else? Could you think anything else? And it is not only an imperative duty, but, as I've already said, a great opportunity for love and service. Do you not feel it so?"

Under the magnetism of his eyes, his voice, the influence of his stronger nature, and above all of her own love, the girl was conscious of being lifted on a wave of emotion, which seemed to make all things possible, even such a sacrifice as was asked of her.

"Yes," she replied, "I do feel it. Of course he is my father, and—and I was very fond of him when I was a little child. I remember that. And with you to help me I shall be strong enough for anything. But I couldn't do it without you, for mamma would never consent to my seeing him. She has often said so."

"Your mother has no right to object," Wyverne answered with involuntary sternness. "He is not only your father, with a claim upon you which nothing can set aside, but she should remember that she has had you for fifteen years, and that the need of the man who was her husband is very great."

"And my fa—that is, Mr. Beresford—will not like it," Isabel went on. "Mamma has told me that when he adopted me, it was on the condition that my own father should never make any claim on me."

"Your father remembers that, and he has made none: it is I who make it for him," Wyverne said. "It is I who offer you, together with my love and help, the opportunity to bless an existence which is as sad and desolate as existence could well be. And it seems more than a mere chance that this opportunity has come to you on the day of your majority, the day when, free of all control, you may choose for yourself what appears to you best in life. Isabel, will you choose him and me?"

Once more, through the force of that poignant appeal, the great wave of emotion lifted Isabel up, and gave her a glimpse of ideals different indeed from any that had ever been presented to her. And something in her nature responded to their call. Ease, pleasure, prosperity—these objects of habitual desire—receded before the austere but beautiful vision of love, service and duty, and Wyverne felt how well his optimism was justified when she turned to him, crying:

"I choose you—*you*—and him!"

III.

It was a very triumphant interne who stood by the bedside of the paralytic patient next morning, and told him of Isabel's decision.

"But I never doubted what her choice would be," he declared joyously. "That is, of course, as far as you were concerned. It would have been tremendously presumptuous to have had no doubt of what her answer to me would be, but it's all right. She has promised to marry me, and together we'll take care of you."

The blue eyes that were so like Isabel's gazed up at the young man with an expression of wonder and gratitude which he never forgot. Then Ferguson held out a wasted hand.

"Congratulations mean something in a case like this," he said. "I was sorry for you when you went away yesterday, for I didn't

believe the girl would ever make such a choice. I couldn't believe it, and it seems almost incredible now—it seems too good, far too good—to be true!"

In his happiness Wyverne laughed aloud.

"You'll find that it isn't too good to be true when I bring her to you, as I am to do to-day," he said. "The appointment is made, and after I have had an interview with Mrs. Beresford—which is a mere matter of courtesy—Isabel will come with me to see you. Don't doubt it!" he cried quickly, as a look expressive of such doubt sprang into the eyes regarding him. "Her mother will have no power to prevent her doing what she has promised to do."

"Her mother will certainly try to prevent it," Ferguson said with conviction.

"Let her try!" Wyverne replied, in a tone of superb confidence. "I have Isabel's promise, and Isabel will keep her promise. Be sure of that. And now we must have your room made ready for such a joyful occasion. I've ordered a quantity of flowers, and I'll ask one of the nurses to come and arrange them. Everything must be *en fête* for Isabel's coming, you know."

"Yes, yes," Ferguson assented eagerly, adding in a voice husky with emotion, "I don't know how to thank you—it's all beyond thanks! I can hardly believe that such good luck should come to me at last."

"You'll believe it when Isabel stands here beside you," Wyverne told him again.

"Yes, I'll believe it then," the other replied, with a possibly unconscious note of incredulity in his voice.

When a few hours later Wyverne drove out to the Beresford mansion to keep his appointment with Isabel, he was not surprised to be shown into a room apart from the magnificent reception suite, where almost immediately not Isabel, but Mrs. Beresford came to him.

He had known that, sooner or later, he must reckon with the latter, and he was not sorry that the encounter should occur without delay, though he entertained no doubt of the nature of this encounter. If he had felt any such doubt, his first glance at Mrs. Beresford, as she entered the room, would have ended it. For while he had never been more struck by the splendidly matured beauty of the woman, nor by her air of arrogant assurance—as of one who has never known any other atmosphere than that of adulation and power—he was even more strongly impressed by the

dominant strength of will which her whole personality breathed, as well as by the disapproval and indignation that were unmistakably to be read in the eyes which met his own.

"My daughter tells me, Dr. Wyverne," she began at once, "that you have made a proposal to her, which—I must speak frankly—I regard as extremely presumptuous."

"I'm sorry that you consider it presumptuous," Wyverne answered calmly, "but I am glad to say that your daughter did not regard it in that light. On the contrary, she did me the honor to accept my proposal."

"She could not have accepted it without my consent," Mrs. Beresford declared sharply. "And that consent, you may understand at once, I will never give."

"Waiving the point of the necessity for your consent, and I think you must be aware that there is no necessity for it," Wyverne replied with the same calmness, "I should like to ask what is your objection to me as a suitor for your daughter?"

"I am astonished that you should find it necessary to ask," she returned. "My daughter is a great heiress, and you are a hospital interne. What have you to offer that is worth her acceptance—that it would not be madness for her to accept?"

The dark eyes regarding her so quietly, had in them now a look before which even her angry insolence quailed a little.

"I suppose it is natural that you should rate wealth above everything else in the world, Mrs. Beresford," the young man said in a tone of cool contempt; "but it might be well to remember that there are a considerable number of people who do not agree with you. Such people would tell you that I offer your daughter a name which is of the best, a social position which cannot be questioned, and the assurance of sufficient means for ease and independence. According to your standard, this may be little, but according to hers—"

"It is quite as little!" Mrs. Beresford interrupted. "You are very much mistaken if you think otherwise. The wealth at which you sneer rules the world, and my daughter has been brought up to expect all that it can give, and especially that the man she marries shall bring her advantages to equal the millions she will inherit from her father."

She was sorry for having uttered the last words when she saw the smile that came to Wyverne's lips.

"Are you not mistaken?" he asked, as he had asked Isabel the

night before. "Your daughter will inherit no millions as her father's heiress, for her father, as she has probably told you, lies an impoverished and hopeless invalid in the hospital to which I am attached."

"She has told me that you have had the audacity to make an appeal to her on behalf of the man of whom you speak," Mrs. Beresford answered, with no further effort to restrain her intense anger. "It is a shameful attempt to influence her in favor of one who deserves nothing from her, who gave her up, and bound himself never to make any claim on her when I divorced him."

"He has made no claim," Wyverne assured her, as he had already assured Isabel. "It was I who told her of him; I who offered her the opportunity to answer a call of duty, and give a daughter's love and care to the man who has been deprived of both for so long, and whose need is now very great."

"However great it may be, he has no claim upon her," Mrs. Beresford reiterated, "and it is impossible that she should have anything to do with him."

"Why is it impossible?" Wyverne inquired with unmoved coolness.

"Because," she flashed back at him, "the one condition which my husband made when he adopted her as his daughter, was that her father should never make any claim upon her, and that she, on her part, should never have any communication with him. This was distinctly understood by all concerned."

"Very likely," Wyverne said, "but Isabel, although deeply concerned, was not a party to the compact, and is free to repudiate it."

"If she does, she will forfeit all that Beresford can do for her —he is a man who never changes his mind or breaks his word— and she will lose such an inheritance as few women have ever had a chance to gain or lose."

"Well,"—the young man had grown a little pale, but had not lost his composure—"the point at issue is sufficiently clear: in the first place you decline to allow your daughter to marry me—"

"I absolutely decline. I have told her that I will not consider your proposal for a moment."

"And, in the second place," he went on calmly, "you refuse to permit her to have any communication with her father, and threaten her with the loss of a great inheritance if she insists upon going to fulfill her duty to him."

"You put the matter exactly," Mrs. Beresford told him, "and I assure you that no cant about duty will have any effect upon me."

"I can believe that very easily," he said, with a significance which was not lost on her. "And now"—he rose as he spoke—"I will, with your permission, ring and request Isabel's presence."

"You may do so, if you like," Mrs. Beresford said, "but if you have any regard for her, you will spare her a painful scene. I have explained everything to her, and she is fully convinced that she cannot afford either to marry you, or to see her father. Her choice is made; and I told her that I would make it plain to you that there was nothing to be gained by seeing her."

"Nevertheless," Wyverne said firmly, "I shall not leave the house without seeing her."

"In that case by all means ring the bell," said Mrs. Beresford.

It was several minutes after the message requesting her presence had been sent, that the door of the room opened and Isabel appeared.

But an Isabel so changed from the girl of the night before, so pale, so shrinking, so bereft of all brightness, that Wyverne's heart went out to her in an overwhelming impulse of love and pity, for he saw how she had gone down under the influence of the imperious nature that had ruled her so long. He made a great stride forward and took her hands.

"Isabel, dear love," he said, "I have come for you, as I promised, and your father is waiting for you—waiting so eagerly, so anxiously, Isabel!—on his bed of pain in the hospital. I don't for a moment believe that you are going to be so cruel as to disappoint him and me. I have a taxicab waiting at the door. Come, we will go at once!"

He tried to lead her forward, but Isabel drew back, and looked up at him with eyes darkened by pain.

"Haven't you been told?" she asked, almost in a whisper. "I—I can't go. It would mean so much—"

"It would mean closing the door of this house, and all your life as it has been, behind you," her mother's clear tones cut in. "Make no mistake about that. If you go with the man who is urging you so selfishly, you cannot come back to your place here."

"Come to a better place, Isabel," the man so spoken of entreated her. "Come where love will be given you in fullest measure to make amends for all that you lose here; where you can find happiness in making happiness not only for me, whose whole life

will be devoted to you, but for the desolate man who is waiting for you—your father, Isabel, your *father!*"

But even as he spoke his heart sank, for Isabel drew her hands out of his clasp, and shrank still farther away from him.

"He gave me up," she said, "and I—I don't think I am bound to ruin my whole life, and—and give up so much for his sake. It—it is too great a sacrifice. If you loved me, you would not ask it."

"It is because I love you that I ask it," Wyverne told her. "It is because this is the crucial test of your life. You must choose to-day between the wealth you have been brought up to worship, and the duty which calls you with all the force of nature, and of the law of God. I put myself aside: I make no plea of my love for you, and I will not remind you of your love for me; but I implore you, for your own soul's sake, to come with me to your father! It will be an act worthy of the woman I believe you to be, and that woman will never regret it. Isabel, come!"

Insistent, compelling, fighting, as he had said, for her soul, and unconsciously employing all the force of his will to influence her, his voice pleaded with a passion so irresistible that, out of the very desperation of her weakness, Isabel found strength to answer him. Leaning back against the wall, to which she had retreated, like a creature at bay, she lifted her pain-shadowed eyes again to his face, and spoke:

"The woman you have in your mind might not regret such a sacrifice," she said; "but I am not that woman; and I would regret it. I know that if I listened to you—if I let myself listen—you could make me do what you think I ought to do; but I also know that after it was done I should spend my life in being sorry for it. I'm not strong enough to give up everything I've had and cared for up to this time, to go and lead a narrow existence even with you, and take care of a man who is nothing to me. I *know* this—so please go away, and leave me alone!"

It was like a child's piteous appeal to be relieved from a strain too great for frail strength and undisciplined energies, and for a moment Wyverne stood silent, looking at her with a concentrated gaze which seemed to pierce and gauge all the weakness of spirit and body. Then, as if recognizing the utter uselessness of further appeal, he said quietly:

"Since you desire, I will go and leave you alone."

And turning, he walked out of the room.

In accordance with the directions he had given before leaving the hospital, Wyverne found the small chamber in which the paralytic patient lay transformed from its usual bare whiteness into a bower of bloom and beauty by the masses of flowers which met him with their fragrance as he entered. And in the midst of this wealth of blossoms, of color and perfume, the man who lay on the narrow white bed looked up with a pathetic light of expectation on his haggard face which struck the young man like a blow. He saw the light fade before he could utter a word: indeed words seemed altogether unnecessary to explain to Ferguson why he had returned alone. Nevertheless, pausing at the foot of the bed, and clutching the brass rail as if to steady himself, he said:

"You see that, after all, I was mistaken. Isabel has failed us. Her mother's influence—you were right about that—was too great to allow her to come. Left to herself, I think she would have wished to do so, but when she was confronted with the necessity of choosing between you and the Beresford fortune, it was too much."

"Of course it was too much," Ferguson agreed quickly. "I've known it all the time, though I was foolish enough to hope differently after your visit this morning. But it was like hoping for a miracle; since it surely would have been a miracle if Isabel had given up the Beresford fortune to come to me! I couldn't expect it; I didn't expect it really; but I'm sorry for you, who were so confident of her. Only out of my experience let me tell you, that it's better to have tested her now than later."

The eyes of the two met; and under the deep significance of the look of the man who spoke out of his experience, Wyverne felt himself constrained to say:

"Yes, it is better now than later."

THE ECCLESIA ANGLICANA.

FOR WHAT DOES SHE STAND?

BY ABBOT GASQUET, O.S.B.

THAT one Anglican bishop should publicly ask another what their particular form of religious belief really is, must be considered a sign of the times in which we live. The *Open Letter,* which the Bishop of Zanzibar addressed to His Lordship of St. Albans, is a human document of melancholy interest, and a revelation of the doctrinal chaos at present existing in the communion to which the two prelates belong. To a Catholic accustomed to an absolutely rigid unity of belief, it is difficult, of course, to grasp the position of a religious body without a definite doctrinal basis, in which, apparently, anyone can believe, or not believe, what he pleases upon the most vital matters. Of course, on the Protestant basis of private judgment in all matters of faith, and by the exclusion of any authoritative teacher, there would appear to be no reason why any two members should agree upon any single point of the Christian faith—*Quot homines, tot sententiæ.*

The object of the *Open Letter* is stated with complete frankness on the first page. The Bishop of Zanzibar as a Missionary Bishop addressed the Bishop of St. Albans, as one of the Anglican bishops in England, who is connected especially with the Missionary Society which sent him out to convert the heathens and Mohammedans in East Africa, "to submit to you, as a representative prelate of the *Ecclesia Anglicana,* and as a most zealous supporter of her foreign missions, the thesis that at the present time, having regard to her exceedingly chaotic system of truth, she is entirely unfit to send missionaries to heathen or Mohammedan lands."

As missionaries the Bishop of Zanzibar sees that they have been sent to give the heathen the faith of Canterbury; but his difficulty is to determine what Canterbury does teach, and "if once the Church at the base gets into any difficulties of self-expression, the missionaries in the front are practically giving their lives to a lost cause." He adds: "It must be confessed that the most prominent feature in the present picture is just this difficulty of self-expres-

sion. The Church at home, to use a homely and un-theological name, is in a state of mental chaos: it is more than ever talkative, but what it expresses is anything rather than its true self."

It may be open to doubt whether the Bishop himself has not set up an ideal of the Anglican Church which is not supported by its history. But, be this as it may, he certainly has our sympathy in his manly protest against the inroad of modernistic theological thought being allowed in the Established Church, without protest or prohibition from those who claim to be Christian bishops. In regard, however, to his second point, namely, that what has happened lately in Africa shows that the *Ecclesia Anglicana* is bent upon a mission "to Protestantize the world," whereas she should "Catholicize" the heathen world, it is to be feared that the history of the Anglican Church is against him both as to theory and fact; and if, with prayer for light, he will look into that history, his honest mind will say to him, to use his own words, "I for my part have no longer place or lot within her borders."

But to return to the substance of this *Open Letter*. The Bishop's indictment of the Church to which he still belongs is supported by a detailed statement of three "incidents," as he calls them, which date "within the past year," and which, in his opinion, bear out "that the *Ecclesia Anglicana* is content to have lost her power of self-expression, so that we out here can no longer appeal to her Voice or rest upon her Witness. She has no Voice: she offers no single Witness."

In proof of this the Bishop of Zanzibar points to a book called *Foundations,* published by seven Oxford men, under the editorship of Mr. Streeter, the Bishop of St. Albans' chaplain. A good deal has been heard of this publication, and many protests have been uttered by members of the Church of England against the Modernistic theological principles advocated in its pages. Amongst other objectionable features, the authors treat such questions as the necessity of the Episcopate in the Christian Church; the institution by Christ of any Church at all and of any sacraments; the unreliability of the Bible—to put it mildly—as a witness; the Resurrection of our Lord from the dead, and of course His divinity, as open questions which may be accepted or rejected by members of the Anglican communion.

He points out that these serious opinions, destructive of the very foundations of the Christian faith, have in late years frequently been advanced by clergymen, and even by high dignitaries of

the Established Church, without eliciting from the official heads of this Church any serious protest, individual or corporate. But "what an examining chaplain, or the principal of a theological college, can tolerate in a book of which he is a joint author, he is bound to accept as within the limits of orthodoxy from his ordination candidates." *Foundations,* therefore, "is a revelation of the official attitude of the bishops implicated towards heresy and un-orthodox speculation."

The only excuse for this attitude of the authorities of this Church, which the Bishop of Zanzibar states but will not accept as adequate, is that "to save confusion and schism she (the *Ecclesia Anglicana*) allows men to remain within her communion who on the continent (*i. e.,* in the Catholic Church) would have been driven out." In other words, in the English Church people may believe what they like, even as regards the essential elements of the Christian religion. If the Anglican Established Church, the Bishop of Zanzibar says in substance, is a witness of truth, surely her bishops are called upon to speak out, and condemn plain heresy in her clergy, unless they wish to let the world think they will tolerate any and every opinion subversive of Christianity, in order to keep men within her already too comprehensive fold.

Passing for a moment over the second "incident," which has compelled the Bishop of Zanzibar to issue his indictment against the present rulers of the *Ecclesia Anglicana,* it may be convenient first to take the third point of his *Open Letter.* This, he says, "bears out my contention of our unfitness, as a Church, for missionary work." For his part in editing the volume of pronounced modernist type known as *Foundations,* Mr. Streeter, the Bishop of St. Albans' chaplain, was requested by His Lordship to resign his chaplaincy "privately and quietly." Of this action the Bishop of Zanzibar writes:

> This step on your part, in so far as it has become known, has been heartily approved by all who hold the faith. A priest who denies the bodily Resurrection of our Lord; regards the Christ as the last of the Jewish prophets; dates His historic life from His baptism, disparages the trustworthiness of the Gospel record, except in so far as he has himself corrected and annotated it, challenges the infallibility of our Lord and Master, and accepts editorial responsibility for many more strange and erroneous doctrines, may well be asked privately to surrender the responsible office of selecting candidates for the Catholic

> ministry. It is to many of us surprising that your Lordship did not make public the admirable action that you took.

This measure of "mercy and judgment" on the part of the Bishop of St. Albans, is turned into "utter bewilderment" in the mind of his brother bishop, when he contrasts it with the punishment awarded to another priest, Dr. Langford James, almost at the same time. This latter was "inhibited from ministering" in the diocese of St. Albans, because "he had invoked our Lady and two other saints in one of the churches in that diocese. And, further, the same bishop, who had treated with conspicuous leniency his own chaplain, who had thrown discredit upon the fundamental teachings of the Christian faith, "delated" this other clergyman "to his own diocesan, as an offender against church law and Catholic truth," and announced his "refusal both of ordination and jurisdiction to any who practise these invocations."

No wonder that the Bishop of Zanzibar confesses his bewilderment, and asks himself on what possible principle the Bishop of St. Albans has brought himself to discriminate between the actions of the two clergymen who have been thus dealt with so differently.

> Had you measured both priests by the standard of antiquity [he writes], Dr. Langford James would have been reproved for holding an unauthorized service and commended for his piety; while Mr. Streeter would have been publicly condemned and inhibited.
>
> Had you measured them both by the present faith and practice of the whole episcopate of East and West the Doctor would, again, have been at once reproved for a technical illegality, and excused for his devotion, while your chaplain would have been forbidden to enter your churches.

For this strange mode of action on the part of one claiming to be a Christian bishop, the Bishop of Zanzibar protests that he will not be a party to toleration of a "new theology" which strikes at the very root principles of the Christian religion, nor to the "complete condemnation of a practice so Catholic, so beautiful, and so profoundly useful," as devotion to the Mother of God and the saints.

And now, to turn to the second "incident," which called forth this *Open Letter* from the Bishop of Zanzibar, and which really forms the main item of the indictment thus made by one bishop of the Anglican Church against other bishops of the same communion,

and for the condemnation of whose action, as plainly heretical, he demands the sentence of the constituted authorities of the Church of England. In June, 1913, a Conference of Protestant Missions, with the Church Missionary Society, was held at a place called Kikuyu in British East Africa. The main object of this meeting was apparently to endeavor to arrange a common basis of missionary enterprise among the various Protestant bodies at work in that part of the world. It was recognized that much energy was lost, and much "overlapping" of the work of these societies was caused, by their want of coördination, and the proposal appears to have been to establish what is described as a system of "interdenominational" compact, whereby certain districts were assigned to individual missionary societies, in which the other societies were to undertake not to energize. Thus, one district was to be content with the form of Christianity proposed by the English Church; another that by the Presbyterians; another that by the Baptists, and so on. To us Catholics it seems inconceivable that any such arrangement could have been seriously suggested. For it would at once appear that if the Episcopalian form of church government was, as may be supposed, the only true and certain form established by Christ, those who held this could hardly hand over a special district to a body teaching otherwise, and what to them must be false doctrine in so serious a matter. And the same must be said of all the many differences which divide the various sects which call themselves Protestant.

The doctrinal basis of the proposed Federation involves the acknowledgment of the Bible as the rule of faith and practice; the acceptance of the Apostles' and Nicene Creed as a general expression of belief, and "the vital importance of belief in the atoning death of our Lord as the ground of forgiveness." Pending the formation of this new Church, the two bishops and the heads of four Protestant missionary societies have pledged themselves:

> (a) To recognize common membership between federated Churches;
>
> (b) To establish a common form of church organization;
>
> (c) To admit to any pulpit a preacher recognized by his own Church;
>
> (d) To admit to communion a recognized member of any other Church;
>
> (e) To draw up and follow common courses of instruction both for candidates for baptism and candidates for ordination.

At the end of the conference to cement this proposed union, the Anglican Bishop of Mombasa "celebrated the Holy Communion in the Presbyterian church, and admitted to communion as many of the delegates of Protestant societies as cared to present themselves."

The Bishop of Zanzibar protests energetically against both the proposed doctrinal basis which is to unite the various Protestant missions in East Africa with the Anglican Episcopal Church, and against the public manifestation of doctrines which would follow from the communion service celebrated for Presbyterians, etc., by the Bishop of Mombasa. He points out, amongst other things, that the "concordat" of the sects does not contain many points which he considers of Catholic faith. These naturally have been thrown over in the process of arriving at the greatest common measure of doctrine, which would be accepted by all the contracting parties.

The *Open Letter* fell like a bombshell among the adherents of the Anglican communion in England. Letters from men of position, representing all the various shades of doctrine existing in the Established Church, have appeared in the daily and weekly papers. For the most part the general feeling would seem to be that the *Open Letter* is a mistake, for there is no general desire to clear up the ambiguity with which the formularies of the Anglican Church have been framed. According to the New York *Times* of Sunday, January 4, 1914, the controversy "has assumed alarming proportions," and "on many sides fears are expressed that the controversy may result in a schism which will rend the Church in two."

The most serious question raised by the admission of the Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and others to communion by the Bishop of Mombasa, is whether the Anglican Church is Episcopal to the exclusion of the orders and sacraments of the non-Episcopal bodies? A letter to the London *Times* (December 13, 1913) from the Bishop of Durham claims that the history of the Anglican Church shows that the ministry given in non-Episcopal bodies has been admitted by many of the great divines of that body. He cites:

> Bancroft, who carried his colleagues, including Andrewes, with him in consecrating Presbyterian ministers bishops for Scotland in 1609; Andrewes, who claims "our government to be by divine right, yet it follows not that a Church cannot stand without it;" Ussher, who says (to Du Moulin), after a solemn assertion of the greatness of episcopacy, that he is prepared "to receive the Blessed Sacrament at the hands of the French

> ministers if he were at Charenton," loving and honoring the (Huguenot) Church of France "as a true member of the Church Universal," and Cosin, asserting in his will "his union of soul with all the orthodox, which I desire chiefly to be understood of Protestants and the best Reformed Churches."

To this witness of the views of Anglican divines may be added the case of Bishop Hooker, "the judicious," who received the sacraments from Saravia, a Calvinist minister, and not an ordained clergyman of the Established Church. And, although it is true that since 1662 no one who has not received episcopal orders can legally hold a benefice in the Church of England, instances have not been wanting in high places where the validity of Presbyterian and other orders have been apparently allowed without question. The English sovereign attended Presbyterian services, so it is said, when in Scotland, and comparatively recently one of the Anglican bishops invited any member of any of the various Protestant bodies who might wish to come and receive communion on a special occasion in his cathedral.

That this event in the hitherto unknown settlement of Kikuyu has called forth special searching of hearts, is in some measure at least due to the bold protest contained in the Bishop of Zanzibar's *Open Letter*. It has raised the true issue: is the Church of England Catholic or Protestant? Dean Hensley Henson, in a letter on the controversy, says that the appeal now is to the English people on the question as to whether the English Church shall remain Protestant or become Roman Catholic. This is no doubt an exaggerated statement of the issue, because the history of the past three centuries has proved beyond question that English churchmen of whatever school of thought are not logical in dealing with religious matters. But that the case is serious, and is regarded as such by both sides, may be judged by the communication of Lord Halifax, the respected leader of the High Church Union, who says: "I pray to God that the controversy may not occasion a schism which shall rend the Church in two. The dangers are only too obvious, and can hardly be exaggerated. They involve consequences affecting not only the Church of England, but the whole of Christendom." The Bishop of Oxford, too, thinks that there never was a time when the cohesion of the Anglican Establishment was more seriously threatened than by this controversy; and he concludes that unless the authorities of that Church can speedily arrive at some statement

of principles, which will pull it together again, it will go on the certain way to destruction.

To us Catholics it may seem impossible that any body of men holding diametrically opposite opinions on important doctrinal issues, can possibly agree on any basis which will be satisfactory to both sides. What they can do, however, is to endeavor to cover up the fires of a raging controversy and to do what they have done often before in their history, "agree to differ," even though the issues would appear to us to be vital. "Compromise" on religious truth has saved the "comprehensive" character of the English Church often enough, and this note of that Church will probably be invoked again at this time of danger. The London *Times* in an article (December 27, 1913) puts this aspect of the controversy to its readers.

> It may be counted one of the distinctive, as well as one of the most honorable, characteristics of the Church of England that it always has been able to find a place for men who hold divergent opinions on such questions as those raised at Kikuyu. Both sides in the present controversy may claim to be true to the *Ecclesia Anglicana,* and so long as they recognize the rights of each other, and refrain from any attempt at mutual exclusion, nothing but gain can result from a frank discussion of their differences.

Can it be possible that anyone can believe that our Lord came down on earth to establish a Church which has no voice to declare which of two opposite doctrines is true, and no authority to speak in His name? We Catholics can at least thank God that this is not our conception of the Church of Christ which is to us "the pillar and groundwork of the truth."

THE EDICT OF POPE CALLISTUS.*

BY BERTRAND L. CONWAY, C.S.P.

IN the opening chapter of Tertullian's book *On Modesty (De Pudicitia)*, we read: "I hear that there has been an Edict set forth, and a peremptory one too. The *Pontifex Maximus*—that is, the Bishop of bishops—issues an Edict: I remit the sins both of adultery and fornication to such as have discharged (the requirements of) penance."

Ever since the seventeenth century scholars have argued about the meaning of this Edict. It was once ascribed to Pope Zephyrinus,† but since the discovery of the *Philosophumena* of Hippolytus in 1851,‡ all agree in attributing it to Pope Callistus (A. D. 220). Some maintain that this decree evidenced a profound revolution in the Church's penitential discipline, which had hitherto excommunicated in perpetuity all baptized Christians guilty of the three capital sins of murder, apostasy, and impurity.§

Others hold that the Edict merely sanctioned the traditional penitential discipline which was rejected by the Montanists of the third century, and that it attained undue prominence on account of the bitter attacks of Tertullian and Hippolytus.‖

The Abbé d'Alès, in the present treatise, is a firm believer in the second theory, which he has defended before in the pages of the *Revue du Clergé Français*,¶ and in his two works on *The Theology of Tertullian* and *The Theology of Hippolytus*.** While admitting that the controversy has a dogmatic side, inasmuch as it concerns the historical exercise of the power of the keys, he declares it to be primarily an historical question, to be decided only after a careful consideration of the texts of the first three centuries. Granting that the Church possessed the power of pardon, did she

**L'Edit de Calliste; Étude sur les Origines de la Pénitence Chrétienne.* By Adhémar d'Alès. Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne. *7 frs.* 50.

†Petavius, *De Pœnitentia publica*, lib. 2, ch. ii., p. 244 (A. D. 1644).

‡"He (Callistus) was the first to forgive men the sins of impurity, by declaring that he forgave all sins." Philos. ix. 12.

§Petavius, Funk, Boudinhon, Batiffol, Tixeront, Pohle, Vacandard, and Rauschen.

‖Morinus, Monceaux, Seeburg, Esser, and Stufler.

¶Vol. i., pp. 337-365.

***La Théologie de Tertullien; La Théologie de Saint Hippolyte.*

or did she not, for weighty reasons, refrain from exercising this power in regard to capital crimes? Such a problem cannot be solved *a priori,* as some unreasonable opponents of the historical method maintain. As Dr. Pohle well says, "We strongly insist upon the dogmatic theologian bowing before the facts of history, even though they appear extraordinary, and seeking to acquire a better understanding of the spirit of the primitive Church. Nothing could be more unfair than to judge the past by the present. Antiquity must be viewed in its historical setting and judged in its own light."*

In Chapter II. the Abbé d'Alès proves that our Savior gave the pardoning power—the power to bind and loose—to St. Peter, when he appointed him head of the apostolic body;† that the power granted to John‡ and to the other Apostles§ was merely an extension of the power granted to St. Peter, the foundation rock on which the Church was to be built.‖ The authenticity of these texts is maintained against those rationalistic critics, who arbitrarily place them even as late as the beginning of the third century.¶

He next discusses those Scriptural texts which are said to deny the Church's power of pardoning all sins. In St. Matthew's Gospel, our Savior said to the Jews who refused to admit His miraculous power: "He that shall speak against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world nor in the world to come."** A careful study of the context will make it clear that there was no question here of any limitation being put upon the pardoning power of the Church. The unpardonable sin was the Pharisees' obstinate denial of all divine power: that hatred of God which closed the eyes to the light, and rendered the soul incapable of pardon. "The sin of the Pharisees was more of an attitude of mind than a particular action; they persistently despised Him, Who was the Way, the Truth and the Life."††

The passages from the Epistle to the Hebrews,‡‡ which are frequently quoted to prove the existence of unpardonable sins, do not, as Harnack§§ maintains, picture the primitive Church as "a society of saints, entirely opposed to the principle of penance, at least for grave sins, and consequently closed to repentant Christians." On the contrary, the author of this letter was writing to

**Lehrbuch der Dogmatik,* vol. iii., p. 404. †Matt. xvi. 19.
‡John xx. 23. §Matt. xviii. 18. ‖Matt. xvi. 18.
¶*Resch, Aussercanonische Paralleltexte,* vol. ii., pp. 187-196.
**Matt. xii. 32. ††Page 26. ‡‡Heb. vi. 4-8; x. 26-27; xii. 16-17.
§§*Lehrbuch der Dogmengeschichte,* vol. i., p. 439.

converts who were inclined to make little of their baptism, and who needed strengthening against all thought of relapsing into Judaism. The apostasy he denounced was "a persistent and obstinate apostasy."*

When St. John speaks of "the sin unto death"† and denies those guilty of it the benefit of Christian prayers, he has in mind only those who have been excommunicated for grave sins.‡ The children of the devil,§ by their persistence in sin, render themselves incapable of pardon.

The New Testament clearly teaches that the Apostles considered their pardoning power unlimited. St. Peter does not despair of Simon Magus, but says to him: "Do penance, therefore, for this thy wickedness; and pray to God, that perhaps this thought of thy heart may be forgiven thee."‖ St. Paul in his second letter to Corinth pardons the sinner whom he had excommunicated in the first.¶ St. James,** St. Jude,†† and St. John,‡‡ are continually calling upon sinners to repent, and renew their first fervor. They certainly knew nothing of a Church composed solely of saints.

The oldest witness for the Church's penitential discipline is Hermas, the writer of that obscure and mysterious book known as the *Shepherd*. Very little is known about the author. Origen makes him a companion of St. Paul,§§ although Hermas' picture of the Roman Church certainly does not portray the apostolic age.‖‖ The Muratorian fragment, with greater probability, declares him a brother of Pope Pius I. (A. D. 139-154). But it is universally admitted that the book was written during the first half of the second century, although probably many years elapsed between the writing of its several parts. It was first placed among the canonical Scriptures; later on it was given a lower rank, though still read publicly in the churches. It is certainly an invaluable witness to the Church's early penitential discipline.

There has always been and there always will be a great deal of controversy concerning Hermas' actual teaching on penance. Some scholars like Funk¶¶ and Rauschen*** think him opposed to all ecclesiastical reconciliation after baptism; others like Stahl††† consider

*Page 32. †1 John v. 16. ‡Page 34. §John viii. 44.
‖Acts viii. 22. ¶2 Cor. ii. 10. **James iv. 8-9; v. 15-16.
††Jude xxii. 23. ‡‡Apoc. ii., iii.
§§*Comm. in Rom.*, x. 31; P. G. xiv., col. 1282. ‖‖Page 52.
¶¶*Kirchengeschichtliche Abhandlungen*, vol. i., p. 171 *et seq.*
***Eucharist and Penance, pp. 155-159.
†††*Patristische Untersuchungen*, vol. i., pp. 295, 296.

the *Shepherd* a manifesto of the anti-Montanistic party. Our author declares both these hypotheses untenable, the first because it contradicts the very text, and the second because it is founded upon an anachronism. Montanism was non-existent in Hermas' time.*

His own theory, based on the text of the Third Vision, the Fourth Commandment, and the Eighth and Ninth Parables is as follows:† Hermas excludes no sincere penitent from the benefit of pardon. He repeats this time and time again.‡ He asserts, however, that some are so deeply rooted in sin that an extraordinary effort is required on their part to be freed therefrom. It is a fact that all sinners do not make this effort. Hermas strongly urges them to repent, and plainly sets forth the malice of those who refuse to do so. His encratism is not the encratism of Marcion,§ but the fervent practice of the Christian law—a question of personal fervor, and not of ecclesiastical discipline.‖ If he speaks of apostates being without hope,¶ it is only because they persist in their apostasy and blasphemy. Our author writes: "After as before baptism, the only certain sign of damnation is absolute obstinacy in sin.** This is the doctrine of the Gospel—a distinct echo of the anathema pronounced by Christ on the sin against the Holy Ghost.††

The Abbé d'Alès asserts against Funk that the idea of the Church being the dispenser of the pardoning power is clearly set forth in the pages of the *Shepherd,* although nowhere does it take the explicit form of a sacerdotal judgment.‡‡ The *Shepherd,* although not an official document, is of the highest importance, because it reveals the mind of the Roman clergy of the second century.

> The Church in her universal call to salvation, had ever in mind the various classes of people who made up her fold. She judged it inopportune to tell the catechumens in advance all their chances of rehabilitation, if they sinned after baptism. To baptized Christians who relapsed after baptism into sins like adultery, apostasy or idolatry she offered once, by means of penance, not only the divine pardon, but pardon through the ministry of the Church. At the same time she took good care not to tell them that this penance could be renewed.

*Page 53. †Pages 54-97.
‡Vis. iii., 3, 3-7. Com. iv., 3, 7. Sim. viii., 6, 6; ix. 7, 2; 33, 3.
§Tertullian, *Adv. Marc.,* i., 29; iv., 34. *La Théologie de Tertullien,* p. 460 *et seq.* ‖Page 99.
¶Sim. ix., 26. **Vis. iii., pu. 7, 2. ††Page 101. ‡‡Page 110.

> She never despaired of the relapsed sinner, but always taught that whoever desired to do penance could regain thereby the grace of God.*

Chapter IV. treats of the other witnesses of the second century who speak of penance. The *Didache*† urges the Christian to confess his sins in church, and not to dare enter the assembly with a bad conscience. It speaks of a confession of sins preliminary to the Eucharistic sacrifice, and recommends fraternal correction to bring about the repentance of sinners.

St. Clement of Rome,‡ speaking of the sin of discord and insubordination at Corinth, adjures the guilty ones not to harden their hearts, but to repent of their iniquity. He declares that their amendment lies in submission to their priests, the doctors of penance; that humility is the way of salvation; that the centre of Christian hope is the fold of Christ, His Church.§

St. Ignatius of Antioch writes: "Where there is anger and division, God is not; but whoever does penance and returns to the unity of God around the bishop's seat, is assured the grace of Jesus Christ to deliver him from every bond."‖

St. Polycarp characterizes the ministry of the priests as a ministry of charity and mercy towards all. It requires, he tells us, "sweetness, impartiality, just judgment, disinterestedness, reserve in accepting accusations, and slowness in condemning. He prays God that he may give the apostate priest Valens and his wife the grace of true repentance.¶

We read in St. Irenæus** that the Gnostic Cerdon was admitted to penance about the year 140, and in Tertullian†† that Marcion was received back more than once before his final excommunication. St. Irenæus does indeed first assert that eternal flames will be the lot of every apostate, but a few lines further on he adds that "hell awaits all those who persevere in their apostasy without repentance."‡‡ He does not broach the question of the remission of sins by an ecclesiastical ministry, but his silence is easily understood, once we remember how little space he gives in his writings to the doctrine of the sacraments. He makes but two allusions at most to the sacrament of baptism in his *Adversus Hæreses*.§§

*Page 113. †4, 14; 14, 1; 15, 3.
‡*Epis. ad. Cor.*, viii., 5; l., 5-51; lii., 1; lvii., 1, 2.
§Page 117. ‖Philadel., iii., 1, 2. ¶Philip., vi., 1, 2; xi., 1-4.
**_Adv. Hær._, iii., 4; P. G. vii., col. 857. ††*De Præs.*, 30.
‡‡_Adv. Hær._, v., 26, 2; P. G. vii., col. 1194.
§§iv., 36, 4; P. G. vii., col. 1093; c. 7.

St. Justin Martyr declares that there is pardon in heaven for all repentant sinners. In explaining to the Jew Trypho that apostates will be lost forever unless they repent, he gives us to understand that if they do repent they will be saved.* Dionysius of Corinth† insists upon all truly repentant sinners—even apostates and heretics—being kindly received by the Church. In a word, the constant witness of the second century—Rome, Antioch, Corinth, and Alexandria—tells us that pardon is ever awaiting the repentant sinner.

The hierarchical Church, grouped about the bishop, is the normal dispenser of this pardon, and the offer of ecclesiastical reconciliation is an earnest of the offer of divine pardon. The only legislative measure of the second century that we meet with is the prohibition of repeating the public penance. The Church's aim in this strict discipline was to prevent laxity by giving this institution the form of an unique favor. Hermas is the first witness to this law, which is solely of ecclesiastical origin. There is no warrant for it, whatever, in the sacred Scriptures. Introduced probably under the stress of peculiar circumstances, it gradually acquired the force of a general law.

The *De Pœnitentia* of Tertullian, which he wrote while a Catholic, does not mention the existence of any unpardonable sins, nor does it speak of the pardon of sins independently of the ministry of the Church.‡ In this treatise, Tertullian defines penance,§ and insists that it is necessary both for catechumens preparing for baptism,‖ and for Christians who have relapsed into sin after baptism.¶ He warns sinners that they can make use of this "second penance" only once,** and that their interior dispositions of sorrow must be manifested externally by the performance of the canonical penance or *exomologesis,* "the discipline for man's prostration and humiliation."†† The Church is the dispenser of the second penance, just as she is of the first penance or baptism. This our author deduces‡‡ from Tertullian's own words: "Therefore, while it (the canonical penance) abases a man, it raises him; while it covers him with squalor, it renders him more clean; while it accuses, it excuses; while it condemns it absolves.§§

In the *De Pudicitia,* Tertullian, now a Montanist,‖‖ attacks the Catholic teaching of his *De Pœnitentia.* Angry at the Pope's Edict,¶¶

*II. *Apol.*, 2; P. G. vi., col. 444. †Eusebius, *Hist. Eccl.*, iv., 23, 6.
‡Pages 151-168. §Ch. i. ‖Chs. iv.-vi. ¶Chs. vii.-xii. **Ch. v.
††Ch. ix. ‡‡Page 166. §§Ch. ix. ‖‖Ch. ii. ¶¶Ch. i.

which set forth so clearly the Church's claim to pardon all sinners, the puritan Tertullian formulates his teaching about the unpardonable sins,* not as an appeal to the original tradition of the Church, as some Catholic scholars maintain, but as a protest of "the spotless young Church of the paraclete" against the old and corrupt Church of Callistus.† He then proceeds to ridicule bitterly the Church's claim to pardon all sins, for his heretical sect maintained, "the Lord alone has power to pardon.‡ Tertullian, like all heretics, denied the divine authority of the Church, and consequently her power to pardon. Montanism was essentially a multitude without any organic authority, its members depending entirely on a supposed direct illumination of the Spirit.§

Not very long after the schism of Tertullian in Carthage, the schism of Hippolytus occurred at Rome. Hippolytus' philippic against Pope Callistus, the *Philosophumena,* aims at giving a complete history of all heresies, and paints in the blackest colors possible "the sect of Callistus," *i. e.,* the Catholic Church.‖ His viewpoint is different from Tertullian's, inasmuch as he proposes to give a picture of the whole career of a detested rival, while Tertullian writes apropos of a particular act of the Pope.¶

Hippolytus tells us that Pope Callistus grants pardon to sinners of every description, especially to those followers of his who, repenting of their schism, are anxious to return to Catholic unity. The Pope refuses to depose every bishop guilty of a capital crime, and admits into the ranks of the clergy men who had been married two or three times. He gains the applause of the multitude by flattering their passions contrary to the law of Christ, and encourages them to commit sin by boasting of his power to pardon the well-disposed. He permits noble women to marry secretly beneath their rank—even slaves—against the civil law, and thereby is an abettor of concubinage and abortion; yet despite all this he continues to call his party the Catholic Church without the slightest shame. For the first time in history we find him and his followers asserting a second baptism, etc.**

We can easily read through the lines of this bitter diatribe. The schismatic Hippolytus is angry at the defections in his ranks, and, in the bitterness of his railing, witnesses despite himself to the universal mercy and pardon which the Catholic Church at all times accords the repentant sinner. It is most likely

*Ch. ii. †Page 179. ‡Ch. iii. §Page 195.
‖Page 217. ¶Page 219. **Philos. ix. 2.

true that for good reasons Pope Callistus pardoned certain unfaithful clerics, but there is no evidence whatever to show that he abrogated the canon law deposing unworthy priests and bishops, which we know was in existence long after his pontificate. That he ignored the marriage laws of the pagan Emperors Marcus Aurelius and Commodus,* is greatly to his credit, and proves both his good sense and kindly Christian heart. We can readily believe that some of these marriages turned out badly, and that some of the women alluded to were actually guilty of child murder; but the lawgiver who legislates honestly for the general good is never considered responsible for the crimes of every law-breaker.†

The Abbé d'Alès admits, with De Rossi,‡ that under Pope Callistus there was a certain softening of the old-time rigorous discipline in particular cases, and that the anger of Hippolytus was due to the Pope's clear and uncompromising defence of the Church's claim to pardon all sinners, no matter what their crimes. The second baptism that Hippolytus speaks of was probably the " second penance " of Tertullian, and not re-baptism, for we learn from one of the immediate successors of Pope Callistus, Pope Stephen (A. D. 254-257), that re-baptism was always discountenanced by the Roman Church.

We see, therefore, that Tertullian protested against the Edict of Callistus because the Pope maintained—or at least strongly enforced—the old-time discipline mentioned by Hermas,§ whereas Hippolytus protested against an innovation introduced by the Pope Callistus to flatter men's passions.‖ Against Funk, the Abbé d'Alès holds that Tertullian was right. The Edict of Callistus was in no sense an innovation; it simply evidenced the enforcement of an old Church law which some Catholic bishops were in danger of forgetting and which was denied by the heretics and schismatics of the time.¶

Origen was too extraordinary a teacher—he may be rightly styled the Doctor of Penance—to escape being claimed by both parties in the present controversy. Both sides admit that he declared in his book against Celsus (A. D. 246-248) the possible pardon and reconciliation of all sinners, no matter how grossly they might have offended.** But some maintain that he changed his opinion in the fourteen years that elapsed from the time he had written his *De Oratione* (A. D. 232-235).††

*Dig., I., ix., 8; XXIII., i., 16; ii., 16, 42, 44, 47; XXIV., i. 3.
†Pages 216-217. ‡*Bullettino*, 1866, p. 30. §*De Pud.*, 10, 12. ‖Page 230.
¶Page 240. **Contra Celsum., iii., 51; P. G. xl., col. 988.
††xxviii., 10; P. G. xi., 529.

Origen tells us that "we must not despair of those who weep for their sins and turn again to God, for the malice of our sinning does not surpass the goodness of God."* He declares further that those who speak of "natures incapable of salvation" are heretics.† He makes it pretty clear in some of his homilies that it is the Church which effects the reconciliation of sinners by means of her system of public penance. "What we do in secret," he writes, "even by mere words or thoughts, must be published and declared by him who makes himself the accuser of the sin after having been the instigator.‡ Homicide and adultery are not unpardonable sins,§ for the Church can reconcile all sinners without exception." In the present life, "anyone who has left the assembly of the people of God can return to it by penance."‖ Only those who sin against the Holy Ghost cannot be pardoned; not that the Holy Ghost is in any way superior to Christ, but because such sinners turn away from the counsels of the Spirit, Who dwells within them, and obstinately persevere in their sin. Every mortal sin of a baptized Christian is a sin against the Holy Ghost which merits eternal damnation, unless he repents of it with all his heart.¶ To be pardoned his sin, the sinner must have recourse to those who have on earth the power of the keys, *i. e.*, St. Peter and the bishops who share with him his dignity.** When Origen speaks of unpardonable sins in his *De Oratione,* he does not imply that they are unpardonable *in se,* but unpardonable on account of the malice of unrepentant sinners or the laxity of priests who fail to dispose them to penance.†† He makes a clear-cut distinction between slight faults which are easily pardoned by the divine goodness, and those graver faults which require public penance. He looks upon every tendency to relax the severity of the ordinary penitential discipline as a menace to Christian morality, but he never once doubts the Church's power to pardon all sins.‡‡ Whether or not he denied the right of pardon to sinful bishops and priests is uncertain, although our author rejects this theory himself.§§ The so-called conflict between

*In Lev. (xvi.), Hom. ix., 8; P. G. xii., col. 520.
†In Jer. (li.), Hom. xxi., 12; P. G. xiii., col. 541.
‡In Lev. (v.), Hom. iii., 4; P. G. xii., col. 429.
§In Ex. (xv.), Hom. vi., 9; P. G. xii., col. 335.
‖In Zech. (xiv. 8), Hom. iii., 8; P. G. xiii., col. 694.
¶*In. Joan.* (i. 3), i. ii., 11; P. G. xiv., col. 129. *Cf.* Poschmann, *Die Sündenvergebung bei Origenes,* p. 7.
**In Matt. (xviii. 18), Hom. xiii., 31; P. G. xiii., col. 1180.
††xxviii., 8-10; P. G. xi., col. 528.
‡‡In Lev. (xxv.), Hom. xv., 2, 3; P. G. xii., col. 560.
§§Holl, *Enthusiasmus und Bussegwalt,* p. 231.

Origen and Pope Callistus* he considers absolutely imaginary, for, first, the only writings of Origen which may be dated with any probability during the pontificate of Pope Callistus, give no evidence whatever of any such conflict; second, the only treatise in which some claim to have found a trace of this pretended conflict, is not contemporaneous with Pope Callistus; and, third, if this treatise is read together with the other writings of Origen, it takes on a totally different meaning. It is undoubtedly true that Origen very frequently anathematized the sin of impurity, and associated it with the other great sins of idolatry and murder. But he never manifested the slightest intention of protesting against any Papal act such as the Edict of Callistus. There is good reason to believe that he knew the *De Pudicitia* and the *Philosophumena,* but it never can be proved that he sympathized in any form with either the Roman schism or the African heresy.†

The successors of Pope Callistus in the third century held the same views as he did upon the reconciliation of repentant sinners. We see this clearly in the question of the *lapsi* in North Africa, where so many had denied the faith during the persecution of Decius. The Roman clergy wrote two letters to St. Cyprian,‡ urging him not to admit them to communion until they had undergone penance;§ but neither Rome nor Carthage questioned for a moment the right of idolaters to be pardoned by the Church.‖

The election of Pope Cornelius cemented an alliance between the Chair of Peter and the African Episcopate grouped about St. Cyprian. They agreed in retaining the old penitential discipline, *i. e.,* the immediate reconciliation of the *libellatici* after an investigation of each particular case, and the admitting to penance of the *sacrificati,* and their reconciliation at the hour of death if they persevered.¶ At Rome some clerics, like the priest Maximus and others, were fully restored after they had abandoned the schism of Novatian, while others, like the Novatian bishop, Trophimus, for certain reasons, were admitted only to lay communion. Later on a Council of Carthage extended to the *sacrificati* the same privileges that had formally been granted to the *libellatici,* provided they gave signs of true penance.**

There is not a text of the first three centuries which can be

*Doellinger, *Hippolytus und Kallistus,* pp. 254-256.
†Page 296. ‡Page 306. §*Epistolæ,* xxx., xxxvi.
‖Pages 306-318. ¶Page 339. **Page 340.

adduced to prove that reconciliation was denied to murderers.* On the contrary, we find testimony after testimony to the fact of their being pardoned in Hermas,† the Didascalia of the Apostles,‡ Clement of Alexandria,§ Origen,‖ Eusebius,¶ and St. Gregory Thaumaturgus.**

Our readers can readily see that this scholarly dissertation on the Edict of Callistus will prove invaluable to the student of the origins of the Church's early penitential discipline. Many of his conclusions are disputed by Catholic scholars like Funk,†† Batiffol,‡‡ Vacandard,§§ Duchesne,‖‖ Tixeront,¶¶ and Rauschen,*** and the brevity and obscurity of the passages in dispute will perhaps leave many of these problems forever insoluble. Most men, in matters wherein the Church has not spoken, will take sides in interpreting those documents according as the bias of their minds is conservative or not. The Abbé d'Alès treats the arguments of his opponents with the utmost courtesy and fairness, although, we must admit, they have been utterly unmoved by his answers to their objections.††† We recommend this volume highly as the most complete, detailed, and careful exposition of the Church's penitential discipline in the first three centuries. It should be read, together with the author's two works on *The Theology of Tertullian* and *The Theology of St. Hippolytus.*

*Pages 350-360. †Vis. ii., 2, 2. ‡Ch. ix.
§*Quis dives salvetur.*, 42. ‖In Ex., Hom. v., 1, 9; P. G. xii., col. 338.
¶*Hist. Eccl.*, vi., 34; *Chronicon Pascale*, P. G. xcii., col. 668; case of Emperor Philip (A. D. 244-249).
**_Epist. Can._, viii., P. G. x., col. 1040.
††*Kirchenges. Abhand.*, 3 vols. Paderborn, 1897, 1899, 1907.
‡‡*Bulletin de litt. Ecclés.*, p. 339. Paris, 1906.
§§*Revue du Clergé Français*, pp. 113-131. Paris, April, 1907.
‖‖*Histoire Ancienne de l'Eglise*, vol. i., p. 317. Paris, 1908.
¶¶*Histoire des dogmes*, vol. i., p. 368. Paris, 1906.
***_Eucharist and Penance_, pp. 152-184. Bonn, 1908.
†††*Revue du Clergé Français*, pp. 365-367. May 15, 1907.

THE EARLIEST MEN.

BY SIR BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, M.D., SC.D., LL.D., F.R.S., F.S.A., K.S.G.,

President and Professor of Archæology, University College, Cork.

THE REMAINS OF MAN HIMSELF.

BEFORE proceeding to describe and comment on the examples of early human skeletons or portions thereof, it will be convenient to deal with a few general points in connection with this section of our subject. In the first place, then, it may be said that the remains of early man so far discovered are but few, and that it is not to be expected that they will ever be very numerous. Only under the most favorable and unusual conditions could they have been preserved to the present day, and even when they have been preserved to the present day, it is often (one may say invariably with regard to the very earliest cases) in a much mutilated condition. Nor is this difficult to understand, as we shall see if we consider the condition and surroundings of early man, and in connection therewith some of the difficulties which arise when we come to attempt to place his skeletal remains in their appropriate geological or cultural horizon. When early man came to die his tribe might either feed on his remains or leave them to lie where they were at the time of his death, or they might inter them with or without cremating the body. Cremation we may dispose of at once, for, though it was a favorite practice in a later period of the prehistoirc age, we have no evidence of it during those earlier stages with which alone we are here concerned.

Let us suppose that his remains were left to lie where they were when life fled from the body. The flesh would gradually disappear, either devoured by wild beasts—of which there were great numbers and varieties—or disposed of by ordinary process of decomposition. The bones might for some considerable time resist disintegration, but eventually they, too, in the course of long ages, would disappear, unless some lucky accident occurred to preserve them or some portion of them. They might be covered up, or the complete body might be covered up by wind-blown sand, by gravel or earth brought down by a flood, by a land-slip or by other natural,

fortuitous circumstance. Then long ages afterwards, the gravel-seeker or some other son of toil gets to work and exposes the remains. Let us suppose, however, that his fellows resolve to bury their dead comrade. They may do so by depositing his body in a cave, as was actually done in many portions of the Palæolithic Age, though not, so far as we are aware, in its very earliest stages, and if that cave was rendered inaccessible to wild beasts, the remains would have the best chance of surviving to our own day.

Incidentally it may be added that where primitive man took the trouble to place the remains of his dead brother in security, he in the vast majority of cases placed with them some of the implements which the dead man had been in the habit of using whilst on earth. These offerings are called "grave-goods" or "accompanying gifts," and they are important from two points of view. First of all they throw great light upon the period to which the remains belong. Thus, if a bronze dagger is found with a skeleton, in an untouched interment, it must be clear to everyone that the remains are not *earlier* than the Bronze Age. They may be later, because the implement may be one of an earlier period, placed with the remains of the dead man for some ritual or other reason, but they cannot be earlier. And so with the various kinds of stone implements: when they are found with the remains of the dead, they are of great assistance in enabling us to say at what stage of the world's history he lived.

But there is a further point of perhaps even greater interest in connection with these "grave-goods," and it is this. All over the world, and at all stages of the world's history with which we are acquainted, these "grave-goods" have one significance and one only, and it would be illogical and absurd to deny that the same significance does not attach to them in the period before history began. These offerings were placed with the dead body, because it was believed that the man did not all die, but that something of him remained which went to live in some other existence—perhaps very similar to that enjoyed by the dead man when on earth—in which he would need the implements which were placed by his dead body. Hence wherever these "grave-goods" are found, we may conclude that those who placed them there believed in the existence of what we call the "soul"—we do not know how they spoke of it or thought of it—of the man himself, as apart from his body, in some other world invisible to his fellows. To dispose of this part of the matter at once it may here be said that the earliest race of whose burials

we have any knowledge—as will appear at a later stage—is that known as the Mousterian. A complete account of an interment of this period in a cave known as La Chapelle aux Saints in the Dordogne district, was given by MM. les Abbés A. and J. Bouyssonie et L. Bardon.*

Around this body lay a great number of well-made implements of the period, and bits of the red ochre with which we may reasonably conclude that the members of the tribe, like other savages, were in the habit of decorating their bodies. Further, bones were placed over the head, in fact, as Sollas says, "this was evidently a ceremonial interment, accompanied by offerings of food and implements for the use of the deceased in the spirit world." And he continues: "It is almost with a shock of surprise that we discover this well-known custom, and all that it implies, already in existence during the last episode of the Great Ice Age."

After this digression we may return to the question of interment which may not—in an overwhelming number of cases could not—have taken place in a cave. Then the survivors must have (a) dug a hole in the ground, or (b) in the side of a bank, or (c) have heaped up a pile of earth or stones or both—a cairn in fact—over the remains. It will be observed that a similar result, so far as the remains are concerned, might occur from natural causes, and the first thing which has to be determined when bones of an early man are in question, is whether they were interred or not, and this is by no means always a problem easy of solution. In the first place the discovery of these remains must necessarily, in almost every conceivable case—except where caves are being purposely searched for the remains—be made by some laborer wholly ignorant of the matter in question. If the remains themselves are not destroyed or grievously mutilated, the surrounding conditions must necessarily have been so much interfered with as to render it very difficult, perhaps almost impossible, to say whether the body lies in disturbed or undisturbed earth, that is, whether we have to do with an interment or a natural position of the body.

The next question refers to the objects found with the remains. If it is an undoubted interment and remains are found with it, as in the case of La Chapelle aux Saints, no question arises. But let us take the case of a fragment of skull found in a gravel pit

*_L'Anthropologie_, 1908, p. 513. Perhaps one may be allowed to call attention here to the extraordinary number of facts in connection with prehistoric archæology which have been brought to light by Catholic clerics, _e. g._, Breuil, McEnery, and those mentioned above _cum multis aliis_.

in association with palæolithic implements, and the teeth of elephants and a hippopotamus. They *may* all belong to the same period it is true, but then, on the other hand, they may not, for they may belong to different periods, and have been rolled together in the same pit by some great flood. Here it may be remarked that animal remains, particularly of the kind alluded to above, are of great service in assigning a period to things found with them, but only where it can be definitely proved that the collocation of the two classes of objects is not wholly accidental. A fragment or the entire of a skull of a Roman soldier might quite conceivably be found in gravels containing palæolithic implements and teeth of the kind alluded to above, but long ages would have separated the various things under consideration.

It is well to bear in mind that there are always three questions to be asked in connection with any discovery of human remains; that the reply to any or all of them is often most difficult and most doubtful, yet until these questions are answered, no absolutely certain decision as to the precise scientific value of the discovery can be arrived at. These questions are:

First: What is the geological period of the stratum in which they are found?

Second: Do the remains in question belong to that period, or were they of later date, and introduced by man or by other means into a stratum with which they were not related by time?

Third: Were any implements or bones or teeth or other such objects found with the remains, and, if so, was the collocation accidental or was it significant?

Having cleared away these preliminary points, we may now proceed to a brief consideration of the chief remains of early man at present under discussion.

EARLY HUMAN REMAINS.

Very briefly, from considerations of space, must the chief examples be touched upon, and in so doing an effort will be made to avoid details, and to give the main features of interest to the general reader.

The Trinil Remains. Discovered in Java by Dubois in 1891. They consist of the top part of a skull, two molar teeth, and a thigh bone found in the same locality, but forty-six feet apart. They were clearly not an interment, and the first difficulty which arises

with regard to them is whether they all belonged to the same individual or not, a difficulty which can perhaps never be set at rest. An attempt to throw light upon this and other disputed points was made by the expedition of Mdme. Selenka, the results of which have been recently published. After enormous labors nothing was found with the exception of another tooth, pretty certainly human. So far as can be ascertained, for it has not yet been described, it did not belong to the previously-discovered remains. It is impossible to build any theory on this last tooth, since it might have belonged to a man of a comparatively recent period, and have come to lie where it did in any one of several ways, *e. g.*, by falling down a deep crack in the earth. The remains themselves have been assigned to a single individual, named *Pithecanthropus erectus,* but apart from the initial difficulty alluded to above, the greatest difference of opinion exists as to the character of the skull. Dr. Munro* gives a list of seven authorities who look upon it as human, six who consider it to be simian, and seven who believe it to be a transitional form. Further, he quotes the following amusing paragraph, which exemplifies the discordance of opinion on the subject, from a paper by the veteran archæologist, G. de Mortillet, whose name has already been mentioned in these pages: "Les avis ont été on ne peut plus partagés. Ils se sont tout d'abord parqués par nationalités. Les Anglais, bien que compatriotes de Darwin, ont fait des grands efforts pour démontrer qu'il ne s'agit que d'un homme, un homme trés inférieur, mais déja un veritable homme. Les Allemands, au contraire, se sont froidement ingéniés a prouver qu'il ne s'agit que d'un singe. Les Françaises ont purement et simplement adopté les déterminations du jeune savant. C'etait chose facile pour des compatriotes de Lamarck."

Apart from, or rather in addition to, these unsolved difficulties, it is not certain whether the geological epoch of the stratum in which the remains were found belongs to pliocene or pliestocene times, the latter opinion being now, I understand, more in favor than it was. It is obvious that however much discussion may rage around these bones, and quite legitimately rage, no stable theory can be reared upon the very unstable footing which is now presented, until some fairly certain conclusion is arrived at with regard to these controverted points. At the same time it must be remembered that in connection with the Neanderthal skull, even in 1901 Schwalbe was able to tabulate four distinct views, with several subdivisions

**Palæolithic Man,* p. 190.

in each, as to its character. Yet more recent discoveries have cleared up the difficulties, and there is but little if any difference of opinion on this skull at the present moment.

One other point may be dealt with here. The cubic capacity of the skull is, generally speaking, a measure of the skull-contents, *i. e.*, the brain. It is generally considered that size of brain and amount of intellect have some ratio, though perhaps it would be more correct to speak of the extent of the gray cortex. At any rate it is generally conceded that an estimate of the intellectual position, or at least possibilities of a race, may be gathered from their cranial capacity. There are remarkable exceptions to this rule, and it may at once be said that nothing is more certain than that quite small brains may be associated with very good intellects. For example, a dwarf, Paulina Musters, commonly known as the Princess Paulina, who measured about twenty inches at the time of her death, and had the brain-size of a child of that stature, *i. e.*, immensely inferior to that of the lowest race of mankind, for her body-weight was only one hundred and forty-four ounces, whilst the brain-weight of an ordinary woman is on the average forty-five ounces. Yet the doctor who attended her in her last illness at the age of nineteen, speaks of her as being "of a good general education, and speaking four languages—her native Dutch, French, German, and a little English." But a much more striking case is that of Gambetta, who will certainly not be accused by anyone of having been deficient in what is commonly called "brains." Yet his brain weighed only two and a half pounds, the average British brain being about three pounds. As a matter of fact, Gambetta's brain-weight fell considerably below that of the average of savage races. However, with this word of caution, it may be said that skull capacity is the best, and indeed almost the only, measure which we have of intellectual possibilities in otherwise unknown races. This statement is made with all caution, and with all reservations, as to relative size of different parts of the skull, and consequently brain. The rule in question can only be regarded as a rough approximation, but it is the best that we have.

In the case of the Trinil skull, which is very imperfect, it is exceedingly difficult to make an accurate estimate of what was its original capacity. Dubois put it down at eight hundred and fifty-five cubic centimeters, but Keith thinks that is an underestimate, though he does not commit himself to any figure, no doubt wisely, for the estimation can be little more than a guess. It may just be

mentioned that the Australian savages' skull-capacity runs down to about one thousand cubic centimeters.

The Piltdown Skull. This skull, in an imperfect condition and with half a lower jaw, was found by Mr. Dawson in a flint-bearing gravel overlying the Wealden (Hastings beds) at Piltdown in Sussex, and was described by him and by Dr. Smith Woodward.* It is at this moment an object of active controversy. Its describers think that skull and mandible "cannot safely be described as being of earlier date than the first half of the Pleistocene epoch." There is some doubt as to whether the fragment of skull and the mandible belong to the same individual. Chellean implements were found with the remains, and are claimed as being of the same date. As to the skull itself, or rather the fragments which remain, it is stated that the cubic capacity is above that of the modern Australian savage, but in connection with the Piltdown example, it is a curious fact that the reconstruction of the skull carried out by the authors of the paper does not at all please Professor Keith, another high authority. This authority says that Dr. Smith Woodward's reconstruction is one of a man who "could neither breathe nor eat, which was an absolutely impossible condition. The mistake had been made similar to that in 1887, of putting a chimpanzee face on a human skull." And he also states that the cubic capacity was one thousand five hundred and sixty cubic centimeters, in other words, that it was a very large skull, whilst the authors of the paper say that it was "at least one thousand and seventy cubic centimeters," a very great discrepancy in description. Whichever may be right, it is clear that it is a human skull with which we have to do. Far more remarkable features attach to the mandible, and that may be considered in connection with another specimen which it somewhat resembles, namely,

The Heidelburg Jaw. Found near the place after which it was named, and first described in 1908, this jaw and that found at Piltdown resemble each other, in being more like a simian jaw than any others associated with human beings; yet both of them are believed to be human in their character, chiefly because the teeth are obviously human. What is still more remarkable is that they are actually more like the teeth of the higher races of man to-day, and less like the teeth of apes than are the teeth of some of the savage human races of to-day. This has been stated by Sollas of the Heidelburg jaw, and the teeth of the Piltdown specimen are

**Quarterly Journal, Geological Society*, London, March, 1913.

claimed as definitely human. In some accounts of this specimen it is stated that the anatomical conditions point to the inability of the former possessor of the jaw to speak, but this has been shown to be a mistake. There is no doubt that the Piltdown jaw and the skull, if the two belong to each other (which is thought by some to be unlikely), form in many ways a great puzzle, and one which is by no means cleared up. Perhaps further discoveries may throw light on the matter, as was the case with the Neanderthal skull.

Whilst dealing with this specimen, allusion may be made to the matter of reconstructions, since Professor Keith in his book has actually attempted to reconstruct the entire Heidelburg skull from the mandible which alone has come to hand. Of course it is most natural that anatomists should undertake tasks of this kind, and they have various rules and facts to aid them in carrying out their operations. But after all a great deal must be left to surmise, and the results obtained differ within too wide limits, far too wide limits, even to fall within the province of the law of error; in other words, they cannot be depended upon. A friend once suggested to me that a small committee of anatomists might very carefully measure a modern skull and take a cast of the same. Having done this they might then cut away the missing parts of the Piltdown skull, and hand the fragments to some of the reconstructors of ancient skulls to work upon. The results compared with the cast and measurements would afford very interesting comments on the value of reconstructions, and would act as a splendid example of a control experiment. But perhaps it never will be carried out. Respecting the Piltdown skull, at this moment probably the most interesting remnant of humanity under discussion amongst scientists, it may be said, first, that it seems quite clear that it dates back to a period of extreme antiquity, though it may be impossible to translate this statement into any actual number of years in such a manner as to stand criticism. Secondly, it may also be said that the skull is that of a man, and, even more, that the skull is of a character not inferior to that of races now in existence on this earth. Further, the implements found with it, if indeed they be the implements of the race to which the former owner of the skull belonged, are definite human instruments of a kind quite familiar to students of prehistoric archæology.

Later Examples. The specimens which have been so far engaging our attention are of a more or less isolated character, at least in our present state of knowledge, and present, as has

been indicated, many features difficult to explain, and perhaps incapable of complete explanation. Such was the case, up to what we may fairly call the other day, with regard to some of the other specimens of the remains of early man on which recent discoveries have thrown a flood of light. Notably, as already mentioned, was this the case with regard to the Neanderthal skull. This fragment has been shown to possess characters so closely resembling those of other crania of an early date, that anthropologists now speak of a Neanderthal race from the name of the spot where the first and most celebrated example was discovered. This, again, is only one of several races at present believed to have been in existence at a very early period, such as the Cro-Magnon Race, the Mousterian Race, and, at somewhat later but still very remote eras, the Aurignacians and the Magdalenians. These papers were not intended to contain an account of the discoveries of anthropologists, save in so far as they touch on a few fundamental problems which were indicated in the first pages. Hence no attempt will be made to deal with these various races, other than to sum up in a few words the principal matters of interest which arise in connection with them. In the first place, it may be said that at whatever date or period they may have lived, they were unquestionably men, and that they possessed skulls of a cranial capacity not inferior, and in some cases—even very ancient cases—superior to that of races reckoned to-day as amongst the highest in existence. They had certain racial characteristics, but so have the peoples of the world to-day, and just as Tartar differs from Negro, and Negro from European, so there were different races of mankind even at these very early periods. Such is the conclusion at which science has arrived at the present date.

In the second place the remains of their handicraft which have come down to us, prove conclusively that they had not only the skulls but the hands of man, and very skillful hands too, as will be admitted by any person who has examined the highly-finished implements which have come down to us. Let any person who examines some of these implements of flint, set himself down to the task of endeavoring to imitate them with the same materials and the same tools—pieces of stone—as were used by primitive man, and he will find his respect for the craftsman of bygone days enormously raised as the result of his own failures to accomplish anything like what his far-off ancestor was able to achieve. The same fact is impressed upon us by the remarkable discoveries which have been

made in connection with the artistic capacities of some of the earliest races of mankind.

Of the art of the earliest peoples known to us, we have at present no knowledge. Perhaps they lived in too strenuous times, and had too severe a struggle to maintain their existence, to devote any time to what is after all not a necessity of life, namely, art. For, as will be readily understood, the pursuit of art connotes a certain relief from extreme strain. When a man takes the trouble to decorate his weapons, it means that he has moments when he can feel sure that he will not be called upon to use them for their primary purpose. At any rate it is only towards the later Palæolithic Period that we begin to find undoubted and extensive evidence of a love for and a great skill in pictorial art. This again is not a matter over which it is possible here to linger, but those who take the trouble to examine the numerous reproductions of this early art which are now available, will be struck by its excellence, its spirit, and its admirable reproduction of the great beasts and creatures amongst which man lived, with which he had to war, and of which he made his food.

Finally it may be said, that as far as we go back amongst the races to which allusion is now being made, we discover undoubted evidence of a belief in the future life of man, and thus—so far as this is evidence—of the possession of religious beliefs. And considering how little we know about these far-off people, this is a great deal. Supposing that everything in these countries could be swept away except our graveyards, and that some aftercoming race, ignorant of the customs of its forbears, were to examine them, the savants of that race would hardly be able to say much more than that the people whose cemeteries they had been examining believed in a future life. Of these far-off inhabitants of the world whose condition we have been inquiring into, we have nothing but the cemeteries or interments in caves to guide us, and yet of them we are able to make an exactly similar statement.

Thus we may sum up by saying with regard to all these peoples, that, judged by every standard, they were men like unto ourselves, though in many ways perhaps—in some cases quite certainly—of a more rugged cast, and though unprovided with the resources of civilization now at our disposal.

The Question of Date. A few words may perhaps be devoted to this important subject. It has already been seen that enormous, quite possibly insuperable, difficulties surround the task of endeav-

oring to translate geological periods into actual numbers of years. How impossible this is, may be gathered from the fact that every book which has attempted the task discloses a different scheme of chronology.

Let it be clearly understood that as to relative epochs, there is comparatively little difference of opinion. Some may doubt whether, *e. g.*, the Red Crag is a Pliocene or a Pleistocene formation, and others may hold differing opinions as to the number of inter-glacial periods, but on the main question of the succession of periods there is fairly general consent. It is when geologists—and still worse anthropologists—try to set these periods down in terms of years, that we enter the domain of chaos. But with all this it may be said quite definitely, that the point of appearance of man upon this earth must be put back to a very much greater distance of time than was dreamed of by writers up to a comparatively recent date. In this there is nothing whatsoever to disturb the mind of any Catholic. The *Catholic Encyclopædia* deals with this matter in a very carefully written article, which is no doubt accessible to most of the readers of these pages, and from which, therefore, only the following quotation may be made for the sake of those who may not have the volume at hand. The writer says (*sub voce* Chronology) *Creation of Man:*

> The question which this subject suggests is: Can we confine the time that man has existed on earth within the limits usually assigned, *i. e.*, within about four thousand years of the birth of Christ? The Church does not interfere with the freedom of scientists to examine into this subject, and form the best judgment they can with the aid of science. She evidently does not attach decisive influence to the chronology of the Vulgate, the official version of the Western Church, since in the Martyrology for Christmas Day the creation of Adam is put down in the year 5199 B. C., which is the reading of the Septuagint. It is, however, certain that we cannot confine the years of man's sojourn on earth to that usually set down. But on the other hand, we are by no means driven to accept the extravagant conclusions of some scientists.

With these words we may fully concur. Guibert says man need not have existed for more than ten thousand years on this earth. It may be so, but few would assign so brief a period. Driver says that on the most moderate estimate "it cannot be less

than twenty thousand years." Many would say that this was too limited a period. But the Abbé Breuil, one of the foremost authorities of the day in prehistoric archæology, is in agreement with the writer just quoted. As to the differences in estimates amongst scientific men, it may just be mentioned that Professor Sollas (a geologist) places the date of the Mousterian interments at Chapelle aux Saints at twenty-five thousand years distance, whilst Professor Keith (an anthropologist) demands three hundred and fifty thousand years. It is obvious that amidst discrepancies of this magnitude, it is impossible for any ordinary reader to form any safe conclusion. The sum and substance of all this is, that no definite figure of years can be fixed for the period of man upon the earth. One word of caution in conclusion. The extreme dates demanded by some writers are based upon two assumptions. These are that the body of man was evolved from that of some pre-existent simian animal, and that the process of evolution was very gradual and very slow. Both of these questions have been examined in a previous series of papers in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and have been further considered in a little book by the author of the present papers,* so that neither of them need be dealt with again here. Suffice it to say that it is not possible to base any sound argument as to date on theories which are at present unproved. Questions of date must be approached from quite a different standpoint. Whether they are insoluble or whether a genius will arise some day who will point the way to their solution, nothing but time can tell.

**Facts and Theories.* London: Catholic Truth Society. 1 *s.* net.

[THE END.]

CATHOLICS AND THE ITALIAN ELECTIONS.

BY I. QUIRICO, S.J.

IN October of last year, the political elections were held in Italy under the new system of universal suffrage. Previously the numbers of voters inscribed on the State lists amounted to 3,319,202; at the present time the figure reaches 8,612,249, showing, therefore, an increase of 5,293,047.

All male citizens over thirty years of age are entitled to the vote, provided they have not been guilty of any criminal offence, although they may be illiterates. Those citizens whose age is below thirty and over twenty-one, and who are able to produce a certificate of scholarship, those who have obtained a government permit after their term of military service, and those who pay a fixed tax are allowed to vote. Almost one-fourth of the entire population, which now numbers thirty-six millions, are accordingly entitled to use the right to vote.

In the face of this new fight, which might have led to serious consequences, Catholics had received precise instructions from the Holy See, and they carried them out most loyally. At the head of our (political) faction is the Electoral Catholic Union of Italy, whose President is the illustrious Count Gentiloni, nominated by the present Pope for this post. The Electoral Catholic Union is an organization which extends over the whole peninsula.

The rules laid down by the Holy See with respect to the political elections may be stated as follows: The *non expedit,* which is the right to forbid any approach to the polls either in the quality of electors or of candidates, is retained for the best of reasons; at the same time many are permitted to be dispensed from it when it affects the social welfare, which must undeniably be protected. When moderate Liberals, who favor religious liberty, present themselves in opposition to candidates who are openly anti-religious or sectarian, Catholics can and ought to support them. The Holy See does not wish that a Catholic party should be formed in the Italian Chamber, but it allows any Catholic to stand as parliamentary candidate under certain conditions and circumstances.

These regulations have given a singular character to the Italian

elections, unparalleled in any other country in the world. It can be seen how readily misconceptions may arise with regard to a correct appreciation of the subject—more especially outside Italy itself.

The Catholic Electoral Union, in order to act with greater security, established certain conditions to which Liberal Deputies are obliged to confirm in order to obtain Catholic support. We are pleased to be able to show our readers the document relating to this matter, which was kept secret for some time, and which has the distinct approval of the Holy See.

We give it in full:

CONDITIONS OF AGREEMENT.

1. The defence of statutory institutions and of guarantees given to constitutional ordinances of liberty of conscience and of associations, and consequently opposition also to every legal proposition which opposes religious congregations, and whatever tends to disturb the religious peace of the nation.

2. The enactment of just educational legislation, and particularly that, in view of the large increase in government schools, no restrictions be made that would embarrass or discredit the work of private education—an important factor in the promotion and growth of national culture.

3. The removal of all undefined and arbitrary legislation, the effective administration of practical guarantees that heads of families should have the right to demand a course of religious instruction for their children in the communal schools.

4. The resistance of every attempt made to weaken the unity of the family, and absolute opposition to divorce.

5. The recognition, by reason of the results of the representation of the State Council, of the right to equality as to economic organizations, independently of social or religious principles by which these may be inspired.

6. A gradual and continual reform of taxation and of judicial institutions, with a view to a better appreciation of the principles of justice concerning social conditions.

7. To support the political party which tends to conserve and strengthen the economic and social forces of the country, with the aim of a progressive increase of Italian influence in the development of international citizenship.

N. B.—The above statements are the conditions of agreement to which the candidates who represent us must give genuine approval, either privately in writing or by explicitly including such conditions in the public electoral programme.

The political constituencies of Italy and their corresponding Deputies number five hundred and eight. The *non expedit* was lifted in three hundred and thirty constituencies; in the other one hundred and seventy-eight extension was declared, and was maintained in an absolute manner for many reasons, in some instances also for local ones. Those candidates who were supported by Catholics were successful in two hundred and twenty-eight constituencies; they lost a hundred seats. Catholics have reason to congratulate themselves upon the issue of the struggle. There is particular cause for exultation in the defeat of the apostate ex-priest Murri, who will no longer stand for Parliament, and will fall into an oblivion from which he ought never to emerge. Podrecca, the director of the infamous weekly periodical *L'Asino,* also sustained defeat.

It is not possible to speak of any real agreement between the Government and the Electoral Catholic Union; in many constituencies government candidates were returned by Catholics, while in others the State contested those Deputies who had the support of the Catholic Union.

But a certain mutual consent there must be, and to that above all is due the sacrifice which organzied Catholics were forced to make in leaving the Minister of Instruction Credaro and his undersecretary Viciai unopposed in two constituencies, where Catholics had promised themselves a great victory. The Government for its part seems to have coöperated in effecting the defeat of Murri and Podrecca.

And now we have the final results of the elections. Barely three hundred and nine Liberal members were nominated, of whom a certain number are Catholics in principle as well as practice; thirty Deputies belong to the ranks of the Catholic movement; seventy Radical members of the Constitutional side are inclined to be anticlerical; seventeen Republicans; eighty-two Socialists; twenty-three Radicals, and fifty-nine Socialists who belong to the official Socialist Party. These figures may perhaps be modified on further and more detailed investigation, but to no great degree.

If one considers the joining together of the Chamber of Deputies with the ministerial majority of the all-powerful Giolitti, the aforesaid majority amounts to over three hundred Deputies; of the Liberals only about twenty-five belong to the Opposition, the other Liberals, the true Catholics, a large number of Radicals and reformed Socialists support the government.

It will be satisfactory to Catholics to hear that Freemasonry sustained grave defeats in these elections, especially in Rome. The municipal *Bloc* of that city led by Nathan, has realized this, and has been forced to resign.

All things considered, the political elections show a successful issue with respect to Italian Catholics, and it would seem to demonstrate that religious persecution which unfortunately is flourishing in adjacent France, is still a long way from being established in Italy.

THE WHITE RIDER.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

"Saddle me forth the great white steed,
I ride on a mighty quest to-day;
A cavalier of the Spanish breed
Too long hath mocked my sway!"

(Crash of hoofs as the drawbridge fell;
Clank of dread through the courts and stair.)
"Stand back, thou monk—leave Cross and spell—
And let him meet me fair!"

"Don Roderick, Master of the Sword
Of Santiago, bend the head—
You that put down so many a lord,
Yield to the lance of dread!"

Speaketh the Grand-Master:

"What, Death, thou menial, com'st thou here
To play the haughty foe with me?
Throw off that visor—have no fear,
Don Roderick breaks no lance with thee!

"But speak thy message, nor delay
To take my carcass to the clod;
Whilst thou art trudging on the way
My soul shall spur to God."

THE CURSE OF CASTLE EAGLE.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

Chapter XVI.

A KISS.

MISS ROCHE'S words threw Meg's mind into a strange confusion. It recalled her troubles of the night when she had remembered that she was specially commended to Lady Turloughmore, because of the discretion in her which would make her observe the proper attitude towards Lord Erris. At the time her godmother's words had passed her by—what had she, Meg Hildebrand, to do with the girl who would use her position to make eyes at the heir? But since she had been at home a speech of her father's had made her wince.

"It isn't altogether what I'd choose for my girl," he had said. "The poor afflicted lad! He hasn't been making love to you, has he, Meg? If he was that sort I'd be against your going back there. The likes of him are often terribly ready to fall in love and terribly troublesome when they're in it. You'll have to be careful with Lord Erris."

"He's not a bit queer, papa, in any way, except his poor foot," Meg had interrupted. She felt badly jarred by her father's speech. "I wish you wouldn't go on thinking he is wrong in his head. He's absolutely normal, just as normal as you or I."

"I'm glad to hear it, for his mother's sake, poor thing," Terence Hildebrand had said amicably. "It's more than you'd look for, considering everything. They did say that some of the Earls of Turloughmore needn't have died—that it wasn't altogether the old woman's curse. It was always brought in accidental. Dear me, what am I saying at all? Here I am gossiping, like the worst old woman of them all. And nothing but hearsay, nothing but hearsay. To be sure I can trust my girl to be kind and prudent."

Why did they all trust her discretion? It had been the same with the Archduchess, who had given her credit for the utmost good sense in the matter of the white and gold hussar. Meg had accepted the Archduchess' praise without blinking. She had had no temptation to be otherwise than discreet. Now she wondered to herself whether she would have merited the Archduchess' commendations if Count Fritz Von Thal, that glittering creature, had appealed to her as Lord Erris appealed.

Thus debating with herself, Meg walked down the road from Carrick. The sounds of a horse's hoofs cantering along the grassy stretch

by the wayside had not reached her ears. She looked up startled as the horse's head drew almost level with her.

"Oh, it is you," she said, recognizing Lord Erris.

"May I walk my horse with you?" he asked.

"If I am not interrupting your ride."

"I was on my homeward way. You will excuse my not walking with you."

"Oh, yes, yes!" she answered hurriedly, so as to avert any painful explanations.

"Perhaps—when Dr. Kellner has had a go at me I may be able to walk with you like any other man."

She turned her bright look on him, and put up her hand to pat his horse's neck.

"You will have to be very patient and very brave," she said, softly, remembering what Miss Roche had said.

"I know. Not for the operation. It is nothing. I have always been used to pain. People who have not had much pain find it harder to bear. There will be the long inaction—the plaster of Paris. I am not so easy as I ought to be. It will be hard, but not so hard as it would be to people who lead an active life. It will be perhaps easier to bear if you will sing to me sometimes when I come home."

Walking along, keeping pace with the horse, she looked up at him, throwing back her shining head so that her gaze should be level with his.

"That will be very easy to do," she said, not knowing how much assurance there was in her eyes.

"When next I come this way," he said, "I shall be like other men, or I shall be worse than I was before."

"You will be like other men," she said.

"So far as I may be," he replied.

She turned about, moved by a sudden impulse, and fell back a little, so that she walked beside him rather than a little in advance of him.

"Would nothing put it out of your head," she said, "that you are not like other men, apart from the thing which Dr. Kellner is going to set right? Forgive me! I don't know why I dare to touch on such things." The color flamed in her cheeks, but she was too intent on the thing she had to say to be silent. "Can't you trust the good God for yourself and those to come after you? Cannot you believe that the doom is a superstition and a delusion?"

He stared at her as though she fascinated him. With her parted lips, her fresh wild color, the agitation which made her bosom lift and fall and her eyes soft, she was indeed alluring.

"The superstition has been very persistent," he said, looking down at her. "I know what you would say—that we gave the super-

stition its power. Well—perhaps if I were not sickly, perhaps even yet, if Dr. Kellner can mend this lame foot of mine, I might have the courage to set the superstition at naught. My fathers before me were not sickly. They had the courage. They loved women and gave hostages to fortune. There were women as brave as you, as daring, because they loved—look at my mother! Not one of them received the reward of her courage."

He averted his eyes from her face.

"I have sworn to myself that I would be the one to end it," he said. "I have striven to bring Algy Rosse to a sense of his responsibilities when he shall be master here. To do Algy justice the prospect has not seemed to elate him. He has refused to believe that I shall not marry."

"I don't know what I should do," he went on, "if a woman I loved were willing to take the risk of me. I used to say that I would not accept it. I have led the life of a hermit, perhaps because I was not so sure of myself as I thought. I was very sure of myself till—these last few weeks."

She found words at last; but they drew away from the things he had been saying.

"I love Lady Turloughmore," she said simply. "Even if you should marry some day—even if you stood up, as I think you ought to do, and resolved to fight the terror that flieth by night, still she would be afraid. Dear soul, she would be afraid as long as she lived. I would do anything in the world to deliver her from that terror."

"There would be only one way," he said, quietly, "and that would be if an Earl of Turloughmore should die in his bed. We have no means of proving my father's death, although we shall have to presume it presently if proof is not forthcoming. There are hard business reasons why his place should not remain empty. It would not help her if I were to die in my bed, else perhaps it might be managed."

She could have cried out at the cruelty of it. What change had come over the golden morning? The sun had gone behind the cloud, and it was cold in the shadow of the trees. She turned her face to his in a piteous, dumb protest.

"I am sorry," he said. "I am a brute to hurt you. Your eyes are very candid. They cry out on me. I make no excuse for myself. You see how unwise it is to care for us even as friends. We have power to hurt our friends. Think how much worse it is for ourselves."

He was watching her profile with strange intentness. She was hatless, and from his seat on horseback he could see how her hair waved away from the parting in delicate waves and curls that were full of hidden light. The small, pure, pale profile, the delicate lifted brow, the whiteness of the neck below the abundant hair, all seemed to move him poignantly.

"If one of us were to die in his bed," he repeated. "That must break the doom for all of us. You don't know what it is to be born to it: to know that everyone expects it of us. It takes the courage out of a man, I can tell you. Horrible to know that it is expected of you. I will tell you something, Miss Hildebrand, which I would not tell everyone."

He checked his horse, which came to a standstill, and stood eating the grass by the side of the road. She looked up at him, expectant, her breath coming faster.

"I believe," he said deliberately, "that some of my ancestors died violent deaths, not so much by accident as by design, their own design. Such a thing may be forced on you if you believe it is bound to come. Some day you are cleaning a revolver, walking on a cliff, climbing a mountain, sharpening a razor; it might come upon you irresistibly that the thing was bound to happen; and it happens. Coroner's juries often err on the side of mercy, especially if the subject of the inquest has been in life a popular person: and we have nearly always been popular. Do you suppose that any of my tenants would bring in a verdict of *felo de se* against me?"

She cried out sharply, and stood looking up at him, panting, red and white, as though he had struck her.

"Oh, you should not," he began, with a sound like a sob.

He let the reins drop on his horse's neck, and, leaning towards her, while a dark flush rose in his cheeks, he took the cool, pure face between his hands.

"You see what I have to fight against for myself as well as for you," he said with a heart-breaking tenderness. "My dear, my dear, do you know that I have never kissed a woman's lips yet?"

With a motion so slight as to seem almost unconscious, she lifted her face a little way towards him, and their lips met. Then he released her, gathered up his horse's reins, and was gone.

Chapter XVII.

THE OTHER WOMAN.

It was characteristic of Meg that the kiss which passed between her and Lord Erris seemed to her as solemn as a betrothal. Nothing more was said between them. He avoided her while he stayed, and in a few hours he was gone. For some days after his departure her mood of exaltation lasted. She said to herself, in a passion of generous folly, that she would not have chosen a happier love if she could, thanking God in her happy thoughts that it was given to her to carry a burden not her own. She accepted all that might be. Times were when, looking down the vista of the years, she saw them under a golden

haze. If one were in the hands of God, she said over and over to herself, there would be nothing to fear. Nothing could befall them of dread and terror too great to be borne. She came tumbling down from her mood of exaltation with a suddenness that left her breathless and spent. She was driving with Lady Turloughmore. The intimacy between them had made steady progress.

"How excellently you suit me, Meg! I always feel that you understand me, dear child, even when you are silent. As you sit there beside me I have a feeling of your answering me in some way—deep calling to deep."

"I am so glad," Meg said, with her ready blush and shyness. "I have not had many devotions, Lady Turloughmore."

She said no more. The hiatus was more eloquent than words. Lady Turloughmore smiled, and laid her hand over the girl's. It was a thin hand, blue-veined and over-white, and the wedding ring on the third finger needed a guard to keep it in its place.

"Dear child!" she said. "Dear child!"

She was a woman who could be exquisitely tender; who could make her tenderness felt like a benediction.

"We all love you," she went on. "You have made a difference to us all. Even Prince loves you, and Prince is slow to make friends. The servants are devoted to you. My son—I have not seen him so normal since Eileen left us. That was a trial. He let Eileen go without speaking. Since then he has made up his mind not to marry. My dear, that was a very sad disappointment for me."

Down went Meg's heart like a plummet. A sense of the most profound calamity and sadness enveloped her.

"You are like Eileen, only she is fairer than you. My son noticed it the first time he saw you. You walk like her, only she is taller; she is more than common tall. She cries out on her own beautiful height. You must see her one of these days. She is most fascinating."

For the life of her Meg could not have asked who Eileen was, this girl of the beautiful height, of whom she had not heard five minutes ago, the mere mention of whom had laid her castles in ruins.

So that was why Lord Erris had kissed her—because she reminded him irresistibly of the girl he had loved so much that he would not shadow her brightness with the darkness of his own fate. Being young Meg was very quick to rush on the thorns, to press them into her breast.

"Perhaps," she said, in a voice that sounded small and cold to her own ears, "perhaps it would make a difference if the operation should prove successful."

She wondered if Lady Turloughmore would notice anything amiss in her tone. Apparently Lady Turloughmore did not, for she went on, with her usual, quiet placidity of manner:

"That is my dearest hope. Poor Ulick, if you saw her, the charming creature, you would understand how hard it was for the boy to resist her! He has not spoken of her to you? You are such friends."

"He has not spoken of her."

As she said it she was conscious of an amazed bewilderment. How was it possible that after a four months' residence at Castle Eagle, during which every day had seemed to draw her into closer intimacy with the family, she had never heard of this Eileen who had started up to push her from her stool? From her state of well-being she dropped to a dreary estimate of herself. She was next to nothing in their lives, next to nothing. Lord Erris' ways with her, those looks, the memory of which had filled her with a passionate delight, had been hers—because she was like Eileen.

Later in the afternoon—she had been writing letters for Lady Turloughmore, and had just finished and stamped a little pile—she had a revelation. The room had many portraits in water colors in pastel and one in oil of a beautiful little girl—Lady Turloughmore's little daughter, Cicely. There was also a large photograph in a silver frame of a girl wearing court dress. Meg had glanced at it one day with a passing wonder at the girl's height and grace. That must be—Eileen. The photograph stood on an old escritoire of satinwood delicately inlaid.

"That is—" she said.

"Yes, that is Eileen—Miss Trant. Her father is Lord de Sales. Perhaps you may see her this summer. I shall ask her to come if Dr. Kellner thinks it necessary to keep my son under his immediate supervision till the foot comes out of plaster of Paris."

"I did not know there was a question of that."

"I have had a letter from Ulick. He thinks it very likely. After all it is a risk to come home. Why should he do it? He will find the days hang less heavily on his hands when winter comes there than here. He would miss his hunting. And there are so many days of winter here when any kind of outdoor life is impossible for the wind and the rain."

The wind and the rain. Meg felt as though the storm dashed in her face. She said to herself that before Lord Erris came home cured she would be back at Crane's Nest. Later, in the watches of the night, when sleep seemed to have forsaken her, that thought of running away after all her exaltation, her high resolves, showed itself to her as a cowardly one. If but Castle Eagle could be from under the shadows—if ever it could be from under the shadows—she could go then, without any sense of cowardice, of forsaking her post. "A soldier never forsakes his post," Terence Hildebrand had been wont to

say, inculcating one of the very few rules of conduct he thought necessary upon his children. "A soldier never forsakes his post." It was a reminiscence of his young and splendid days of soldiering in a crack regiment, of which there were few enough now in the tall, gray, shabby gentleman. It was a rule good enough for his children. The pigeon which had hopped from the fender-stool to a chair, on to a table, and finally to Lady Turloughmore's shoulder, cooed contentedly.

"Tom grows too daring," said Lady Turloughmore. "We must be careful of him, Meg. If anything were to happen to him, what should I do?" She smiled her wistful, patient smile. "I know he is only somebody's pet escaped and flown in here out of the storm. Yet he seemed to bring me assurance of the mercy of God to me and mine. Coming when he did, he might perhaps have been a raven. But he is a dove—a messenger of peace."

"We shall have to watch him," Meg said, taking up something and laying it down again. "I don't think he will ever fly again. His wing must have been injured when he was blown against the pane that night. But he hops everywhere he will. Kate tells me that he attacks the farmyard fowl and drives them before him. A triumph of mind over matter. He has a great character."

Chapter XVIII.

THE GOLDEN YOUTH.

As the days passed Meg became more than ever convinced that some merciful dullness lay upon Lady Turloughmore's grief, which was not forgotten but only quiescent. She went nowhere, and received no one in the weeks that intervened between her son's going away and the coming of Algernon Rosse, for whom Meg had conceived a dislike beforehand, writing him down in her own mind as a *petit maitre,* imagining him small-handed, small-footed, exquisitely tailored: just such a barber's block of a man as she abhorred. Lady Turloughmore had not again referred to Miss Trant; but some time in the week preceding Mr. Rosse's arrival, she looked up from her letters at the breakfast table to say:

"Eileen will be with us by the first of July. She will take the burden of entertaining Algy off my shoulders. She comes for that, dear girl. Somehow this year it seems too much for me to do, though I am fond of Algy."

Meg wanted to hear more about Miss Trant, but she felt it impossible to ask; and presently Lady Turloughmore collected her letters and, asking to be excused, glided away from the table, smiling her

faint smile. Meg heard something from Kate in a day or two. Kate waxed communicative in the act of brushing Miss Hildebrand's hair; it had to be conceded that Kate's communicativeness seldom or never overstepped the line of good feeling and good manners.

"It'll be livelier for ye, Miss, when Mr. Rosse comes. I never seen such a young gentleman for lovely clothes. He's a very pleasant-spoken young gentleman, though maybe a bit too fine in his ways. But sure it does you good to look at him all the same: for 'tis like lookin' into a world where no hardships is nor ever could be. You'd never think his lordship an' him were cousins."

"No?" said Meg, looking at her reflection in the glass.

"'Twill be good for yourself," said Kate, "to have somethin' young and cheerful in the house wid you. It's been castin' its shadows over you, so it has. 'Tis the sorrowful time we've been havin' since you come."

She lifted a heavy piece of Meg's hair, brushed it and let it fall again in its place, before resuming her speech.

"If I was you, Miss Hildebran'," she said, "whin Mr. Rosse comes and Miss Trant, I'd just be forgettin' 'twas a house of mournin' at all, an' enjoy myself a bit. It won't do her ladyship any good to be keepin' up the misery. I think myself she does be hopin' agin hope that he'll come home safe. The Lord return her son to her safe and well!"

Meg turned a startled face on Kate so suddenly that the stroke of the brush intended for her hair fell upon her ear instead.

"Why what would happen to him?" she asked. "It isn't an operation that threatens life. What would happen to him?"

"Sure there's no sayin'. If he wasn't who he is you needn't trouble about him at all. There's no knowin' wid our family. Isn't it a quare thing to see her ladyship delightin' herself wid that bird, the impident thing?"

"I hope he won't come to harm," said Meg earnestly, "for to tell you the truth, Kate, I believe he's a cause of great hope and comfort to poor Lady Turloughmore. It was strange, if you'll think of it, his flying in like that out of the storm."

"I'm not sayin' it wasn't quare," said Kate; "for the matter o' that the world's full o' quare things elbowin' and shovin' aich other. I've seen so many myself in my time, an' I'm no ould maid yet, that I wonder at the foolishness o' people that won't listen to a thing they haven't got the hang of. It's true for you about her ladyship and the ould pigeon. If I see a stray cat as much as shovin' her nose in the place, I'll give her a welcome 'll surprise her."

Out of this conversation arose a development of that capacity for self-sacrifice which is inherent in the female breast.

"We all thought it would be a match between his lordship and Miss Trant," Kate had said, lifting the long strands of Meg's hair and

brushing them singly in the way that is soothing to tired nerves and aching head. "She seemed just the sort o' lady to take him out of himself. Sure what's a lame foot to keep a gentleman at home all his life? She's the lovely creature is Miss Trant. Not but what there's some as lovely if they haven't got the beautiful clothes itself."

From Kate's irrelevances Meg deduced more than from what Lady Turloughmore had said, a whole theory of unrequited love on Lord Erris' part for the beautiful Miss Trant. He must have felt the contrast of his own shadowed life with the brilliant and beautiful creature who came into it from the outside world. A word here, a hint there, built up her picture of Miss Trant.

"She's a glorious creature," said Mr. Algernon Rosse, as he walked by Meg's side one morning a week or so later. "Poor Erris was hard hit. He couldn't help it. She was adorably kind. Erris has such a poor conceit of himself," went on the golden youth. "Of course, it would be a sacrifice, especially as he broods on the misfortunes that have attended on the family. Do you believe in them, Miss Hildebrand? The misfortunes, I mean."

Meg shook her head.

"I suppose you think there's no use denyin' them," said Algy Rosse, who dropped his final g's, "especially with the last experience fresh in your mind. I believe it when I'm here, and I don't believe it when I get away. There's something in the bally air, I beg your pardon, Miss Hildebrand, I mean the Irish atmosphere."

"Oh, I don't mind your saying 'bally,'" said Meg. "It's rather refreshing in this house." She looked at his clean, pink, wholesome face. "Why don't you come here more, Mr. Rosse? You'd be a cheerful influence, especially as your cousins are very fond of you. I can't imagine you and superstition in the same house."

"Now, can't you? That's awfully good of you, to have thought about me, I mean. Why don't I come here more? Well—I don't know. I love the place. I always thought everything about it just rippin'. But, Erris can't do the things I do. He's too beastly unselfish to let me be tied to his armchair: and I've heard Cousin Shelagh sigh when I was jumpin' over the backs of chairs to work off some of the bottled-up spirits. It's a shame when a fellow's as strong as Erris is if it wasn't for the confounded stupidity of that foot of his. Did you ever feel his grip? Of course you didn't, but it's like iron. I'll tell you what, Miss Hildebrand, if Erris comes back cured we must do something to take him out of himself. We must fight the family bogey between us, somehow."

Mr. Rosse was two days at Castle Eagle, and already Meg felt as though she had known him for years. He had come with an easy brightness into the life. There were a hundred minute differences, which Lady Turloughmore would never have observed, patent to Meg.

There was a new alertness in the whole establishment. Everybody, from Mrs. Browne down to the youngest gardener's helper, seemed bucked up by the coming of Algy Rosse. Meg, accustomed to a greater easiness of life than prevailed at Castle Eagle, had found nothing amiss in the running of that establishment. Now she discovered that the cook had put on an additional spurt of endeavor, that Bates the gardener was ready to cut his best blooms, and to sacrifice his prize fruit and vegetables for Mr. Rosse's delectation. The horses in the stables were ridden by someone else than grooms and stable boys; the carriages were in constant requisition. She began to realize that Castle Eagle, before the coming of Algy Rosse, had been somewhat of a palace of the Sleeping Beauty; that the family had existed for its servants rather than its servants for it—by the contrast that followed on the arrival of the heir-presumptive.

If he had been less debonair, less pleasant and simple, less attached to his relatives, Meg felt that she could hardly have forgiven him, because everyone smiled on his coming. This gay, insouciant boy was a poignant contrast to the man with whom pain had so long been an inhabitant that he could have little joy of his youth. One person only refused to smile upon Algy Rosse. That was Julia, who pretended not to know him when he went to visit her in the nurseries, where she kept the house now all kinds of weather, not even going forth to Mass on Sundays, because of the rheumatism that kept her on the rack. She treated Algy Rosse as someone she had never seen before, to the amiable youth's discomfiture. Meg watched him while he sat in an atmosphere intolerable on a hot summer morning, trying to recall himself to Julia's memory and failing, so that at last he went away baffled. Meg remained. She had discovered a certain resentment in Julia's manner, and thought it might be due to her having neglected the old woman of late, since Algy Rosse claimed much of her time, and Lady Turloughmore seemed to desire that she should fall in with his wishes.

"Did you not really remember Mr. Rosse?" she asked, when the door had closed behind the golden youth. "You have such a good memory for things in general."

"Aye then, I remembered him well enough," said Julia, turning a far less friendly eye than usual upon Meg. "I call it just impidence of him puttin' his nose in here where he isn't wanted. Och, indeed, there's some that forget aisy, an' the risin' sun's better to some thin the the settin' sun. But maybe the settin's farther away thin some people thinks. There was wan in this house—I h'ard it wid me own ears—that said the house was gayer wid Mr. Rosse in it thin Lord Erris. It's gaiety some people wants, an' to stand in the sun an' let others sit in the darkness. But he needn't be stickin' his nose into my nurseries, where I hope I'll see his lordship's children before I die."

"No one forgets Lord Erris because Mr. Rosse is very pleasant, Julia," Meg said. "And I know that Mr. Rosse wouldn't want to push anyone into the dark. He is deeply attached both to Lady Turloughmore and to Lord Erris."

The old woman looked up at her, with something in the expression of her purblind eyes that made Meg wonder what was coming.

"Your face is like crame and roses to me poor ould blind eyes," she said. "But it isn't the same as it was, jewel. 'Tis like as if it had got nipped by the frost. Listen, dear, you wouldn't be thinkin' there was a new light in the day because Mr. Rosse was come, and my poor lamb gone away out of it, to try to get his poor foot made as good as any beggar's foot that walks the road? You wouldn't now, would you?"

Meg, as though constrained by some power beyond herself, looked down into the old woman's eyes, but said nothing, and Julia, with a baffled air, went on.

"You needn't be ashamed or afraid of poor old Julia, darlint. The child of my milk, isn't he as dear to me as if he was the child I bore? I couldn't bear to see any wrong done to him. If he was to be in love with a lady—and why wouldn't he be?—I wouldn't like to see any wrong done to him nor anyone preferred before him. I'd like to give him the thing he wanted, you see, dear. That's the way with all of us women; whether we're poor, ould, mad women that's outlived our time or a beautiful young lady that's the desire of a man's eyes; we all want to give them all they want. Sure what is women for but to content the men?"

At the moment this abject and contemptible betrayal of her sex only struck an answering chord in Meg's bosom. Her eyes filled with tears as she stooped and set her fresh young lips to cheeks that felt like the texture of an old kid glove. Whatever else Julia might have said she fled from hearing. It was something of a relief to all that was pent up in her heart, to let it go for a moment before the eyes of the old half-mad woman who had nursed Lord Erris and his father before him. But after the momentary slackening of her bonds she fled, terrified of her self-betrayal.

In the quiet and shelter of her own room she stood, her hands clasped upon her breast as though she would keep down the tumult of her heart. What a simple creed it was, that immemoriably old creed of the women, to which she in her turn was ready to subscribe, that the man should be given all he wanted! All he wanted! Even though it broke the heart of the woman, the man should have all he wanted.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

New Books.

THE ENGLISH NOVEL. By Professor George Saintsbury. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

It has almost become a proverb that Professor Saintsbury knows more about English literature than anybody else; but this though true, would not be sufficient to account for the interest of this volume. Knowledge, though always impressive, is not always interesting. This book is interesting because it is alive—from the very first page to the very last it is full of life. It has itself caught the true quality of the great novel, "the quality of story interest." It is a "yarn" about English novels and English novelists. Prose fiction has two well-recognized forms, the romance and the novel. The romance is the story of incident, while the novel is the story of character and motive. The one gives special attention to the outward and visible life of the hero, the other attends in particular to his inner life. But of course any good story involves both elements. It is easy to imagine that the novel would grow out of the romance, but how this really took place is known to very few. Professor Saintsbury gives us this knowledge in the most natural, straightforward, and personal way.

Our author is of opinion that the beginnings of romance may be traced to the "lives of the saints," which began to circulate after the older East had been joined to the newer non-classical West by the spread of Christianity. We see this influence at work, for instance, in the Anglo-Saxon homilies and lives of the saints, in Aelfric's *Life* of St. Cuthbert, and in the Cædmon story as told by Bede. Whatever else they may be, they are real good stories full of personal romance. And in these lives of the saints we have the beginnings not only of romance, but of the novel itself—the interior life of the hero is just as important, nay more important, than his outward and visible deeds. And so it is that Professor Saintsbury, from the outset, protests against the separation of the romance and the novel. It can't be done, he says, it is a mistake logically and psychologically. He shows the novel interest of *Havelok the Dane* and *King Horn,* but to Malory in his *Morte D'Arthur,* "one of the great books of the world," he pays most honor in this respect. Malory was an artist not a mere compiler; he had "the sense of *grasp,* the power to put his finger, and to keep it, on the central

pulse and nerve of the story. The Arthurian legend is the greatest of mediæval creations." It unites (where even Dante could only isolate and divide) valor, love, and religion. "The ancients never realized this combination at all: the moderns have merely struggled after it, or blasphemed in fox-and-grape fashion: the mediæval *had* it. Malory came to give the sum and substance of what mediæval fiction could do in prose."

The Italian *novella* or prose tale exercised great influence on English literature as early as Chaucer, but its direct influence on the growth of the English novel was somewhat deferred. Translations of these *novella* became common in England after the middle of the sixteenth century, and their effect was most noticeable on two important Elizabethan works, the *Euphues* of Lely (1579) and the *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sidney (1581). Some have denied the title of novel to the former work, but in spite of its affected style it gives out the proper "note" of the novel in its very human preoccupation with the moral, political, educational, and social ideas of the time. The *Arcadia* may be described as heroic pastoral romance, looking back to classical models in the conventional renaissance fashion. But this and kindred attempts at the novel can hardly be called genuine; they were imitations of imitations; they had little variety and no life at all. Paradoxical as it may sound, it was Bunyan who next after this advanced the novel many stages in its growth.

The next important period was that of Addison, Steele, and their *Spectator* (1713). These papers were not novels it is true, but they contained elements of the developed novel not to be found at this time in the novel itself. The dialogue, the liveliness of the main characters, the natural rendering of ordinary life and manners were all to become part of the novel proper. And now at last, about 1720, we reach Defoe, the novelist *per se et non secundum quid,* the first of those wonderful magicians who create the real which is not real, the fiction that is more wonderful than fact, the first but not by any means the greatest of that royal line of story tellers who can make the most ordinary and uninteresting events of life most interesting to read about, "not by burlesquing them or satirizing them; not by suffusing or inflaming them with passion; not by giving them the amber of style; but by serving them 'simple of themselves' as though they actually existed."

We have now left the building-shed, we have come to the starting place of the novel proper, and our space prevents a further

sequence of detailed observation. Why not go to the book itself? There we may read of the novel wain, so solidly built, so splendidly wheeled, and now set agoing through the centuries.

POLICY AND PAINT. By the Author of *A Life of Sir Kenelm Digby*. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.75 net.

We enjoyed every page of this entertaining sketch of the lives of Dudley Carleton, Charles I.'s ambassador at Venice, Paris, and The Hague, and of Peter Paul Rubens, the eminent Court painter at Mantua, Madrid, and London. Carleton, the professional diplomat, was an amateur artist; in fact he was the first Englishman to form a collection of pictures. Rubens, eminently distinguished in the profession of art, was an amateur in politics, working secretly at the English Court for the interests of the Archduchess Isabella.

This book gives us a good insight into the devious ways of seventeenth century diplomacy. It was Machiavellian to the core, and largely conducted by lying and spying. Carleton "did much to raise its tone and character. He set an admirable example to other ambassadors, and showed them that low cunning was not invariably the surest method of serving the interests of the country they represented.....Nothing would induce him to intercept letters, nor to employ spies." Although he cannot be considered a great statesman, he was an honest, industrious, and loyal official.

While abroad in the government service, he was continually buying pictures and statuary. It was through the exchanging of some antique sculptures of a number of Ruben's pictures, that the great friendship between these two utterly dissimilar characters arose. Carleton was always ready to talk about art to Rubens, although he despised him a bit as an amateur diplomatist. He himself was averse to mixing up policy with paint.

The two chief objects to which the Archduchess Isabella directed the diplomatic powers of Rubens, were the return of the United Provinces to the Spanish allegiance, and the good will of England with Spain. He totally failed to influence the Dutch, although he was much more successful in keeping peace between England and Spain. Rubens was always kind to his fellow artists, whom he frequently aided with both advice and money. In politics he was honest and incorruptible, a marked contrast to his brother artist, Gerbier, a well-known ambassador of Charles, who always had his price.

Our author is right in calling James I. the weakest king that ever sat upon the English throne, and in styling Charles I. a neurotic, self-opinionated, shifty believer in the divine right of kings. So bad a picture does he give us of Charles I. that, in the closing chapter, he attempts a sort of half-hearted apology for him. We do not agree with his verdict, "that in smooth times Charles I. might have been a highly respectable and a greatly respected monarch."

DIRK: A SOUTH AFRICAN. By Annabella Bruce Marchand. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.35 net.

Dirk is a story of South Africa fifty years ago. It centres about a villainous peddler, who, after years of dishonesty in deceiving hundreds of stupid, slow-witted Boer farmers, manages to become the wealthy autocrat of Groenvallei. Dirk van Rooyen, whose family has been brought to wretchedness and poverty by the villain's crooked dealings, vows to be avenged. For a time, however, he forswears his vengeance because he falls in love with Fanny, the daughter of his enemy. She, unacquainted with the principles of Catholic ethics, stupidly thinks it her duty not to marry without her father's consent. Dirk, the rejected suitor, resumes his plans of revenge, and is just on the point of securing his enemy's conviction for felony, when Fanny calls upon him to save her father from death in an impending railway disaster. The lovers die in the vain attempt to give warning to the doomed train.

Our author tells us at the close that there are five morals to the story. The reader may choose the one which suits his fancy.

FRANCE TO-DAY. Its Religious Orientation. By Paul Sabatier. Translated by Henry Bryant Binns. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.00 net.

In his introduction Paul Sabatier states the purpose of his writing: "We would attempt a somewhat novel essay; to see whether, apart from any metaphysical thesis, in the independent, disinterested spirit of scientific investigation, a kind of inquiry cannot be opened into religious feeling, its presence or absence, its disappearance or re-emergence, and, in short, into the direction of its evolution to-day.....In other words, is there not a somewhat deep religious feeling in our country, apart from any habits of worship and traditional acts, apart from a language that still subsists, though the ideas and needs to which it corresponded have

passed away?" While admitting that absolute impartiality is impossible in discussing this question, he tells us that despite his attachment to Protestantism—ultra-liberal of course—he will do his utmost "to understand, admire, and love both Catholicism and Free Thought." We can easily understand that most of his readers will lay down this book greatly exasperated with a writer who mixes so illogically and superciliously his hodge-podge of patronizing praise and cock-sure condemnation.

Sabatier quotes a number of French writers to prove the utter bankruptcy of French Protestantism. For instance:

> French Protestantism is like a driving belt which runs loose. It throws no part into gear. Intellectually, morally, and socially it remains outside human action. It has not stirred for a century.....Its action is null; it appears to some pastors and laymen as a sort of pseudo-Catholicism, less logical, less grand than the other.....French Protestantism is on the way to disappearance, to decomposition, and by non-equivocal signs it may be foreseen that the succession of phenomena heralding the end will be somewhat rapid. The chapels and the faculties also are becoming empty. Before long the number of professors will exceed that of the students. The ministerial average is becoming lower, etc., etc.

He declares that most Frenchmen have been shocked by the negative element in the Protestant propaganda, and have been disgusted at the blustering lecture tours of renegade priests. Others object to the want of reticence with which the most intimate and private matters of the inner life are spoken of by some evangelists. "Protestants," he concludes, "have wounded France by their theologism, their critical turn of mind, and an iconoclastic zeal that seeks everywhere for idols to destroy."

There are many tributes of praise to the Catholic Church scattered throughout this volume. Sabatier writes:

> The glory and power of the Catholic Church lies in this, that being in fact a society by the side of other similar societies, she has passed beyond this idea. Not satisfied to have her place in the sun, nor even to stand first, she wished to be the only one. .....By symbols which are both the most diverse and the most precise, she proclaimed the unity of humanity, even the unity and solidarity of the whole of nature, thus anticipating the most lofty preoccupations of our day by a sort of bold prophecy.

> .....She appeals to the most mystical and powerful element of human nature, the instinct of devotion.....Claiming a perfect devotion, and absolute immolation, the Church has rendered homage to the best inclinations of the heart; therein lies her great superiority over all attempted reforms and new religions. .....Her symbolism and liturgy join the ages together in a mysterious harmony; her discipline aims at calling all the inhabitants of the earth to communicate in the same Host, and in a single effort. Let us not be deceived: tradition is the elder sister of evolution.....If the Church of Rome appears to have been more affected than any other by the political and intellectual crisis, it may, nevertheless, be said that, in the midst of the spiritual debris that surrounds us, the thought of to-day is seeking out, for the foundations and columns of the new temple, ideas and feelings whose Catholic origin is unquestionable; the sentiment of the mystery that envelops and embraces us; of the unity and solidarity of all beings throughout time as throughout space.....The Church of Rome keeps thus a unique and peerless place in the heart and conscience of the coming generation, because it alone has realized the unity and eternity of its life. .....The communion of the Catholic with the Church is the initial act of his moral life. He believes in her as naturally as the new-born babe believes in his mother.

Of course Sabatier, true to his rationalistic prejudices, declares that there are two Catholicisms in France, in order that he might give his enthusiastic support to the modernistic wind condemned by the Encyclical *Pascendi.* He condemns Popes Leo XIII. and Pius X. for their insistence upon the temporal power, and their utter lack of sympathy with the Irish people and the Poles of Prussian Poland. He denounces the intransigeance of the present Roman Curia, which is continually anathematizing Catholic scholars of note, and confounding things ecclesiastical and religious. He seems to think that Modernism is present everywhere, and that it is impossible to stay its course by forming the hierarchy into a sort of police force. He does not seem to grasp the fact of the Church's wisdom in denouncing the undenominational schools, nor realize that their teaching has degenerated *de facto* into a bitter anti-religious teaching. We smile when we hear him impudently declare that the ethical course of the French neutral school "is an entire stranger to polemics, and finds a lesson of toleration and spiritual labor in the historical statement of the extreme diversity of religions."

His chapter on Free Thought attempts vainly to prove that

Free Thought is not essentially anti-religious. Although, we are informed, it occasionally has had "fits of fury against churches, dogmas, and rités, still its authoritative representatives aim to recover the feeling which created religious institutions." He admits that the plain soldiers, and even the non-commissioned officers of Free Thought, often declare their intention of extirpating all religion, but maintains that its leaders desire for science "not only a limitless freedom, but wish its efforts inspired with an ardor, a patience, a heroism which are nothing else than faith. They do not think of destroying faith, but, on the contrary, of giving it a better knowledge of itself!"

In his chapter on Contemporary Philosophy, he shows that the present generation leans to the thought of Bergson, Boutroux, and William James, because they answer the need which present-day France manifests in every quarter "to see the living reality;" whereas the superficial, exaggerated and pessimistic tendencies of Nietzsche have undergone a complete eclipse. "Neitzsche failed to answer the real, better and deeper needs of France for a more intense and more devoted common life."

It would require a volume to point out all the inaccuracies of fact and of philosophical statement with which this book teems. On every page we realize how utterly out of sympathy the author is with the true *ethos* and spirit of Catholicism.

COLUMBUS AND HIS PREDECESSORS. A Study in the Beginnings of American History. By Charles H. McCarthy, Ph.D. Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey. 50 cents net.

Professor McCarthy has written a brief but careful sketch of the maritime achievements which culminated in the discovery of the American continent. The main facts which are contained in countless monographs and volumes are here collected and arranged, so that the reader may easily acquire a firm grasp of the beginnings of American history.

We have often come across the assertion that: "It was not jewels but Jews" that furnished the funds for the equipment of Columbus. This witticism suggests two errors, which Professor McCarthy successfully combats. In the first place, Isabella did not pledge her jewels to provide for the expedition for Columbus, though in Spain there is a legend that, as early as 1489, they were pledged to certain money lenders for the prosecution of the war against the Moors. It is clear from the account books of the

Santa Hermanadad that Luis de Santangel, its treasurer, loaned for the equipment of Columbus one million one hundred and forty thousand maravedis, which were repaid with interest during the years 1492 and 1493.

The historian Fiske in his *Discovery of America* seems to be ignorant of this fact. Columbus himself contributed one-eighth of the expense of the expedition, on the express condition that he was to receive one-eighth of the profits. There is no evidence whatever that Aragon contributed so much as a single maravedi toward the enterprise, despite the proud boasting of some Aragonese historians.

The author confutes at some length the popular opinion of some superficial school histories, which pretend that Columbus was merely interested in traffic with the Indies, and in the discovery of a safer route thither. On the contrary, he looked ultimately to nothing less than the conversion to Christianity of the millions of pagans dwelling in the countries of the East, and to the discovery of islands and mainlands lying in the Ocean-Sea. In a word, he was both a missionary and an explorer. Columbus' own *Journal* states his purpose clearly.

This scholarly volume is dedicated to the Knights of Columbus, whose Supreme Knight, Mr. Flaherty, has written an excellent preface.

LIFE AND CHARACTERISTICS OF RIGHT REV. ALFRED A. CURTIS, D.D. Second Bishop of Wilmington. Compiled by the Sisters of the Visitation, Wilmington, Delaware. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $2.50; postpaid $2.70.

Cardinal Gibbons in his preface to this life of Bishop Curtis, tells us that his characteristic virtues were his sterling honesty, his hatred of sham, his practices of mortification, and his sense of duty. His sterling honesty and hatred of sham drove him perforce out of the Episcopalian Church. Bishop Whittingham was one day holding communion service at Mount Calvary Church in Baltimore, and the Rector, Mr. Curtis, while assisting him, made profound reverence to the elements of bread and wine. This was observed by the Bishop, who, after the service was ended, privately took Mr. Curtis to task, assuring him that if he acted similarly on a future occasion, he would feel himself constrained to reprove him openly before the assembly in church. "Christ," said the Bishop, "is there to be communicated and not to be adored." This

struck Mr. Curtis as shifty and dishonest; for as he wrote to the Bishop, November 14, 1871, commenting on his Pastoral condemning the adoration of the Eucharist: "I cannot at all see how Christ can be received as Christ without adoration. To say that He is present but is not to be adored, is to me only a certain way of saying that He is not veritably present at all."

Mr. Curtis was finally received into the Church by Newman in 1872. He thanked God for having attained peace in the one fold of the True Shepherd. He writes of

> that secure feeling of having found the reality. You feel not only as if a child again in ignorance, but a child also in truth and simplicity. It is a hard battle to put to death totally self-will, but when you have conquered and you have finally submitted, and are quite sure that nothing could ever make you undo your submission, there comes so great a calm and so great a joy, such certainty, such blessed and incredible faith, that you don't know your own self.

Bishop Curtis was always remarkable for his austere life, his utter forgetfulness of self, and his indefatigable zeal for souls. He dressed so poorly that more than once, on his confirmation tours, he was mistaken for a beggar by the pastor's servant who opened the door to him. Often instead of going to a hotel in one of the country towns of Delaware, he would roll up his old cassock for a pillow and sleep all night in church at the foot of the altar. He was often known to sweep the church himself, and light the lamps in church, standing on a board which he placed across the back of the pews. He did a great deal of his traveling to his far-away missions upon his bicycle, thinking nothing of sixty or seventy miles a day. He thought he could not afford the luxury of a horse. He never took any breakfast during Lent, not even the small cup of black coffee which his friends urged upon him. He died gloriously poor. All that he left behind were a rosary, his breviary and ordo, a gun-metal watch, one suit of clothes, a few changes of underwear, some fishing tackle, and about three dollars in money.

The second part of the volume contains a few letters, sermons and spiritual counsels which he gave during his retreats to the Visitation nuns. They are rather commonplace, and of value only as evidencing the piety and devotion of the saintly bishop. We think they might be omitted with profit in the next edition of his life.

MODERNISM AND MODERN THOUGHT. By Father Bampton, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. 60 cents net.

Father Bampton has published the seven lectures on Modernism which he delivered in London last spring. As he himself says, "they make no pretense of any profound or exhaustive treatment of the subject. They were addressed to a popular audience, and the subject was, therefore, handled in popular fashion." He traces its origin to Kant, who taught that we could not know with intellectual knowledge God and the supernatural. For Kant's *Practical Reason* as the means of reaching God, the modernists substitute the *Religious Sentiment or Religious Experience.* They declare revelation wholely internal, a mere psychological experience, and faith the soul's response to it. God, apprehended by the religious sentiment, is vitally immanent in the soul, and not apprehended by any external teaching. Dogma consists of "tentative and provisional formulas," which express vaguely man's religious experience. By communicating these dogmas to his neighbors, man associates his individual conscience with the consciences of others, thus forming the collective conscience. People so united in thought form themselves into a society, or the Church. Jesus Christ is God not in fact, but in the belief of Christians. The Gospels are true, not historically speaking, but merely as a sign or symbol of truth; they do not possess a fact value, but a moral or spiritual value. As a pragmatist, the Modernist asserts that dogmas like the resurrection of Christ, are true only with practical or instrumental truth.

Father Bampton takes up all these false theses in turn, and briefly compares them with the teaching of the Church. He concludes with a brief sketch of the history of Modernism. It is an excellent little volume to put in the hands of the tyro in philosophy or theology.

LIFE OF THE VISCOUNTESS DE BONNAULT D'HOUET. Foundress of the Society of the Faithful Companions of Jesus (1781-1858). By Rev. Father Stanislaus, F. M. Capuchin. Translated from the French by one of her daughters. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50 net.

Madame d'Houet was born in 1781 at Châteauroux in France, a town in the Department of Indre. Her father suffered imprisonment during the Reign of Terror, and owing to the disturbed state of France during the Revolution, his daughter Victoire did not re-

ceive a regular course of school training. She made up for this lack of methodical instruction by reading and private study; and being gifted with a receptive and retentive memory and a sound judgment, she became thoroughly well informed. At twenty-three she married the Viscount de Bonnault d'Houet, an exceptionally pious Catholic. Their short married life of ten months reminds us very much of St. Jane Frances de Chantal and her husband. In the first stages of her widowhood, though eminently fervent and ardent in her devotion, she felt no attraction towards the life of a religious; but gradually through the influence of her director, the Jesuit Father Varin, she felt called upon to establish a new Institute, the members of which should be pledged to serve our Savior on the model of the holy women who ministered to Him during His earthly ministry. The constitutions of the Jesuits suggested to her the main principles upon which her society—The Faithful Companions of Jesus—should be governed.

After many trials, during which she never lost courage for a moment, she established her first novitiate at Amiens in 1823. The purpose of her Institute, as set forth in the Brief of Praise of Pope Leo XII., was "to teach and to bring up in Christian morality young girls, especially those born of poor parents." Another development of her work, evidenced by her second foundation at Châteauroux, was the training and education of children of the better class. Before her death in 1858 she had founded twenty-eight houses in France, Switzerland, Italy, England, and Ireland, although for one reason or other nine of these foundations were not permanent.

Like all founders of religious communities, she met with a great deal of opposition from her ecclesiastical superiors. She and her companions were denounced as heretics and schismatics, as restless, intriguing and scheming persons, who were obstinately determined to have their own will no matter what happened. Her opponents succeeded in prejudicing both the Archbishop of Bourges and the Bishop of Langres against her. Many of her closest friends not only deserted her, but declared themselves her enemies. She was forced to suppress many of her houses, and Holy Communion was once publicly refused her community. She persevered, until finally her Institute was approved by Gregory XVI., August 5, 1837.

Madame d'Houet had for her motto the words courage and confidence, and although, humanly speaking, her Institute from the first seemed doomed to extinction, her trust in God never wavered.

She began every day with a two hours meditation, and although she invariably spent from eleven till midnight in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, she was up every morning at four o'clock. She always endeavored to impress upon her daughters the fact that she was to be looked upon as a cipher in the foundation of her community, although in reality she was its sole mainstay and inspiration.

We are glad to learn that the cause of the beatification and canonization of Madame d'Houet is going on in Rome. In 1894 the documentary evidence of the many witnesses who had been examined and had borne testimony to the heroic sanctity of this servant of God, was placed in the hands of the Cardinal Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

WOMAN IN SCIENCE. By H. J. Mozans. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.50 net.

Those who share the notion that women are not only intellectually inferior to men, but are decidedly incapable of notable proficiency and achievement in scientific study, will do well to read this record of what women have actually accomplished along those very lines—in mathematics, astronomy, physics, chemistry, etc. It will be a revelation to them, and, like other revelations, should have an instructive, broadening effect.

A long introduction sketches the intellectual condition, difficulties, and struggles of women from the days of Grecian glory to the present time. An exhaustive account of what they have done in spite of manifold handicaps and prejudice follows. It is an extremely interesting record, told in a pleasing, strongly sympathetic way.

AMERICAN LITERATURE. A Study of the Men and the Books that in Earlier and Later Times Reflect the American Spirit. By William J. Long. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.35.

The aim of this textbook is to present an accurate and interesting record of American literature from the colonial to the present age, and to keep the record in harmony with the history and spirit of the American people. The author has tried to make the work national in its scope, ignoring all political and geographical boundaries, and laying special stress only on the writers and books that reflect our national traditions. Bradford and Byrd, Cooper, Simms, Longfellow, and Lanier, Hawthorne and Bret Harte are studied,

not as representative of North, South, East, or West, but as so many different reflections of the same life and spirit.

The book divides our literary history into four great periods—the colonial, the revolutionary, the first and second national—continuous in their development, yet having each its distinct and significant characteristics. The study of each period includes a historical outline of important events, and of significant political and social conditions; a general survey of the literature of the period, its dominant tendencies, and its relation to literary movements in England and on the continent; a detailed treatment of every major writer, including a biography, an analysis of his chief works, and a critical appreciation of his place and influence in our national literature; a consideration of the minor writers and of the notable miscellaneous works of the period; and, at the end, a general summary, with selections recommended for reading, bibliography, text, suggestive questions, and other helps for teachers and students.

Mr. Long writes in a charming, incisive style, and summarizes clearly and accurately the views of the most eminent literary critics.

PRODIGALS AND SONS. By John Ayscough. London: Chatto & Windus. $1.50.

Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew has gathered together in the present volume about thirty short stories that most of his readers will devour at a sitting. Some are weird and uncanny, as *A Shadow of Death* and *The Pink-Eyed Man;* some are full of humor, as *Changed* and *The Happy End of Sister Elizabeth;* some inculcate a moral lesson, as *By Easy Instalments* and *The Schoolmistress;* others are rather commonplace, and might well be omitted in a second edition. The chief objection to many of these stories is the constant harping on one theme, the death theme. It is developed dramatically enough at times, but becomes rather monotonous in its constant repetition.

THE MARRIAGE OF MADEMOISELLE GIMEL. By René Bazin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

Of the five stories that make up this delightful volume, three are altogether new. The others appeared almost twenty years ago in magazine and in book form, but have been rewritten. The first which gives its title to the book, is the longest. It is a sweet, wholesome story of strong, pure love—a love that has a real obstacle and a hard prejudice in its way. You know that both were over-

come, but for all that, you will be delighted and your heart will be warmed by learning how. The whole book, like the rest of René Bazin's works, but unlike the average French fiction, is sound and clean and fragrant.

THE INTERIOR LIFE. Simplified and Reduced to its Fundamental Principle. Edited by the Very Rev. Father Tissot, Superior General of the Missionaries of St. Francis de Sales, and Translated by W. H. Mitchell, M.A. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.75 net.

"If thine eye be single thy whole body will be lightsome," would seem to be the burden of this golden book. For golden it certainly is, and as it becomes known to souls, truly desirous of leading a devout life, it will come into its own, in the esteem of those truly discriminating. Its title, *The Interior Life,* being somewhat too general, the significance of the book lies in the sub-title: *Simplified and Reduced to its Fundamental Principle.* It is indeed a mosaic of the spiritual life—a summary to be studied, pondered, assimilated with steady deliberation. One thing follows from another, depends upon another with inexorable logic, and every word has its value.

It contains nothing new, for, of course, the doctrine explained is as old as Christ, and since Christ came "not to destroy but to fulfill"—as old as God's plan for the reconciliation of justice and mercy; the royal road which follows in the footsteps of Christ is still the road of the cross and of the crossbearers.

But being the children of an age of rush and hurry, of superficiality and ill-regulated desire for quick results, we need to be brought face to face with first principles, in order not to be lost in a maze of experiments and methods, resulting only in wasted energy, discouragement, and disgust. One indelible impression which the book must leave, is the author's insistence on the true idea of piety, and its wide divergence from the ordinary notion. Piety has almost fallen into disrepute through its misuse. A strong thing, a forceful and virile thing is piety with our author, comprising the whole man—the great source, whence flow and whither tend all virtues—the readiness to see, love, and seek God in all things. "Sentiment has taken," he says, "an importance in the guidance of life, which does not belong to it, either by nature or grace, and in this way it diminishes both nature and grace." "The sentimentalities of piety" receive no quarter whatever.

No greater praise could be given to this book than to say that it is a luminous commentary on St. Ignatius' foundation and St. Francis de Sales' spirituality. And yet this is evident from even a cursory study. "It is not a new devotional method: principles alone are the foundation; method is merely an accessory." The first person singular is employed throughout, reminding one very forcibly of Newman and his recognition of but two personalities—God and himself in the arena of his soul; the author, too, seems to credit our poor human nature, at least that of devout people, with being better than spiritual writers generally admit; it is rather refreshing now and then.

The arch-tempter and temptations receive but small notice; yet the masters of the spiritual life speak as if these were the omnipresent microbes of the atmosphere about us. Thomas à Kempis bid us to be solicitous about our temptations, that is to take account of such hindrances and be prepared for them; and St. Teresa warns us of temptations under the appearance of good. It seems a little like planning for a life in regions where storms do not penetrate, however. An uprightness of character, a singleness of eye in the understanding, a rectitude of intention in the will, and a serenity of judgment which seems to be the privilege of the eagles of the mountains are requisite here.

But we will give the plan of this work in the words of the author. "Three great ideas sum it up: the end, the way and the means.....the end towards which it must lead; the way it has to go; the means it should use." Then after saying that we are too much taken up with the means, he continues: "All these things are means, and means are of use only in the way, and the way is useful only towards the end. Questions of means are only questions of the third order in true religion. Questions as to the way come before them and explain them; and questions of the end come first and explain all else, both the way and the means.....The means will pass away, the way will pass, the end alone will abide."

And true to this summary, keeping rigidly to this framework, we are shown: God's glory as the end, the purpose of our life; the straight road which is the way—the road that shows the will of God; the means of which we have two kinds, God's and man's. The first, God's grace; the second, penance and the exercise of piety.

Much might be said of the beauties of special chapters, but it would be difficult if once begun to make an end. The reader must

discover for himself the orderly development, the beautiful unfolding of this noblest of themes, the union of our souls with God their last end.

The various summaries and analyses will prove extremely helpful. But the translation will often be found unsatisfactory; for French idioms abound, while in one or two places the sense is not made very clear, chiefly for want of good punctuation. But aside from these blemishes which can be easily remedied, the book should prove a powerful incentive to souls seeking to draw near to the Divine Lover. The end is ever beckoning them onward; the way is always spread before their gaze; the means unfailingly springing up according to their needs: the whole a strong unbreakable, threefold cord.

ART IN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL. By Marcel Dieulafoy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

Marcel Dieulafoy traces in this scholarly manual the genesis, progress, and development of the art-history of Spain and Portugal. He shows in the first three chapters that Persia was not only the source of inspiration of Mussulman architecture, and of the so-called Mudejar architecture of Spain, but that she played an important and well-defined part in the elaboration of those religious themes which found their way into the Asturias, Castille, and Catalonia after the expulsion of the invaders. To prove his point, he has traveled in the Persian East, and Asia, Africa, and Mussulman Europe, France, Italy, Sicily, and the Christian Lower Europe. He shows how each of these countries played a part in the development of Spanish art, and, however slight it may have been, he has recognized it and submitted it to analysis. He shows how the germs of the Romanesque and Gothic architecture of Europe were born of the collaboration of the two Spains: the Spain of the Gospel and the Spain of the Koran. This, as he himself states, is an essential feature of his work, a point developed for the first time, and one which necessitated a parallel between the Church and the Mosque. In this connection he has restored to ancient Persia what belongs to ancient Persia, and has limited the respected domains of Coptic Egypt, Byzantium, and Rome.

Most of the volume deals with Spain, the various chapters being the Church and the Mosque, Antique Periods, the Romanesque Period, the Gothic Period, the Renaissance, the Eighteenth Century and the Nineteenth Century. A final chapter deals

with art in Portugal. A very complete bibliography follows every chapter. The numerous illustrations, although most minute, are most beautiful and well chosen.

A DIVINE FRIEND. By Henry C. Schuyler. Philadelphia: Peter Reilly. $1.00.

We remember reading some twenty years ago an excellent book by a French priest—Père Ollivier, if we remember aright—on *The Friends of Christ,* which was brought vividly to mind by this new book of Father Schuyler's. But although the theme is an old one, we must say that Father Schuyler's method of treatment is charming in its simplicity and striking in its originality. The volume consists of a series of studies on the characters and lives of some of those whom our Savior expressly distinguishes as standing in degrees of particular intimacy with Himself. As Monsignor Benson says in his preface: "They are specimens, so to speak, selected from that 'multitude which no man can number,' selected yet again from that smaller company of 'His own,' of whom so many, as His own beloved disciple tells us, 'did not receive Him'—those who were given the amazing and awful privilege of seeing and speaking with, in the days of the flesh, the Divine Lover and Redeemer of souls."

WE received an *Illustrated Catechism for First Communion,* which Father Libert of St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, New York, has just edited. We call the attention of pastors and Sunday-school teachers to this most valuable little book. It is especially interesting, because the proceeds of its sale go towards helping the Catholic Missions of Marfa and the Rio Grande, Texas. Price, 15 cents; twenty-five copies, $3.00.

A TIMELY and valuable pamphlet, entitled *The Why and Wherefor of Parochial Schools,* has just been issued as a penny leaflet by the Central Bureau of the Central Verein, St. Louis, Missouri. The pamphlet is the reprint of an address delivered by the Reverend D. I. McDermott, Rector of St. Mary's Church, Philadelphia, Pa. It would be well for pastors to distribute it among their people, and it is very useful to give to inquirers who wish to understand the attitude of the Catholic Church with regard to parochial schools.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

La Bonté Chez les Saints, by Marquis de Ségur. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. 6 *frs.*) The Marquis de Ségur has written three volumes on the saints of the primitive Church, the Middle Ages, and modern times, in which he brings out particularly their kindness, charity, mercy, and tenderness. His thesis throughout is that the perfect love of one's neighbor is an infallible proof of one's perfect love for Jesus Christ.

L'Agonie des Fleurs, by A. Yves le Moyne. (Paris: Eugene Figuière et Cie.) M. le Moyen is evidently a disciple of Baudelaire. His poems are full of the morbid melancholy of Poe, and the gross immorality of Whitman. The only lyrics in the volume worthy of mention are those inspired by his sojourn in North Africa, namely, *Un Lever de Soleil, dans le Bled, Les Crocodiles,* and *Le Crucifiement des Lions.*

Devotion to the Blessed Virgin an Earnest of Salvation. (Paris: Pierre Téqui.) The anonymous author of this little book proves, by citations from the saints and by many a pious tale and legend, that the devout servant of Mary is always the true lover of Jesus Christ, her Son. A non-Catholic might think some of the stories extravagant and far-fetched, but one inside the fold will readily interpret them in the light of Catholic dogma.

The Life of Rev. A. de Ponlevoy, S.J., by Rev. Alexandre de Gabriac, S.J. (Paris: Pierre Téqui.) If the writer of *The Candid History of the Jesuits* would only deign to read this life of a nineteenth century French Jesuit, he might realize how basely he had calumniated the aim and spirit of the Society of Jesus. We have in these vivid pages a perfect picture of the Jesuit as novice, priest, professor, preacher, provincial, director of souls, instructor of souls, and letter-writer. It is an excellent book to put in the hands of a Jesuit novice.

Letter to a Religious Superior, by Father Franco, S.J. Translated from the Italian by the Abbé A. E. Gautier. (Paris: Pierre Téqui.) The Decree, *Quemadmodum rerum,* issued by the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, forbade religious superiors to usurp the place of the confessor, either by insisting on a private manifestation of conscience, or by regulating unduly the subject's right to receive Holy Communion. The Jesuit Father Franco has written a brief explanation of this decree to a certain religious superior who was greatly worried about its true meaning.

Homilies for All Sundays and Feasts of Obligation, by Rev. I. L. Gondal, S.S. (Paris: P. Lethielleux.) This "aid to the preacher" is one of the best works of its kind that we have read for many a day. Each chapter is divided into three parts, viz.: First, the text of the Sunday Gospel in Latin and French; second, a brief exegesis of the text; and, third, an analysis of the most striking sermons of the chief French pulpit orators. The learned Superior of the Seminary of Toulouse has written a book which we would gladly welcome in an English dress.

Addresses to Young Men, by Rev. Paul Lallemand. (Paris: Pierre Téqui.) The French Oratorian, Father Lallemand, has published three volumes of simple, devout, and eloquent addresses to young men, inculcating the love of God and the love of country. We enjoyed particularly his sketches of Admiral Bergasse and Father Márchal, and his brief talks on *Christmas, Catholic France,* and *The Saints of France.*

Beyond the Tomb, by Rev. Ad. Hamon, S.J. (Paris: Pierre Téqui.) The author has written this popular treatise on the joys and happiness of heaven

to console and encourage those Christians who are tempted to doubt and despair in our unbelieving age. It is a good book to read during a retreat.

Let Us Defend Ourselves, by the Abbé Charles Grimaud. (Paris: Pierre Téqui.) The Abbé Grimaud, in these short, lively stories, warns his readers against the chief evils prevalent in France to-day. He studies in turn French infidelity, the anti-Christian school, the impious press, Socialism, race suicide, the pagan feminine movement, and the like. He shows clearly that the only remedy lies in a return to the faith of old Catholic France.

Cases of Conscience for the Laity, by Abbé L. Desbrus. (Paris: Pierre Téqui.) These two hundred questions on moral topics were originally submitted to the editor of a French Catholic paper, known as the *Apostle of the Fireside.* The author has arranged them under three headings, viz.: the Commandments of God, the Laws of the Church, and the Sacraments. It is really a Question Box of Moral Theology for the laity—clear, simple, and accurate.

The Administrative Removal of Pastors According to the Decree Maxima Cura, by Abbé A. Villien. (Paris: P. Lethielleux.) Abbé Villien, Professor of Canon Law at the Catholic Institute of Paris, has written a clear, detailed, and well-ordered commentary on the decree, *Maxima Cura,* which was issued by the Sacred Consistorial Congregation on August 20, 1910. After an historical introduction on the former laws regarding the canonical removal of pastors, the writer studies the new law in its every detail. The eight chapters of the volume treat in turn of: the causes requisite for removal; the procedure in general; the persons who must declare the removal; the request for resignation; the decree of removal; the revision of the trial; the provision made for the deposed pastor; and finally the subjects of the law. This scholarly treatise will prove invaluable to both bishops and priests who are anxious to know their rights and duties as set forth by this important law.

Meditations on the Agony of our Lord Jesus Christ, by the Abbé N. Laux. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. 1 *fr.*) The Abbé Laux in these meditations has in view the Sisters of the Holy Agony, and the confraternity of that name founded by the Abbé Nicolle. They are arranged in the form of a novena preparatory to the feast of the Holy Agony, a Holy Hour for each week, and a short prayer for each day. The devotion seeks to make reparation for insults offered to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

Histoire De la Philosophie Ancienne, by Gaston Sortais. (Paris: P. Lethielleux.) Gaston Sortais has published the first volume of his history of philosophy. It embraces four periods: Classic Antiquity, the Patristic Epoch, Mediæval Philosophy, and the Renaissance. The author refers continually in a series of cross references to his well-known *Traité de Philosophie* for a fuller treatment of the systems he so accurately and tersely describes. The best part of his work is his discussion of the origin, development, and decadence of Scholasticism. We call especial attention to his brief sketches of the life and writings of St. Bonaventure, Albert the Great, and St. Thomas, and the controversies that arose when the Angelic Doctor first baptized Aristotle. Each period has its special bibliography, and at the end he gives a most excellent and complete bibliography of some seventy-eight pages. Indeed the whole volume is far above the average "farrago manualium," which a famous professor at the Catholic University, Dr. Bouquillon, used to stigmatize as the curse of our modern age. Gaston Sortais is always accurate, critical, and suggestive. He is very brief at times but never vague; he quotes hundreds of his predecessors, but is never the slave of their opinions. Every professor of philosophy will be glad to put such a volume in the hands of his pupils. With such a guide his own labors will become comparatively easy.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Catholic Church in 1913. By Very Rev. James MacCaffrey. The most notable event of the year, especially at this time when religion is being attacked by so many adversaries, and the freedom of the Church and of the Holy See is being restricted day by day, was the celebration of the sixteenth centenary of Constantine's Edict of Milan. The Italian government has refused to grant Monsignor Caron permission to take possession of his see at Genoa, and has tolerated acts of rowdyism at the very doors of the Vatican. Pius X. not desiring the establishment of a purely Catholic party in Italy, the efforts of the Catholic Electoral Union were directed to securing pledges from the candidates that they would not support anti-religious legislators and laws; these pledges were given by two hundred and twenty-eight Liberals; Mayor Nathan of Rome and his followers had to resign in a body. The reorganization and improvement of the seminaries in Italy should do much to advance culture and to strengthen faith. In France the burning question has been that of education, the Catholic schools so increasing that in some places the State schools are practically deserted. A most violently anti-Catholic bill in this connection is now before the Chamber of Deputies. Some hospital Sisters have been allowed to return, as at Grenoble and Marseilles; the State has made partial provision for the repair of churches not classed as historical monuments; and there has been encouraging activity among the Catholics. In seven years fifty-six new churches have been erected in Paris or its suburbs.

In Spain the hoped-for complete reconciliation with Rome has not been effected; the powerful opposition to a scheme for purely secular education has caused the government to reconsider its plans. In Portugal the dominant party has grown ever more bitter toward the Church, while the entire episcopate and almost the entire clergy remain unswervingly loyal to Rome. The general condition of the people grows daily worse. In Belgium the strike proved very partial, because the workmen of the Catholic democratic societies refused to "down tools." The Prime Minister has introduced a bill to secure equal financial treatment for the voluntary and communal schools. In Germany the relations of the Centre Party with

the Chancellor have been strained; the annual Catholic Congress at Metz was preceded by a parade of thirty thousand workmen. Its president urged union among Catholic forces according to the Papal policy. In Holland the development of the Catholic Social Action organization, begun in 1905, is noteworthy. In the United States occurred the assembly of the Federation of Catholic Societies at Milwaukee, with Archbishop Ireland's striking address; the Catholic University Summer School for teaching Sisters, and coöperation of the University with Louvain in publishing the works of the Oriental Fathers; the Missionary Congress at Boston. In Australia the school question has been to the fore. In England occurred the conversions at Caldey. Ireland sent its first national pilgrimage to Lourdes; Dr. Harty was made Archbishop of Cashel and Emly, in place of Dr. Fennelly retired for ill-health; and the long-protracted labor difficulty in Dublin showed the need of social reform along Catholic lines, and the formation of organizations on the plan of the Catholic Trade Unionists' Society of England.—*The Irish Ecclesiastical Record,* January.

The Situation in Finland. By Jacques de Coussange. Occasionally events in Finland show the struggle she is making against Russian tyranny. The situation there is most complex. There are two races, the Swedes and the Finns, the latter forming eighty-seven per cent of the population, the former twelve. Public officials have to know both languages and Russian. There are four political parties: the Swedish, representing liberal and reforming capitalists, and possessing as delegates in the Chamber men of wealth, culture, and oratorical ability; the old Finns, recruited among the peasants and the priests, willing to make concessions to Russia to secure the preponderance of the Finns; the young Finns, the radicals defending the interests of the intellectual proletariat; and the ever-increasing Socialists, occupied above all with agrarian reforms, because composed mostly of small farmers whose lot is most miserable. Feminism has been widely adopted since the prominent part taken by women in the resistance offered to Russia from 1899 to 1905; women are engaged in every profession, vote and hold office. Religion is practically dead, though the State Lutheran Church preserves an important material and social place; the situation of the Catholic Church is very precarious. The best client of Finland is England, to whom she sells her excellent butter; Germany has furnished her with merchants, with the scientific

training of her clergy and teachers, and with Socialism. This German invasion is little to Russia's liking; the latter is striving for protection on the west of Finland. Fearing a possible future uprising, she has forbidden the formation of boy scouts, and in every way she is working for the incorporation and Russification of this captive land.—*Le Correspondant,* December.

The Franco-Russian Alliance. Anon. Russia is now debtor to France for over seventeen billion francs. In November, 1913, M. Kokovtzoff, Minister of Finance, announced that he had negotiated another loan of five hundred million francs for railroads. The truth is that the loan calls for five hundred million francs a year for five years, and probably even more. Now in this marriage of the nations, wherein France furnishes the dowry, Russia is supposed to furnish the military strength. But what are the facts? Although, as may be seen from the tables here given showing military strength, Russia is numerically far superior to Germany and Austria, yet practically she would be of little use to France in case Germany declared war. Both Germany and France could mobilize and concentrate their troops within two weeks; the mass of the German army is now gathered near, and evidently against, France. The troops of Russia are scattered; and on account of the lack of railroad and telegraph connections, they could not be made effective until the second month after the declaration of war. Meanwhile, Germany could easily hold at bay the troops on the Russian frontier, and even do much damage to means of communication, while at the same time crushing France. It is only the part of prudence and justice, therefore, that France should demand a voice in the location of the Russian troops and her railroad and telegraph lines. This article, with numerous tables and six maps, covers fifty-four pages. —*Le Correspondant,* December 25.

A Catholic Doctor in Russia. By Stanislas Tyszkiewicz. Frederick Peter Haas was born in Münster, the son of a pharmacist. He studied medicine, beginning his private practice at the age of twenty-two years. The Russian Prince Repnine, on his way to Vienna, fell ill, and was speedily brought back to health by the brilliant young doctor, whom he induced to accompany him. At Moscow he practised with great success for the next five years, giving his services gratuitously to the poor. The fame of the doctor reached St. Petersburg, and he was made chief physician in the

Pavlovskaïa Bolnitsa Hospital. Appointed to the Commission on Prisons, he set at work to abolish the unhuman methods in use in the prisons.

Another great work was his establishment of a hospital for the sick who were on their way to exile in Siberia. Owing to the crowded conditions in the prisons, it had been the custom to send the sick first on the long journey to exile, in order to make room for more prisoners. Dr. Haas decided to change all this, and established a hospital, where he not only attended to their physical ailments, but strengthened them spiritually by his kindly talks, the source of which was the Holy Scriptures. Not only the Siberian exiles received his attention, but even the inmates of the city prison, whose intercourse with the outside world had been completely broken off. Again, in spite of the fiercest opposition, he established an agency to hear their complaints, and an intercessor to plead their cause, but the personality and personal efforts of Dr. Haas was the vivifying principle at all times.

Ever mindful of the spiritual concerns of the condemned, he taught the unlettered to read, distributed copies of the Psalter and the Gospels, and finally he compiled a little book entitled *The Alphabet of Christian Morality,* composed of texts of Holy Scripture, to which were added commentaries by St. Francis of Sales.

During epidemics the Russian government has never been able to control its subjects. The latter give vent to their rage, first at the officials, then the doctors, and lastly the clergy. During the cholera epidemic of 1848, Dr. Haas was the only one who could gain the control of the people. A man of deepest faith all through his life, his death on August 16, 1853, could be nothing else than edifying. The grief of the people was widespread, twenty thousand followed his remains to the grave. To-day in the farthest extremes of Siberia there are families who treasure his saintly memory.—*Études,* December 20.

The Popes and Ritual Murder. By F. Vernet. The recent trial at Kieff, Russia, has opened up this question of ritual murder of Christians by Jews. What has been the attitude of the Church, especially of the Popes, on this question? Innocent IV. appears to have been the first pontiff to investigate the matter, and there is extant an encyclical of his to the Archbishop of Vienna, in which he maintained that the charge of ritual murder brought against the Jews was utterly false. A bull of the same Pope six years later

(1253) is even more explicit. In the same century (1272) Pope Gregory X. issued a defence of the Jews. Other pontiffs, though not treating expressly of this question of ritual murder, have been very favorably disposed towards the Jews, for example, Martin V. and Nicholas V. In the eighteenth century Pope Benedict XIV. was called upon to suppress local cults in honor of children murdered by Jews. There is documentary evidence, even one document which claims to have papal authority, testifying to belief in the Jewish practice of ritual murder; but no Pope ever made the charge that ritual murder of Christians was part of the liturgy of the Jews. —*Revue Pratique d'Apologétique,* December 15.

Apprenticeship in France. By Et. Martin Saint-Léon. Formal apprenticeship, made stable by a written contract, is growing more and more rare in France. Parents want their children to earn a salary as soon as possible; young people do not want to room or board with their employers, or to be subject to their correction; employers will not undertake the old responsibilities. Out of nine hundred thousand young workmen under eighteen years of age, hardly eighty thousand are receiving a technical education, hardly fifty thousand are true apprentices. The quality of work done is consequently lowered. Apprenticeship can be restored only if made obligatory, but this is impossible. Technical education must, therefore, be given in the schools. The writer favors the plan of communal schools, supported half by the government and the commune, half by the employers who have no apprentices. These schools should be gradually introduced as needed and as circumstances allow. Their establishment should be entrusted to professional associations, composed of employers and employees and, possibly, communal officials.—*Revue du Clergé Français,* December 15.

The Tablet (December 27): *Catholic Emigrants in Canada:* Thirty-six thousand Catholic emigrants from various countries landed in Quebec in less than seven months last year. The problem of providing religious attention for them is serious. At present a large majority settle in colonies, and priests of their own nationality cannot be provided. To provide for the future the Seminary at Quebec has been turned into a school of languages. The Catholic Immigration Society of Canada aims to guide those who come. The many provisions made by the Society for caring for the incomers' spiritual needs are detailed.——*Literary Notes:* W. H. K.,

writing on the Home Rule question, notes that one great Englishman, a deep thinker, unmoved by party bias, Cardinal Newman, grasped the real meaning of the Irish problem, and in 1881 wrote that Home Rule from the very nature of the Irish people seemed inevitable.——The *Osservatore Romano,* approving of the declarations made at the Social Week in Milan by the Archbishop of Udine and Count della Torre on the question of the temporal power, denies any contradiction between the two speeches, denies that their words represented renunciations or proposals made by the Holy See. The incident shows that the temporal power need not be the only solution of the Roman question; efforts to find another solution have hitherto been fruitless, but further efforts are not only not forbidden but are encouraged. The remodelling of the Law of Guarantees on some kind of international basis, might secure the Pope's liberty and independence.

(January 3): Very Rev. Vincent McNabb, O.P., contributes some suggestions *Towards Social Thinking.——The Power of a Uniform Doctrine:* Mr. Hilliard Atteridge replies to the theory "that a great Church propagating Christianity in the wilds of the world (in China and in Mohammedan countries) cannot be thus definite in its standard of belief and practice," with figures showing that the Church which has been definite has had the greatest success. "In China the Roman Catholic missionaries have now a million and three-quarters of converts, including at one end of the scale men of the lettered class and at the other the aboriginal tribesmen of the Yunnan hill country, and the nomads of the Mongolian steppe." The official returns of all Protestant bodies, including Anglican, gives "a total for the heralds of the vaguer gospel" of three hundred and twenty-four thousand adherents, of whom only one hundred and sixty-seven thousand "are claimed as baptized Christians."

The Month (January): Rev. A. L. Cortie presents the arguments for *The Origin of the Sun and Stars* from primitive nebulæ, with photographic plates.——Hilaire Belloc re-asserts, against Mr. Henry Somerville in the December *Month,* that he does regard the general policy of a minimum wage as a very definite approach toward the servile state, wherein compulsory labor reigns. His arguments are: First, the minimum wage excluding from employment, as it does, by positive law, all those whose employment at a minimum wage would cause a loss, condemns these to some form of compulsory labor or to death. Secondly, the minimum wage, though

not *by definition* a maximum wage, (a) rapidly tends to become *in practice* a maximum wage, and (b) tends to put the direction and conditions of labor, as the producer of profits for capital, under the courts, and, therefore, under compulsion.——The Rev. Sydney F. Smith describes the perplexity in which the Anglican Church finds itself because of *Reunion at Kikuyu.*——On the occasion of *The Centenary of the Restoration of the Society of Jesus,* the Rev. J. H. Pollen relates the circumstances of that famous act of Pius VII., and sketches the growth and activity of the Society, particularly in England, during the century.

The Dublin Review (January): Wilfrid Ward contributes personal reminiscences of Richard Holt Hutton, particularly as regards his literary and personal sympathies and his religious convictions.——*Psychology in the Concrete,* thinks Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J., is strikingly illustrated in three recent novels which he summarizes: *L'Homme de Désir,* by Valléry Radot; *Jean Christophe,* by Romain Rolland; and *Sinister Street,* by Compton Mackenzie.——The Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott describes the life and work of Frédéric Ozanam.——Six authors, Miss Cholmondeley, Mrs. W. Ward, John Ayscough, A. C. Benson, Monsignor Benson, and G. K. Chesterton review their own recent works, and tell their purpose in writing them.——Under the heading *Catholic Progress in the Study of Scripture,* a long review is given to *The Catholic Student's Aids to the Bible,* by Father Hugh Pope, O.P., and the names of many of the leading French and German writers and works on scriptural subjects.——Countless books and pamphlets, says Mr. James Britten, have been written during comparatively recent years on the continuity of the Established Church of England with the pre-Reformation Church. He undertakes a comparison of later times, and points out in detail the contrast both as to doctrine and as to ritual between the position which the Sacrament of the Eucharist now occupies in the Established Church, and that which it held from the Reformation down to the middle of the nineteenth century.——Hilaire Belloc exposes the historical errors and anti-Christian animus of Professor Bury's *History of the Freedom of Thought.*

Le Correspondant (December 25): Édouard Delepouve describes old French Christmas plays and carols, and urges a return to the use of them.——Gustave Gautherot chronicles the ravages

wrought during the great Revolution, by citizens embittered against royalty, at the Louvre, Versailles, and Fontainebleau.——André Bellessort tries to fathom the character of "the mysterious Racine," his relations with the Port Royalists, his love affairs, his dramas, and his conversion.

Études (December 20): Ferdinand Prat, commenting on the recent decree of the Biblical Commission as to the authorship of the Third Gospel and the Acts of the Apostles, shows the unanimous tradition which ascribed both these works to one and the same author, St. Luke; notes his capabilities as a historian and as a writer; and points out the *a priori* and unscientific methods employed by some rationalistic critics in attacking these works.——Pierre Suan contributes a eulogy of an historical work in two massive volumes on the great theologian François Suarez, S.J., by Père Raoul de Scorraille.——Joseph Boubée describes *Catholicism and Public Life* in Argentina.

(January 5): The editorial staff makes an indignant reply to those few publicists who have been denouncing all persons, papers, parties, movements designed to defend the Church in its religious, social, and political relations.——Léonce de Grandmaison begins his proposed work on our Lord.——Camille Torrend describes the history and present situation of the religious crisis in Portugal.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (January 1): Francis Vincent describes *The Religious Thought of Maurice Barrès,* especially as judged from his latest, much-discussed book *La Colline Inspirée.* M. Vincent believes that Barrès is working towards Catholicism, but doubts his actual conversion; the Christ of Barrès, he fears, is only that of Renan; his Church only a grand human dream.——F. Pinardel reviews the story of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, apropos of two recent books by Hauser and de Vaissière, which are devoted to the circumstances immediately preceding that event.

Recent Events.

France.

France continues to be afflicted by instability of government. Since the election of M. Poincaré as President a year ago, there have been no fewer than three Cabinets. The new Cabinet, of which M. Doumergue is the head, represents a radical departure in policy from that of its two predecessors. These were animated to a greater or less degree by what is called the spirit of *l'apaisement,* the desire, that is, to treat all Frenchmen fairly, whether they be Catholic or infidel, whether they belong to the Right or the Left, maintaining at the same time republican institutions and the secular character of school teaching. The new Cabinet represents those who profess to be the only orthodox Republicans, and look upon their opponents as more or less unfaithful and untrustworthy. In their eyes, the President himself is *mal élu.* M. Doumergue, the Prime Minister, is a Protestant, belonging to a family which has always preserved a keen remembrance of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The Minister of Finance is M. Caillaux, who has succeeded M. Combes as the leader of the Radicals, and who on the eve of his appointment publicly declared that, if the Catholics continued to give trouble in the State management of the schools, he would advocate the complete suppression of Catholic schools. Among the members of the Cabinet is included M. Viviani, who boasted that he and his friends were engaged "in a work of irreligion," and that "they had extinguished in heaven lights that would never be relit." To M. Viviani has been entrusted the Ministry of Education. In other respects the members are divided: some are defenders of the three years' service law, others have expressed the purpose of gradually returning to two years' service, and of supplanting the present military organization by what is called the nation in arms. Some are in favor of proportional representation; others are against it. Behind the Cabinet is M. Clemenceau. In fact he was the chief influence in its formation, and will, so long as it conforms to his wishes, be its chief mainstay. M. Jaurès, the leader of the Collective Socialists, is also a warm supporter.

The chief preoccupation of France at the present time is the financial situation. In the opinion of M. Ribot, the present crisis

is more serious than any which France has faced since 1871. Various statements of the amount of the deficit for the years 1914 and 1915 have been given. The last, made by M. Caillaux, makes the deficit for 1914 to be one hundred and forty-three millions of dollars, while for 1915, apart from forty-five millions of expenditure on Morocco, there will be a deficit of ninety millions. Estimates of the non-recurring army expenditure also differ; but perfect certainty exists about the necessity of raising a vast additional sum. This will be done partly by loans and partly by additional taxation. The proposals of the late government have been withdrawn by the new Cabinet. Its own proposals are still uncertain; they will include, however, according to M. Caillaux, the taxation of acquired wealth and an income tax. The singular point was brought out in the course of debate, that the poor man was taxed more and the rich man less in France than in England.

M. Briand is not going to acquiesce in the defeat of the policy of *l'apaisement,* of which he was the originator. He has begun a campaign in view of the elections which are to take place next May, and many prominent men, and indeed several of the groups into which politicians are divided, have rallied to his support, and have formed a combination which is expected to be a new force in French politics. There are those who see signs that the outcome may be two main parties, similar to those which so long existed in England. This would undoubtedly conduce to greater stability. M. Briand thinks it necessary for the Republic, if it is to survive, to have an ideal. It cannot live, he says, on anticlericalism alone. This ideal he finds in the organization of labor, the moulding of the turbulent labor unions, so as to permit them to progress in order; the giving rights of property to bodies now being created by modern evolution. This ideal is impossible in a country where artificial hatred is ranging citizen against citizen. Hence the necessity for conciliation. "The country is tired," he says, "of a policy carried out by bludgeoning." The programme, as promulgated by the committee of the new party, is firm on the intangibility of all secular education; on the maintenance of three years' service; it insists on the necessity of electoral reform with the representation of minorities; and concludes with a stirring appeal to the country to unite in order to free itself from the oppressive yoke of local tyranny.

Two recent incidents show the spirit which animates the French political world. Last June, M. Briand met with a serious accident

while riding in an automobile with a friend. Every effort was made not to let it be known who this friend was. It has at last come out that it was M. Willm, a leading Socialist belonging to the party of which M. Jaurès is the leader. The result has been that a violent campaign has been waged in his constituency against the delinquent Socialist for thus betraying the cause. The party has been called upon formally to expel him, and rather than allow his personal friendship to be thus dictated, M. Willm has resigned from the party.

On Christmas Day the President, M. Poincaré, gave an entertainment to some four thousand children, of which a Christmas tree and conjuring were features. Thereupon the syndicate of school teachers made a public protest, in which they severely criticized the President's action. They compared the Christmas tree and the conjuring to the *panem et circenses* of the Cæsars, and expressed their disapproval of the "revival of the practices of ancient Rome, when the Emperors to strengthen their popularity offered games to the people."

The relations of France with foreign Powers have undergone no material change. The *entente cordiale* with Great Britain remains so strong that the hopes of the supporters of a tunnel beneath the Channel have been revived, and efforts are being made to overcome the resistance of those among the British who glory in their insularity. The coöperation of France with Germany during the Balkan crisis has tended to diminish the normal coolness of their relations, and this has led to friendly negotiations on several questions at issue. The restraint of the French press during the recent incidents in Alsace was very marked. With Italy, however, there is a slight change for the worse. While the governments of both countries make the usual professions of undiminished confidence in one another, between the press of each there has been waging a newspaper warfare. The French press accuses Italy of having made a secret agreement with its partners in the Triple Alliance, the result of which would be to destroy the power of the French navy in the Eastern Mediterranean; an allegation which is as warmly denied by the Italian press.

Germany.

The censure passed by the Reichstag upon the Chancellor has not, for the time being, produced the constitutional crisis which at one time seemed probable, although there are those who think that

this may yet come. The position of the Chancellor with reference to the Reichstag is not, theoretically, one of dependence upon its good will. Indirectly, however, the Reichstag may render his position untenable. In the event of its refusing to pass the estimates, or any other important government proposals, a deadlock would be produced, and unless the Chancellor were a Bismarck, or some equally necessary man, he would have to yield his place to someone who would be better able to achieve results. To bring about this situation was the aim of the Social Democrats, but the Centre Party, and the Radicals, who had joined the Social Democrats in passing the vote of censure, refused to coöperate in bringing about a crisis. The estimates were voted, the Reichstag adjourned, and Herr von Bethmann Hollweg, although formally censured for his unsatisfactory explanation of the Zabern affair, still remains Chancellor of the German Empire.

This affair has, however, brought clearly to light the arrogant pretensions of the army, and has led to a salutary lesson being given to this would-be all-dominant factor. The Prussian War Minister, speaking in the Reichstag, claimed for the soldiers practical immunity in doing as they pleased. However bad the insults any officer should think fit to offer to the population in the midst of which his regiment was dwelling, these insults must be passed over in respectful silence, must not on any account even be mentioned. It was to the army that the German Empire owed its existence. "If it had not been for the army, there would not be a single stone of the proud building" in which the War Minister was speaking. The conclusions drawn by the War Minister from this premise, was that the sense of honor of each individual soldier must be protected at all costs. This exposition of the relative positions of the civil and military authorities, to say nothing of the rights of the people, met with the censure of all parties in the Reichstag, except the Conservative. A member of the Centre said that it sounded like an utterance from another and, presumably, a lower world; and that if it represented the view of the highest authority, there were black days in store for the German Empire.

A still clearer expression of the views entertained by soldiers was given after Lieutenant von Forstner had been sentenced to prison by a military court for having assaulted and wounded a shoemaker. This sentence was inflicted, although the accused alleged that he had received special orders not to stand any insults on the part of the civil population. The Colonel in command gave

evidence that he had informed the civil authority that he had instructed his officers to compel respect in all circumstances. The fact that Lieutenant von Forstner was convicted by a military court, shows of course that all soldiers are not so overweening in their pretensions. This it was that led to the protest of no less a person than the Police President of Berlin, Herr von Jagow. He went to the length of asserting that military exercises are acts of sovereignty, in other words, that the soldiers in the exercise of their functions are supreme. All obstacles, therefore, placed in the way of their performance must, the Police President argued, be removed in the execution of this sovereignty. No prosecution was permissible. This was the law in Prussia: if it was not the same in the Empire, the Imperial ought to be made conformable to the Prussian law, and this as speedily as possible. It is only fair to say that Herr von Jagow's views met with the approval of only the Conservatives; in fact wide indignation was manifested, his superiors being called upon to take action. The organs of the Centre Party were specially outspoken in their condemnation of pretensions which have been outgrown by modern civilization. The army, however, holds a position of great influence in the German Empire. Hence the fact that views of this kind are held, even if it be by a minority, gives good reason for some anxiety. The incidents at Zabern and other places in Alsace prove how superficial is its Germanization. Herr von Jagow characterized indeed the province as almost an enemy's country. This, however, would seem to be an exaggeration of the real state of things.

The end of the year saw the Triple Alliance in full vigor and force. The events which took place during the Balkan crisis demonstrated, in the view of the German Chancellor, that its solidarity was established more firmly than ever. This solidarity, however, has been quite compatible with loyal coöperation with England, and with friendly relations with Russia. All the Powers, indeed, worked together for the maintenance of peace during the trying period which has just passed. Germany's intention is to work in the same spirit until all remaining questions have been settled. There is no doubt that for some time the relations of Germany with Great Britain have been changing for the better. Mutual trust, according to the Chancellor, now characterizes those relations. This makes it probable that a settlement of various questions will soon be made, particularly that of the Baghdad Railway. Much the same may be said of the relations between France and Germany. Coöperation

for the maintenance of peace in Europe has been followed by negotiation for the settlement of their mutual interests in Turkey.

A letter written by the Chancellor last June to a distinguished German historian, has given considerable umbrage to the military press, which says that it suggests that the Chancellor would do better as a university professor. It may serve the good purpose of helping to form a public opinion which will hold in check the influence of the military element. In this letter the Chancellor says that the Germans are a young people, with perhaps a too innocent belief in force, and too little appreciation of the finer methods. They do not yet know that force alone has never been able to maintain what force has won. What is chiefly necessary is that the German people should be awakened to this fact, for the government cannot accomplish its task without the constant support and coöperation of the educated classes. A truth stated by so unbiased an authority, stands a chance of getting a fairer consideration than would have been given to it if any lesser authority had given it utterance.

Austria-Hungary. After a suspension which lasted more than eighteen months, constitutional government has been restored in Croatia. The regulations regarding the press censorship and the right of public meeting no longer remain in force. The enforcement of the Magyar language on the railways of Croatia in 1907 was the starting point of the conflict which led to the suspension. The restoration of normal conditions has been brought about by a compromise. A new Diet has been elected. Its first session was characterized by stormy scenes. Automobile horns, drums, and whistles were brought into use to reinforce the arguments of the opposition. The possession of the presidential chair was contested by two candidates, and it was not until the early morning that this question was settled. Scenes of this character tend to discredit parliamentary government; but when its very existence is at the mercy of a superior, it can scarcely be looked upon as a real parliament. Its members lose their sense of responsibility, and even of self-respect.

Treason trials are of frequent recurrence in the Dual Monarchy. A few years ago some hundreds were tried at Agram on this charge; at Marmaros Sziget in Hungary eighty-three Ruthenians have recently been brought before a special court, charged with having endeavored to bring the region inhabited by Greek Catholic Ruthenians under Russia rule. Russians are accused of

having sent emissaries among the Ruthenians in order to convert them to the Russian Church, as a preliminary to their coming under Russian rule.

In the Austrian Parliament, for several weeks legislate work was almost completely paralyzed by the obstruction of the Ruthenian members. At last a sense of the danger involved in such proceedings to parliamentary government led to their abandonment. The fact that the Bohemian Constitution is still suspended, while that of Galicia is threatened with the same fate, has tended to inspire a spirit of caution in the Austrian legislators.

The Cabinet of Count Tisza still remains in office, the day of retribution for its violent proceedings being deferred.

Italy.

The Italian Chamber has been the scene of tumult and disorder, caused by the efforts of the Socialists to obstruct its proceedings. There have been repeated scenes, and on one occasion the session had to be suspended. By a vote of three hundred and sixty-two to ninety, with thirteen abstentions, the confidence of the Chamber in Signor Giolitti has been declared; and it would seem that his position may be looked upon as secure. For the last thirteen years he has been frequently, although not continuously, Premier, and has nominated nearly all the Senators, Prefects, and Privy Councillors. And yet he is not looked upon as a man of principle, but as an adroit manager making concessions in order to obtain support. The insurance monopoly law and universal suffrage were the fruits of this policy. He does not, however, seem to have conciliated the Socialists, to judge by the way which they have been acting since the Chamber opened. Students of Italian internal affairs look with apprehension to the future on account of the growing influence of these extremists. It was the one party which increased its strength at the recent election, and the fact that the new suffrage law has given to the illiterate majority the control of affairs, has added to the danger; for it is to the uninstructed that the appeal of the Socialist appears the most plausible.

The great question for Italy now is what she will do about the Ægean Islands, about a dozen of which she is in possession. These she is bound by the Treaty of Lausanne to give up to Turkey, when certain conditions have been fulfilled. In the view of the disinterested, these conditions have been fulfilled, but Italy, is still blind to the fact, and there is reason to think that this blindness will

last some time. The possession of these islands is one of the questions left by Turkey to the adjudication of the Powers.

During the progress of the war in Tripoli, assurances were repeatedly made that its cost would be defrayed out of savings which the government had been able to make. Surprise was felt at the time, and the statement was received with some incredulity. Now the truth has come out. In the financial statement recently made by the Minister for the Treasury, the cost of the war is given as one hundred and ninety millions of dollars. Hope was expressed that some fifty millions of this would be met by the ordinary resources of the budget, but for fifty millions it would be necessary to raise an internal loan, while the balance, amounting to nearly eighty-nine millions, would be left to the augmented resources of future budgets.

Russia.

On the surface political calm continues in Russia, but there is good reason to think that there is a more or less widespread discontent, and that with just reason. Since the Tsar's Manifesto of October, 1905, which was to have inaugurated a new era, over forty thousand persons have been sentenced for political offences, of whom ten thousand are confined in the hard labor prisons; the prisoners are starved and ill-treated, and become the victims of all kinds of epidemics; many commit suicide as the only way of escape; of the political exiles that are deported to Siberia, the majority perish for want of food, clothing, and housing.

The Octobrist Party in the Duma has lost faith in the government, of which it has hitherto been the chief support. It has passed a series of resolutions criticizing the Council of the Empire as obstructive to legislation, demanding inviolability of the person, and freedom of conscience, speech, meeting, and association, the abolition of government by exceptional laws, and the guaranteed freedom of parliamentary elections. The party declares that the policy of the government is in entire opposition to the spirit of the Imperial Manifesto, and that in consequence the country is full of angry murmurings and discontent, fed by revolutionary organizations.

The suppression of the covenanted liberties of Finland still continue. Last September sixteen members of the Supreme Court of Appeals at Viborg were aroused from their slumbers and deported to St. Petersburg. Early in December the three principal editors of a leading journal were ordered, in violation of Finnish

law, to leave Helsingfors, on account of certain outspoken articles. The measure of the liberty accorded to the press for the whole of Russia, may be judged by the fact that the Council of Ministers has recently published a list of no fewer than thirteen subjects about which the press is forbidden to publish any news. It is only fair to to say, however, that this prohibition is confined to matters affecting the national defence, and is issued under the provisions of the Espionage Law of July 18, 1912. The fact that the relations between Great Britain and Russia are now of the most cordial character, makes British journalists more ready than they were in the days of old to turn a blind eye to the dark spots in Russia. Another reason for this reticence is the effort which is now being made by British capitalists to develop Russian resources, and to secure a share in Russian trade.

Portugal.

While the treatment of the Portuguese political prisoners has been in some degree mitigated, it is still so far from that which is tolerable in a civilized country, that steps are on the point of being taken to bring to bear upon the Republican government that force of British public opinion which proved so effective in bringing an end to the atrocities on the Congo. Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, was the first to call attention to this matter, and has been most energetic and untiring in her efforts to bring about a practical result. A meeting is to be held in London, which will be addressed by leading members of both political parties, to advocate the cause of the unfortunate sufferers. The hope that the Republic would bring the blessings of freedom to a country which has suffered so long the evils of bad government, has now been abandoned. "Espionage, treachery, illegal arrest, and detention without trial have become the established conditions of government as it is now carried on. The prisons are filled with protesting Republicans, no less than suspected Royalists. The Carbonarios (an army of paid spies who now rule their masters) do their deadly work with a thoroughness which terrorizes the entire population." These facts, the Duchess declares, have now been fully established. The President of the Republic himself advocated a year ago the granting of a general amnesty. The government, however, turned a deaf ear. Let us hope the agitation in England may strengthen his hands.

With Our Readers.

WHEN it is said that the defenders, within the Anglican Church, of the Kikuyu compromise are "Protestantizing" that Church, we feel that an injustice is being done to Protestantism. It would be more just to say they are *rationalizing* it, for the Protestant sects still stand for something, even though it be, in many cases, a sorry remnant of the Christian creed. The Kikuyu compromise brings out more and more clearly that the Anglican Church as a Church stands for nothing. There is not one definite Christian teaching on which anyone can imagine the Anglican Church taking a determined stand, and staking its existence.

* * * *

THE present discussion has revealed the overpowering strength of the Low Church or "Protestant" party, and the fact that the vast majority desire neither discussion nor settlement of any disputed point, but rather a latitudinarian, rationalizing comprehension that would include skeptic, theist, and Christian.

* * * *

OF course the real truth of the matter is that the Anglican Church is subject to, and depends on, the civil law of England. Ultimately it has as much, and as little, stability as, for example, the American tariff. A manufacturer who had influence with the members of Congress, might succeed in having his particular line of goods declared free of duty. Likewise members of the Anglican Church might, if the Commons and Lords were willing—and now possibly if the latter were not—secure the passage of some statement on Christian doctrine or morality. If the Commons were unwilling, all the members of that Church might "cry till heaven's great ear be deaf," and cry in vain. Whatever the law of the land forbade, would be forbidden to their Church; whatever the law decreed, the same would have to be accepted by their Church. If we may, without irreverence, paraphrase the words of our Blessed Savior, we might say that the civil power of England says to the Church by law established: "All power is mine in heaven and on earth. Teach you the nations as I direct." And the *Ecclesia Anglicana* has for centuries "glorified God Who has given such power to men."

* * * *

LET us take an example. Sometime ago a married man, a member of the Anglican Church, was divorced or obtained a divorce, and remarried. When he presented himself later for communion in his

parish church he was refused. He appealed to the courts. The courts decided his divorce was legal, his second marriage was legal—in fact the man was altogether legal, and had every claim to belong to England's legal Church. The court so decreed, and the minister of the Anglican Church gave the man communion. The logic of it all is crystal clear, but nothing like Christianity, nor a revealed Word of God, nor a Church protected and safeguarded by His Spirit, nor definite teaching on things eternal, enters into it.

* * * *

IF one tries to inject some principles of eternal truth he is reprimanded for his pains. The Bishop of Oxford wrote that "this indiscriminate giving of communion to Non-conformists involved principles so totally subversive of Catholic order and doctrine as to be strictly intolerable." *The Spectator* answers and says that the Bishop of Oxford is in this "setting himself against the essential spirit of the Church of England as by law established—the spirit of inclusion and comprehension. Not only does the law of the land prevent those who conscientiously desire to be included in the Church of England from being driven from it on grounds of religious opinion, but the best minds and souls in the Church have always supported the law of the land in that respect.....

* * * *

"THE law of the land, *i. e.*, the fact of establishment, has saved the Church and maintained the policy of the open door....." And if conscience should perchance urge Bishop Gore to leave the Anglican Church because no authority therein can be found to condemn the action of the Bishop of Mombasa, love for England will hold him back. "When it comes to the point," says *The Spectator,* "there will be found enough of the true English spirit in them (Bishop Gore and his sympathizers), the spirit of comprehension and compromise, to hold them back."

But even if the true English spirit did not hold steadfast, and Bishop Gore and a few other bishops were to secede, it would not "seriously affect the National Church." The vast majority of the English laity, and even of the English laity who hold High Church doctrines, are in strong sympathy with rationalistic practice, are at heart inspired with the true spirit of the Church of England—the spirit of comprehension.

* * * *

"THE giving of communion by an Anglican Bishop to Non-conformists is not a point of policy, but a point of law. Here those who are indignant with the Bishop of Mombasa are either ignorant of the law, or else, unfortunately, are governed by motives of conscience

which place them in direct opposition to the law of the land and the law of the Establishment. The more the legal aspect is discussed, the more clear must it become that neither at home nor abroad is any bishop or clergyman of the Church of England guilty of any offence, civil or ecclesiastical, in giving communion to unconfirmed Non-conformists, or even to persons alleged to hold heretical views..... It is, indeed, we believe, no exaggeration to say that every layman has a statutory right to receive the communion in his parish church, and that no question as to the doctrines or dogmas which he holds being those of the Church of England, or as to his adhesion to any other religious body, can be entertained by the clergyman as a ground for excluding him from the sacrament."

* * * *

THE only "Branch" theory that may be applied to the *Ecclesia Anglicana* is that it is a branch of the legislative power of Great Britain.

OUR joyful congratulations are extended to *The Month* on the completion of its fiftieth year. *The Month,* in reviewing its history, places the founding of THE CATHOLIC WORLD in the same year—1864, and extends to us its congratulations. We are grateful for them, but we are a year younger than *The Month,* THE CATHOLIC WORLD having been founded in April, 1865.

* * * *

FIFTY years of such loyal and intelligent leadership in Catholic journalism as the continued existence of *The Month* testifies to, is a record seldom equalled, and one of which the Society of Jesus may well be proud. Founded in July, 1864, through the inspiration and suggestion of some of the Jesuits of Farm Street, the first editor and proprietor of *The Month* was a Miss Frances Taylor. Twelve months later, it became the possession of the Society, Father Henry Coleridge being appointed editor. The present occupant of that post is his fourth successor. Despite numerous changes in complete title, bulk, price, and form (for three years it appeared bi-monthly in double numbers), it has consistently followed its original principles, namely, to express in a manner neither too technical nor too popular those "Catholic principles which made our civilization, and which alone can maintain it." Besides a change of cover, this issue sees the re-admittance of poetry into its pages (two splendid samples at the start), and the beginning of an attempt to collect references to apologetic material in contemporary Catholic magazines. The articles appearing in *The Month* are always dignified, scholarly, interesting, and timely. May it live to enjoy many other jubilees!

THE following quotation from *The London Tablet* of January 3, 1914, will, we feel, be a source of pleasure and gratification to our readers:

Among the many and universal anniversaries of this season, one anniversary, local to New York, but not unremembered in London, has come and gone. In the Christmas week of twenty-five years ago, Father Isaac Hecker died the death of the just in St. Paul's Convent in New York. He had reached man's allotted span—he was seventy years old, or, as might have been said, seventy years young. The difference between men who have genius and men who have not, is that men of genius look at things all their lives with the receptive eyes of the young. So said John Ruskin, who had some reason to know. Saints, as another great authority has said, are men of genius in religion; and though Father Hecker is not technically a saint, no one acquainted with his history will deny that sanctity and those experiences which he simply expressed when he said of his youth: "I was conscious that God was preserving me innocent with a view to some future providence." And again: "From my childhood God influenced me by an interior light, and by the interior touch of the Holy Spirit." He had that great gift—a tender heart, the possession of which in St. Vincent de Paul led his father to prophesy that he would make a good priest. The story of Father Hecker's conversion to the Catholic Church is well known; but what will never be known is the number of persons which that act has directly and indirectly influenced to imitation. The Paulist Fathers of New York have not lost their initiative with their leader; and the success of their apostolate has its highest tribute in being comparable to his own.

WE have been requested by the Reverend William H. Ketcham, President, to publish the following statement from the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian children. This statement covers the year 1913.

From Membership Fees	$11,687.57
From Special Appeal of the Bureau	10,514.81
From Marquette League, Chapels, etc.	6,331.30
From Mass Intentions	2,178.00
From Trust Legacies and Interest on Same	1,970.00
Total	$32,681.68

The needs of the missions have not decreased. The cost of living even the simple life of the missionary still exists for the one hundred and seventy priests and four hundred Sisters, as well as for the six thousand children in our Catholic boarding schools. We confidently trust that the friends of missions will continue to support this necessary and necessitous work, and that the appeal in person of the bureau lecturer will not be required.

WITH keen wit and sane judgment Agnes Repplier in the January *Atlantic* thus summarizes *Popular Education:*

This is so emphatically the children's age that a good many of us are beginning to thank God we were not born in it. The little girl who said

she wished she had lived in the time of Charles the Second, because then "education was much neglected," wins our sympathy and esteem. It is a doubtful privilege to have the attention of the civilized world focused upon us both before and after birth.

Begirt by well-wishers, hemmed in on every side by experts who speak of "child-material" as if it were raw silk or wood-pulp, how can a little boy born in this enlightened age dodge the educational influences which surround him? It is hard to be dealt with as "child-material" when one is only an ordinary little boy.

He is powerless to evade any revelations we choose to make, any facts or theories we choose to elucidate. We can teach him sex-hygiene when he is still young enough to believe that rabbits lay eggs. We can turn his work into play, and his play into work, keeping well in mind the educational value of his unconscious activities, and by careful oversight pervert a game of tag into a preparation for the business of life. We can amuse and interest him until he is powerless to amuse and interest himself. We can experiment with him according to the dictates of hundreds of rival authorities. He is in a measure at our mercy, though nature fights hard for him, safeguarding him with ignorance of our mode of thought, and indifference to our point of view.

The education of my childhood was embryonic. The education of to-day is exhaustive.

"Training for maternity" was an unused phrase, and the short views of life, more common then than now, would have robbed it of its savor. "Training for citizenship" had, so far as we were concerned, no meaning whatsoever. A little girl was a little girl, not the future mother of the race, or the future savior of the Republic. One thing at a time. Therefore no deep significance was attached to our possession of a doll, no concern was evinced over our future handling of a vote.

A happy childhood did not necessarily mean a childhood free from proudly accepted responsibility. There are few things in life so dear to girl or boy as the chance to turn to good account the splendid self-confidence of youth.

The theory that school work must appeal to a child's fluctuating tastes, must attract a child's involuntary attention, does grievous wrong to the rising generation.

Let us boldly suppose that a child is not interested—and he may conceivably weary even of films—is it then optional with him to be or not to be disorderly, and what is the effect of his disorder on other children whose tastes may differ from his own?

I am aware that it is a dangerous thing to call kindness sentimental; but our feeling that children have a right to happiness, and our sincere effort to protect them from any approach to pain, have led imperceptibly to the elimination from their lives of many strength-giving influences.

The "rights of children" include the doubtful privilege of freedom from restraint, and the doubtful boon of shelter from obligation. It seems sweeter and kinder to teach a child high principles and steadfastness of purpose by means of symbolic games than by any open exaction. Unconscious obedience, like indirect taxation, is supposed to be paid without strain. Our feverish fear lest we offend against the helplessness of childhood, our feverish concern lest it should be denied its full measure of content, drive us, burdened as we are with good intentions, past the borderland of wisdom. If we were

Less winning soft, less amiably mild,

we might see more clearly the value of standards.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Frederic Ozanam, and the Establishment of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. By A. J. Dunn. 50 cents net. *Jesus Christ, Priest and Victim.* By Père S. M. Giraud. Translated by W. H. Mitchell, M.A. $1.50 net; postpaid, $1.65. *The Vigil Hour.* By Rev. S. A. Ryan, S.J. 5 cents. *On Prayer and the Contemplative Life.* By St. Thomas Aquinas. Compiled by Rev. Hugh Pope, O.P. $1.25; postpaid, $1.37. *Pilgrims of Grace.* By J. G. Rowe. $1.25; postpaid, $1.37. *Roma: Ancient, Subterranean, and Modern Rome.* By Rev. Albert Kuhn, O.S.B. Part II. 35 cents.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

The Four Gates. By E. F. Garesché, S.J. $1.00; postpaid, $1.12. *American Catholic Hymnal.* By The Marist Brothers. $1.50; postpaid, $1.50. *Back Home.* (Poem.) By C. Phillips. 60 cents; postpaid, 64 cents. *The Treasures of the Rosary.* By Very Rev. C. H. McKenna. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 25 cents.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

Dirk: A South African. By A. B. Marchand. $1.35 net. *Policy and Paint.* By the author of *A Life of Sir Kenelm Digby.* $2.75 net. *The Development of English Theology in the Nineteenth Century, 1800–1860.* By V. F. Storr, M.A. $3.50 net. *Clio, a Muse, and Other Essays.* By G. M. Trevelyan. $1.50 net.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:

Theodore Roosevelt: An Autobiography. $2.50 net.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

The New Ideals in the Gospel. By Professor Hermann Schell. $3.50 net.

FR. PUSTET & Co., New York:

A New School of Gregorian Chant. By Rev. Dom Dominic Johner, O.S.B. $1.00 net. *Biblia Sacra.* Edited by P. Michael Hetzenauer. $3.00 net.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

Horace Blake. By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. $1.35.

G. SCHIRMER, New York:

Messa Pastorale. By P. A. Yon. 25 cents. *Missa in Honorem S. Cæciliæ V. et M.* By G. Cicognani. 40 cents.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:

Church and State in the Middle Ages. By A. L. Smith. $2.50.

REV. PROSPER LIBERT, St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, New York:

Illustrated Catechism for First Communion. Compiled by Rev. Prosper Libert. 15 cents.

ANGEL GUARDIAN PRESS, Boston, Mass.:

On the Threshold of Home Rule. By P. J. Conlan.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:

Little Talks to Children Preparing for Communion. 15 cents. *Saint Louis, King of France, 1215–1270.* $1.25 net. *The Human Soul.* By Dom A. Vonier, O.S.B. $1.50 net. *Bergson, an Exposition and Criticism from the Point of View of St. Thomas Aquinas.* By T. J. Gerrard. 90 cents net. *Modernism and Modern Thought.* By Father Bampton, S.J. 60 cents net. *Vocation; The Secret of Happiness.* By Rev. P. Geiermann, C.SS.R. 5 cents.

WEBB & VARY Co., Atlanta, Georgia:

The Cause of the Social Evil and The Remedy. By A. W. Elliott.

PIERRE TEQUI, Paris:

Mission et Vertus sociales de L'Épouse Chrétienne. Par F. Lefèvre. *Retraites Fermées.* Par H. Camus. *2 frs. Madame de Cossé-Brissac.* Par Dom M. J. Conturièr, O.S.B. *3 frs. L'Athéisme et L'Existence de Dieu.* Par Abbé E. Catteau. *2 frs. 50. Soyons Apôtres!* Par Monsignor J. Tissier. *3 frs. 50. La Femme Chrétienne et la Souffrance.* Par H. Morice. *2 frs. Introduction a L'Union intime avec Dieu.* Par R. P. Dumas. *3 frs.*

A. TRALIN, Paris:

La Première Ebauche d'un Droit Chrétien dans le Droit Romain. Par C. Boucaud. *2 frs. 50.*

LIBRAIRIE E. NOURRY, Paris:

Les Prophètes d'Israël et les Religions de l'Orient. Par A. Causse.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XCVIII. MARCH, 1914. No. 588.

A PHILOSOPHY OF SOCIAL PROGRESS.

BY W. E. CAMPBELL.

BY social progress we understand a change for the better in our social condition. In a little book of three hundred pages, Professor Urwick discusses the possibilities of such a change in so lucid and comprehensive a manner, that I venture to call attention to his argument.

Every individual leads a life which, though one in itself, may be thought of under *five different aspects*. Every community of ordinarily civilized beings has likewise an existence which may be thought of in the same way. These five aspects (or universes as the author has named them) of individual or social existence, may be set down as follows: 1. Material; 2. Vital; 3. Human; 4. Social; 5. Spiritual.

In accordance with these categories, the *individual* may be defined as a spiritual, social, personal, living, material being. In the same way the *community* may not incorrectly be spoken of as having a kind of existence which is at once material, living, human, social, and spiritual. But though they are similar in these five different ways, certain important differences must be noticed between the life of the individual and the existence of the community. The nature of the community is not identical with that of the individual; the one is not really coextensive with the other; the former does not explain the latter. For instance, the com-

Copyright. 1914. THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

munity is never a single, definitely physical body in the sense that the individual, say John Smith, is a single definitely physical body. Again John Smith has a soul which altogether transcends both in its nature and destiny any form of spiritual existence which the community may possess. "The community is a thing among things, a group among groups—just as is a forest, or a star-cluster, or an ant hill; but it is not an organism, in spite of having organic characteristics, nor is it a seat of feeling or thinking mind, in spite of having a mental side—a side of increasing importance."

These five aspects of individual or social existence are the names, as it were, of five different levels in the single battlefield of existence upon which both the individual and his community are striving for the life yet more abundant—sometimes in alliance, and sometimes in opposition to each other.

There is, first of all, the *material level,* a crass conglomeration of unfeeling things and forces by which both the individual and the community are affected; to which they are sometimes in bondage, or of which they are sometimes in partial control. This level is the least important, and this in spite of all arguments advanced to the contrary from the region of purely material science. Second, there is the *vital level,* the universe of things that live and grow and alter and die according to strictly natural laws. Third, there is the *human* or personal level, the universe of thinking and feeling men and women, each in pursuit of definitely selfish ends; a universe of self-regarding, self-directing, self-enhancing mankind. It is the level where John Smith is fighting for himself in quite a candidly selfish way. Fourth, there is the level of *social* intercourse and achievement. This, like the previous one, is a universe of conscious thought and feeling, but thought and feeling at a higher and less self-regarding level. At this stage John Smith is not quite wholly absorbed in the success of his own affairs. At any rate, in many cases, he conceives his own interests and those of his community to be one and the same. And, lastly, there is the *spiritual level,* on which John Smith attains to a really supernatural view of life. At this height he fights *for* what is *good* in himself and in the community, and *against* what is *bad* in the community and in himself.

We are now in a position to ask how the individual (how John Smith) and the community act and re-act upon each other at each and all these five different levels of their intercourse; what problems confront them, and what solutions of these problems are at all

possible? Let us acknowledge at once that no merely natural science or philosophy is sufficiently comprehensive or profound to deal in any adequate way with John Smith and the community of which he is a member. But this should not discourage us from making the fullest use of whatever natural science or philosophy there may be. One important point, however, should be rescued from confusion before we proceed further.

It has been proclaimed with great authority, and for a very considerable length of time, that man is subject to nature, implying thereby that man is *inferior* to nature. As a logical inference from this, it has further been proclaimed that man is subject to the community, thereby implying that man is *inferior* to the community. Both these statements are untrue. *Man is not inferior to nature; neither is man inferior to the community.* The fact that a lion sometimes devours a man, is no sufficient proof of the absolute statement that man is inferior to the lion. Man is superior to the lion on account of those mental qualities which he possesses, and which the lion does not; and man can always claim this superiority in spite of his obvious physical disadvantages. Now just as a man has *that* in him which makes him superior to a lion in a sense quite absolute and final, so also man has *that* in him which makes him superior to both nature and the community in an absolute and final way. John Smith may indeed be subject to nature and the community on account of some particular weakness of his; but in so far as he is a man—alive, human, spiritual, and free—he is *not,* nor can ever be, subject to either in an absolute sense. Having once acknowledged that man, in the highest reaches of his personal being, is superior both to nature and the community, we must now be prepared to allow that in so far as he had to live within a community, and according to nature, he must learn to obey both natural and social law. "In other words, whatever else he may be, he still remains a thing among things, an animal among animals, a mind among minds, a social unit among social units, subject to all the laws of things, animals, minds, and society."

This, of course, is but a thumb-nail sketch of Professor Urwick's argument. Space will not allow us to make detailed observations upon every section of this genuine piece of work. Many a materialistic fallacy is here laid to rest in its parent dust; the mind of the reader is gradually awakened to the moral importance of every stage in our human and social life. As we follow our author's vision, we see man himself coming back once more to

man's most honorable estate; we see him walking upright under heaven, a free and immortal personality created in the likeness of God. And all this is brought home to us in an atmosphere deliberately cleared by reasonable persuasion. There is no heat of religious intolerance; there is no bitterness of political passion; there is nothing but the calm and disinterested witness of a man whom we feel to be looking out on life from a moral and mental height.

Professor Urwick points out in his first chapter that a merely physical and materialistic interpretation of human life has been pushed too far—"the usual result," he adds, "of the discovery of a real influence previously neglected." In the second chapter he discusses the exact sense in which society may be held to be a kind of *organism.* We must be very careful, he tells us, when applying organic terms to the social process, to define the exact sense in which we use those terms. Strictly speaking, society is not an organism at all, though it is undoubtedly organic in some of its aspects. It may be likened to an organism in so far as it has a definite arrangement of its parts, which we may call its *structure.* Again it may be likened to an organism in so far as it has a meaning, a purpose, and an action consequent upon this definite structure, and this we may call its *function.* And, lastly, its parts are *interdependent,* as, for instance, the governing, the food-producing, and the defensive parts of any nation. But before we can apply the term "organic" with absolute propriety to the social process, we must consider certain other qualities implied by its use. In an organism proper we may notice: (1) that changes are always taking place; (2) that these changes "are always determined from *within* by the life properties of the organism and its special needs, as well as by the environment in which it lives;" (3) that these changes follow an invariable order of growth, maturity, and decay which ends in death.

Society certainly does possess the first of these qualities; it is always undergoing a process of change. But the second quality, while true of organisms, is not true of societies—a society does *not* change from *within,* according to some pre-established law of its being. And, third, the changes which take place in any society do *not* follow the invariable rules of organic growth, maturity, and decay. "It is one of the shallowest social generalizations to predict old age or decrepitude of any society.....the life of a society may be constantly renewed—and is so renewed indefinitely."

Finally, when we turn to society for evidences of "organic evolution," the analogy between an organism and a society breaks down completely. We see, therefore, that it is a mistake to treat of social life on the assumption that every society is an organism in the proper sense of the word. We must acknowledge that social life cannot be packed into the pigeon-holes of material, mechanical, or even of organic science; it is too subtle for such a classification—the things which really make the difference elude the categories of so simple a science.

The fact is societies think, feel, and will their way to new conditions of existence; and this thinking, feeling, and willing is a very spiritual business. At this level of existence societies assume the dignity of self-direction. The full free will of its many individual members is brought into play, and here (as in the case of the single individual) free will is permitted full play without ever coming into essential conflict with the Providence that rules the world.

We must not, however, flatter ourselves that at this high and interesting stage of social existence, we have left the old weaknesses behind. This was the mistake of Comte, the Positivist philosopher. He assumed that societies, and the individuals of which they were composed, left the lower stages of their existence quite safely and completely behind and below them. All we are at liberty to say now is, that some societies live at say three levels of existence instead of two, *with a tendency to reversion,* but happily also with a *tendency to what is still higher and more spiritual.* The need and function of religion in every society quite plainly follows from such an admission.

Professor Urwick warns the many would-be reformers of those hasty attempts at social change which are so often put forward at the instance of some great specialist in science. Take, for instance, the present eugenic movement. Many of its theories are in direct conflict with the Christian theory of marriage. It does not follow, however, that because this is so that the Christian theory of marriage is wrong. On the contrary. The advocates of the eugenic movement forget that although the institution of marriage is ordained for the physical good, it is also ordained for other and still more important ends, as, for instance, the mental, moral, and spiritual good of society at large. They should try to comprehend the whole scheme of the institution before attempting to change or destroy it. Suppose, indeed, that they had their way.

Suppose that Christian marriage was abolished with all its individual, social, and religious values, and with all the customs and traditions that have made it both a steadying and progressive factor in human society; would the community then be able to live up to the eugenic counsels of physical perfection? Professor Urwick thinks not.

> In some individual cases, perhaps in a few reasonable groups of society, it is possible that a full realization of the importance of the ends of marriage ought to serve to restrain people from falling in love unsuitably or marrying unfit mates, or marrying at all if they themselves are unfit. But all such people would have transcended habit, and would be guiding their action by motives of conscious thought and purpose. But the majority of the population is not ready to transcend habit in this way, or to act "reasonably," especially as their habitual mode of action has on its side not only the religious sanction and the feelings connected with it, but also the more powerful feelings of sex-impulse and "love." These feelings are only kept in check, and forced to move on orderly lines, by very strong custom and very strong religious fear or respect.

Professor Urwick seems a little too inclined to underrate the quality, the consistency, the mental coherence of certain traditional institutions. Should he not remember that when opinions are changed to convictions, they pass from the mental to the moral sphere—an opinion is a mental product, but a habit is a moral one? As he himself points out in another place, we have only to rescue our convictions from the region of sub-conscious habit in order to discover afresh their mental richness and validity. And this, by the way, is a practice that every Catholic is constantly urged to undertake. When we have done so; when we have rescued a great Christian principle from the realm of the sub-conscious, and have brought it to the level of intellectual comparison with some more novel principle of modern fashion, we shall find that it is well able to hold its own. We shall also find that of the two it contains the more wholesome nutriment for the highest energies of men. It seems not altogether fair to say, as Professor Urwick does, that "tradition only represents a simple and rather primitive form of mind—largely inclined to be stagnant." If so, indeed, why does he set so much store by such traditional institutions as marriage, the family, and private property? If these

institutions are essentially good in character and purpose, let us acknowledge it, let us preserve them, let us do justice to the great Christian tradition to which they owe their origin, their development, their spiritual stability. There is no sufficient reason why we should associate tradition with fallen leaves, broken branches, and faded flowers, with dead and accidental things that are only fit for the burning. Tradition should rather be thought of (and this is especially true of the Christian tradition) as a *live* thing, the growth of a life founded upon that Ancient Truth which once created and still sustains the world. It should be associated with spring and summer (for they are traditional enough), with blossom and bud and kindly fruit, with whatever lives and makes for life, because it is still one with tree and sun and soil, because it is still in vital and evident communion with the Lord of life.

Our author hardly does justice to the *traditional factor* in modern communities; for the same reason he is somewhat inclined to despise the *democratic factor*. He sets out the issue between a community, and such theorists as desire to improve it, a little unfairly. We cannot say, off-hand, that the theorists are necessarily enlightened and in the right, while the community is necessarily ignorant and in the wrong. Thought systems, though very easily and clearly expressed, are often inadequate to the needs of the community because of their partial and superficial nature. We saw this just now when comparing modern eugenics with Christian marriage. And when this is so the community, without being able to give clear reasons, rejects them instinctively.

We said just now that every society possessed a quasi-organic nature. We may now add that in consequence of this it also possesses a quasi-organic instinct, which we may call the *democratic instinct*. The function of this instinct is to inform the community both of its *vital needs* and of its *mortal dangers*. Such an instinct does not act in a refined and polished manner, but rather as do pain and hunger in the human body. It is sometimes brutal and sometimes violent, as a hungry man will snatch at food or a man in danger of his life will strike out at an enemy. I am not saying that this democratic instinct could not be changed for the better in many respects, but I do say that it should never be neglected or tyrannically repressed. It is a danger signal on the line of social progress which no social reformer can safely avoid. Modern specialists, those prolific and well-intentioned authors of countless systems of partial thought and feeling, have yet to learn a proper

regard for this healthy democratic instinct. As Mr. G. W. E. Russell so happily put it not long ago, "Specialists should be on tap, not on top."

We now come to the last and highest levels of human life, where men cease to be personal in the lower and individualist sense, and become personal in a higher, more social, and more spiritual way. At these levels John Smith no longer fights for himself in the merely selfish manner, but fights for what is good in himself and in others, and against what is bad in others and in himself. And here we find Professor Urwick even more convincing and more original than in the earlier parts of his book. He first of all makes a very sound distinction, which should encourage many excellent people inclined to hasty despair. If we compare our own human society with that, say, of the ants or bees, we find it in many respects inferior to theirs.

> Indeed it may very plausibly be urged that their minds, considered as social units, are far more perfect than ours, just as the scheme of thought and purpose underlying their social organization is far more harmonious. Every feeling and idea by which the bee's social activities are motived, appear to be in complete harmony with the mental system of the whole society; and this mental system must be very perfectly harmonized with the purposes and ends for which the whole social life exists. *Either our human social life is of a lower order,* with all its disharmonies and cross-purposes, and most imperfect relation of individual minds to the general system, *or else it belongs to a totally different order, which hardly admits of comparison. Or we may say that it is both:* as a social life, designed to serve a limited natural end, it is immeasurably inferior to the social life of bees or ants or wasps; but as a social life designed to serve different ends from those of bees or ants or wasps, it belongs to a different world altogether. *By making clear this difference we shall bring out more clearly the real significance of our human social life.*

Our author's elaboration of this all-important distinction will be to many of us, who are Catholics, like the familiar conversations of a friend; but the very fact that he who speaks is not of our own faith, will be to us at once a deserved reproach and an encouraging stimulus to follow in his footsteps. There is hardly a sentence in the last hundred and fifty pages which a Catholic could not subscribe to, hardly a proposal which he would not gladly acclaim.

And yet, alas, how very far off does our own generation stand from such a vision in knowledge, in sympathy and practice. We can never understand the nature and function of society until we understand the nature and destiny of the individual man. Many sociologists tell us that man "is a social product individualized into a separate unit, but necessarily subordinate to the social unity, and inseparable from it." But how small and unsatisfying an explanation. "It fails to explain, or implicitly contradicts, the most significant characteristic of the individual, namely, his persistent antagonism to society—*the antagonism of an eternally distinct individual to a society to which, as an individual, he is eternally alien.*"

This permanent duality in human nature may perhaps be best conveyed by way of a homely parable. Life is like a mountain—a steep and hard and high and rugged mountain of probation or of reprobation. And living our lives is the attempt which each one of us makes to climb up and around this mountain. Our main business, whether we like it or not, is to climb, and, except for such periodical rests as we require, to go on climbing to the end. Each one of us as he stands upon the mountain side is alone—alone because he is himself and no other individual, and because he feels that in some tremendous and final way he is separate from each and every one of those things and persons that so often and so insistently crowd in upon him, and so often and so obviously help or hinder him in his climbing.

Amid all the noise and bustle, and distraction of his ordinary life, he may often forget this one convincing thought, but when he is brought back to himself again by leisure or sorrow, by love or religion, it will shine out for him once more with all its old and startling self-evidence. Yes, as a man stands there upon the mountain side of life, he knows himself as a tingling spot of lonely reality moving amid, but apart from, the to-and-fro and the up-and-down of what is not himself; he knows that he is one in a very true and incommunicable sense.

But he also has a sense of destiny; he knows that he is meant to climb. It is a hard business to persevere with, for there are so many inducements to go slowly, to loiter or to stop. Only a grimly determined climber can resist the arresting invitations to permanent hospitality which meet him on every side, each of them with its own excusing philosophy.

There is an undoubted duality in human nature. Every one of

us has to lead a double life, for better or worse. There is the *up-and-down* of the spirit and there is the *to-and-fro* of the flesh. The first is so much a matter of faith and struggle, the second so much a matter of sight and satisfaction. We are, therefore, in constant danger of giving up the harder struggle, and devoting ourselves to the easier and more obviously pleasant occupations which tempt us on every side. But what is our destiny, our main business after all? Is it to climb up or to walk to and fro? It is surely to climb up. What, therefore, one would wish to emphasize at the conclusion of this paper, is the primary importance of the *up-and-down* in the life of the individual. The *to-and-fro* is of secondary importance to that. It is a man's life business, as it should be his life's desire, to get to the top.

This philosophy of the up-and-down must be steadily faced before we can turn to any other philosophy individual or social. This traditional idea of man's life as a mountain pilgrimage is as valuable as ever it was. The pilgrim, the man on a journey, the mountain climber, must *be fit* and *keep fit*. And so long as he keeps so, he will learn with accumulating skill to select from the undiscriminated profusion of the to-and-fro those few things which are needed to carry him lightly and cheerfully up the mountain side. He is no cynical refuser of the joy of life; on the contrary, he has more of it than most people, because he is more on his guard against lawless pleasure and material luxury. Such men are the salt of the earth, the only possible nucleus of any healthy society, just because their desires are set above it; they are above the laws because they keep them; they are guardians of liberty because they respect it in others; they set the standards of public and private life because they have passed them—in fine, they practice citizenship, which is the only effectual way of preaching it, and all because here they have no abiding city.

I am not for a moment forgetting that the life of man is not only a matter of the up-and-down. It is also a matter of the to-and-fro, but in these times the rights of the to-and-fro need little further advocacy. They are more than sufficiently present to the consciousness of our age. The up-and-down should never be insisted upon to the exclusion of the to-and-fro. It is not a question of exclusion; it is a question of order. The up-and-down should be to the to-and-fro what the spirit is to the flesh. It should inspire it, dominate it, energize it; finally it should make it, also, a spiritual and glorious thing.

Human life is not human unless it is dual right through. Any person, age, society, or institution which is not stamped with a duality corresponding to the obvious duality of human nature, will fail of its natural fruit. If it specializes to the forgetfulness of the to-and-fro it will fail; and if it specializes to the forgetfulness of the up-and-down it will fail disastrously. Human life is a dual thing, and the Sign of the Cross, where the up-and-down and the to-and-fro are made one in a mastery of pain and redemption, is signed upon every human work that is touched by the finger of God.

THE IDEAL.

(DANTE TO BEATRICE.)

BY ELEANOR DOWNING.

"YEA! I forgot thee for a little space
In that dim other-world of years ago,
Because the radiant look, the queenly brow,
The guiding hand that checked, the peerless grace,
That made Elysium of earth's dwelling-place,
Were severed from my earthly sight; yet, lo!
When I remembered, not those realms below
Could keep me till I found thee face to face."

Thus spake the Tuscan on the flowering leas
Of Paradise, by bright Eunoë's flow;
And it is thus men lose, yet even so
Not earth, nor sky, nor depth of soundless seas
To traverse, shall they deem too great a cost
To find again the thing that they have lost.

THE CHURCH AND FRENCH DEMOCRACY.

BY HILAIRE BELLOC.

V.

IN my last article I brought my story of the quarrel between the Revolution and the French Church up to the spring of 1792, and the outbreak of war. The state of war which existed between France and her most powerful neighbors after April, 1792, which spread within a year to the whole of Europe, and which continued with slight intermission over twenty years, was the determining thing in the whole matter. It was the great war that hardened and rendered permanent the division between the new scheme of society and the Catholic Church in Gaul. In order to understand why this was, it is important to remember (if one has had experience), to appreciate (if one can only take it on authority) what the effect of war is upon any body of thought directly or indirectly connected with the cause of hostilities. Ideas which were only the opinion of many—the passionate creed of but a few—become, under the stress of war, the still more passionate creed of a vast multitude. Conversely, those who were originally opposed to such ideas, are excited by war to an opposition far more violent and intense than could have seemed possible before the taking up of arms. That is the first and most salient psychological effect of war: the multiplication of political emotion to an indefinite, one might almost say to an infinite, degree.

Proofs of this are apparent in every considerable armed conflict of history, where that conflict has concerned a political or religious theory. It would have seemed quite incredible to the Englishman of 1630 that he should feel either so passionate an attachment to the House of Stuart, or so violent a hatred against it, as he displayed less than twenty years later in the thick of the English civil wars. We note the same in the sixteenth century after the outbreak of the wars of religion in France, and in the seventeenth century after their outbreak in the Empire.

The point to seize is not only that emotion is thus intensely and almost indefinitely emphasized, but that it changes its very

character in changing its degree. The difference between opinion in time of peace and opinion as affected by a war, is the difference between cold iron and iron white hot. Further, it is to be remarked that this effect is proportionate to two main factors. First, the definiteness of the issue upon which men are so divided that war has come. Second, the prolongation and peril of the conflict. Where the issue is confused or of but slight attachment in men's hearts, the psychological effect of war is far less pronounced. Where the struggle is not desperate, it is similarly less pronounced.

In the case of the French challenge to the old régime in Europe, you had as clear an issue as possible; the whole issue between democracy and its opponent political theories; the whole issue between men who profoundly feel the equality of man, and men to whom that mystical doctrine seems a silly phrase. Each party is, in the eyes of the other, as wicked as he is mad. Each is attempting to destroy a body of civil institutions which are in the very heart of his opponent. There had been nothing like the vividness of contrast between the French democratic attempt and its enemies in the field since the contrast between the Mohammedan and the Catholic world, which was apparent in the First Crusade. Further, the conflict was as violent and as prolonged as it was bitter. The French revolutionary scheme was in grave danger for full eighteen months. It was not saved from its peril until the end of the second year. It had to defend itself by continued victories for twenty years more. Even so, the struggle ended in an apparent triumph of its opponents, when the kings entered Paris after Waterloo. You had, therefore, in this armed conflict all the elements that could emphasize and exaggerate opinion.

But a state of war has other effects besides the exaggeration and inflation of opinion. It gives to whatever organs of government have conducted the campaign, an unlooked-for increase in power. Whatever has been at the head during a war, and has successfully carried it through, will acquire a cohesion throughout its own body, a political momentum, and a prestige which may well between them make it supreme in the State, and which will, in any case, give it a prolonged and vigorous life. Now in the case of the French Revolutionary War the organ which thus carried through the whole business was that republican, organized minority of the nation, the structure of which was already largely built round the Masonic lodges throughout the country, and the members of which, though not in a majority hostile to the Church, would

naturally during a war fall into the hands of a minority that was. If indeed another minority had existed, present throughout the lodges and spread universally throughout the republican group, as eagerly attached to Catholicism as that other minority was hostile to it, then it would not have followed that the democratic clique which ran the great campaign would have been anticlerical. But there was no such opposing minority. The mass of the middle classes, as we have seen, and the mass of the artisans in the town, had dropped the practice of religion. Of the people concerned with democratic organization, therefore, almost the only ones that cared about religion at all, were those whose religious emotion took the form of violent reaction against the Catholic Church, and a hatred of her as the supposed permanent enemy of civil liberties.

Now put together these two points, present in every war and particularly present in the French Revolutionary War—the intense exaggeration of opinion and the prestige which war gives to whatever set is in power—and it will be apparent how the war affected the situation of the Church in France. Here was a body of men—nearly all the bishops and the great majority of the priests—refusing to take the oath to the new Constitution. This refusal, in a time of profound religious indifference, appeared to all the indifferent inexplicable, *save* as a challenge against the whole Revolution and the whole democratic movement. That opinion was utterly erroneous, but it was exactly the opinion to which anyone would come who had ceased to understand the motives of the Catholic hierarchy, and the nature of the Catholic religion. Meanwhile the same power which was doing its best to support the priests in their refusal—the Crown—was also doing its best to prevent the arming of citizens in defence of the nation, and was more than suspected (rightly as history has now proved) of desiring the success of the invader, and of plotting for the ruin of the revolutionary cause through alien arms. In the eyes of most artisans in the towns, of most professional men in the local Councils and in the Parliament, the resistance of the clergy to the oath and the resistance of the King to the various national demands were all one thing; and to that one thing was soon annexed the treason of the government in its suspected, and rightly suspected, support of the foreign invaders.

One might add to causes already so powerful for the disruption between the Catholic Church and the new democratic state, the intimate relation that must always exist between one ancient

institution in the commonwealth and another. The whole structure of the Church in Gaul was intertwined with the monarchy, which had been, so to speak, her twin during thirteen hundred years of the national history. What is more, there was hardly a form of privilege or even of abuse which, if it were of long standing, could not be found connected with some clerical institution as well as existing in its lay forms. Did the Revolution propose the levelling of the nobles? The bishops and great abbots were almost invariably of that class. Did the Revolution propose an abolition of Feudal Dues? Those dues formed part of the revenues of nearly every monastic establishment and every see. So it was throughout the whole structure of society. The moment you began clearing away the ruins of the old world, you tore away with them tendrils not only dead, but some still living of the Church's organization in that old society. For instance, if you proposed new and sensible divisions of the national territory, conformable to the great changes which had taken place after so many centuries, you at once came into conflict with the old bishoprics as well as the old provinces. Upon every side, then, you had the elements for converting what was already a profound and embittered misunderstanding into an acute and permanent hatred.

The early difficulties of the war and the maddening of popular feeling did the rest. The priests, forming a class apart everywhere recognizable and now everywhere confused with the opposition to the national programme and to the national armies, were the easiest victims that could be found whenever victims were demanded. If the French had from the first repelled their invaders, the quarrel might yet have been appeased. But fate willed otherwise. The invasion was at first successful. The French troops disorganized by democracy, by the emigration of their officers, and by the original presence of great bodies of alien mercenaries, still more disorganized by the presence among them of great masses of volunteers, were at first quite unable to stand up to the fighting. The national exasperation at such a peril, and at such facile initial defeats, was all the greater from the exaltation in which they had opened the war. The contrast between that mood of enthusiasm and this deplorable breakdown, inflamed men to the last degree of violence. The monarchy which was betraying the nation was indeed swept away, and its palace, the seat of the central government, stormed by the people of Paris. But that did not stay the invasion. The fall of the great frontier fortress of Verdun was the

signal for massacres in the Paris prisons, in which a group of priests were the first to be sacrificed.

The invasion was checked by something as like a miracle as civil history affords. Upon the plains of the Province of Champagne, after the indecisive cannonade of Valmy, the invaders halted and retreated for the moment. But when in the next year, 1793, the peril reappeared upon a far greater scale; when all Europe—England, Spain, Holland, Prussia, Austria—had joined in the coalition against France, and armies of far greater magnitude than those of the preceding year were everywhere passing the frontier, besieging and taking the barrier strongholds of the northeast, rebellion against the Revolutionary government broke out within French territory upon every side. These rebellions were particularly violent, and for the moment successful, in the northwest, along the lower course of the Loire; and this happened to be one of the isolated peasant districts where the decline of religion, which had so powerfully affected the towns, had been least felt. Once more the Catholic Church was found identified with those who desired to destroy the Revolution by force of arms.

One measure of persecution after another was enacted. There was no public sentiment to stay that course. The minority that was most violent in its prosecution were closely allied to the Revolutionary Committee of Government, and closely immixed with it. That committee instituted for some months, at the close of the phase of peril, a rigorous martial law, which has gone down to history under the name of "The Reign of Terror," and it was during this suspension of ordinary forms that the persecution of the priesthood reached its height, and during the reprisals undertaken against the internal rebellions that the worst acts of cruelty against the persons and lives of the hierarchy were perpetrated.

When the storm abated and the wreckage could be surveyed—say about 1796-97—what remained was something of this sort: You had a society in which only a minority, and that not a large one, was still practicing the rites of religion. Within that minority of practicing men and women, most were content with the administrations of the schismatic clergy. The great majority had passed from indifference to hostility, and there had further grown up in the course of those years, and in the white heat of the armed struggle in Europe, *an association of ideas* whereby, save for a mere handful of educated men conversant with history, and of an intellectual calibre which transcended their time, the Catholic

Church as a whole was lumped with all the forces opposed to the great democratic experiment, and the supporters of that great democratic experiment were equally taken to be naturally and inevitably the opponents of Catholicism.

In that very small circle of superior intelligence was to be found Napoleon Bonaparte; and when I describe in my next article by what forces the Church was built up again upon such a soil, and in spite of such apparently invincible conditions of desolation and enmity, it will be seen how great a part this greatest of soldiers played in the revival. But before turning to that revival, I will conclude this article by underlining for the reader that "*association of ideas*" of which I have spoken. Only by a good grasp of the way in which the Church was thus, *not in reason but in practice,* taken to be a necessary enemy of the new settlement, shall we be able to follow the varied fortunes of the Church and French democracy in the nineteenth century. For by far the strongest force making against the full re-establishment of the Faith in Europe (through the influence of Gaul), has been this not reasonable but pragmatic confusion between the Catholic organism and all the inherited social structure which is at issue with the novel democratic experiment of the French.

This association together of ideas which are bound by no rational link is familiar to all of us, though few of us appreciate how large a part it plays in our errors of judgment. We associate, from one experience perhaps, a particular profession with a particular vice, and so misjudge a whole class of fellow citizens. We associate from some one or few experiences a particular provincial accent with ignorance, and so miss many an opportunity of employing ability. We associate the accumulation of wealth with talent, and so value a commercial gambler in his success, and forget that the man who rises by luck may fall by it. This non-rational association of ideas runs perpetually through the whole of human decisions, and the recognition of it and the tempering of it by further experience and by analysis, is the chief task of those who desire to attain the truest conception of the world, and to be rid of prejudice.

In the sphere of politics this source of error in the mind is particularly prominent. For instance, there is no rational connection between a representative Congress or Parliament and the conception of democracy. On the contrary, representative bodies have in large States always accompanied, or nearly always, the power of minorities and especially of wealthy minorities. Democracies

have instinctively preferred government by popular meeting, or by the direct reference of important measures to a popular vote. Yet the accidental association of bodies upon this model with democratic experiments in the last one hundred and fifty years, has made it difficult for any but a very few to conceive of democracy without a Parliament of some sort; and the first effort of your reformer when he proposes the establishment of "self-government" in a State hitherto despotic or oppressed by foreign rule, is to saddle the new commonwealth with a representative system. In the same way the historical student will confuse a large standing army with the idea of arbitrary government, and yet will not recognize that a large body of armed police drilled, disciplined, and professional, of long service, and perpetually interfering with the details of civil life, is a far more efficient instrument of tyranny than any army can be. The list might be indefinitely extended of those institutions which, by some accidental association in the past, stand permanently in men's minds for cognate and logically allied things.

I may conclude with one typical example: The Roman commonwealth abhorred for centuries the name and title of "a king;" it associated that name and title with the degradation of civic liberty. But it came to tolerate powers greater than those of any king under the title of "commander-in-chief," "imperator," because it did not conceive of the army as a monarchic thing: the Roman army and monarchy were not associated ideas. The power of the imperator grew until it was, by the end of the third century, a complete, formal, unquestioned, and highly organized despotism. Yet because it never bore the title of kingship, it was tolerated, and achieved its end. Now it was this association of ideas, this hitch in reasoning, which so perpetually diverts political judgment, and which is so often the despair of a rational reformer, that more than anything else has perpetuated the division between French democracy and the Church.

The historical memory in either is of a period in which the concrete expression of the one was directly opposed to the temporal expression of the other, during an intense period of national warfare. To forget the actual fact of conflict is impossible; to give that conflict no more than the place it should rationally occupy, long seemed unnatural; and to this day, more than a century after the Revolutionary War, it still seems eccentric to many. Successive waves of experience, though not intensifying this association, have at least preserved it. Every democrat remembers occasions

on which he has met undemocratic influences in the Church. Every practicing member of the Church remembers occasions on which he has met democratic feeling combined with hostility to Catholicism. Those great numbers which are indifferent to the democratic creed upon the one side, to Catholicism upon the other, can but note the antagonism of the minorities on either side, and, though they discovered no logical foundation for that opposition, they came to think of that opposition as inevitable in practice. All the external signs of the Church, from the architecture of her buildings to the dress of her priests, for long "went with" a denial in civic affairs of the democratic postulates. Not that such a denial was formally put forward in the name of the Church, but that all who were indifferent, or external, to Catholicism knew that as a fact an opposition between the Church and the government was apparent, and concluded that, from some unknown necessity or other, it must be so. Meanwhile all those practicing Catholics who were indifferent to the forms of civil government (and most men are indifferent to these forms most of the time, though some have a permanent enthusiasm for a civic creed, and all are capable of moments of such enthusiasm), all those practicing Catholics, I say, who were not greatly moved by the words "republic," "empire" or "monarchy," noted the frequency with which the member of some local democratic caucus would be violently anti-Catholic, the large proportion in such bodies of Protestants and Jews, and continued to accept the association of ideas on *his* side. The truth is that only that section of society where the two circles overlapped, only those men who were at once more or less Catholic by inheritance, and also more or less democratic by inheritance, would naturally suspect such an association of ideas, would analyze it unfavorably, would discover its lack of a reasonable basis, and would tend on the one hand to repudiate the claim of Catholic reactionaries, that democracy was in itself un-Catholic, and on the other hand to cast off with irritation the claim of local anti-Catholic caucuses to speak in the general name of democracy.

For reasons which I will describe later, *this area of overlap has recently grown very greatly.* It will soon, I think, include the mass of the State; and when it does so, that prime factor in European civilization, the identification of the Gallic spirit with the Catholic Church, will reappear. If it fails to reappear European civilization will not survive.

SIBERIAN EDUCATION.

BY RICHARDSON WRIGHT.

MMIGRATION! Subjugation! Education!" as Dmitri Petrovitch facetiously observed, "is the slogan of the Russian government for Siberia." And he was not far from the truth.

It was in the café of the "Rossia" at Tomsk that I first saw Dmitri Petrovitch. With another university student, he was feasting at a corner table, and now and again breaking into those mournful dirges that pass in Russia for college songs. There were many other uniformed students in the restaurant, but Dmitri and his friend were at the table nearest mine, and as they proceeded with dinner I heard snatches of their conversation. They had just passed their winter semester examinations, I gathered, and were celebrating. At the end of the next term they would be awarded their degrees.

"Six months and I hang up my shingle, brother. Here's to you!" Glasses tinkled. Then in deep tones came the opening words of *Gaudeamus Igitur*.

Between their collegiate East and my collegiate West, *Gaudeamus* seemed to span the gulf of years and nations. I turned and raised my glass. They saw me and begged me to join them. There was no declining the invitation: it was one of those whole-hearted, we-don't-care-who-you-are invitations such as Freshmen press on unknown bearded alumni at commencement. So I moved to their table. After the manner of Russians, they began to ply me with questions, now in English, now in their own tongue. Who was I? Whence had I come? Was I a university man? What were American colleges like? Finally, when Dmitri Petrovitch seemed convinced that he had a real, live American college graduate for his guest, he settled back in his chair, and surveyed me with naïve gratification.

"Well, what do you think of our university?" he asked after a pause.

"I arrived in Tomsk only a few hours ago," I replied, "and I've not yet stirred from the hotel. I hope to visit your university to-morrow, however."

"I gather then that you've come out to inspect some mines,"

he continued. "All the Americans who come to Tomsk are prospectors or mine agents."

"No," I confessed, "I'm just wandering around to see the country, and to try to understand what plan your government has for Siberia and its peoples."

Dmitri stopped puffing his cigarette, and with impressive intervals uttered the three words, "Immigration! Subjugation! Education!"

"But do you mean that your government intends to give these quarter of a million peasants who come out here every year a college education? What chance, for instance, has a moudjick boy at the University of Tomsk?"

"He has no means of acquiring the requisite elementary education to qualify him for entrance. The university is no place for him." Dmitri spoke with assurance. "Russia plans to make Siberia an agricultural country, and her aim is to make better farmers of the immigrants."

"It may be possible," I acknowledged, with no little hesitation, "but is it probable? On my way out here I stopped at Tcheliabinsk and saw the quarters for the new Siberians. Two thousand of them were there being registered, and allotted their district in which to settle. They did not strike me as very promising material for scientific up-to-date farmers."

Dmitri smiled. "Let's get a samovar," he suggested. "I've had enough of this Crimean wine, and I like to talk about these farmers, because I'm going out to the country to practice medicine when I get through here at the university."

The waiter cleared the table and brought the steaming samovar. While Nikolai filled our "chai" glasses, Dmitri drew a rough sketch map of Siberia on the tablecloth with a fork.

"You can't tell much from this," he said, "but it will give you an idea. Now here is Siberia, 11,380,000 square versts (about 5,000,000 square miles), of which great areas are rich black soil capable of supporting five hundred million people, or five times as many as now constitute the Russian Empire. Remember that. We are one and a half times as big as the United States."

He drew a line across the map.

"There's the Trans-Siberian Railway. Here is Omsk where the railroads meet, a centre for the exportation of butter, wheat, and meat."

"A kind of Siberian Chicago?"

Dmitri nodded. "Here is Kourgan where they have four fairs

each year, doing five million roubles worth of business in skins and hides and fur. Here is Kainsk—we call it the Jews' paradise—where there are more fairs of the steppe industries, and finally down here, toward the Altai Mountains, lies Barnaul, chief city of the Minusinsk District, the richest wheat area in Siberia."

I assured him that I had the location of each of these points in my mind.

"Well, then. At each one of these centres, the government has established a school of agriculture, with an experimental farm, stock, implements, all up-to-date, and with an 'agronom,' or professor of agriculture, in residence. Now what is the government's plan? Remember, she wants to educate these farmers, these shaggy-bearded, wild-eyed men you saw at Tcheliabinsk; she plans to teach them intensive farming, the use of proper utensils, the modern methods of dairy producing.

"If a young moudjick can raise a little money, and seems fairly bright, he takes a three months' course at one of these schools. Then he goes back and hires himself out to an artel, or guild of farmers, to whom he teaches what he has learned. Perhaps the town may hire him to give lectures or consult him in the development of the mir lands. In that way the government is getting a nucleus of young men with ambition, who are going about disseminating this knowledge of modern farm methods, and showing the farmers how they can make their lands pay. And"—Dmitri hesitated a moment—"well, within two generations, there will be no better farmers in the world than those unpromising moudjicks you saw at Tcheliabinsk."

"It is rather like Sir Horace Plunkett's work in Ireland," I suggested.

Dmitri had never heard of Sir Horace. His tea had cooled, and with a gulp, characteristic of the Russians, he tossed off half the glassful.

"Siberia's future," he said with a sweep that included the entire map on the cloth, "depends on her farmers, just as in any other country. To-day she is exporting butter to the amount of three and one-half million poods (100,000,000 pounds), but she doesn't raise enough wheat to satisfy the demand here at home. In the Urals they import wheat from Europe. Along the Pacific provinces they buy great quantities of American wheat. That's why the government wants to make good farmers out of these immigrants. That's why they ought not to aspire to a university education. They should be satisfied. Stay on the farm! If they all cluster in the cities,

in Omsk, Tomsk, Irkutsk, Chita, Vladivostok, who will grow the grain for us?"

"But doesn't the peasant get any education apart from farming?"

"Oh, certainly. He goes to the Narodnija Utchilistcha, or elementary school, if there is one in his village, and there he learns reading, writing, arithmetic, and simple Bible lessons. That isn't much, but that's enough for him. He can't imbibe as much education as he does vodka."

I wanted to learn more, but as we chatted Dmitri and Nikolai told me that they were going out into the country soon, so I did not have the opportunity. They made me promise, however, that I would come to the university the very next afternoon, and having settled on our meeting time, I left them to their celebration and their *Gaudeamus Igitur.*

The University of Tomsk consists of one main building, which stands back from the street some hundred yards, a three-story affair with long wings. The bacteriological laboratories occupy another building, and the clinic, which covers the greater part of a city block, is down in the heart of the town. The university was founded by the government in 1880, and opened seven years later. The private endowment fund in 1911 stood at $2,500,000. The library contains one hundred and ten thousand volumes. There are two principal chairs, medicine and law. Fees are moderate, one hundred roubles ($50.00) a year. The year is divided into two semesters, giving a man his degree at the end of the fourth year, as in America. There are no dormitories, the students having to lodge in town. The fact of the matter is, however, that the government will not permit dormitory life, lest it will foster socialism and radicalism in general. The only other school in Siberia that has university standing, is the Institute of Oriental Languages at Vladivostok, whose curriculum, of course, is circumscribed to those studies. The University of Tomsk, then, is the only one in the whole of Siberia. Several years ago the citizens of Irkutsk aspired to establish a university in their capital city, and even went so far as to pledge the necessary funds for its founding and maintenance, but the government promptly vetoed the idea.

Those who wish a higher technical education in Siberia, go to the Tomsk Technology Institute, which is up the road a way from the university. Nominally quite a separate concern, this institute is practically affiliated with the university proper. It has an annual enrolment of seventeen hundred students, which, with the fourteen

hundred at the university, gives Tomsk a large scholastic body. Courses in mechanical and civil engineering, chemistry, and their allied trades are offered at the institute. The main building, recently finished, is thoroughly equipped. It would be the pride of any American or British city. The attendance fee is only twenty-five dollars a year, and there are many scholarships that can be won. Like the university, it has no dormitory, students finding lodgings in town.

In addition to the university and the institute, a "People's University" has been projected, and buildings are in the course of erection. The generosity of M. Makymasir, a local merchant, has made this possible. His donation of fifty thousand dollars has been augmented by gifts from private citizens and the municipality. The details of instruction have not yet been planned, but the underlying idea is to educate the masses at nominal, if any, charges, probably along the lines of simply phrased and interesting lectures.

By analogy, Tomsk is the embryonic Boston of Siberia. One can see there the entire gamut of the Siberian school system in the working, watch its tendencies, and mark its weaknesses. Though in the main it does not differ from the school system obtaining in European Russia, it faces different problems, and presents one of the most interesting phases of Siberian life.

A lad starts at the Narodnija Utchilistcha, the national free elementary school, where he learns the three R's. This type of school exists in all but the smallest and least accessible villages, and is decidedly on the increase. In many of the smaller steppe villages, one finds new school buildings. The physical exercise equipment of these rural schools, by the way, would put to shame the normal run of country schools in America or Britain. The Narodnija Utchilistcha are supported partly by the government, partly by the town. The salary of the teacher, which seldom amounts to over fifty dollars a year, is paid from the imperial treasury. As a special inducement to the spread of education, the government offers generous support to the schools in those zemstovs that make attendance compulsory; so it might be noted that the greatest hindrance to the disseminating of elementary education in Siberia to-day is not the much-maligned Russian government. It is the village "pope" or priest. Having finished his elementary course, the lad passes on to the Realnija (the German Realschule), where he studies history, geography, and mathematics. The Realnija is not established in the villages. It is a town institution. Attendance is usually free and optional.

The third step on the ladder, the gymnasium, equivalent to the

French Gymnasè, is found only in towns and cities. As with the rest of government schools, the curriculum is arranged by the educational authorities in St. Petersburg. Here, in the gymnasium, the boy studies history, literature, higher mathematics, and elementary sciences, though the last is taught from books alone, there being no practical demonstrations and no equipment for experiments. English, German, and French are optional, but Latin and Greek are compulsory. In 1880 Count Alexis Tolstoi, Minister of Education, became obsessed with the idea that in copious doses of the dead languages would lie the dissipation of the Russian Empire's social unrest, so he dealt out Latin and Greek with a liberal hand, and the rising generation, even in frontier Siberia, still has to stagger along under his legacy.

In the big cities there are, in addition, the Kommerscheskaja, or privately-conducted trade schools, whose curricula are much easier than those of the gymnasia. They are largely filled with the children of well-to-do Jews. In Siberia the school roll of the smaller towns permits five per cent to be Jewish; in the cities two. There are, beside, in the larger cities, private finishing schools for girls, which have the same exclusive atmosphere of our upper class boarding schools. And to the list should be added the normal institutes for teachers, and the seminaries for priests which are found in all the cities.

When a Siberian lad has arrived at the university stage, he faces a problem. According to governmental requirements, all members of the professions must have taken a course at a university. There is no such thing as reading law in the office of the Merovi Soudi, or local justice of the peace, or studying materia medica at a country hospital. The boy must go to Tomsk to the university. This spells expense and stinting on the part of parents and boys alike, for the average student at the university and the institute is very poor. He works in summer, and even while he is attending classes, he earns his way tutoring in town.

All Siberian schools are run on a government schedule. Classes begin at nine, and continue until half-past eleven, with ten minute intervals every hour, and forty minutes for a shoe-box luncheon. Studies are resumed at half-past twelve, and continue with intervals until three. This means that the scholar gets home at about four o'clock, having had nothing since eight but a sandwich or a cake. Teachers and professors have tried to rectify the system, since they find that their scholars are dull and fatigued in the afternoon sessions, but they have not succeeded.

There is no co-education in Siberia. Recently, however, a petition has been presented to St. Petersburg, begging the admittance of women to the University of Tomsk. In all government-supported schools the scholars are required to wear uniforms. The boys wear a blue suit with a dark-blue overcoat, and a peaked military cap, and the girls a brown frock, a black pinafore, and a black hat. On festivals and at school exercises, a white apron is worn.

It might be noted in passing that in most of the cities the schools are so crowded as to necessitate classes running on half time. More schools and more teachers are needed everywhere, and the municipalities, awakened to the situation, are allotting generous amounts of their budgets to that purpose. Irkutsk sets apart ten per cent of her total revenues for education, a record in Siberia. At the present writing, there are four thousand eight hundred and forty-six schools in Siberia, serving two hundred and forty thousand seven hundred and eighty-four pupils.

As the army and youth in Russia are almost synonymous terms, the problem of education of officers presents not alone a problem, but works itself out in a way that defeats its own ends, as one can readily notice if he drops into a café and sees the disinterested officers, or reads the records of the late war with Japan. The pay of officers is not very high, even in frontier Siberia, and the government has to make special inducements for boys to enter the ranks. The son or sons of officers of the rank of captain or over are taken at the age of ten, given board, lodging, and instruction free. Having passed through their elementary examinations, they go to a more advanced school, of which there is one at Tomsk, at Omsk, Irkutsk, and Vladivostok, and take a course equivalent to that at West Point or Woolwich. This finished, a youth receives a commission and a grant for uniforms. All that is required of him for this free keep and education is to serve six years. So he serves his time, and then, tiring of the work, would gladly retire to some other profession, but being a poor man's son, and knowing no other business but soldiering, he simply stays in the ranks, year after year, losing interest in the work as the days pass. He regards the army as an unpleasant duty that must be performed, simply because it supports him. A pension awaits him after several years; in the meantime he prays that there will be no war, so that he may spend his days in the vodka tractir. The lack of interest of the officers in the Russo-Japanese War can be traced directly to this system of their education.

One afternoon, Dmitri Petrovitch and I wandered into the

park, in the shadow of the cathedral, and sat on a bench to chat. I had been in Tomsk a fortnight, and had seen most of the city. I had visited the club and the churches and the markets, had seen the grave of the "Hermit Tsar," whom the Tomskians and almost everyone in Siberia claim to have been Alexander I. I had visited the schools and the university, the institute, and a military school. I had talked with many professors and students, but there were still several questions unanswered.

"By the way," I said, "where do you fellows have your athletic field?"

"There isn't any," Dmitri replied as though it were nothing exceptional.

"But what do you do when you play your games?"

"There aren't any games."

"Well what do you do to work off your surplus energy?"

Dmitri laughed. "I suppose some would say that we studied economics and political economy, but there are other things that we do. Come on, I'll show you."

We strolled across the square, and, passing down a side street, came to a gap in the line of houses, where stood the charred shell of what was once a building of some size.

"That was the theatre," said Dmitri Petrovitch. "On the 20th of November, 1905, when the strike of the railroad was at its height, and when the students were especially excited over some action of the governor-general, they gathered a gang of roughs and set fire to that building, and stoned those who attempted to escape. A couple of score were killed. Most of the students were caught. They were either sentenced to death, or, what is worse, were sent for long terms of hard labor to the northern prison settlements. I suppose you might call that working off surplus energy."

Dmitri Petrovitch, as I saw him in his lodgings and at the university, was a perfect example of a theory I had been evolving during my stay in Tomsk, of the causes of student riots in Russian universities.

Like many other nationalities tinged with Oriental blood, the Russian holds the male issue in special reverence. At home no discipline is laid on the boy. His sisters are punished, but never he. It breaks a boy's spirit to use the rod, his mother will tell you. When he goes to the elementary schools, he carries this same spoiled-child spirit with him. There is no discipline. Corporal punishment has been forbidden for the past fifty years. The master, being

dependent on his success with the boys for his salary, finds it wiser to permit a boy the free hand, just so long as he passes his examinations. Thus on through the school list, until the boy reaches the university. Here matters take a different course. The professors have little or no relations with their scholars. There are none of those informal seminars known to American and British students, whereby one is able to know his proctor. The reason for the separation is obvious. In seminars a professor is chatty, and often expresses personal views. His views on sociological and economic questions may be revolutionary. Already professors have tumbled into this pitfall, with the result that they and their scholars have been exiled to the north. So the wise professor simply reads his lectures, and lets the student get along without counsel and advice, as best he can. The boy, having had a free hand at home and at school, being away from his parents, being filled with adolescent enthusiasm which always runs to revolutions, is bound to get into trouble. He has no games, for any assembling of students save in class-rooms is forbidden by the government.[1] So the student flares out now and then into riots, into silly revolutionary strikes. The girls follow the men willy nilly, and the police soon have them lodged in jail with serious political charges preferred.

This is the state of affairs at the University of Tomsk, and this is the underlying cause of all the trouble that has been cropping up there, and at other Russian universities, for the past fifteen years. The utter lack of discipline, the lack of intimacy and friendship between professor and pupil, the lack of wholesome sports, the lack of wise counsel. The government must shoulder part of the blame. Her rulings for students defeat their own ends. This was what Dmitri Petrovitch meant when he said that among the plans of the Russian government for Siberia there was, beside emigration and education, stern subjugation. That was also why, when he and his fellow-students celebrated passing their examinations in the café of the "Rossia," not more than two sat at a table, fearing that a third would cause them to be suspected as arch plotters against the realm! Yet they were singing, despite their subjugation, the song of youth and of youthful lands—

Gaudeamus Igitur
Juvenes dum sumus.

[1]Three students constitute a political meeting, according to the Russian police, and when students are rioting, the police are allowed to fire upon groups of three or more.

VENICE.

BY EVELYN MARCH PHILLIPPS.

TO enter Venice, as in these days we probably do, by rail, is to end a long journey, often hot and crowded, always noisy and fatiguing; to pass through the bustle and uproar of a great railway terminus and then, all in a moment, to find oneself lying in the absolute peace and luxury of a gondola, and with brief delay to glide off into the silence of the water. Well, as we come to know and love Venice, perhaps the surprise and joy of that first impression, the beauty of that first *coup d'œil,* whether by daylight or moonlight, can never be surpassed.

The best way to realize the city as a whole, is to spend a day or two in a gondola wandering about the lagoons and waterways. We cannot think of Venice without picturing the wide lagoon in which she lies, marshland between the city and the mainland, lake where it lies in calm reaches close round the buildings, and almost sea on the outer part, where the action of the tides as they flow in from the *porti* are most strongly felt. The daily ebb and flow sweeps through every smallest canal, covering or laying bare the mud banks, making everything sweet and clean, and carrying all refuse to the sea. In a storm, when the west wind blows strongly, you may stand on the quays and listen to the waves booming on that narrow rampart of sea, sand and mud, the Lido, which keeps back the force of the Adriatic, just as it has kept all hostile forces at bay in the past. It sounds as if a very little would bring the ocean in overwhelming fury upon the city, and you realize the necessity for the sea walls or *murazzi,* which strengthen the frail barrier at its weakest points. The lagoon is full of channels deep enough to float a ship at high tide and a boat at low tide. These are kept open by dredging, and are defined by those groups of *palli* or posts, which are such a characteristic feature of the lagoon. In the days of Charlemagne, the force which sailed under Pepin against the town was sent to its doom by an old woman of Malamocco, where one of the ports opens. She pointed out the easy way, and the Frankish ships set sail without misgiving across the broad calm sheet of water, on the other side of which lay the goal of their

envious desire, only to be stranded one by one upon banks of mud, where they were surrounded and destroyed by the Venetians in their light and shallow boats.

It is the presence of the living sea running through Venice, like the very pulse of life, that gives her her abiding charm. The tides come and go, the sea wind blows salt and fresh. The sky and sea hold in themselves a perfect miracle of change, and under their influence the sea-girt city has the charm of endless variety. On a fresh morning the light glances off the water, the palaces are sharp in shine and shadow, the green tide races up the Grand Canal, a light wind lifts all the loose sails and fluttering pennons, and the smell of the sea is strong and keen in our nostrils. Or it is evening, and as we float across between San Giorgio, lying all rose and ivory upon the cobalt water, and look towards the entrance to the Grand Canal, the orange and crimson of the sunset is reflected in the glowing lagoon to westward, and the domes of S. Maria della Salute are silhouetted in amethyst against the flaming sky. Again comes a pearl-gray sky, when every building is a silver ghost, and the islands sleep upon the lagoon like cattle in the meadows. On days after rain the white clouds pile themselves in mountain buttresses against the deep blue. Wonderful are the moonlight nights when the gleaming path stretches before our prow, and the city is a long line of dazzling light, with the campaniles gleaming white and mysterious, and the moonlit dome of heaven is reflected in the vast expanse below, and we seem to be floating in limitless space. If some day you make an effort, and are out between four and five on a summer morning, the sight is one never to be forgotten. The only sounds to be heard are the plash of the tide, and the soft, wild crying of the sea birds. The east is blushing like a bride, and upon a silver mirror lies a mother-of-pearl city, so melting, so ethereal, it might be the city of a dream. Basking on the broad lagoon at sunset, when the green-blue water is shot with rose and gold in every ripple, you may descry far away to the west a row of visionary peaks. They are "those famous Euganean Hills" of which Shelley sang and where Petrarch died.

> Those mountains towering as from waves of flame
> Around the vaporous sun from which there came
> The inmost purple spirit of light and made
> Their very peaks transparent,

or more rarely, in the clear shining after rain or in the golden

eventide of autumn, the mountains of Cadore, Titian's own country, rise in lapis-lazuli blue behind the city.

The fishing boats, the *bragozzi,* are little changed since the days when Venice held the East in fee and safeguarded the West. Their bows still keep the same free, audacious curve. On the flowing red and yellow sails, angels, or the Madonna in glory, St. George and the dragon, or symbolic designs, are painted in blue or orange or pale sea-green. It is a wonderful sight to see all these fishing boats drawn up after a storm, along the great quay beyond the Ducal Palace, or in one of the harbors of the Giudecca, with their sails hoisted to dry in the sunlight. It is a delight to watch them coming in from the sea, a long line of burning color in the evening light, or to come upon one anchored alone, perhaps below some sea-shrine, a globe of radiance in the sunset.

We come to distinguish a great variety of boats; the *trabaccoli* are the large coasty vessels which trade with stone from Istria, or wine from Dalmatia, and which crowd in their harbor behind the *Salute;* the gondola and the *dandola* are boats of pleasure; the *topo* is a fishing or fruit boat, smaller than the *bragozzi,* and then there are *barche* and *barchetti,* heavy open boats, but the *bragozzi* are the most picturesque of all, and carry at their bows wonderful figures of Fame blowing a trumpet, great painted eyes on the lookout, and, sometimes for luck, a little carved hunchback or *gobbo.* On a Sunday you may see a long line of boats lying along the Riva, while the men have gone to Mass, for the fishers of the lagoons are a pious folk. The fruit boats come in bringing their load to the market on the Rialto, and though they vary with the seasons, they are generally a gorgeous mass. Tomatoes and brilliant pepper-pods are piled round huge watermelons, cut open to show the rosy pulp, pears and grapes, the delicious red *frágola,* or strawberry, and purple plums, or piles of green vegetables and golden gourds make a tempting and delicious picture.

The newcomer enjoys Venice more thoroughly when he masters the way the city lies—the main body divided by the Grand Canal and having the Zattere, a wide *fondaménta,* running the whole length of the seaward front, and the Giudecca, a long tongue of land on the opposite side of the wide lagoon. Then he may row along the noisy Riva dei Schiavoni, past the public gardens and round behind, where the poorer quarters lie. And as he goes he may learn that Venice is divided into *sestieri* or quarters, San Polo, Santa Croce, Cannaregio, Dorsoduro, and

Castello—the names are set up prominently along the canals—and into parishes, of which there are thirty. It is well, too, to know that a *calle* is a long narrow street; a *campo* a large open square, generally in front of a church; that the Cannaregio is the next largest after the Grand Canal; that the term *Canale* is only applied to the latter and the Giudecca; that a *rio* is any smaller canal, and a *fondaménta* is a sidewalk along a canal. The name of *piazza* is given only to three squares, that of St. Mark's which is the Piazza *par excellence,* Piazza Bandiera and Moro, and Piazza Daniele Maniri. A *fondaménta* on the Grand Canal is called a *riva,* and a *traghetto* is a station for ferryboats and gondolas.

As the dark network of small canals is explored, a picture meets the eye at every turn. There is something exciting in the feast of light and color, old green water gates set in a framework of worn white marble, or under slender Gothic arches, heavy balconies of pierced and carved stone, a sudden curtain of vine leaves tumbling over a parapet, a veil of purple wistaria, pots of vivid carnations shining against a dark interior, deep shades and flashing lights, all are reflected in the water, which has a peculiarity all its own, for while every object is reduplicated with marvelous exactitude, the sea-green mirror is always moving, swaying, transforming and zigzagging every detail, and producing an effect which is the delight of the artist and his despair.

The waters of the side canals keep the secrets of the mysterious side of old Venetian life. What courtships, and hatred, what deeds of darkness and echoes of revenge, what stains of blood and cries of despair have not been known to these narrow channels in the past! Sometimes it is a relief to escape from their tortuous windings, and to emerge into the brilliant freshness of the Grand Canal, the magnificent highway of Venice, along which stand many of her principal palaces.

The walls of the palaces are with rare exceptions of brick, but for beauty they are overlaid with thin slabs of marble, and set with alabaster and discs of porphyry or serpentine. The wide door opening from the canal runs through the house, and a broad flight of steps descends into the water—tall *palli,* painted in the colors of the noble houses, are planted in the canal, to which the gondolas are moored. The great stairway mounts upward to the apartments above, each floor forming a large house, with a long *sala* and spacious rooms. The steps seem made for the reception of guests; wide windows with deep balconies open above the canal, everything

suggests peace and fearlessness and welcome. It is all very unlike the fortressed dwellings which in other Italian towns tell their story of peril and insecurity.

And in the meantime all our exploring is done in the most perfect carriage in the world. Without the gondola, of which one never tires, Venice would not have half its charm. Its wide seat, well supplied with large down cushions covered with soft black leather, is low but not too low. Do you wish for solitude? With the silent rower at your back, with no sound but the gentle plash of the oar, and the gurgle of the water against the prow, no apparent movement save the gliding of shore or palace, you feel absolutely alone, or for the best company, the company of two, nothing can be more perfect. You are near your companion, you can talk without raising your voice, the worries of life seem left behind, and are replaced by a sense of dreamy leisure and well being. The gondolier, if he be a master of his craft, will glide through a crowded canal, and round sharp angles, as softly and as swiftly as a serpent. He will skirt corners with hardly an inch to spare, and never graze them, and it is his pride never to come into collision with any other boat. Above all, he will row on for hours in perfect silence, never tired, never impatient, and yet should you wish to talk, he will probably prove a courteous and intelligent companion on his own subjects.

And what a beautiful thing the gondola is to watch! This long, delicately-curved, jet-black creature, lithe and undulating as a live thing, with its ornaments gleaming like gold, its swan-like curve of neck and its high beak, or *ferro,* of polished steel, tossed up and gliding forward with silent speed, seems a part of the water as the rower seems part of his boat, and how can we sufficiently commend the edict which in the sixteenth century, to curb the extent to which the luxury of adornment was being carried, decreed that the gondola must be black? No color would convey the same smart and graceful effect, or be such a happy foil to the brilliant *mise-en-scène.*

The whole price of a new gondola is about $250.00, of which the *felze* or hood is nearly half. Very often, however, a young gondolier has inherited the *ferro* and brass sea-horses and other ornaments. The actual boat, which may need renewing every five or six years, costs only $75.00, and the old hull will sell for $25.00. A good gondolier is devotedly attached to his boat, and it is pretty to see his pride in it, and the way in which he spends his spare moments in rubbing and oiling the steel and brass

work. The *felze,* or little cabin, is as cozy as a sedan chair, and when you have sunk into it, which should always be done backwards, the wind may howl and the rain beat, and you only feel more snug and dry. It is to be feared that the gondoliers care less than they did for keeping the lamp burning before the little shrine which hangs at each *traghetto.* Formerly each man had a special veneration for his own Madonna, and a very usual practice in a quarrel was to make disparaging, not to say abusive, remarks on the Madonna of the adversary's *traghetto.* The gondoliers take turns in providing ferryboats, and each *traghetto* is a guild or friendly society, which allows the members a certain sum in time of sickness. Their houses are generally very comfortable, and the handsome walnut furniture is a sort of fashion among them. They would not hear of buying any other. *"Cè costume"* (it is the custom), they reply if you ask the reason.

Every city has its predominating color, or so one fancies. That of Rome is yellow; her palaces and villas and churches glow in golden travertine. The mediæval houses of Florence are brown in the shadows of her narrow streets, Verona and Siena are cities of "the rosy walls and rosy towers," but the prevailing hue of Venice is silvery white, worn and stained indeed, but still keeping a delicacy and brilliance which are unequalled. Upon these ivory palaces and churches, positive color shows sparing but vivid. Wherever red brick appears it takes on an exquisite rose-pink, and the rich, deep shadows combine to produce a very mezzotint of chiaroscuro.

There is hardly an architectural effect which one loves better than that great flamboyant Church of the Salute, which was built as a thank offering when the great plague was stayed in 1630. We love its splendid, ample curves and volutes, its faint, green, copper domes, its gorgeous green door that Sargent painted, and the rich cypresses that stand like sentinels on its seaward side.

Day by day the spell deepens. We get to know and love the bridges. The rose-red arch which bestrides the Cannaregio, the snow-white marble of the Ponte della Paglia, or the Canonica, carved with fat dolphins or fringed with delicate balustrading, the grand arch which spans the canal of SS. Giovanni e Paolo and a dozen others, culminating in the noble Rialto, on whose broad arches the water casts up an endless shimmer, and between whose close-packed shops an eager crowd is always passing and haggling. Here around the Rialto the national existence of Venice first solid-

ified, and here centre all those memories of the wealth, the splendor, and the pride of the Queen of the Adriatic. Rialto, deep stream, *rivus altus,* was her name till the thirteenth century, when the name of Venice derived from Venetia first appears.

Venice was not peopled, as is sometimes supposed, solely by exiles flying from Attila and his Huns. Fishing villages already rose upon the shoals, saved from the shifting waters by frail osier palisades, and with fleets of light, shallow boats lying at their doors. Nor were those who sought "a refuge from the sword in the paths of the sea," in any sense barbarians who had slowly to acquire the arts of civilized life. Among them were persons of high birth and great traditions, and they brought with them to the first crazy settlement on the lagoons some political training, and some idea of how to reconstruct their shattered social fabric. Hardly had they settled there than their engineering repelled the attacks of the sea, the piles were driven in, the canals arranged, the sidewalks prepared, cisterns excavated, the *fondaménta* placed, and salt factories established. Each little isle had its own magistrates, till the time came to unite with the central republic. The first Doge elected in 697 was the choice of all classes, advantageous treaties were concluded with the East, and the Venetian vessels went in and out of the ports of the Greek Emperor exempt from taxes and customs duties.

Venice does not belong to the West either in ideas or aspect, and to understand her history and her art, we must never forget her ties with the East. If there is any truth in a tradition confidently upheld by recent historians, the people who fled to the islands of the Adriatic had their origin in a colony of emigrants from Asia Minor. They were of the same blood as the merchants of Tyre and Carthage, an offshoot of that wonderful trading race. They had commerce in their blood, and innate in them lay the instinctive passion of the East for gorgeousness. Both in their art and their philosophy of life, we are struck by this deep oriental tinge. The greatness of Venice was derived from her Asiatic trade, and her bazaars, heaped with Eastern riches, must have assumed a deeply oriental aspect. The life of the people was all addressed to enrich the city by traffic, to defend it from foreign menace, and to adorn it with all that art could give, and in the great note of commerce the nobles participated with the people. But passionate as was the spirit of patriotism, enthusiastic the love and loyalty of the people, the civic spirit was absent.

The masses were content to live under a despotic rule. As early as the twelfth century the people saw power pass into the hands of the aristocracy, and as long as the despotism was a benevolent one the event aroused no opposition. Venice was a republic only in name. The whole aspect of her government is Eastern; its system of espionage, its secret tribunals, its swift and silent blows. It had little in common with the mental excitement, the inward quickening and stirring, the intellectual awakening of the Renaissance in Florence.

But perhaps we are wandering too far into the domain of history, and it is time we landed from our gondola. It will be drawn up to the steps, and its bows held while we alight by a ragged old man, who expects us to drop a *soldo* or two into his hat. His services are quite unnecessary, but *Cè costume,* and no gondolier would try to dispense with the help of the *ganziero* or hooker, as he is called from the long hook or *ganzo* by which he holds the boat. They know well how bitterly poor these old fellows are, and they make common cause with them, for they are generally old gondoliers. Yet for all their miserable looks they are officials. They may not ply their trade without a license, and their names are entered in the municipal registers.

Where should we alight first but at the Piazzetta, where so thick a throng of boats lies along the quay, and where wend our steps first but to the Piazza to stand before St. Mark's, whose exterior blazes like a breastplate set with jewels, and the Ducal Palace all delicate old-rose and silver-white. Between the two rises the restored Campanile, and all who saw the piazza without it must have been struck with the knowledge which placed it where it is. The whole square appeared so squat and monotonous without its uplifting shaft, and it is needed to divide the palace from the cathedral, both so beautiful in themselves but so incongruous in style.

The Campanile of St. Mark's is the next and tallest of all the bell towers of Venice. The confraternity of St. Mark's took care that no parish should build its equal. The bricks of which it was built, some of which have been engrossed in the new building, were Roman bricks of a texture and grain resembling marble, and requiring a saw to divide them. They came from the abandoned remains of ancient Roman cities on the mainland, and many of them bore inscriptions, or the imprint of the feet and claws of animals or birds which trod upon them when they lay unslaked by the brick kilns of Aquileia and Tarvisium.

We try to people the Piazza with the doings of by-gone days. The bull fights, the pageants, the grand fêtes, the processions; gorgeous spectacles on such occasions as the marriage of a Doge or the feast of a confraternity; the marvelous costumes, the magnificent hangings that draped every window and balcony. No country in the world had such a splendid jousting ground as the Piazza of St. Mark's. The Doge sat enthroned in a loggia, surrounded by nobles and ladies in boxes, the Piazza was adorned with flags, and the knights, dressed in purple and gold, were mounted on shining Barbary steeds. "Foreigners were struck dumb at the sight of such magnificence," writes Petrarch in 1364. The carnival originated in Venice, and the people gave themselves up to the enjoyment of balls, tourneys, and banquets. It is strange to picture the freights that were borne from the East to Venice during her centuries of conquest, when every noble and every merchant as he swept up the Grand Canal brought some treasure to add to her store. What a welcome the bronze horses must have received when, brought from Constantinople, they were placed over the great portico. We cannot forbear a sigh for the gold and crimson banners which once swayed heavily in Leopardi's richly-adorned sockets, where now the national flag of Italy waves its crude red, white, and green.

How many great events have taken place between the twin columns which stand on the piazzetta? The lion of St. Mark's, which grins at us from one, is said to be partly of Assyrian origin—very, very old it is, at least, and all patched and clamped together. St. Theodore and his crocodile stand upon a shaft of red Egyptian granite, and both witnessed the terrible downfall of Carmagnola, Venice's famous general. The republic's archives hold no more tragic story, and it never fails to extort a shudder of pity. Recent discoveries have shown the great soldier of fortune, to have been, if not positively a traitor, yet more culpable than has hitherto been believed, in his neglect of the interests of an employer who overlooked no shortcomings. Yet the picture is one that remains with us in all its poignancy; the triumphant, confident return, the waving to wife and daughter, set in state to see the loved ones pass; the entry into the Doge's palace; the prison door opening suddenly—"But that is not the way!" "Pardon, it is the right way"—and the splendid soldier disappeared with the cry, "I am a lost man!" He came forth, a gagged and tortured figure, to kneel before the headsman between the columns of the

Piazzetta. His wife and daughter were hurried away from their luminous palace to an obscure little town, to live on a miserable pittance, paid them on condition that no attempt was made to rehabilitate the dead. Truly the Council of Ten understood how to keep order.

It is strange to dream of those old times as we sip our coffee and eat ices at Florian's or Quadvi's, the largest and most fashionable *caffès* in the Piazza. Quadvi's, which is specially frequented in the morning when the shadow falls on that side, was the chief resort of the Austrians in the days when the two nationalities kept rigidly apart. Probably every Venetian visits his favorite *caffè* at least once a day. Men of business arrange meetings there, loafers take their seat, and, franked by a *sciroppo* or a *birra,* gaze at the stream of life as it flows past them for hours together. Parties of English and American tourists, whole Italian families, officers in every variety of uniform, are grouped together in the afternoon, or at evening, when the band plays. Close to you may sit some old habitué, very poor and threadbare, living in a tiny garret on a few francs a day, but who blacks his boots and starches his collar, and throws on his shabby cloak with an air, and finds the *soldo* or two which enable him to order his cup of coffee, and to buy the *Giornale,* and basking "in piazza" to feel himself still in the swim.

People sometimes talk as though it were impossible to walk in Venice. The constant running up and down over the bridges is rather irksome at first, but, as a matter of fact, it is easy to find the way about, and surprising to discover how small a distance lies between the Piazza and the Rialto, where the windings of the Grand Canal are abandoned. If you use your eyes to the utmost and look into every courtyard and down every *calle,* watch the picturesque groups, the color effects, the gay fruit stalls, you will see something to delight you at every moment. The *fondaménta* are charming for a saunter, the sunlight basks on the pleasant little campi, and green glimpses are to be had of hitherto unsuspected gardens which lie behind many a palace or casa. And we get to know the people. Graceful Venetian girls trip across the bridges, draped in the black silk shawls that are as effective in their way as the black gondolas. They walk well, and hold themselves with a pigeon-like stateliness. Broad, ox-eyed mothers of delicious brown *bambini* chatter volubly round the fine, carved well-heads in every court; bronzed gondoliers rowing past, off duty; brown-frocked

Franciscans from the island on the lagoon pass by two and two, on the lookout for provender. The cry of "acqua" is heard as the water-carriers pass with their frame of glasses, and their covered copper pots. The beggars, in tattered but still dignified cloaks, look like picturesque old ruins. People are poor, they would say, but it is possible to live for very little on polenta and fruit and a half-penny cup of coffee.

Two piazzas, or campi, come next in interest to St. Mark's. In each a statue is set up, typical of the life of the city at two widely different periods. In the campo of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, Bartolomeo Colleoni, the famous captain of Condottiere, the faithful servant of Venice, rides in full armor, lifted high above the crowd. Very splendid are Verrocchio's horse and rider. Horse and man are one, the horse restrained yet full of fire, a perfectly responsive instrument, yet instinct with pride and power, its willing coöperation speaking in its wise and down-bent eye. All the bony structure discernible under the fine covering of flesh of muscle, and the rider, poised backward, balances the onward tread of his horse. And how saliently the statue embodies the collective traits of these soldiers of fortune, who achieved in Italy their full development. Only a contemporary, one who by tradition and observation was familiar with the original, could have conceived so terribly realistic a masterpiece. The dare-devil, confident gesture, the sense of direct physical force, emanating from man and charger, the mingling of brutality and nobility, the authority which claimed obedience as much from dread as discipline, the personal ascendency enforced by prompt hand and strong will; these are qualities which lend to the chief of bandits its incomparable vigor, and witness to the days when the power of Venice was felt throughout the world.

Passing along the Marceria, we reach the Campo di San Bartolomeo, where the comedian Goldoni still seems a part of that life amid which he moved in Venice in the eighteenth century. He stands looking down on the people, wearing his court dress with a jaunty air. His cocked hat is tipped over his powdered periwig, and he scans the passers-by with a smile of amused interest on his face, critical, whimsical, as if he saw them in one of his comedies. He too witnesses to a moment when Venice had parted with her old nobility of soul, and had become in a superlative degree the city of pleasure, when the whole population lived for amusement, laughing and gossiping "in piazza."

THE PASSING OF THE PEQUOT.

BY "OLIVER."

CONFESS to a constant historical interest in the Pequots. I should like to catch their profile in story. They were—we are assured—a truculent, warring, and bloodthirsty clan, which once occupied what is now southern New England. Their prowess was such as to enable them to dominate other tribes surrounding them, and to push their conquests even to the homes of the Iroquois. Between them and the Abenaki there was constant conflict, with varying victory. In fact, if I mistake not (although Peol could never be brought to admit it), they were close akin to these latter.

The Pequots, however, had the misfortune to be in occupation of the land over which the Puritans and Pilgrims wished to spread themselves; and of course they could never by fair means or foul bring either Puritan or Pilgrim to recognize their rights as first occupants. Mere pagans could have no just claims in competition with the theocratic rights of the elect. So this great tribe—admittedly the hardiest, bravest and most stalwart of northern tribes, and most wily and adroit—was duly exterminated to the chant of many a warlike psalm. They were wiped off the face of their hunting grounds much as underbrush is cleared from a pioneer farm, or dead leaves from the outlet of a spring.

A few stray bands or families escaped the slaughter on the Mystic, and found refuge in neighboring tribes. They were thus amalgamated with the Hurons and Algonquins; but theirs was a forceful breed, not easily assimilated. Their tribal identity might be merged into another, but their blood still shows after many generations. Outside the Micmacs—and they are degenerating physically—if you meet to-day an Indian of giant size, you can safely set him down as of Pequot descent. In aspect and temper he will still give forth the last echoes of tameless savagery.

All this, or its equivalent, I told Peol frankly and without reserve; with little expectation, however, of learning from him much that might redound to the credit of the Pequots. The feuds between them and the Abenaki, in the ancient times, had been too bitter and bloody to expect him to tell me a sympathetic story about

them. Yet if he could only lift the veil of oblivion enough to let me glimpse this warlike clan as they were known to their hereditary enemies, my curiosity would be satisfied. How widely he surprised me, let this story bear witness.

"How you like to be in the woods alone at night with a crazy man?" he asked abruptly, and with a brisk irrelevancy that I felt immediately like resenting.

"I would not like it at all," I replied, concealing my impatience. "Where did you have that experience?" For I knew that he must have had some such encounter or he would not have asked the question. It was no unusual thing with him, I remembered, to answer one question by asking another.

"Over here on the Sysladobsis waters," he replied, "a few summers ago. Come in one evening to my camp from lake side where I build 'im canoe." We will suffer him to talk a while in his own quaint English. "Split 'im kindlin' to make fire. Dogs growl, and I look around. There in the doorway stand 'im biggest man I ever saw—big as you and me together; and wild, eyes wild like bull moose when he turn to fight. His clothes old, green with age, and mossy where he had darned the rents with gray moss. He had no hat on his head, nuthin' but a queer contrivance of pleated cedar branchery, and his hair matted and fell around and over his face.

"My dogs growl, growl, and I say sharp to them, 'Tish-an-an!' but no use, they still growl and snarl as if at a bear. He step inside over doorstep, and I see with corner of my eye that he wore one larrigan and one low moccasin. I never take my eyes from his; they snapped and glowed like coals on a windy day. He sit down full in the doorway and glower round on dogs. I bid him 'Good evenin',' and ask him have a chair; but he say nuthin'—just sit there and snap his eyes, while his long arms drooped over his knees.

"I kept on splittin' wood, or makin' show of doin' so, and dogs kept on growlin'. My gun stand to his hand just inside door where I left 'im when I came in. 'Fraid he pick it up and shoot. I had my axe, and so was not afraid of him in rough-and-tumble fight, but afraid of gun. I ask him to have some supper, for I was hungry myself and in a hurry to eat, but afraid to turn my back on him. Still he just sit and glower; and dogs mumble to themselves. All night they growl; all night I sit by cold stove, axe in hand ready to brain him; all night he sit in doorway and watch me. When mornin' come I ask him have some breakfast,

but he get up instead, and walk off as silent as he come. That mornin' I lost my new canoe—just make 'im."

The recollection of his loss seemed to bring Peol to a standstill in his narrative, but it was only for a moment while he refilled his pipe.

"That crazy man," he resumed, shaking his glowing pipe at me, "was a Pequot. I knew it the moment I set eyes on him; never such a big man, unless he were one of the Micmac Ginniches, and I knew them personally. Had he been a white man I would have taken chances and got my supper, but could run no risk with a crazy Pequot—like 'im murder too well. Once afterwards I met him, and he came near killin' me in hand-to-hand fight. Had it not been for a bear he would have done so. But that is a story for another time, when you won't have those ravagin', murderin' Pequots so high on your mind."

Peol stopped and looked quizzically at me. I could perceive that he was calculating to turn me aside from the subject with which I started to his own more personal adventure; but I had my mind fixed on the ancient Pequots, or Wampanoags, of early New England history, and was not to be deflected. If I did not take him now that he was in the humor, I might have to wait indefinitely for the information I sought. So, at the risk of losing a better story, I affirmed again my desire to hear of the historic Pequots. Peol assented as I knew he would.

Still, before dismissing the interruption, it may be courteous to state that the story of his fight with the Pequot—demented and maniacal as he was—was a stirring bit of adventure, which was made doubly effective by the accidental interference of a bear, whereby Peol's life was undoubtedly saved. As it is a recent and personal tale, it very properly cannot find place amongst these stories of the ancient times.

"I left my camp that same day," the old Indian resumed, "because, with that wild man in the woods, my life was not safe. Pequots are bad men to have lying around; but handy men in a fight. Once in the old times they help us when we need it much; so that afterwards when a few of them sought shelter among us from the English we took them in; but we never would allow them to marry our women; and we came, in the end, to say of any bad man, 'He's a Pequot.'"

Peol had by this time settled down to his after-dinner smoke, and the odor of kinnikinic scented the air with tradition. I shall tell his tale in better English than he was wont to use. All through

it the figure of the giant Pequot, sitting in the doorway and refusing to accept hospitality, persisted in thrusting itself forward on my imagination; and I took him, as the tale progressed, to be a fitting type of his tribe—irreconcilable, unwavering and fiercely aloof in his racial hostility.

"I can hardly define," Peol began, "what were our relations, in the ancient times, with the tribes to the south of us. Sometimes it was peace, but more often it was war; with the Malicetes only and the Micmacs was there constant peace, for with them were we allied from the outset. Moreover, there came a time when the Abenaki of Chenascot took umbrage at the domineering spirit of the Pequots, who up to that time had been their allies; and, being defeated in the war that ensued, they were forced to seek refuge with us. The Etchemin never had much reason to complain of these Armouchiquois; they were actually of our blood and race; but because they had early drawn upon themselves the resentment of the Micmacs we, as allies, came to look upon them as enemies of our league. There was foray and revenge back and forth; and sometimes our allied tribes brushed the intermediate Armouchiquois aside from their warpath when they descended in force upon the Pequots. We were the fence around the bear trap, as I have often said; the Abenaki of the Penobscot could hardly be called more fenceful than the greenery along a runway of rabbits. They pleased us or displeased us as the spirit moved us; we held no deadly enmity against them; and sometimes a woman of their tribe would find her way amongst us as wife to one of our warriors.

"Our attitude towards the Pequots, however, was constantly hostile. We recognized them from the beginning as forceful and stout enemies, with whom alliance meant subjugation. The ancient word speaks often of expeditions by sea down into the land of the Wampanoags; of surprises and stiff conflicts; of Pequots who, as our prisoners, ran gallantly the gauntlet, and were feasted and sent home unharmed; and of like generous treatment given to our warriors when they fell prisoners. But towards the Micmacs they were implacable; and the Micmacs, in turn, showed them no mercy. It was indeed a combat of giants when the two tribes met. Usually the Pequots had other clans allied with them, as the Micmacs had the Malicetes and ourselves, and in our engagements with them it came to be tacitly understood that the Pequots should be left to the Micmacs while we fought the others. They sought each other out in battle; challenges to personal combat were of common occurrence; and many a worthy fight occurred between great chiefs

beneath the gaze of the other combatants, who for the moment left off their individual strife to watch the greater combat. It was then battle-axe and knife against battle-axe and knife; club perhaps against club; and, not infrequently, fist against fist, with a wrestling bout thrown in to make the show more interesting. These were by no means, however, mere exhibitions of dexterity and adroitness, but fierce and deadly encounters, in which the weaker antagonist usually was left scalpless on the field. Hatchet and knife made the last stages of the combat swift release for the weaker man.

"Then would it sharply behoove the friends of the conqueror to throw themselves between him and the enemy, whose resentment at the death or defeat of their champion might work him deadly ill. Experienced warriors, viewing the combat close at hand, usually could foresee who would be victor, and so took early precautions to rescue him. Occasions have happened on which the defeat of a chief in such single combat led immediately to the retreat of his tribe. Sometimes the victors, satisfied with the triumph of their champion, did not follow the enemy; but most often great slaughter ensued.

"I give you these details because I would have you know that it was not the play and mimic war of children when Micmac met Pequot in battle. I wish you also to be able to understand in advance how easily the minds on both sides lent themselves to such gage of battle, in order that you may better comprehend the great fight between our young chief Azoa and his rival, a warrior chief of the Pequots. It is one of the famous memories of our tribe. You will bear in mind also when, as the fight progresses, you are casting up his chances, that Azoa was the eldest son of Guesca, and that his father was a Mohawk: the best fighting blood of two warrior tribes flowed within him. His father, Waghinethe the sorcerer, was a giant of a man, and so was Azoa in turn. Two noted deeds did this great chief in his time: he defeated the champion of the Wampanoags in single combat when he was a young man, and when he was older he led our warriors down the Mississippi as escort to La Salle. His name lives fresh in our memory, and yet his son Talistoga was even a greater chief.

"It was during one of those rare intervals of amity between ourselves and the Abenaki of Chenascot that opportunity for rivalry was given between Azoa and the Pequot. How it came about that our young chief was enamored of the daughter of the war chief of the Armouchiquois, the old people never told

me; believing no doubt that such occurrences explain themselves. He first met her, I believe, when she visited a relative who was a wife in our tribe. They were both too young at the time to talk of marriage, even if the girl had been willing; for there is no word left that she was unduly willing to accept the awkward growing cub of a young man. Moreover, Azoa had not yet built his war lodge or gone out in search of adventure. He was as yet too young. But he carried the girl in his mind, and no doubt she thought at times of him.

"When then he grew older, and gave promise of being a great warrior, his mother Guesca bade him think of getting a wife for himself; it would settle him and make a wise man of him sooner. He had seen Tamoha, the Abenaki girl, a few times in the interval, but she had been strangely reticent and coy; and her father appeared not to be pleased with his visits. Still Azoa's purpose was set on the young girl, and when his mother grew insistent—as was her way—he set out with a few chosen friends to visit the encampment at Chenascot. There he was surprised to find a number of Pequot chiefs ahead of him, and he soon learned that, amongst other purposes, they had come to ask the hand of the war chief's daughter for the son of their principal sachem. This young Pequot was himself on hand to urge his suit. He was a young man who measured up to the best physical standards of his tribe; being the son of a powerful ally, his chances were much better of winning the girl than were those of the son of a half-hostile neighbor. No love was lost, of course, between the rivals, nor for that matter between the Pequots and our visiting warriors. They were prevented from open enmity only through the demands of neighborly courtesy towards their common host. Once beyond the territory of Chenascot, there would at once be war between them; for our people never made a treaty of peace with the Pequots.

"The girl herself appeared to be uncertain of her choice. She afterwards protested that she was influenced by her father to be in no hurry in her decision; he would prefer her to take the Abenaki were not the Pequots such stout friends and unforgiving foes. In fact, a girl was not allowed to have much choice in such matter among the tribes; her husband usually was chosen for her; yet since Guesca established the right of a maid to choose for herself, this custom was dying out among us.

"Now had Azoa been of the same metal as his son Talistoga was in the years after (a story which I will tell you some other time), he would have run off with the girl, and braved her rescue;

but he was rather of the calculating sort; he would rather fight out his own feuds himself without committing his tribe. He waited, therefore, with more or less patience the wishes of the girl; he paid scant attention to the presence of his rival, yet was ready to throw him into the sea or meet him at single-stick any moment. The tribal police knew this, and were on the alert to prevent hostilities between the two lovers and their followers.

"Had the Pequot known that his rival was half Iroquois by birth, he might have been less contemptuous and defiant; but, accustomed to his tribal idea of seeking only for worthy foes among the Micmacs, he was insolent, and overbearing in his relations with our young chief. Azoa was of a birch-bark temper, like his mother Guesca, and could not easily brook impertinence. When, then, at a game of ball, played between the young men, the rivals met accidentally in a scrimmage, no police on earth could prevent what followed. The two had come together with much force, neither seeing the other very well at the time, and the Pequot had been thrown to the ground. Recognizing his adversary at once, he gave expression to some disparaging remark about the other's awkwardness. Azoa, hot under the insult, made at him at once, and they clinched. Immediately the field was in an uproar, and our warriors, old and young, ranged themselves in a way to be of service if needed; but Azoa did not think of needing them. Already taught some of the finer secrets of wrestling by Frenchmen, with whom he had consorted from early youth, he allowed his adversary no time to plan a defence, but with an adroit movement, which gave him the purchase he wanted, he threw the Pequot over his shoulder into the air. The latter landed heavily on his head and left shoulder, and came near breaking his neck. He was so sharply injured by the fall that his friends were glad to carry him off the field. The game, of course, came to an end at once. The police were blamed for the occurrence; but, as I have said, they could not have prevented it, so sudden and unlooked for was the accidental meeting of the young men. As to the Pequot, he was disfigured for life. That evening the girl smiled on Azoa, and he began to have hopes. But her father was grave and cold, and chided him for his temper. Azoa said little in reply, but enough to warn the older chief to rid himself as soon as possible of his Pequot visitors —for the young man was as fearless and outspoken as his mother.

"Now, in those days, bushment, deception, and every sort of wile was considered lawful in warfare. It is strange, nevertheless, that both of the hostile parties should contemplate practising

the identically same wile, one against the other. Things had reached such a pass that the Abenaki chief was compelled to urge each party to return to its tribe. He was in a tight place, and could hardly have acted otherwise. His own warriors had taken sides, some for Azoa and our people, others for the Pequots. There was a strong current of hostility gathering force, one way or the other, which if unchecked was likely to work great damage to the Abenaki themselves. Each party therefore departed, with a day's interval between. First Azoa and his men, for he was at heart peaceful, and knew the embarrassment of his host. Then, when twenty-four hours had passed, the disfigured Pequot and his warriors slumped out of the encampment on their way homeward. Yet it was a long way from the purposes of either to continue at once on their direct journey. Each had resolved to ambush or entrap the other. So that Azoa, instead of hurrying onward back to the St. Croix, made a detour around and behind the encampment of the Abenaki, and placed himself and his few warriors directly across the path which the Pequots would follow. In fact, to prevent interference by the Abenaki, he pushed on several miles to the west and south. The Pequots, making a long bend around the encampment of their allies, likewise ambushed themselves for the destruction or capture of their rivals.

"Now it happened that tidings of the active feud between the hot-headed young chiefs had in the interim reached their fathers, so that a war party had gone out from both Pequot and our home encampments for the purpose of succoring each its own warriors. Thus the detachment from our camps, finding the Pequots in front of them, attacked and captured the whole band, with a few casualties; while the band sent out to rescue the young Pequot and his men, in turn fell in with Azoa and made him prisoner. Each detachment then pushed on to the encampment of their neutral hosts, the Abenaki, and met there to their great astonishment—both sides marching in triumph from opposite points of the compass at practically the same moment. It was an odd situation, at which even these confirmed enemies were forced to laugh. The joke of the affair brought on a good-humored view of the situation, and the Abenaki chiefs had little difficulty in arranging an exchange of prisoners. Thus Azoa and his men were exchanged for the Pequot and his followers, and both parties returned homeward.

"But the Pequots were going home in great dudgeon, for they had found the Abenaki chief rather inclined to favor the suit of their enemy, our young Azoa; the girl Tamoha had at once pro-

claimed her choice of our Quoddy chief when she found him a prisoner; moreover, the Pequots rightly interpreted this intended marriage as a sign that their former allies were deserting them. They went away, therefore, grutching and grumbling openly, and when at some distance from the encampment shot an arrow back into it as a sign of war. Milinocket the Abenaki at once began setting his encampment in a state of preparation, for he knew how ruthless would be the resentment of his late allies; a large body of women and children, including his daughter Tamoha, were established in a safe encampment nearer to us; and himself with a deputation of his warriors came in to us to complete the pact of alliance. It was immediately decided to send runners to the Micmacs and to the Malicetes, our constant allies, and to make a united raid down into the country of the Pequots.

"Befell it, therefore, that we raided across New England, at a short distance from the bay. Although we were not friends of the snarling English folk who were perched on its rocky edges, we had had as yet no quarrel with them. Our scouts brought in amazing stories of this grim people, who went armed to their daily toil, and whose spectral council-lodges carried heavy guns on their roofs. We did not stop to satisfy our curiosity, but went swiftly across to the hunting grounds of our enemies the Pequots. It might have been better for all concerned if we had stopped to discover what the drilling and ordering of men in the open place meant. We might have thought better and turned back. The English, as we learned later, were going on the same warpath as we ourselves, they were about to attack the same enemy. They had found the Pequots hopelessly vicious and hostile, and had secured the assistance of all the seaboard tribes that cherished a grudge against them. Possibly if we had known in time that our enemies would be so beset, we might not have gone down there to harry them; but there was a sort of understanding that we should fight it out, and Azoa wanted to meet his rival. Had we known, however, that our enemies would be set upon by such a powerful combination, we certainly would have stayed at home. There were amongst our tribes those alert enough to foresee that the Pequot's fight for his hunting grounds to-day, might be ours to-morrow. But, as I said, we knew all this when it was too late.

"In our headlong way, we ran into the rear of the tribes which were assisting the English, at the moment when they were seeking to turn the left flank of the Pequots. We went through them with a rush, and scalped at our will. Taken at a disadvantage, and mis-

taking us for a strategic body of the enemy (of whom they stood in great fear), they fled across the field of battle to their English allies, hotly pursued by our warriors. The English in turn, who were conducting their battle in their own way, being thus taken in the rear by a formidable body of unreliable allies—behind whom our men opened out an interminable line of victorious enemies—were at a great disadvantage, but had sense enough to back out until they could get a better position.

"It was, indeed, an odd situation, and it became still odder and more distracting when our warriors, after putting to flight the Narragansetts and Niantics, and having driven the English from position, stepped into the gap and attacked the Pequots. Our ancient enemies were evidently doomed, and we wanted to end our feuds with them before they disappeared. It was a gallant fight. The Pequots were as fresh as we were, and as eager for battle now that they recognized our war cries. Moreover, our chiefs perceived that quick work was necessary, for there was no knowing when we should be taken in the rear by the whites and their allies. It was battle-axe and knife, therefore, and man to man. We willingly yielded the advantage that firearms necessarily gave us, being in too great hurry to use them. The battle gradually edged into an open meadow, and as the terms were fairly even, there was no need of ambuscade. The only precaution our leaders took was to station our new allies, the Armouchiquois, so as to protect our flank and rear from the enemy behind.

"Of the battle and how it raged back and forth from meadow to bush and back again to the open, I can give you only a general notion. When our warriors returned to the St. Croix their story centred in the single combat between our young chief Azoa and his Pequot enemy. When they met in the clash of battle, after seeking each other out, there was a truce to further fighting elsewhere. Both sides knew of the intense personal feud between those two warriors, and were eager to see its outcome. Both were stripped to their loin cloths, and physically both were evenly matched. Time had added to the hideousness of the Pequot's disfigurement; beside him Azoa shone in manly beauty. The echoes of the battle suddenly ceased like the swishing of boughs in the calm after a great wind, and the warriors of both sides drew up in opposing lines. The two combatants had been in deadly conflict for a short while before the fact was known, so that it was necessary to interrupt their play of arms, and arrange, as it were, the

terms and details of the encounter. Our chiefs welcomed the suggestion, which came from the Pequots, that the issue between the tribes should be determined by this single fight. It was very disconcerting to have an enemy in the rear, of whose purposes they could have no certain knowledge.

"While the chiefs on both sides were arranging the simple preliminaries of the fight, Azoa, ignoring his enemy, was giving a clever exhibition of his skill in juggling with his knife and tomahawk. It was done of course for the benefit of his opponent, and was a pretty bit of sleight of hand. He had learned it from French officers who were skilled in that sort of thing, and who had shown him its value in a combat where an opponent was likely to cast his knife edgewise at him. Both knife and hatchet appeared to be in the air at the same moment, and yet came duly to hand when needed. It was evident that the Pequots were struck with this performance, from the wide-mouthed attention they gave it. There was much babblement among them, and Azoa had the satisfaction of perceiving that his rival halted as if unwilling to resume the fight.

"The combatants advanced into the open space between the lines, while silence and expectancy possessed the onlookers. Each carried his tomahawk in his hand and his knife in his belt. It was not customary to appeal to the knife until the axe had been discarded. They circled warily around each other looking for an opening; twice they jumped in to strike, and twice the blows were foiled; their axes glanced against each other in the air, and slid harmlessly backward from the strokes. Then began the circling again, each eyeing the other sharply, lest he should throw his tomahawk at an unguarded moment. This might have gone on for sometime longer, had not Azoa caught the glint of colors and of steel in the branches of some distant trees. The English were directly in their rear, watching the duel. He took his inspiration from the danger his tribe was in from this enemy in the rear, and so with a rush he bounded in on his adversary as if to strike him to the ground. The other raised his arm to ward off the blow, when Azoa, being left-handed, sent his tomahawk whizzing past the other's guard. It struck the Pequot fair on the forehead, and he dropped like a log. Azoa was upon him in a moment, knife in hand, and the tense crowd expected to see him scalp his enemy. He bent over him, instead, and with his knife clipped a handful of hairs from the scalplock. Then standing erect, he cried out so that all could hear him, 'I will carry these hairs to the girl: she will understand. Take your son, O chief, I do not want his

blood.' Then turning, he made a gesture of his arm in the direction of the trees, where the English were spying out the fight. 'Red man should not kill red man,' he cried, 'when the white man rallies in his rear.' All eyes went at once to the hills behind them, and Pequot and Abenaki saw their danger. 'Our brothers may not see their homes again, if we do not help them,' the chief of the Pequots called across the lines. 'But for the young sachem's sake, who saved where he could have destroyed, we will help.' And then both sides sank under cover, the one to the right, the other to the left, as if the earth had suddenly swallowed them.

"We picked up our Armouchiquois allies in the rear, but were immediately after confronted by the English troops. We did not wait to be attacked, but opened fire at once to give notice to our new allies, and thus the fight was on once more. But it is hard to corner Indian warriors in the woods, and we gradually worked around the flank of the enemy, while the Pequots occupied him in front. Here we ran into the Narragansetts once more, and again we trampled over them. Only the Pequots themselves could withstand our Micmacs when their blood was up. The Narragansetts once more fled in disorder, while we, yelling behind them, drove them again in upon the English. How the day went after that we did not wait to see. We had come hundreds of miles to fight our ancient enemies: we wanted as little trouble as we could with the white men. But a day or two later, when on our retreat, we met the Mohicans under their sachem Uncas on their way to help the English, we thanked our manitou that we were well out of the trap into which our foolhardiness had led us. You know how that war ended. The Pequots were wiped out as a people, after a battle the fiercest in the history of red men. Weeks after, when we were safely in our encampments by the sea, a straggling band of wasted and dispirited Pequots came to us, and we gave them shelter, yet always, as I have already told you, with a glance askance at their character for undying grimness and lawlessness. The young Pequot chief was among them—more fearfully disfigured than ever—and he took a morose part in the rejoicings that followed the wedding of Azoa with the Armouchiquois girl.

"The Pequot is ever a Pequot," Peol continued after a pause. "You cannot blame him. No doubt he brought his misfortunes on himself, for he was hated equally by Dutch and English; but we found him a gallant enemy, towards whom, in his misfortune, we could but show friendly commiseration. His race is not extinct."

CHRISTIAN ASCETICISM IN THE FIRST THREE CENTURIES.[1]

BY BERTRAND L. CONWAY, C.S.P.

DURING the last fifty years rationalistic scholars have devised a number of arbitrary theories on the origin of monasticism. They have all attempted, by a vast array of pseudo-erudition, to prove that the monastic life cannot be traced in any way to Jesus Christ and the Twelve Apostles, but owes its origin to the Buddhistic monks of India;[2] the recluses of the temples of Serapis;[3] the Jewish Essenians;[4] the Therapeutæ of Lake Mareotis,[5] or the ascetics of Mithraism.[6]

The Abbé Martinez has just published, under the auspices of the Catholic Institute of Paris, a scholarly treatise in refutation of these five *a priori* hypotheses. In a brief introduction[7] he points out their inconsistency, while in the body of his work[8] he gives us a most detailed account of the asceticism of the first three centuries, proving beyond the shadow of a doubt its Christian origin.

Chapter I. treats of asceticism in the New Testament and in the Apostolic Age. Harnack[9] and Dobschütz[10] both maintain that "Jesus Himself did not live the life of an ascetic." It is true that He practised celibacy and poverty, but they were required by reason of His special mission. There is nothing in His teaching, nor in that of the Apostles, to justify the extraordinary development of the ascetic life. Indeed it goes directly counter to the very principles of Christianity. This is clearly proved by the fact that the progress of asceticism and the development of Christianity did not go hand in hand. The primitive Christian communities were in no sense communities of ascetics; their success depended on their

[1] *L'Ascéticisme Chrétien pendant les trois premiers siècles de l'Église.* By Abbé F. Martinez, S.M. Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne. 5 *frs.*

[2] Hilgenfeld, *Zeitschrift für wiss. Theol.*, 1867, p. 163.

[3] Weingarten, *Zeitschrift für Kirchengeschichte*, 1877, pp. 1-35, 545-547.

[4] Stäudlin, *Geschichte der Sittenlehre Jesu;* Gfrörer, *Philo und die Alex. Theosophie.*

[5] Amenilineau, cited in Ladeuze, *Étude sur le Cénobitisme Pakhômien*, p. 169.

[6] Reinach, *Orpheus*, p. 102; Cumont, *Textes et Monuments*, vol. i., p. 338 *et seq.*

[7] Pages 1-18.

[8] Pages 19-204.

[9] *Sitzungber. der Kön. preuss Akad. der Wiss.*, 1891, vol. i., p. 11.

[10] *Die Urchristlichen Gemeinden*, p. 261.

making Christianity a practical matter of everyday life. The early apologists, instead of appealing to the heroism of the Christian ascetics in their defence of Christianity, commend rather the spirit of charity which filled every true Christian heart.

This in brief is the rationalistic thesis, which the Abbé Martinez refutes by a thorough study of all the passages of the New Testament which refer in any way to the place of asceticism in the teaching of our Savior. Our opponents make no distinction whatever between the orthodox asceticism of the Catholic Church and the Gnostic pseudo-asceticism, which was strongly denounced by the early Fathers on account of its false dogmatic basis and its pagan excesses. We will not be guilty of such a mistake.

Our Lord Jesus Christ, true God and true Man in one divine personality, was not, we readily admit, a mere ascetic. His divine mission far surpassed the narrow outlook of the *continentes* of the primitive Christian communities. But it is evident from even a cursory study of the Gospels, that He both preached and practised the principles of the ascetic life from the beginning to the end of His earthly ministry.

We know that our Savior prepared for His public ministry by fasting forty days in the desert among wild beasts.[11] Not only was He the model of the virgin life, but He was most careful to guard against the slightest suspicion in the matter of purity. The disciples were astonished even to find Him talking with a woman.[12] He practised poverty to such an extent that "He had not where to lay His head,"[13] and He did not even possess the stater for the tribute money.[14] He often retired apart from the multitude, and spent whole nights in prayer after days of most fatiguing preaching.[15] Virginity, absolute poverty, and the love of solitude and prayer—these have ever been the characteristic virtues of the true ascetic. It is true that we find no mention of our Lord's bodily mortifications, but their lack is made up by His continual and laborious preaching from city to city,[16] and His patient endurance of hunger, thirst, and bodily fatigue. We do not wonder, therefore, to find the early Fathers and ecclesiastical writers calling Jesus Christ "the Prince of Virgins,"[17] alluding to His great poverty,[18] and referring to the perfect "asceticism of the Lord."[19]

It is true that the ascetic teaching of Jesus does not hold the

[11]Matt. iv. 2; Mark i. 13. [12]John iv. 27. [13]Matt. viii. 20. [14]Matt. xvii. 26. [15]Matt. xiv. 23; Mark vi. 31, 32; Luke v. 16; ix. 10, 18, 28; xi. 1; xxii. 39. [16]Luke viii. 1. [17]Methodius, Bishop of Olympia, *Convivium*, Orat. X., iii. [18]Tertullian, *De Pœnitentia*, vii. [19]Clement of Alexandria, *Strom.*, iii., 6.

predominant place in the Gospels that our rationalistic critics seem to think necessary for our defence of monasticism. But our Lord did not come to establish a community of monks pledged to the highest degree of perfection, but to found a Church for all men.[20] Our Lord's moral teaching addressed to all His followers was undoubtedly most sublime. Christians are to be perfect as their Heavenly Father is perfect; they are all called upon to live a life of self-denial, sacrifice, renouncement, and suffering. His words are: "I came not to send peace but the sword....He that taketh not up his cross is not worthy of Me." "He that shall lose his life for My sake shall find it." "If any man come to Me and hate not his father and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple."[21] Self-denial is an essential characteristic of the true follower of Jesus, and in times of persecution, such as He evidently had in mind in the above texts, this self-denial was to be heroic even unto death.

But there are other teachings of our Savior which He intended only for an élite few. They are in no sense commandments for the multitude, but counsels left to the free choice of those who were to follow Him more intimately in the way of perfection. Protestantism, ever cursed with the worldly taint of a human gospel, has always ignored our Lord's teaching on the counsels. That is one reason among many of its bitter hatred of monasticism and the religious life. That is why its followers of the critical school of to-day do their utmost to trace the origin of asceticism to a pagan philosophy or a pagan religion.

Jesus mentioned the counsel of chastity in the nineteenth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel. He restored marriage to its primitive purity, and prohibited divorce even in the case of adultery. When in view of this strict teaching, the disciples declared: "It is not expedient to marry," Jesus took occasion of their remonstrance to set forth clearly the practice of celibacy "for the kingdom of heaven." The prohibition of divorce is a commandment for all Christians; the practice of celibacy is a counsel for the élite few. "He that can take, let him take it."[22] Some non-Catholic scholars arbitrarily try to show that these last words of our Lord refer to the indissolubility of marriage,[23] while others think it strange that our Lord should recommend celibacy while extolling marriage.[24]

[20]Page 22. [21]Matt. x. 34-38; Mark viii. 35; Luke ix. 24; xiv. 26.
[22]Matt. xix. 12. [23]Zahn, *Komment. zum N. T.—Ev. Matt.*, p. 389 *et seq.*
[24]Allen, *A Critical and Exegetical Commentary of St. Matthew*, p. 205.

The first theory does violence to the context, while the second sees opposition where in reality none exists. It is unquestionably true that our Lord's counsel of celibacy marks the beginnings of asceticism, for virginity is its basic and essential element. Asceticism is possible even when the other practices that generally accompany virginity are absent; but without virginity it does not and cannot exist.

Jesus counselled poverty even more explicitly. He said: "Do not possess gold, nor silver, nor money in your purses." "Take nothing for your journey, neither staff, nor scrip, nor bread, nor money." "Sell what you possess and give alms." "Everyone that doth not renounce all that he possesseth cannot be My disciple." "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast, and give to the poor."[25] He did not give a command to the rich young man, but clearly made an appeal to his generosity. "If thou wilt be perfect" are His words.[26] Finally, Jesus asked His chosen ones to renounce their own wills, "to deny themselves and to take up their cross."[27] Harnack[28] is wrong in declaring that the Catholic Church teaches two different moral codes, one for the multitude, and another for the monk who stands for a higher type of perfection. The difference between them is merely a difference of degree, or rather of means. Both have the same end in view, viz., the love of God and love of the neighbor for God's sake.[29]

St. John the Baptist, who stands midway between the Old Law and the New, is a character well worthy of study from the viewpoint of asceticism. He is at once a Jewish prophet and a Christian ascetic. He led a solitary life in the desert of Juda, practised the most rigorous penance, and insisted upon his disciples fasting.[30] His ascetic life explains the veneration and love the people had for him.[31]

The example and teaching of Jesus were the inspiration of His Apostles. Were the Apostles married men or celibates? St. Peter tells us that the Apostles left all things to follow Jesus,[32] but we are hardly justified in deducing much from so indefinite a statement. We know that St. Peter was married,[33] and that St.

[25]Matt. x. 9; Luke ix. 3; xii. 33; xiv. 33; Matt. xix. 21.
[26]Knabenbauer, *Comm. in Matt.*, p. 158.
[27]Matt. xvi. 24.
[28]*Das Wesen des Christenthums*, p. 51.
[29]Page 26.
[30]Matt. iii. 4; Mark i. 6; Lev. xi. 22; Matt. ix. 14.
[31]Matt. xi. 9; Luke vii. 26; John v. 35; Luke iii. 15.
[32]Mark x. 28.
[33]Mark i. 30.

Paul was not.[34] The witness of the early ecclesiastical writers does not help us much, for their testimony is rather late, and St. Clement of Alexandria[35] contradicts Tertullian.[36]

Eusebius in his *Ecclesiastical History*[37] describes the austere asceticism of St. James, the first Bishop of Jerusalem, and mentions the virgin daughters of the evangelist Philip, "who did prophesy."[38] St. Clement of Alexandria speaks of the deacon Nicholas, who lived apart from his wife, and whose daughters were virgins. Mayer[39] is right in recognizing the germ of asceticism in the primitive Christian community of Jerusalem.[40] The communism which they practised like the monks of the fourth century, was by no means obligatory, as we learn from St. Peter's words to Ananias,[41] but a matter of free choice. The Acts say nothing, however, of the practice of virginity, which later on was to become the very essence of the ascetical life.

St. Paul's teaching on celibacy is set forth in the seventh chapter of his first letter to Corinth. Virginity is, absolutely speaking, a good state in itself; it is indeed preferable to marriage, because it enables the Christian to serve God better, and "to be holy both in body and in spirit." It is not intended for all, for "everyone has his proper gift from God, one after this manner and another after that."

In his letter to the Colossians, the Apostle discusses the asceticism of certain communities of Asia Minor, which was inspired by either Jewish or Pagan influences.[42] He does not find fault with their abstaining from meat and drink, as some ignorant controversialists have maintained, but on the contrary recognizes in their practices "a show of wisdom in their not sparing the body."[43] He does, however, absolutely condemn the human motives of their ascetic practices as conducing to pride.[44] Some Catholic writers have tried to make St. Paul a witness for the vow of virginity, by a forced interpretation of 1 Tim. x. 12: "Having damnation, because they have made void their first faith."[45] But the Abbé Martinez rightly rejects their hypothesis, as well as Achelis'[46] theory

[34] 1 Cor. vii. 7.
[35] *Strom.*, iii., 6.
[36] *De Monog.*, viii. Cf. Leclercq, *Dict. d'Archeologie, Célibat.*
[37] II., ch. xxiii., 3, 5, 10; III., ch. xxxix., 9.
[38] Acts xxi. 9. Duchesne, *Hist. Anc. de l'Église*, vol. i., p. 135.
[39] *Die Christliche Asceze*, p. 6.
[40] Acts ii. 44, 45; v. 4.
[41] Acts. v. 4.
[42] Prat, *La Theologié de St. Paul*, p. 391.
[43] Col. ii. 23.
[44] Col. ii. 18.
[45] Bigelmair, *Archiv. für kath. Kirchenrecht*, 1896, p. 85.
[46] *Realencyclopadie*, vol. xiii., p. 215.

of the *Subintroductæ*[47] supposedly mentioned in 1 Cor. vii. 36-38.

St. John in the Apocalypse speaks with the greatest enthusiasm of the state of virginity. "They sang as it were a new canticle. .....These are they (144,000) who were not defiled with women: for they are virgins. These follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth. These were purchased from among men, the first fruits to God and to the Lamb: and in their mouth was found no lie: for they are without spot before the throne of God."[48] It is probable that he mentions Sardis as the home of some of these ascetics.[49]

No Catholic, of course, would expect to find in the Sacred Scriptures a complete and detailed account of asceticism or of the religious life. But the few passages to which we have called the attention of our readers, are ample enough to prove that the anchorites and cenobites of the fourth century are to be traced to the teachings of Jesus and His Apostles.

We have next to consider the testimony of the ecclesiastical writers of the first three centuries, studying as we do so the pseudo-asceticism of Gnosticism, Encratism, and Montanism, and the influence of Neo-Platonism on the orthodox asceticism of Alexandria.

The Apostle St. John was still living when St. Clement of Rome addressed his words of counsel to the ascetics of the Church of Corinth. Are not the following words an echo of St. Paul's *propium donum?*[50] "Let him who is chaste in body not glory therein, for he knows that it is Another Who bestows upon him the gift of continence.[51]

St. Ignatius, on his road to Rome to be martyred for the faith, sends greetings to the virgins of Smyrna.[52] Even at this early date virginity was recognized as a permanent state, and was highly honored by the faithful. So much so, indeed, that some of these ascetics considered themselves superior to the bishop. St. Ignatius warns them against this spirit of pride, saying, "Asceticism is good; it honors the flesh of the Savior; but the ascetic is subject to the bishop, who is the head of the community."[53]

[47]The *Subintroductæ* were those virgins who, while desirous of remaining true to their profession, lived with men who had also pledged themselves to the virgin life. They were united in a spiritual bond. With the one exception of the marital relation, they lived in the closest possible intimacy. There is very little agreement among scholars as to their first appearance in history, their aim, or their relations with the ecclesiastical authorities. (p. 34.)

[48]Apoc. xiv. 3-5. [49]Apoc. iii. 4. [50]Proper gift, 1 Cor. vii. 7.

[51]*Epis. ad Cor.*, xxxviii., 2. [52]*Ad Smyrn.*, xiii., 1.

[53]*Ad Polyc.*, v., 2; Duchesne, *Hist. Anc. de l'Église*, vol. i., p. 531.

The *Didache*[54] speaks of a special type of ascetics, known as apostles or prophets. They traveled from city to city of Syria preaching the Gospel like modern Catholic missionaries, never staying long in any one place. They practised poverty, never accepting money for their labors. Indeed those who did accept money were by the very fact excluded from the rank of prophets. Even though their celibacy is not expressly mentioned, it may reasonably be inferred from their mode of life. Harnack[55] interprets a rather difficult passage of the *Didache*[56] to mean, that they were models of virginity and continence. They were held in such honor by the people, that the author of the *Didache* feels called upon to remind them, as St. Ignatius had done, of the rightful authority of the bishops and deacons.[57] Some of the bishops of this period also lived the ascetical life. Polycrates of Ephesus says of Bishop Melito of Sardis that he was "a eunuch, who lived entirely in the Holy Spirit."[58]

The aim of Hermas in his *Shepherd* is to preach penance, and to renew the fervor of those who had grown lax during the bitter trials of persecution. Although he does not address the ascetics directly, he cannot avoid alluding to them. He tells us that his wife was as a sister to him, and that his continence has gained for him the grace of God. He is totally opposed to all idea of encratism; he admits that a widow may marry again without sin, although he believes widowhood more honorable in the sight of God. He speaks of the ascetics of Rome as little children, who have not been stained by sin; they do not know what sin is, for they have always remained pure. He says that they are happy, inasmuch as their reward is great in the sight of God.[59]

There has been a great deal of controversy about the meaning of a certain passage in the *Shepherd,* viz., Sim. ix., 10, 6. Funk and Achelis believe that it refers clearly to the *Subintroductæ,* while Zahn and Harnack think that they did not come into being until the third century. Most probably the disputed passage does not refer to any real occurrence at all.[60]

About the middle of the second century the Apologists Justin, Tatian, Athenagoras, Minucius Felix, and others began to write to the pagan emperors their eloquent apologies of the Christian faith. One of their strongest arguments was to contrast the simple

[54] A. D. 50-160. [55] *Lehre der zwölf Apostel.*, p. 44 *et seq.*
[56] XI., 11. [57] XV., 2. [58] Eusebius, *Hist. Eccles.*, V., xxvi., 5.
[59] Vis. i., 2-4; ii., 2, 3; Mand. iv., 4; Sim. ix., 29; xi., 29, 31.
[60] Page 41.

and pure lives of the Christians with the corruption of an immoral and a debased paganism. If the ascetic life had attained a more perfect development, they might have insisted more on the heroism of these superior souls. But the ascetics still lived in the world, and were in no way distinguishable from the body of the faithful. However they were far from neglecting so powerful an argument. They were proud of the number of those who lived the virgin life, and they defied the pagans to produce anyone comparable to them in virtue.

St. Justin Martyr, after painting a vivid picture of pagan immorality, says: "When we marry, we marry to bring forth children; when we renounce marriage, we are perfectly continent."[61] In two other passages he speaks of the great number of Christians who are practising celibacy and poverty.[62] Both Tatian and Athenagoras insist on the purity of the Christian women of their day, the latter saying that they were pure body and soul, shunning even evil thoughts and desires. He also declares with St. Paul, that the many men and women who remain virgins to extreme old age, do so for the sole purpose of uniting themselves more intimately with God.[63] The Gospel origin of asceticism could not be more clearly put. Minucius Felix at the close of the second century writes: "Many are possessed of a body spotless by a perpetual virginity, although they do not boast of it. So far removed is incest from our hearts, that some regard even the marriage bond with a sense of shame."[64]

It is clear from the few documents that remain to us of this second century, that asceticism was honored everywhere, both in the East and in the West; in Syria, in Asia Minor, in Greece, and in Rome. Wherever Christianity spread, generous souls by the thousands spontaneously followed, not merely the commands of the Lord, but also his free counsels of virginity and poverty.[65]

These virgins did not live apart from their families. They were regarded as superior to the average Christian, though like them subject to their legitimate pastors. Their influence for good was felt not only by the faithful about them, but by the pagan world outside, which often bore tribute to "their purity, mastery of soul, and passionate love of virtue."[66] Their asceticism was in no way

[61] *I. Apol.*, xxix. [62] *I. Apol.* xiv., 2; xv., 6.
[63] Tatian, *Oratio*, 33; Athenagoras, *Legatio*, 33. [64] Oct. xxxix.
[65] Minucius Felix mentions poverty in Oct. xxxvi.
[66] Galien, quoted by Harnack, *Die Mission und Ausbreitung des Christenthums*, p. 157.

dependent upon false dualistic theories of Gnosticism, but was prompted by the idea of following more closely in the footsteps of the Lord Jesus Christ. Among the causes that explain the maintenance and development of the ascetic life, the chief are: First, the expectation of the second coming of the Savior;[67] second, the constant menance of persecution;[68] and, third, the natural reaction that meets one extreme by another. The corrupt paganism of the day needed the corrective of purity, poverty, and self-denial. Every Christian in a certain sense was more or less an ascetic by his very profession.

No greater mistake can be made by the student of early Church history than to confound the orthodox asceticism of the Christian Church with the exaggerated and erroneous asceticism of Gnosticism, Encratism, and Montanism.[69] Gnosticism taught that matter was intrinsically evil. This theory logically produced a shameless licentiousness on the one hand, and a most rigorous asceticism on the other. The Nicolaites, Simon Magus and his followers, the Valentinians, the Basilidians and the Carpocratians belonged to the first class, while Saturninus, Cerdon, and Marcion were the leaders of the second. Marcion, for example, forbade his followers to marry, and refused to baptize the married unless they separated. He also prohibited the use of meat and wine even for the Eucharist. His excessive austerity attracted thousands of adherents.[70] His practical mind discarded most of the metaphysical subtleties that appealed only to the élite in Gnosticism, and he modelled his sect upon the organization of the Christian Church.[71] Still his influence on the development of orthodox asceticism was absolutely nil. The Fathers of the Church unanimously condemned the Gnostic teaching, that matter was eternal and essentially evil. All that God has created is good; there is nothing evil but sin.[72] Marriage and procreation, instead of being the work of the devil, were sacred. "*Natura veneranda est, non erubescenda. Concubitum libido, non condicio foedavit. Excessus, non status, est impudicus, siquidem benedictus status apud Deum: Crescite et in multitudinem proficite.*"[73] Christians also abstain and fast, but their motive is the love and following of Jesus; meat and drink are not evil in them-

[67] 1 Cor. vii. 29-31; *Ep. Barn.*, iv., 3, 9; *Did.*, x., 5, 16; *Tert. Ad Uxor.*, i. 3, 5; *De Jejunio*, xii.; *De Fuga*, xii.

[68] Batiffol, *l'Église naissante et le Cath.*, p. 22. [69] Pages 54-72.

[70] St. Justin, *Apol.*, i., 26, 58; Eusebius, *Hist. Eccles.*, vi., 11; Clement of Alexandria, *Strom.*, iii., 4.

[71] Tertullian, *Adv. Marc.*, iv., 5. [72] Clement of Alexandria, *Strom.*, ii., 12.

[73] Tertullian, *De Anima*, xxvii.

selves. It is false to hold that every Christian must be an ascetic. On the contrary, virginity is a matter of free choice, and not of universal obligation.[74]

Encratism, which existed in the first days of Christianity,[75] endeavored to impose asceticism upon every Christian. At the outset the *encratitai*[76] were not out and out heretics; they believed everything that the Church taught about God and about Jesus Christ. But they departed from the orthodox teaching by their obstinate adherence to an ultra rigorous asceticism. They condemned marriage, drank nothing but water, and would not eat anything possessed of life.[77] Later on it became identified with Gnosticism and Montanism.[78] Encratism was especially powerful in the Eastern Church, where its teachings were spread by means of religious romances like the *Apocryphal Acts of the Apostles,* the *Gospel of the Hebrews,* the *Acts of Paul,* the *Acts of John,* and the *Martyrdom of Peter.*[79] Now and again encratism gained some following among the simple faithful, but it never became the official teaching of the Church. The Fathers of the first three centuries are unanimous in asserting the absolute freedom of virginity, and the other practices of the ascetic life.[80]

The rigorous asceticism of Montanism was energetically combated by the Church from the beginning. Apollinaris, Melito, Alcibiades, and others wrote special treatises against it, while synods were held all throughout Asia Minor to condemn it. Rome, which at first hesitated, finally banned it in the name of Popes Victor and Zephyrinus.[81]

Tertullian tells us that ascetics were very numerous at Carthage.[82] Men and women vied with one another in the practice of the virgin life. Many kept their bodies spotless to extreme old age.[83] Even married folks often renounced their marital rights.[84] The people venerated the virgins, and the clergy probably reserved for them the first place in the church near the altar.[85] Tertullian praises virginity, but never to the detriment of marriage. He declares with St. Paul that marriage is good, but that virginity is

[74]Duchesne, *Hist. Anc. de l'Église,* vol. i., p. 487.
[75]1 Tim. iv. 1-5. [76]*Hippol. Philos.,* viii.
[77]Batiffol, *Études d'Hist. et de Theol.;* Leclercq, *Dict. d'Arch.,* col. 2,605.
[78]Harnack, *Dogmengeschichte,* p. 226. [79]Pages 65-70.
[80]*Cf.* Dionysius, Bishop of Corinth, in Eusebius, *Hist. Eccles.,* IV., xxiii., 7, and the martyrs of Lyons in *ibid.,* V., iii., 2.
[81]Funk, *Kirchenlexicon,* viii., col. 1,831.
[82]*De Ress. Carnis.,* lxi. [83]*De Vel. Virg.,* x.; *Apol.,* ix.
[84]*Ad Uxorem,* vi. [85]*De Vel. Virg.,* xi.; xiv.

better. The great merit of virginity lies in its being embraced freely.[86] It is the highest form of sanctity; a gift of God, to be guarded without boasting, and in all humility.[87] Its reward is the kingdom of God.[88]

The virgins continued to live in the midst of their families, although for the first time we begin to hear of various abuses that arose from their not living the common life. Making due allowance for Tertullian's vehement invectives, we still must admit that quite a number of the virgins of Carthage were given to vanity or even immorality.[89] The scandals alluded to were rare indeed, but they point to the safeguards afforded later on by the common life.

The fourteenth chapter of the *De Velandis Virginibus* is said by some scholars to refer to the *Subintroductæ*. But this is a mere hypothesis incapable of proof.[90]

Tertullian says nothing about the practice of poverty. But his words on that subject may reasonably be referred to the ascetics of his time. He declares money "the cause of injustice, and the lord of the world."[91] He holds up the example of poverty given by the Savior, and calls especial attention to the invitation of Jesus to the rich young man to sell all he possessed, if he would be perfect.[92]

The ascetics of Carthage practised mortification, chiefly in the form of abstinence from meat and wine. Their only motive was to humble themselves in God's sight, and to preserve their chastity by mortifying their love of eating and drinking.[93]

Some Catholic scholars like Wilpert,[94] Schiwietz,[95] Dom Besse,[96] and Heimbucher[97] maintain that Tertullian not only speaks of the vow of virginity in his *De Velandis Virginibus*,[98] but that he distinguishes between private and public vows of virginity. But the Abbé Martinez has no difficulty in refuting such an arbitrary reading of the text.[99] He declares that there is no passage in Tertullian which mentions clearly the existence of a public vow; further, there is no passage that proves even the fact of a private vow in the strict sense of the word. But there are some texts which probably refer to a private vow, especially if they are viewed

[86] *Adv. Marc.*, i. 29.
[87] *De Ex. Cast.*, i.; *De Vel. Virg.*, xiii.
[88] *Ad Uxorem*, vi.
[89] *De Vel. Virg.*, xiv.
[90] Page 78.
[91] *Adv. Marc.*, IV., xxiii.
[92] *De Pœnitentia*, vii.; *Adv. Marc.*, iv., 36.
[93] *De Cult Fœm.*, ii., 9.
[94] *Die Gottgeweihten Jungfrauen*, p. 20.
[95] *Das Morgenl. Mönchtum*, p. 19.
[96] *Le Monachisme Africain*, p. 37.
[97] *Die Orden und Congregationem der Kat. Kirche*, p. 157.
[98] Chs. iii., xiv., xv.
[99] Pages 82-85.

in connection with the special terms Tertullian uses when speaking of the virgin state, viz., *Nupsisti Christo, illi carnem tuam tradidisti; age pro mariti tui disciplina. Si nuptas alienas velari jubet, suas utique multo magis.* He calls the virgins in other passages *virgines sacræ; virgines sanctæ; maritatæ Christo,* etc.[100]

With St. Cyprian the ascetic life takes on a new phase. We know from a letter that he wrote to Bishop Pomponius,[101] that the virgin of his time made a vow of virginity, which was not an ordinary promise, but a sacred vow that made her a spiritual bride of Christ. He regarded the violation of this vow as a serious crime involving excommunication, and he exacted a rigorous penance before he admitted the guilty one to communion.

Amidst the many cares of a most onerous episcopate, St. Cyprian always manifested a special affection for the virgins of Carthage.[102] He speaks of them continually in his works, and, in fact, wrote himself the first complete treatise we possess on the ascetic life. He tells us that they were very numerous, and that every class of society were represented in their ranks.[103] He styles them "the chosen portion of the flock of Christ," and ranks them immediately after the martyrs. That they were worthy of his praise is seen by their love of martyrdom.[104] Virginity is a free state, embraced in order to attain perfection, and to acquire the virtues of justice, religion, faith, humility, patience, and mercy. Its reward is the kingdom of heaven.[105]

There is still no mention of the practice of poverty. The virgins kept enough money to supply their wants, and those of noble birth lived according to their state of life, although the bishop did not praise them for this.[106] However, he contents himself with giving them some good advice about despising the world and its pleasures. Above all they are to avoid all luxurious dressing in silk and purple, the use of gold and precious stones, and any outward adornment calculated to attract the looks of lascivious young men.[107] He quotes, like his predecessors, the words of our Lord to the rich young man of the Gospel.[108]

He says little about mortification, save to cite the words of St. Paul,[109] and to insist upon moderation in eating and drinking,

[100] *De Oratione, 22; De Vel. Virg.*, iii., xi., xiii., xvi.; *De Ress. Carnis.*, xli.
[101] *Epis.*, lxii.
[102] *De Habit. Virg.*, iii.
[103] *Epis. ad Antonianum, De Hab. virg.*, vii.
[104] *Epis.*, lxix., lxxvii.; *De Lapsis.*, ii.
[105] *De Hab. Virg.*, xxiii.
[106] *Ibid.*, vii.
[107] *Ibid.*, viii., ix., xi., xiii., xvi., etc.
[108] Matt. xix. 21.
[109] Gal. v. 24; vi. 14.

in order to obtain a better command over the passions, and to devote oneself more ardently to prayer.[110]

Although there is still no evidence of the virgins living the common life, the constant exhortations of the Bishop of Carthage to lead a more recollected life, and to shun promiscuous gatherings at banquets and the public baths, prepared the way for the common life of a later period.[111] The scandals of the *Subintroductæ* which are spoken of plainly in the sixty-second letter of St. Cyprian, also pointed in that direction.

Outside of the *Shepherd of Hermas* and the writings of Hippolytus, we know hardly anything of the ascetic life in Rome during the first three centuries. Hippolytus mentions ascetic practices and meditation, and condemns the marriage of clerics.[112] He speaks of the ascetics living a life apart from the world, and meditating only upon the things of heaven.[113]

The frescoes of the catacombs give us a good idea of the ceremonies of a religious profession in the fourth, or perhaps at the close of the third, century. The bishop presided, while the virgin pronounced before him the formula of consecration. He then laid hands upon her, and preached a sermon on the excellence and dignity of the virgin state. The faithful came in great numbers to witness what the Fathers called "a spiritual marriage." The virgin was then clothed with a special tunic or habit, as in the profession of a nun in a convent to-day.[114]

These consecrated virgins spent a great part of the day in prayer; they practised mortification under the form of fasting; they studied the Sacred Scriptures; they engaged in manual labor; they observed a rule of silence, and lived apart from the world. All these practices prove the identity of the asceticism of Rome in the fourth century with the asceticism of other parts of the Christian world. As early as A. D. 350 the cloister was already in existence, for at that date St. Marcella founded the first monastery in Rome.

We know scarcely anything of the progress of Christianity in Spain during the first three centuries. A couple of letters of St. Cyprian, and a chance allusion in St. Irenæus and Tertullian, are all that we possess.[115] There is one clear reference, however, to

[110] *Epis.*, vii. [111] Page 102.

[112] In *Proverbia*, P. G. x., col. 617; *La Théologie de St. Hipp.*, p. 53.

[113] In Gen., P. G. x., col. 601.

[114] *Cf.* Fresco of the Catacomb of St. Priscilla, Wilpert, *Die Gottgeweihten Jungfrauen*, p. 52 *et seq.* [115] *Adv. Hær.*, i., 10; *Adv. Jud.*, vii.

the virgins of Spain in the thirteenth canon of the Council of Elvira.[116] The Council is legislating in regard to those virgins who had broken their vows, either by marrying, or by falling into sins of impurity. If they continue in their sins, they are never to be admitted to communion, even at the hour of death; if they do penance, and do not relapse, they are to be reconciled on their deathbed.

Such legislation proves conclusively that asceticism had reached the same development in Spain as in North Africa. That is not at all surprising, when we remember the close communion between the Church in Spain and the Church in Carthage.

Many non-Catholic scholars like Keim,[117] Zöckler,[118] and Harnack[119] assert that Neo-Platonism played a considerable part in the origin of monasticism. This theory of course is merely a part of their general thesis concerning the "catholicizing," *i. e.*, the Hellenization or paganizing of Christianity. They hold, with many rationalistic thinkers, that under the influence of Greek philosophy the spiritual liberty of the first two centuries gave way to the authoritative and bureaucratic spirit of Catholicism. Monsignor Batiffol has refuted this theory at length in his work on *Primitive Catholicism*. We are concerned with this theory only in so far as it affects asceticism.

The Abbé Martinez shows clearly that though great teachers like Clement of Alexandria and Origen made use of the Greek philosophy of their day the better to reach their age, it by no means affected their ascetic teaching.[120]

Clement of Alexandria declares, with St. Paul, that virginity is superior to marriage; that it is a grace of God to be gratefully received; that it should be practised especially by those who wish to work efficaciously for their brethren.[121] He lays more stress though upon the dignity and sanctity of the married state, because the great evil of his time was the low birth rate due to the current pagan immorality. He seems, indeed, to prefer the Christian who marries, has children, and then lives the virgin life with his wife.[122]

He declares that riches are in themselves neither good nor evil; they are merely an instrument; all depends on how they are used.[123] Extreme poverty is not a good thing, for it often prevents a man

[116] Leclercq, *L'Espagne Chrétienne*, i., pp. 2, 5.
[117] *Aus der Urchristentum*, p. 215.
[118] *Ascese und Mönchtum*, p. 144.
[119] *Dogmengeschichte*, p. 252.
[120] Pages 104-169.
[121] *Strom.*, iii., iv., xii.
[122] *Strom.*, iii., 1, 16; vii. 12.
[123] *Quis Dives Salvetur*, xiv.

from considering the higher things of the spirit in his constant struggle to make a living. One may be without riches, and yet be guilty of sin, because he is most desirous of them in his heart. True poverty, therefore, is poverty of spirit; this alone frees a man from all affection for the things of this world.[124] The truly great soul always despises riches.[125]

He recommends mortification as a means of strengthening the soul patiently to endure suffering, and to keep the Christian ever in the path of righteousness. An austere life will safeguard one from temptations, and prevent grievous falls.[126] He also insists on the mortification of the senses and abstinence from meat and wine, that the body might be kept pure from every stain. He urges the ascetic to pray continually, both in Church, at the canonical hours, and alone in his room by meditating upon the eternal truths. The true gnostic is rarely to ask God for temporal favors; his heart must be bent entirely on celestial things. There is no mention in Clement's writings of any public vow of virginity, and probably no reference even to private vows.

Origen continued and perfected the teaching of Clement of Alexandria on asceticism. History tells us very little of the life of Clement, but a great deal about his disciple. Origen was, indeed, a perfect type of the Christian ascetic. At eighteen years of age he was already head of the great Christian school of Alexandria. Realizing the danger of falling away from true fervor because of the motley body of men and women who crowded to his lectures, he determined to lead a most austere life. He went to the extreme of making himself a eunuch for the kingdom of heaven.[127] He also lived in the most absolute poverty. He sold his valuable library in exchange for four obols a day, which he considered enough for his immediate wants. He always walked barefooted, and wore but one garment. He abstained from wine, fasted frequently, slept but little, and on the bare ground, and exposed his body relentlessly to cold. In fact every moment which he did not spend in study or teaching, he devoted to the practices of austerity. Sickness at last forced him to discontinue these ascetic practices.

His teaching therefore is simply a commentary upon his own manner of life. He recognized the lawfulness of marriage, and insisted on the freedom of virginity. He was rather rigoristic in his views on these matters, for we find him comparing the

[124] *Quis Dives Salvetur*, xii.
[125] *Pæd.*, ii., 3.
[126] *Pæd.*, ii., 1; *Strom.*, vii., 7.
[127] Eusebius, *Hist. Eccles.*, vi., 3.

slavery of the marriage bond with the *liberty* of the virgin life. He was even ready to pardon the error of those widows who did not marry the second time for fear of hell. Those who married a second time might be saved, but they would not be crowned by Christ.[128] He speaks of virgins as "flowers that ornament the Church of Christ," and ranks them immediately after the martyrs. Virginity is superior to marriage, because it allows one to worship God without ceasing.[129] He warns the ascetics against vanity, telling them that chastity is valueless unless accompanied by the other virtues. In a word purity of body is of no avail without purity of soul.[130] Jesus Christ is the model of every ascetic, who must live not for himself, but for Christ Whose footsteps he must follow, and Whose cross he must bear. This distinguishes him at once from the philosophers of paganism. By their chastity the ascetics become like little children, and merit the kingdom of God. Origen, therefore, preaches asceticism not in the name of his philosophical principles, but in the name of the Gospel, which is for him, as for all the early Church writers, the unique source of the perfect life.[131]

It is pretty certain that Origen speaks of the vow of virginity more than once in his writings. The clearest text of all is the following, quoted by Schiwietz in his *Asceticism in the First Three Centuries*, p. 17: *"Et nos ergo, cum venimus ad Deum et vovemus ei nos in castitate servire, pronuntiamus labiis nostris et juramus nos castigare carnem nostram vel male ei facere atque in servitutem eam redigere, ut spiritum salvum facere possimus."*

The ascetics of his time did not practise absolute poverty. Monasteries were not yet in existence, so that every Christian had to provide for his own necessities. Origen insists on the true ascetic renouncing all superfluities, quoting the words of Christ.[132] He extols on page after page the virtue of poverty, calling it "a true holocaust upon the altar of the Lord." The goods of eternal life will compensate for the loss of present possessions.[133]

Origen's whole life proves the important place of mortification in asceticism, although he alludes to it directly in but few passages. Mortification is really an imitation of the Passion of Christ, and

[128]*Cont. Cels.*, xx., 192; in *Epis. ad Rom.*, vi., 12; vii., 295, 395; Hom. xix. in Jer., xv., 366.

[129]Hom. iii. in Gen.; Hom. ii. in Numb; Hom. xxiii. in Numb.

[130]In *Epis. ad Rom.;* Bornemann, in *Invest. mon. Origine*, p. 28.

[131]In *Epis. ad Rom.;* Hom. xxiv. in Numb.; Hom. vi. in Ezech.; *Cont. Cels.*, xx., 77; in Matt. iii., 238.

[132]Luke xiv. 33.

[133]Hom. ix. in Lev.; in Psal., xii., 171.

a means of purification for the soul which consecrates itself entirely to God. It is a preservative of chastity, and helps the Christian especially in the study of the Holy Scriptures. He recommends abstinence, meditation, prayer, vigils, and fasting as various means of mastering the lower nature.[134]

Contemplation in his eyes is the height of perfection. It separates the ascetic from everything earthly and material, and makes him think only of God. The true ascetic must live in the world, but just as much apart from it as if he were living in the desert. Outside of the demands of apostolic zeal, he should not engage in worldly affairs. He should imitate the Savior, Who loved to retire frequently apart from His disciples.

In his commentary on St. Matthew,[135] Origen expresses his desire that the ascetics live the common life, but there is no proof that this desire of his was realized in his lifetime. We know from Eusebius that a few years later, after the persecution of Diocletian, Peter, Bishop of Alexandria, passed the remainder of his life in ascetic practices in common with others.[136] Paul of Thebes, Anthony, and Hilarion were contemporaries or even predecessors of Bishop Peter of Alexandria.

The *Epistolæ ad Virgines* is the first document in ecclesiastical literature that treats *ex professo* of the ascetic life. It was written originally in Greek in the first decade of the third century.[137] The critics assign it to a Christian of Egypt, and say that it was addressed to the ascetics of Syria or Palestine. The writer praises virginity as "the blessed seed of God, the royal priesthood, the holy nation, and the people of God." The ascetic must have in view his own sanctification, and follow Jesus Christ as his model. He must practise an apostolate both of prayer and of action. He must not only preach the Gospel from city to city, but visit the orphans and widows, exorcize the possessed, and care for the sick. He still lives like other Christians in the cities and villages, but he is always known as an ascetic; in his journeyings he must stay with the ascetics of the town. The *Subintroductæ* are mentioned more than once, and clearly mark the tendency towards community life. Poverty and mortifications of various sorts are strongly recommended. Certain abuses are mentioned, such as the sins of vanity, idleness, avarice, and immorality.

[134]In Matt. iii., 171; *De Prin.*, xxi., 327; in Matt. iii., 238; Hom. xiii. in Ex.
[135]III., 361.
[136]*Hist. Eccles.*, VII., xxxii., 31.
[137]Harnack, *Sitzungsberichte*, vol. i.

Our last witness is Bishop Methodius of Olympia in Lycia. His *Convivium* gives us a picture of asceticism in Asia Minor, which is strikingly like conditions in Carthage a few years before. The development of asceticism in Asia Minor and Africa is not quite so advanced as in Egypt and the Orient.

The Abbé Martinez concludes this detailed account of the asceticism of the first three centuries by showing how naturally monasticism arose from asceticism. It is true that both institutions coexisted for many years, but gradually asceticism disappeared, being absorbed by monasticism and the Benedictine Order.[138] A few words on the causes that led to the great development of monasticism conclude this most interesting and scholarly volume.

[138]Duchesne, *Hist. Anc. de Église*, ii., p. 520.

IN SPIRIT AND IN TRUTH.

BY FRANCIS P. DONNELLY, S.J.

Not where His stars are spilt as golden dust,
Not in the stately march from hour to hour
Of myriad suns, nor where the dark clouds lower,
Masking the flash, the peal, the storm's swift gust,
Nor on great seas, nor where land's quaking crust
Spurts lava and spouts death in ashy shower,
Not there alone, in His gigantic power,
Do we revere the God in Whom we trust;
Nay, He is God of fruits and sunlit day,
God of the flowers and clasping hands of earth,
Who moulds the marvels of a mother's heart.
Yet, Love all beauteous, in created clay
Thou couldst not set a semblance of Thy worth,
Only a silhouette of what Thou art.

ETHNOLOGY AND MISSIONARY WORK.

A CONGRESS AT LOUVAIN.

BY C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J.

THE Reverend T. J. Hardy, in a brilliant book, written from the Anglican standpoint upon *The Religious Instinct,* has lately said: "It is extraordinary to find a great missionary body like the Church of England apparently so indifferent to the assistance of science in the understanding of other religions. In 1892 the late Professor Max Müller made an urgent appeal for the study of comparative religion in missionary colleges, and Professor Tylor (*Primitive Culture,* i., 24) anticipates a time 'when it will be thought as unreasonable for a scientific student of theology not to have a competent acquaintance with the principles of the religions of the lower races, as for a physiologist to look with the contempt of fifty years ago on evidence derived from the lower forms of life.' Where, in the present day, are the fruits of such appeals as these?"

Of course nothing is further from my intention than to make Professor Tylor's sentiments my own, *tels-quels,* for a Catholic would probably differ from that great man in his view of what was required in a student of theology, and even of what theology is or should be. Still less, presumably, would the assumptions underlying Professor Tylor's words be those of a Catholic theologian, for they appear to imply that the relation between spiritual and biological processes is more than analogical, thereby losing the proper amount of distinction between the natural and supernatural, and effacing the rôle in history, as Catholics perceive it, of revelation.

There is one element, however, in Professor Tylor's ideal, with which we are unreservedly in sympathy, and that is, that it is utterly impossible for anyone whose perceptions are, even humanly speaking, at all refined, to look with contempt upon the so-called "lower forms" of anything. Only the shoddy-minded are contemptuous. It is not the genuine aristocrat who hustles his inferiors, and shows off his muscles (as Aristotle puts it) against a weakling. Is it not of Arthur's knights that Tennyson tells us, that among them —the flower of manhood as they were—scorn at any rate was not permitted? Only in the deformed, crippled or undeveloped, scorn

was tolerated as part of his infirmity. Therefore with human modesty we will approach our "lower" races and their strange religious rites and aspirations, knowing ourselves of one poor clay with them; and with a divine reverence no less, knowing that they, with ourselves, are sons of one Father, and have a like vocation to which we have no better claim than they. Indeed the Christian, in view of his own conduct in a world lit up for him by the great light of Christ, must more than anybody order himself lowly and reverently to his fellows from twilit pagandom,

> Studiously the humbler for that pride,
> Professedly the faultier that he knows
> God's secret.

There remains, however, Professor Max Müller's prayer that missionary colleges should loyally undertake the study of the religious assets of those races they propose to evangelize, before actually addressing themselves to them. Here, as everywhere, sympathy is the needful preliminary of success. Sheer destruction is wanton and wicked. If you are not going to give to a native the true worship of the true God, do not take from him what fragmentary and inadequate stimulus he may have towards an ethic and worship of whatever kind. Doubtless there are worships which are cruel and obscene. To eliminate these would seem an act of civilization and of piety. Yet let us beware. The harvest is not yet. We, alas, are not the Angels whom alone our Lord, in His parable, deemed capable of separating the tares from the wheat. I here preach no programme, nor construct any theory of action. Only let us be careful and not headlong. From Egypt and Algeria, from Turkey, Persia, Ceylon, China, and India, I have received the assurances of careful men—oh, not by any manner of means all of them "paid emissaries of the pagan English government," nor even laymen, but priests and students of long experience—that the convert may be in a hundred ways less satisfactory than the heathen; the shock which destroyed his innate, historic belief may well have weakened the whole vitality of his religious instinct; and in how high a percentage of cases do our large mixed colleges supply to the native a European culture without any Catholic coefficient, so that he is left an agnostic at heart, a hypocrite in action, when indeed he does not flaunt his contempt for traditional creed and code as part of his educational acquirement and emancipation. I repeat, I make here no suggestions; few (I would like to think) are more devoted to the ideal foreign mission than I am; yet I believe, with conviction, that to tamper

with the human soul, even for good, is always and everywhere a terrific responsibility.

Whatever be the value of these general considerations, whole-hearted delight is being felt by everybody, missionary and student alike, in the steady growth and success of the "Week" at Louvain, devoted to the study of religious ethnology. It will be remembered that three years ago a kind of preliminary conference of forty Catholic savants, under the presidency of Monsignor A. Leroy, Bishop of Alinda, and Superior General of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, was arranged at Louvain, largely under the impetus given by the Rev. Father Schmidt, S.V.D., editor of the international review, *Anthropos,* and by the Rev. F. Bouvier, S.J., the Professor of Apologetics at Hastings in England. At once a divergent tendency manifested itself, which, however, ultimately contributed to the extension and further efficient work of the "Week" of ethnological conferences. Father Bouvier's idea was perhaps the larger in its scope, for he wished to see some sort of regular summer school established, in which all questions relating to Comparative Religion, or shall I say the History of Religions, should be discussed. Father Schmidt, on the other hand, thought that more solid and immediately fruitful work could be done if the subject matter were more frankly circumscribed within the ethnological area, and if research into the religious, social, moral, and artistic habits of savages or of races, as they are called, of "lower" civilization was regarded as the immediate and paramount concern of these gatherings.

In the end, neither section of research was excluded; a certain predominance was assured to the missionary aspect of the "Week," which by now was definitely outlined, by the adoption of the name *Semaine d'Ethnologie Religiouse*—sanctioned (I believe), if not actually suggested, by very high authority indeed. Anyhow, Rome now cordially welcomed the new enterprise; His Eminence Cardinal Mercier flung over it the sweep of his scarlet robe, and has been one of its loyalist supporters; Monsignor Ladeuze, Rector Magnificus of Louvain University, offered to these gatherings, from the very first, a hospitality thoroughly in keeping with his title. Later on the "Week" hopes to become migratory, and to settle in other towns of German or French speech for its scene of operation; and why not, we dare to ask, Oxford some day, Liverpool, or London? Why not the Georgetown University, or some other Catholic centre of that land which includes in itself so many of the mission fields whence come so much evidence and such expert

missionaries? But I will at once describe—in no minute detail, but undertaking its general characteristics and its upshot—the "Week" held a few months ago in Belgium.

Nothing, to begin with, was more picturesque than the parti-colored crowd of clerics who attended the meetings in the gray old Belgian town. Each wore his religious or his academic costume, and these were of the most varied description. Running my eye rapidly down the list of those present at the meeting of 1913, I recall delegates from the Congo (as is natural) in considerable numbers; missionaries, too, from Shanghai, the Madura Mission, Montreal, Warsaw, Madagascar, Bombay, New Pomerania, the Marshall Islands, Algeria, Batticaloa, Mongolia, while nearly every European country is represented; England, alas, having sent too few members in proportion to her Catholic spirit of enterprise and her interest in foreign missions.

Delightful, too, it was to see the intentness with which the courses of lectures were followed—papers fluttered, pens scratched, notes were eagerly taken. All those present had in one way or another the foundation of theology, and general knowledge necessary to prevent the discourses being mere popular harangues. Personal experience or personal research, or, best of all, these two in combination, were the passports readily offered by those who occupied the benches no less than by the speakers. There was, no need, then, to tune the discourse to unaccustomed ears; to modify this, omit that; orthodoxy and open-mindedness could alike be relied upon, and keen interest could be assumed. What moral atmosphere more delightful could be imagined for a Catholic theologian and scientific speaker? Indeed, so hot was the enthusiasm that it was agreed, at least by the Frenchmen present, that more must be done, at future "Weeks," to mitigate the strenuous observances of these days. No doubt, even as it is, a merciful disposition of the programme allots the last hour of each day's work to a "practical" conference, in which not theory, statistics, or arguments are offered, but objective considerations based upon the immediate and first-hand experience of the lecturer, helped out by all manner of material exhibits, such as sketches, photographs, clothing, weapons, native art, idols, and the like. I remember on another occasion seeing a lecturer so eager to impress the imagination of his audience, that he spoke for an hour in a heated European room dressed in the Alaskan winter furs which he used in that terrible climate. Nothing quite so heroic was volunteered by the evening speakers at Louvain, still their talks were definitely a recreative item, and so

was the visit to the Museum of Tervueren, with which the first part of the "Week" concluded. This was ample relaxation for the indefatigable enthusiasm of the Germans, Poles, Austrians, Hungarians, and Russians. "Give us time for one pipe!" they begged, "between the lectures, and then go on all day, if you like, and all night too." As a matter of fact, five hours daily in the lecture-room was what was asked of delegates.

In every "Week" a concrete topic, and another more general and abstract, are proposed for discussion. In 1915, China and Japan will be discussed. This year Islam was dealt with almost from every conceivable point of view. After all what European country can disinterest itself from the terrific problem of Mohammedanism? For only ignorance—not so much of the theory of Islam, as of Islam as an active factor in Morocco, Algiers, Tangier, the Tripoli district, Egypt, and inland towards the Sahara; and again in the near East, European or Asiatic, in the vast Indian Empire, in the invaded districts of China, and further still—can condemn this system of ethics, worship, and philosophy as root and branch bad, and fit to be abolished even if never replaced. The missionaries who spoke did not think this, and the speaker on the mystic, Al Ghazzâti, Dom Miguel Asin Y Palacios, was far from thinking so either. The personality and doctrine of the prophet, and his historical background, were vigorously discussed by Dr. E. Power of Beirut. Mohammedanism in French Indo China, in northern Africa, in negro Africa, and again in India (three lectures) was put before European eyes in a concentrated light rarely, I imagine, so thoroughly focussed and of so pure a ray. The Mongolian Lamas, Buddhism, and some Pomeranian religious rites, were also spoken of in this part of the "Week," which dealt, as you perceive, with existing worships; but the point to be driven home is this, that here we now have in Europe a group of experts such as exists nowhere among the "savants de cabinets et historiens en pantoufles," as M. Th. Van Tichelen wittily put it in a Belgian journal—for these are men of personal experience who balance every grain of theory with a mighty weight of fact, and to whose vital interest it is that they should be accurate. These experts focus, as I said, the rays of light they bring upon one given object, till it stands out in utterly manifested detail. At the great International Congresses for the study of the History of Religions, as they have been witnessed by us at Oxford and elsewhere, nothing of this sort happens; and theorists theorize about a hundred different subjects, and, as all unprejudiced observers confess, as they leave the result

is Babel. Still more confusing in these non-Catholic congresses, than their lack of variety of topic, was their complete lack of method.

What is so deplorable, in this matter of the study of religions, is that practically each individual student starts with first principles of his own, often but half-guessed even by himself, unclarified, uncodified, and sometimes intrinsically contradictory. Everybody must have first principles, of course, and nobody objects to a theorist starting from whatever first principles he may choose, provided always he is quite clear about them himself, and makes them quite clear to his listeners. In one or two cases, a man like M. Salomon Reinach is compelled by his lucid and logical soul to make his first principles perfectly plain to the ordinary listener, and sometimes, as in his case, that suffices, almost of itself, to discredit them. Thus when he tells students that they are "bound" to fill up gaps in the evidence for what concerns one race or age by evidence transported from another race or age assumed to be at a similar plane in an evolutionary scale, the student protests, and says he is bound to nothing of the sort, and that at least half a dozen pure assumptions are being thrust upon him as ascertained facts, which carry with their certainty an obligation. M. Foucart, M. Toutain, and others manfully resisted this injunction of M. Reinach's, and started, themselves, for quite different and much sounder principles. The point is, that while all hypotheses are permissible as such, they become noxious directly their true character is forgotten, and they are held to be the expression of a law which must control the facts. It is when that happens that we see facts twisted, supplemented, eliminated, and invented to suit the tyranny of the hypothesis.

Now this question of method, of which it may be said that the non-Catholic congresses scarcely dared to approach, and that when they did it was relegated to an insignificant place and poorly treated, was in the forefront of the Louvain conferences, where after all the speakers had been trained in the logical ordering of their thoughts by the priceless years spent upon the study of scholastic philosophy. It was, need I say, Father Schmidt who most authoritatively tackled this problem, and opened the first session of the "Week," unless I am mistaken, with a magnificent conspectus of the various methods which had hitherto been adopted in the formation of ethnological science. He followed this review by an exposition of his own method, of which this is not the place to speak in detail. It is generally known, I may briefly recall, as the cyclo system, and is, roughly speaking, non-evolutionary in

the rigid and academic style of its predecessors. Little known in England, it is gaining wide fame on the Continent, and museums are being arranged in accordance with its interpretation of the evidence. Father Hestermann followed up his chief's discourse with a further application of the system in a circumscribed area. I would emphasize these contributions to methodology, as displaying, to all who will observe it, the fact that the formation of hypothesis is not forbidden to Catholics.

The application of this hypothesis to the observed facts, or rather the observation that it spontaneously emerges from groups of given facts, was carried further by Father Schmidt, who spoke with authority on Astral Mythology in general, and on that of the Australians in particular, while closely connected with this were the more directly objective lectures upon Mexican astral mythology and calendar, and one, by the Abbot of Farnborough, Dom Cabrol, on the influence of paganism at Rome, from the fourth to the seventh centuries, on the Christian calendar.

Complementary to this was the study of opposing systems. Dr. Frazer and Professor Burkheim were here severely handled. Father Bouvier, one of the co-founders of the "Week," wrote an extraordinary learned paper on Totemism, which as a master-key for the unlocking of every lock, is being found yearly less serviceable. Animism, magic, and fetichism were in turn examined.

I hope I am not rash in saying that on this austere concentration upon methodology, the Catholic "Week" is giving an object lesson to its forerunners and rivals of no slight value. We leave the perusal of its records, convinced that at last we may be destined to *get* somewhere. We are learning how to walk, and we see, at any rate, that a number of roads which once beckoned to us, won't do. We are the more likely, *pro tanto,* some day to achieve our goal.

Nobody nowadays of any serious importance treats these studies as, if not intrinsically unorthodox, at least savoring of heterodoxy. There was a time when they were in bad odor, partly owing to a few unlucky adventures; partly because the experts of the time were non-Catholics; chiefly because the critics of "comparative religion" (to use that hideous and inexpressive label) held *omne ignotum pro malefico.* Father H. Finaro, whose work in two great French dictionaries now appearing is well known, traced with a sure touch the history of the Church's attitude towards the study of religions from antiquity to the nineteenth century; the psychological approach to this complex topic was admirably dealt with by a Dominican, Father de Munnynck, and by M. de Grandmaison,

editor of the *Études*. The relations of religion to ethics and sociology, and to mysticism were also evaluated, and the part to be permitted to sheer phonetics—the objective study of religions—was also discussed.

That we have not, as a body, been long ago awake to the importance of this enterprise, is profoundly regrettable. In Belgium it is satisfactory to learn that "as to the thinking public, we may rest assured that the 'Week' will concentrate its attention on problems peculiar to the history of religions. Sometime ago, one of the pioneers of this science in our country, M. Jean Capart, went to work in this very place to shake the general public out of its torpor. He is convinced that this apathy is now definitely vanquished, and that in the future it will be precisely and preëminently the Catholic public which will interest itself in this line of research."

Undoubtedly the famous Egyptologist of Liége is correct. For of course it is to his Catholic public he refers when he speaks of apathy. Elsewhere interest had long and often disastrously been active. To-day we are as keen as anybody. He speaks for Belgium; but Father Schmidt comes from Austria; France shared nobly in the initiation of the work; Holland was splendidly represented. In England the phenomenal sale of so modest a publication as the five Catholic Truth Society volumes on the *History of Religions,* proves how keen an interest is taken by those who, not long since, were considered impermeable by ideas in this most actual of subjects. We may, therefore, confidently hope from this great enterprise, not only learned monographs, special articles, and even magisterial volumes, not only a new fellowship and unanimity among experts, and a more general circulation of knowledge, but a stronger and richer apologetic, and a popular apologetic too, simple in style, without fanfaronade, flimsy talk, rickety arguments or personal abuse. Finally, and above all, a fuller appreciation that our Divine Lord is, as the "Week's" motto recalls, " The Light of the *World;*" and that His Heart, which Its badge portrays, yearns in love for the scattered millions of our race who as yet have no explicit knowledge of His Name. From the East and from the West, from the North and from the South, we may see them trooping, destined to sit down, when once they understand our invitation, at the marriage supper. And from Louvain we not only learn the better how to speak to them, but to long the more ardently to do so.

THE CURSE OF CASTLE EAGLE.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

Chapter XIX.

A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

"I'D be inclined myself," said Algy Rosse, "to catch an Earl of Turloughmore and shut him up and make him die in his bed. That would put an end to the curse."

"So it would," said Meg, laughing. She found that Algy Rosse often made her laugh, took her out of herself into a certain impersonal pleasure and amusement. He was so neat, so clean, so shining; everything that belonged to him was so fresh and dainty.

They had modest picnics and little outings of one sort or another, but kept exclusively to themselves now that Miss Trant had come. Sometimes Lady Turloughmore joined the party; sometimes she let the young people go off together. She was preoccupied with old Julia, who had taken a chill and set up bad bronchitis. She was always at the old woman's beck and call, as though, said Kate, bitterly, there were not enough servants to wait on the old bag of bones, who never had a word of thanks for anybody, and was always ramblin' on about what girls were like when she was young, and the dirty, idle, careless ways they had contracted now that she was old. Kate should know how aggravating Julia was, since she had the attendance on the sick room, and was assiduous in her care of the patient for all her grumbling.

Miss Trant's beauty had been something of a shock to poor Meg at first sight. She was so tall; her eyes were so beautiful; her voice was music itself; she had such an exquisite caressing way of looking at those she liked. She was beautifully although quietly dressed; above all she was simple. Her maid behaved as a much more important person, and with her English accent and her airs and graces picked up in Paris, to say nothing of a Parisian elegance in her garments, she fluttered the hearts of the men servants; setting the maids to indignant sniffs and wonderings as to what the world was coming to at all and the foolishness of men, and what they could see in that "gazabo" to be following her about.

Miss Trant increased the brightness Algy had brought with him. She laughed at the golden youth, alternately snubbing and petting him. Algy declared that he could not fall in love with her—the dec-

laration was private, for Meg's ear. With such beauty one always found coldness.

> But for loving, why you would not, Sweet,
> Though one paid you,
> Flayed you, brayed you
> In a mortar, for you could not, Sweet,

he quoted at the top of his happy young voice, going on to declare that if any girl loved him he simply could not resist her; that he was made like that; and looking at Meg with melting blue eyes which implored her to try the experiment.

At the first sight of Miss Trant, Meg felt that her dreams were at an end. What man who had loved such a goddess could decline on Meg Hildebrand? She adored beauty, and she found Miss Trant dreadfully complete and satisfying. There was not a jarring note in her, from her golden head to her delicate feet. One could hardly have said if she looked more beautiful in simplicity or splendor, in rustling silks or the linens and muslins which Meg suspected cost as much as the silks, so perfect was their simplicity.

There was a strong west wind blowing outside, and they were going on one of their expeditions. She put on her hat, tying it down with a little scarf of old lace which had belonged to her mother. She hardly cared that the lace became her, saying to herself that so she would wear it when the wrinkles came; that it would soften the leanness of her neck and the shadows of her cheeks, dimming the lines about her eyes. It was part of her pleasure in pressing her breast upon a thorn that made her run on to meet her age. She would not care how soon age came, if only luck came to the Turloughmores; if she could think of those who had been good to her as happy without her; above all if the happiness might come about through anything of her doing. As though that were likely; as though anything she could do would lift the doom from the family. She began to see now why it was that Lord Erris was resigned to slipping out of life without handing on the burden of Biddy Pendergast's curse, allowing his mantle to fall on Algy Rosse's debonair shoulders. Algy had expressed his own personal contempt for the cause, with a good common sense behind the flippancy which prevented its jarring.

Fastening the lace about her head Meg somehow let fall an old turquoise ring of two hearts joined, which had belonged to her mother. It rolled out of sight beneath the bed. Down went Meg on her hands and knees searching for it. She could find it nowhere. It must have rolled under the carpet somewhere. While she felt about near the wall, she was startled by a sound like a cough close at hand. She listened and it

was not repeated. It must have been fancy, she said to herself, as she emerged from under the bed to the empty room. Or a dog perhaps had made a sound outside the door which she had mistaken for a cough. She put the matter out of her mind, and hurried to join the others who were waiting for her downstairs. As she opened her door something thumped against it. It was Prince who had been waiting patiently for her, and was demonstrating his pleasure at her coming at last.

They were to have a picnic tea on Dooras Mountain, in woods that enclosed a gable of an old monastery of St. Benedict. Lady Turloughmore was to have made one of the party, but she cried off at the last moment, and the three young people started, Meg driving the fat little pony, Pasha, in the old-fashioned basket-phaëton which carried the tea equipage, and leaving the others to follow. She had taken to accentuating her dependent position, somewhat to Lady Turloughmore's grief and perplexity.

They set out for Dooras Mountain and as the road was steep, where it began to climb Meg descended, and led the pony by the bridle. The other two walked with her for a time. Soon they got ahead. By the time she had lost a few minutes getting a stone out of Pasha's shoe, an operation during which they had not discovered that she was not following, they had turned a corner, round a clump of bushes, and were lost to sight. They were wrangling—if the word were not too harsh a one to describe anything such gracious creatures could do: disagreeing, perhaps—on a question of poetry. Algy Rosse had been more than commonly flippant, and Miss Trant had been indignant; their divergence seemed to engage them as much as other people's love-making, for they never looked back to discover Meg's absence. She felt a little forlorn, and was sharp with herself. The Turloughmores were spoiling her. She reminded herself that other employers would be very different. Must she fancy slights because she received none?

There was a certain glade where the blackberries grew thick in autumn, where there was already lavish promise of the fruit. It lay warm and scented on the hillside, delicious singing streamlets making a wet sweetness in the air of the hot day. Midway of the glade was a little well cool and clear, hooded with a stone arch, overhung by a fine chestnut tree. It was the spot on which they were to picnic. Arrived on the spot she found no trace of the other two. They had wandered away, too engrossed in their disagreement to notice that they were on the wrong track. She unharnessed Pasha and set him free to browse on the grass; then set out her tea equipage. She made her fire of sticks and put the kettle to boil, expecting momentarily that the other two would arrive. Once or twice she thought she heard

their voices; but though she hallooed no answer came. There was no sign of life beyond the grazing sheep and cattle on the sun-warmed hillside, and the wild life of birds and rabbits and such creatures as hardly disturbed the solitude. It was warm in the sun. She was glad they had not made the trysting-place where the abbey gable flung a dark shadow.

From where she sat, dreaming, with her knees almost up to her chin, her hands clasping them, in the attitude of him in Rossetti's poem who recognized that the wood-spurge had a cup of three, she could see the chimneys of Carrick through a break in the woods. Cold and smokeless they looked in the afternoon sunshine, while Castle Eagle further away was hardly visible for the silver haze which came up from the sea. She waited to make the tea till the others should arrive. The shadows grew long on the hillside while she waited; time passed, and of a sudden an eerie feeling began to creep over her—the place was so very lonely. She wondered what on earth had become of them. They must have missed her somehow. Perhaps they had gone home without her. How had they missed her? The wood was not so very extensive that they could have lost her easily. She began to feel vexed and hurt because they had not cared to discover her. They had forgotten. Her lip quivered at the slight, and it was really very lonely.

It was almost a relief when a shock-headed, wild-looking urchin appeared in the glade, and began calling his cattle. Discovering her he forgot the cattle, and stood staring at her shyly from under his mane of hair, his thumb stuck childishly in his mouth. She was quite glad to see him or anything human. Forgetting that she might be leading him from the path of duty, she called him to her, and asked if he would like some tea. He nodded his head, never withdrawing his thumb from his mouth or his eyes from her face. Perhaps he was a fairy, she said to herself, mocking her fears. The kettle had boiled itself almost empty. It was half-past five o'clock, and there was not a sign of the truants. She began to wonder what she ought to do. How had they missed her? They would hardly come now. She would have to go home without them, else Lady Turloughmore would be alarmed. Perhaps they would be at home before her. She remembered now to have heard that the mountain woods were puzzling to those who did not know them well. Pooka-haunted, someone had said; and the pooka led the unwary queer dances sometimes over Dooras Mountain.

She made the tea, and poured out a cup for herself and one for the boy; then refilled the kettle and set it again to boil in case the others should come after all. She took out her stores of tea cakes and bread and honey and jam and sandwiches, making the boy's eyes open wide, with a famished delight. She cut him a great slice of bread and

heaped it high with honey. He almost snatched it from her, though he made a curtsey as he took it. He ate quickly enough, yet with a certain greediness, giving all his attention to it like the browsing cattle he was neglecting. He drank his tea in great gulps, and accepted the offer of a second cup with sparkling eyes, eating and drinking with such ecstasy of enjoyment that Meg could not but enjoy seeing him feast. She was glad she had brought abundance, making allowance for healthy appetites in the open air. She noticed pitifully that he looked half-fed. The face under its fell of hair was pinched: the little body in its rags seemed like that of a small animal within a heavy coat. She had a feeling that he was so light that she could lift him like a feather-weight. Yet the thinness was not the result of natural ill-health, else he would hardly have eaten so greedily. She had to check him at last, fearing he would over-eat himself. She wrapped the remnants of the feast in a paper and gave it to him; she was pretty sure the lost ones would not now come in time for their tea. She had better be going home.

"Keep it till you are hungry again," she said handing him the packet.

The boy had not yet spoken a word. Now he jerked his finger downwards, pointing down the hill.

"She'll take it from me," he said.

"Who is she?"

"Biddy Mulcahy. I never had enough to ate since I come to her from the poorhouse. She has all she can be doin' to feed her own."

A nurse-child, and in a poor cabin overflowing with children, as often happens, through somebody's ignorance or neglect.

"I'd better be goin' home now wid Mr. Kelly's cows," he said. "I've sixpence a week for drivin' them up the mountain an' home again. He's a terrible cross man. He'll hit me for delayin'; but Mrs. Kelly, when his back is turned, gives me a bit o' bread wid sugar on it."

"Oh, I mustn't keep you," said Meg. "I think I'd better be going myself."

She stood up.

"Good-bye," she said: "I don't know your name; but if you'll come to see me sometimes—to that house down there," she indicated Castle Eagle in the haze, "I shall be glad. Ask for Miss Hildebrand. Can you remember that name? Miss Hildebrand. I'll see you have a good meal and something to take away with you. Lady Turlough-more is very kind. So good-bye, for the present."

"Johnny Flynn's my name," said the urchin, suddenly talkative.

"Good-bye, Johnny Flynn. Don't forget to ask for Miss Hilde-brand. I wish I could carry you down the mountain; but you must drive the cattle."

"They'll go home rale aisy before me. If I was to help you ketch the pony it wouldn't take me much longer."

From somewhere, down in the plain, there rang out the Angelus bell. Six o'clock. She must be home by seven. And Pasha occasionally showed a disinclination to be caught.

"Very well, Johnny Flynn," she said. "You shall help me to catch and harness the pony, and we will go down the mountain together. Perhaps I could speak for you to Mr. Kelly so that he wouldn't be angry."

"He'll be mad enough when he sees me comin', for he'll think I've strayed the cows on him. But I don't mind him hittin' me. I don't like goin' through the wood whin the evenin' is fallin'. It isn't that I'd be mindin' the ould monks. I'm afeard o' fairies. The mountain is full o' fairies, so it is."

Pasha was caught and harnessed with Johnny Flynn's help. They started off down the mountain side at a leisurely pace, the cows going in front. Before them the wood hid the wide plain, which lay covered with a haze of heat.

When they had left the wood behind and were descending between the fields of corn, Johnny Flynn pointed towards Carrick, over which a long flight of rooks was going in a black line.

"I think th' ould lady's dead," he said. "I brought her a hatchin' o' duck-eggs she wanted on Monday, and not a sign o' life was there in the place. I wint agin yesterday, an' the ould hins was scratchin' about for what they could pick up betune the stones o' the yard. I said to meself then she must be dead. I told Biddy Mulcahy an' she hit me a welt, tellin' me not to be troublin' me foolish head over other people's business."

Chapter XX.

THE POISONED HOUSE.

Meg heard Johnny Flynn with a horrified amazement. Monday! It was now Friday. They had not been thinking of Miss Roche. Lady Turloughmore had been engrossed with Julia's illness. She had been helping to entertain the visitors, taking all manner of small duties and cares off Lady Turloughmore's shoulders. While they forgot her, the poor little old spinster, who somehow, despite her oddity, made a warm place for herself in her friends' hearts, might have been dying in loneliness. Horrible! Terrors rushed over Meg's mind in a flood. She remembered that Miss Roche lived utterly alone, not even a dog to keep her company since Ranger's death. Supposing she had been taken ill suddenly? Meg's imagination ran away with her. She pictured the helpless old woman lying unable to move hand or foot,

dying of hunger and thirst, while her friends occupied themselves after their fashions. It was too terrible.

"There's Biddy's cabin up the boreen," said Johnny Flynn, indicating a boulder-like erection at the top of which seemed a heap of straw. "You can be lettin' me down now! If ye wait long enough ye'll hear me bawlin' whin Biddy lays the stick on me for not getting the cows home earlier."

"Tell her she is not to beat you," said Meg; "tell her I am coming to see her to-morrow to explain how I kept you. And listen. I want you to do something for me after you've driven home the cows."

"I'd do anything for you," said Johnny fervently. "Aren't you like an angel in heaven to me? I'm stronger nor I look, if it's anything big ye want me to do."

"I want you, as soon as you've driven the cows home, to run to Castle Eagle as fast as you can and leave a message for Lady Turloughmore that I've gone to Carrick, that if I don't come back it means that Miss Roche is very ill; that the necessary things and a doctor are to be sent. You'll remember all that?"

She was wishing that Lord Erris was there. She felt he would have known what to do. Johnny repeated the message, his eyes blinking up at her where he stood by the phaëton.

"I'll get off as quick as I can," he said. "Maybe I'll be able to do it without Biddy ketchin' me at all. I'll have it worse later on, but I don't mind it at all, at all."

She drove off at as fast a pace as Pasha could compass, and a much faster one than he was accustomed to. However he shook his little head, and with a memory of his youth trotted away briskly. The road was all down-hill, and it was not very long before they arrived at the gates of Carrick. Meg found the gate half open; and numerous animals which she was sure did not belong to Miss Roche wandering about inside. Tinkers' (*i. e.*, gypsies) donkeys and goats and cattle. She knew that Miss Roche waged war on such: and that there was hardly a Petty Sessions held at Lahort at which she had not the tinkers "summonsed." The open gate, the wandering ragged beasts, struck her heart with a forlorn sense of calamity. She left Pasha to stand, fastening up his reins, and trusting him not to wander. You could leave Pasha by the roadside any day of the week, and feel sure that he wouldn't get into any mischief. As she looked back before turning the wall of the house, she saw him amicably rubbing noses with the "commonality" pony.

She was not minded to stand at the hall door and ring. She felt it would be useless. She must effect an entrance some other way if the kitchen door was not open. As she made her way round to the back of the house, she noticed that the hens were wandering

about the shrubberies, picking up a living for themselves. The strange silence and desolation of it all—the walled garden which she had taken on her first coming for a graveyard, oppressed her with a sense of gloom. She found herself wishing for the society of Prince, and was glad of the intrusion of the tinkers' animals, because it meant the tinkers themselves following at some time or another.

The kitchen door was closed against her; but, after a search, she found a window which had lost its hasp, and entered by that. Along the dark and echoing passages, up the stairs, she went, through the hall, where the sun, now near its setting, made a red blotch on the wall, falling on the stuccoed classical head of a flying love, and suffusing it as though with blood. All the time she was aware of a strange, bitter, terrible smell in the house, indescribably evil. Above her stretched the hollow vastness of the house, with its interminable corridors and wings, all empty, all silent, not a trace of human life anywhere, but a strange oppressive heaviness over all.

She went from room to room, oppressed and stifling, finding only a mouldy and shuttered darkness, the gaunt shapes of furniture like ghosts looking out of the gloom. But at last she opened a door, and had the sensation, though the room was as dark and mouldy-smelling as the others, that there was someone in the room; someone, something, in the bed like a catafalque which took up the centre of the floor. She had to make her way to one of the shuttered windows, and open it before she could see what else the room contained. The bars fell with a clang: the shutters came back: the evening light poured into the room. She knew without thinking of it that the room was full of old finery of all sorts, so that it resembled an old clothes shop. Open wardrobes revealed shelves and pegs crowded to their utmost capacity. The door was so hung with garments that its purpose was entirely concealed. Every chair, every table in the room—and it was crammed with furniture—were piled and hung with wearing apparel. Not exclusively feminine, for a pile of men's beaver hats, dating from the thirties, heaped an armchair in one corner.

She noticed these things automatically. She had gone straight to the bedside. It was a big bed; and there was a very small shrivelled-up form lying under a heap of clothes. The face was sharply peaked. The skin hung loose, yet it was strained tightly back, showing the bones in a horrible prominence. Leaning over the piteous thing Meg did not need to ask what this horrible aspect meant. It meant—starvation. The sheer horror of it for the moment, drove out fear; yet fear was waiting for her, ready to rush in upon her in an overwhelming tide.

She looked to right and left. Somewhere in the great, empty house a door slammed. The air of the room was certainly close,

stifling. She went to the window and unhasped it. It was not easy to open, and she kept looking over her shoulder towards the bed while she tried to do it. At last she succeeded. She lifted the window and it came down with a crash, the rope that hung it being broken. A pane smashed in the fall, and a west wind, strong and revivifying, rushed like a great river into the sickly poisonous atmosphere. She thought she heard a movement in the bed and turned about. Was it possible that it was not death after all? With the hope fear fled from her for the moment. The oppressive weight on her lungs, on her heart, seemed lifted by the fresh wind, by the hope. She went quickly to the bedside. The form was as rigid as before. She stooped to look into the terrible face and saw an eyelid quiver. Immediately she was tense, braced, alert. She wanted twenty things, if the life that was just lingering in the starved body was to be kept there and strengthened. Water: she wanted water first of all. The open mouth had a dry, terrible look with its cracked lips. Brandy: she wondered if she could find brandy; and a fire! Oh, if she only had anyone to help her! She did not dare leave the house in search of help lest the life should flicker out. How long would it be before help came? She turned an imploring glance towards the window. There was nothing in sight, except the tinkers' beasts and Pasha, placidly grazing.

As she turned, her foot struck something on the floor—an empty water-bottle lying by a broken glass. How long had they been there? For how long had the poor soul endured thirst as well as hunger till endurance came to an end. The thought of the basket in the phaëton came to her with an immense relief. There were supplies there beyond what she had given to Johnny Flynn: milk, water, she could be sure of; a kettle, a spirit stove and spirit, a box of matches. She ran through the silent house where the air was poisoned as though by death itself, and, since she could not unbar the front door unaided, she opened one of the long windows of the dining-room that gave on the terrace and stepped out; out into the cool, beautiful evening full of the west wind. Pasha was nibbling the shrubs of the lawn, and looked round with a friendly recognition as she came.

She found what she wanted in a heavy iron seat which was almost buried in the overgrown grass, and secured her steed. Then she took the basket. As she did this the sun dropped behind the mountains, leaving the world cold. She hurried back through the house of which dusk had already taken possession. The corners were full of shadows. The strange, heavy, bitter smell was all about her. She scurried along up the stairs and down the corridor to Miss Roche's room. Presently, unless help came, she would have to go down into the lower regions in search of various things. The thought daunted her. How evil-smelling the house was! Again she had the sense of

faintness as she hurried along. She did not like to think of those lower regions. She paused to throw up a long window on the landing and let the air in. She felt no one could live long in that terrible foulness.

She poured a little water into the dry, strained mouth, and could not be sure it was swallowed, some of it at least was returned, running out of the corners of the lips. She tried milk then, almost drop by drop, lifting the face that looked so surely a dead face on her arm. Brandy—if she only had brandy. She dare not give much milk lest that too should be spilled out. She laid the head back on its pillow and went down to the dining-room. She hunted frantically through the cupboards of the sideboard and the wall cupboards. They were stuffed with all manner of things which made the search more difficult, but there was no brandy. While she searched the room was growing dark. The dining-room was on the north side of the house, and the windows were obscured. There was yet a cold twilight outside, but the shadow of the mountains had darkened the western sky and made premature night in the house, which was always dark because of its trees.

She must search further. There might be a cellar downstairs. She stood at the head of the stairs hesitating. It was very dark below, and there was an evil air ascending; she was aware of a curious rustling going on down there in the darkness. After all—was it likely she would find brandy? The cellars would have been empty this many a year. She must try giving a little more milk. If that failed she must make a further search. She was afraid of the cellars, and the evil-smelling lower story from which the poison seemed to ascend. She went upstairs. To her immense relief the milk was retained, though she could detect no act of swallowing. Light, she must have light. The room was steadily growing darker. She must find candles or fuel, or something to light her before the darkness came altogether. She was afraid of the darkness. She must have light to see what she could do for the woman, who she was convinced now had a spark of life in her. Would help never come? Surely Johnny could have reached Castle Eagle by this time? Panic seized her as she began to imagine the many things which might have interfered with Johnny's delivery of her message. Supposing the woman who housed him had kept him back, not listening to his explanation! Supposing—!

She thought she heard a low sigh from the motionless figure in the bed. She must have light: she must find restoratives: she must descend to the darkness underground, if needs be, to find fuel, or she must go outside and find derelict wood, brambles and sticks, anything at all to build a fire. But before that she would take her courage in both hands, and explore the cellars underneath. She would never forgive herself if her cowardice should be the cause of losing a life.

Meg had need for carefulness. The box only held a few matches. She lamented that she had not taken a full box in the basket, and not one half empty. There must be light; there must be matches and candles and coal and wood somewhere, if only she could find them. Summoning up all her courage she went downstairs. Before descending into the darkness underneath, she looked for candles in the candelabra of the dining-room and found none; then in the drawing-room where the blinds were all down shutting out the pale sky.

After a somewhat prolonged search she lit upon a remnant of candle, so small that the time it would last before it burnt out might be counted by minutes. She thought it would just light her through the cellars and kitchens, enable her with good luck to discover the things she wanted and get upstairs again, before it went out. She lit the candle end on the stairs going down to the kitchen, where there was hardly a glimmer of light. There seemed miles of underground kitchens and cellars to explore, and nothing in any of them to help her. All the time she felt she could hardly endure the air of the place. At last in the corner of a kitchen she found a little heap of dry twigs, some old newspapers, and a basket with a few sods of turf in it. Her heart lifted with the discovery. She set down her snuff of candle on the edge of the kitchen table, while she gathered the things together. Here was life, courage, safety. With a fire and light she thought she might even leave the sick woman while she went in search of help, which she felt sure now was not coming in response to her urgent message. What could they be thinking of her? Lady Turloughmore would be frightened about her absence. They would be searching for her everywhere while she needed the help that did not come.

She stood up from her cramped position and reached for the candle. It was getting to its end. Would it last her the way up? How sickening the air of the place was! It made her heart beat heavily and her head throb with a dull feeling of congestion. She must not faint. If she fainted she would die. The weight of the basket dragged at her arm. She stumbled. Out in the passage the air was fresher. There must be a window open somewhere. Suddenly the scrap of candle she was holding sputtered and went out. She was enveloped in darkness or semi-darkness, and she was aware that she was afraid of the empty house, of the yawning cavernous kitchens and cellars on every side of her that were so many pits of darkness. Down fell the basket with a clatter. She had dropped the precious matches with the rest. She went fumbling about, feeling oddly faint and sick, while she reminded herself that she must, she must keep her wits together for the sake of the life that had yet to be saved upstairs. She would never forgive herself if through cowardice she were to fail now.

Chapter XXI.

THE WRONG MAN.

While she groped for the matches, not finding them, she heard a new sound in the house—the sound of footsteps overhead. She forgot her search, standing bolt upright to listen. The feet came with a steady yet light tread across the hall above, and began ascending the stairs. Unhinged as her nerves were by the faint sickening smell of the house, she was more terrified at first by the sound than the silence. Was it a friend or a foe upstairs in the darkness? She found the kitchen staircase after some groping and went up, letting the swing door at the top slam behind her. She heard its echoes reverberate through the silent house, and was frightened at the noise she herself had made. As she stood in the hall there was not a sound to be heard. Had she imagined the footsteps overhead? Were they living footsteps or the feet of some dead and gone Roche, who returned by night to the house of its earthly habitation? Did ghosts walk with a light, firm tread? Did a ghost wear boots? The fantastic questions crowded upon her. She stood in the outer hall looking up the staircase. Not a sound. But stay—someone was coming down. Oh relief! Oh joy! A voice spoke—Algy Rosse's easy, pleasant voice.

"Is it you, you poor little thing? And are you in the dark all alone? What's the matter with Miss Roche? What a pestilential atmosphere! Some drain must be leaking into the house! Or is it dead rats? or what is it?"

He had come down the stairs. He was close to her.

"I've been horribly frightened," she sobbed, in an ecstasy of relief. "It's all right now you've come. I suppose the house is poisoned."

"I should just think it was. The windows are all shut, I suppose, and the poison has got thoroughly in. Why, you are trembling!"—he slipped his arm about her, with a kind protecting pressure.

"Don't mind me," she said, her teeth chattering. "I'm all right now you've come. I can't find any candles, and I've just dropped the wood and coal in the passage downstairs. How dark it has become! I've been looking for brandy. It's horrible. The poor soul upstairs has been almost starved to death. She is still just living, I think. If we only had some brandy!"

"I've brought some from the village pub. I came upon your messenger as I was going up the mountain in search of you. I can't forgive myself. There are surely fairies in that wood. I sent the queer boy—was he a fairy, too!—with word to Castle Eagle, and I

left a message at Dr. Doherty's. He was out—with a case up the mountains. We shall have to do what we can without him. Now, about that coal. Let us break a window first so that this confounded stench can escape."

He had some difficulty in letting down the bars of the hall door, but he succeeded at last, and set it open. How sweet the wind was, smelling of dews that blew in their faces!

"That is better," Algy Rosse said. "No wonder you were unnerved. I should have been here with you. Now for the coal."

It was quite a different matter returning down the dark staircase with him by her side. She felt quite light-hearted, the relief was intense. They gathered the coal and wood together, their hands meeting over it in the darkness. She guided him upstairs, opening windows everywhere as they went. In the bedroom she bent to listen for any sign of breathing from the sick woman. She thought she felt an almost imperceptible breath upon her cheek. While Algy Rosse lit the fire, she mixed a little brandy with the milk, and as well as she could in the gloom she poured some into Miss Roche's mouth; the wood sprang into a blaze. She thought she saw a change in the face—something less rigid, less terrible. Were the eyes opening? The firelight was rising and falling. She thought the lids were lifted for an instant, but could not be sure. Algy Rosse came and held a lit match to look at Miss Roche.

"Good Lord!" he said, under his breath.

Then unmistakably the eyes opened. She attempted speech, but it was incoherent. The match went out.

"I'll tell you what," he said. "Let us get her out of this. The whole place is poisoned. The moon is rising. I saw poor Pasha waiting patiently outside. The pure air of the night will do her good and not harm. Can you wrap her in the blankets? I can carry her down easily. Let us give her some more of the milk. If she's not thoroughly poisoned already, she'll recover more quickly in clean surroundings."

Meg was amazed at the capacity, the quick decision, the deftness of the golden youth, once the decision had been made. He put her aside quietly, gently.

"Perhaps you don't know that I had an invalid mother," he explained, when he had carried Miss Roche in her blankets downstairs. "I used to do a great many things for her. She said I was better than any nurse."

He was settling the little body as comfortably as might be in the phaëton, when suddenly, as it seemed, it came to life. The voice in which Miss Roche spoke was the merest whisper.

"You're not leaving—my house—open—to any rogue—or robber?"

"No, no, that's all right," Algy Rosse said soothingly. "I'll shut the dining-room window and come out by the hall door, closing it after me. The house will be quite safe."

"You're hurting me—abominably—"

"Oh, I am so sorry," he said. "I didn't know. What is it?"

"A—broken—leg—I—fell."

"There. You'll tell me another time. I'll try not to hurt you more than I can help."

He led the patient Pasha, while Meg sat in the phaëton, steadying the swathed little figure as well as she could. And so they arrived at Castle Eagle, just in time to intercept Lady Turloughmore as her carriage turned out of the gates. The doctor arrived presently and discovered that there was a bad fracture of one leg. He shook his head over it. The starvation, the poison, the fracture—"she may have broken it in bed," he said; "old bones are brittle"—were going to make a long job. He suggested a trained nurse.

"Let me," said Meg eagerly. "I know just what to do. I nursed my small brother when he had a broken leg. I'm sure I could manage."

She carried her point. She had been feeling that she had too little to do, too much time for brooding and introspection. She said to herself that she was not cut out for a fine young lady. If the time came that she could leave Lady Turloughmore, she must find something to do in the world which would keep her incessantly occupied.

With two invalids in the house their hands were full. Miss Trant and Mr. Rosse were left to entertain each other, which they did, so far as Meg could judge, by a succession of little quarrels, half-play, half in earnest. They found so many subjects on which they disagreed. Presently Miss Trant took her gracious presence off the scene. She was due in Scotland at a country-house party for the grouse-shooting. The tenderness of her parting with Lady Turloughmore was noticeable. She was to come again in the spring, when Lord Erris should be well again, she said, and able to entertain her. She ran back from the carriage to kiss Lady Turloughmore a second time—"like a daughter," said Meg to herself, "like a daughter." She had teased Algy Rosse to the end, and had flung back a satirical speech at him as she went off, between her soft calls to Lady Turloughmore, sweet as the calls of a thrush. Algy went a day or two later. "No one had any time for him," he said, with dissatisfaction, and his career called him. He had been quite comfortably forgetting his career for several weeks. Before he went he had an interview with Meg, the purport of which amazed her.

"I never suspected such a thing," she said, in answer to him when he said with a boyish heat and vexation that she must have known,

have understood, his hopes. "How could I think that anyone would look at me when Miss Trant was by?"

He flushed suddenly.

"Miss Trant is—there is something lacking in her which you have got. She is a moon-maiden, a big, beautiful, cold child."

Oddly Meg was nettled. She did not want to have—for Algy Rosse—the thing which Miss Trant had not got.

"Don't be vexed with me," he said humbly. "I misunderstood, that's all. Think it over, will you, till I come again?"

Miss Roche crept back to life slowly. Despite the doctor's foreboding, the bone had knitted. There had been no serious result of the poisoning. Carrick was in the hands of workmen who had discovered dreadful things in connection with the drainage of the house, and the things that lay hidden in its dark corners underground. It was a marvel she was alive. Only her constant life out-of-doors before her accident had kept her in health. She occupied the room next door to Meg. At first Meg had slept in the room, like a nurse, to be ready at the first signal that she was needed. Presently the patient was doing so well that she had returned to her own room. September passed, and October came. Lord Erris was expected home some time about the end of October. A night came when, after Meg had seen her patient comfortably in bed, and was in her own room, she heard a tapping at her door. Opening it she saw Lady Turloughmore standing there, the pigeon on her shoulder. He was very often on her shoulder or the back of her chair.

"May I come in, Miss Hildebrand?"

"Do, please, Lady Turloughmore."

It was the first time Lady Turloughmore had visited her like this, and Meg wondered what it might portend. Lady Turloughmore sat down in the easy chair by the fire. The pigeon hopped on to the back of the chair and perched there sleepily, one round eye on the fire.

"What beautiful thick hair you have!" she said, stretching out her hand to smooth Meg's hair. "Mine used to be very thick and very brown. It has grown thin now and it is fast turning gray. I am going to put it up under a widow's cap."

Meg was startled. Not knowing what to say she uttered an exclamation under her breath, and turned eyes of compassion on the delicate worn face.

"My son must take the title," she went on. "I would not stand in his way. Dr. Kellner is satisfied with his general health. He says there is a great improvement. If only he can walk—"

She looked piteously at Meg.

"If only he can walk!" she repeated. "Why should he not have a wife and children like other men? If he would marry Eileen! She

has strength and courage—as I had. There is not a drop of the morbid or the nervous in her whole body. Why should not Ulick be happy, as his father and I were—and leave the future to take care of itself?"

"Why not indeed?" said Meg; and in her passionate sympathy for the grief in the brave, sweet face, she felt that for a time at least she ardently desired that Lord Erris should be happy with Miss Trant.

"You are so kind, so sympathetic," said Lady Turloughmore. "Perhaps—if Ulick was happy and did not need us, you and I might go away together—for a time at least—till someone claimed you."

She paused and looked at Meg with a meaning in her gaze before proceeding.

"So you couldn't care for Algy?" she said. "I wonder at that, Meg. He is really a dear boy, though there have been times when I've been unjust, hardened my heart against him because he seemed likely enough to sit in my son's place. Dr. Kellner says there is no reason why Ulick should not be a very strong man. If only he could be a quite happy one!"

Into Meg's mind came back Algy Rosse's whimsical, half-serious speech:

"The only thing to do would be to catch an Earl of Turloughmore and shut him up, and make him die in his bed."

Well, she did not want the new Earl of Turloughmore to die before his years were accomplished. She wanted him to live and be happy; and for herself to go away out of his life, and all this life which had grown so dear to her.

"Algy has not much money of his own," said Lady Turloughmore, watching Meg's face wistfully. "My son, of course, makes him an allowance. He would increase it in the event of his marriage. If my son should marry he would feel he owed Algy some reparation."

"Mr. Rosse wouldn't feel it," said Meg quietly. "He wants Lord Erris to marry, as we all do. Please, I should love to go away with you, Lady Turloughmore, I should love it."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

New Books.

THE SAVIOUR'S LIFE. New York: The Paulist Press. Cloth, 50 cents; leather, $1.00; postage, 6 cents extra.

With an exquisite reproduction of Da Vinci's Christ as a frontispiece, The Paulist Press presents us with *The Saviour's Life* in the words of the Four Gospels. The compiler is the Paulist Father, Gilbert Simmons, whose perfect familiarity with all Scripture, and especially with the New Testament, is the admiration of all who are favored with his friendship, as well as his deep and adoring reverence for the Person of our Saviour. The publishers have given the book an artistic form, both as to presswork and binding. It is a book for either the table or the pocket or the *prie-dieu.*

The narrative of the events of our Lord's life and the doctrines He taught, is given completely and exclusively in the words of the Evangelists. To each event and each teaching is given a separate little chapter, with its own appropriate heading; and these headings are frequently brief—the briefest—expositions of meaning, and in themselves are exceedingly conducive to a good grasp of the main purpose of our Saviour in saying or doing or suffering what is there recorded. Dates are in each case added; and these greatly help the feeling of continuity as one goes on with the holy pilgrimage.

We cannot exaggerate the value of this book for practical devotional use. It is a handy form of earth's most fascinating history, given in heaven's own words, arranged under convenient heads by a master of both the learning and the piety of the Christian faith. In reading it one is straitened between anxiety to go on with the flowing stream of the divine story, and an inclination to stop at every turning of the leaves to dwell upon the scene, and ponder the words and picture the presence of the beloved Master.

This Gospel history, arranged so conveniently and with such perfect taste, should be known by heart by every Christian. Boys and girls should receive premiums for reciting it word for word, and no premium so appropriate as this beautiful little volume. If the catechism must be learned by rote, why should not the divinely written Life of the Saviour? Saturate young minds with this

book, and Jesus Christ will be made both the antidote and corrective of that most poisonous of all influences, the unlicensed literature of a worldly and unclean generation. The public recitation of these chapters from the writings of infinite wisdom, and more than angelic eloquence, if made a feature of school life, will establish in the memory of the child a standard of truth and of nobility of expression as high above our literary masterpieces as heaven is above earth.

We are pleased that the compiler has found use in this work of his heart's love, for the version of the New Testament of the late Dominican, Father Spencer, which we believe to be a valuable help to the right use and understanding of the Scripture—a help by no means adequately appreciated.

MINOR WORKS OF ST. TERESA—CONCEPTIONS OF THE LOVE OF GOD, EXCLAMATIONS, MAXIMS, AND POEMS. Translated from the Spanish by the Benedictine Nuns of Stanbrook. Edited, with an Introduction, by Rev. Benedict Zimmerman, O.C.D., with a short account of the Saint's death and canonization. New York: Benziger Brothers.

These are called minor works from the little space they occupy; but as a revelation of the grandeur of St. Teresa's soul they are major in value, for the volume is second to none of her works, not even to the *Autobiography*. The poems, thirty-six in number, will probably come as a surprise to the reader, for none but two or three poetical pieces have been commonly known to devout readers, even to her devoted clients. The others have been found, after diligent and really age-long research, by generations of St. Teresa's editors, not the least eminent among whom are Father Zimmerman and the Stanbrook Nuns. These poems of the great Saint sprang without preparation from her soul, and in every case are the expression of the joyful pain of a spirit wounded by the fiery dart of the Spouse's love. None of them is long, some are very brief, but all are contagious of that same quality of love, the divine sadness of a soul longing for heavenly union with God. The translator has endeavored—not without great and patient labor and with eminent success—to give in English the fullness of meaning without injury to the exquisite poetical sentiment of the original. For most—for nearly all—of these pieces she is the pioneer English translator. And where she is not, she holds her own very well indeed, even if we compare her version of St. Teresa's *Song to Death* to that of

the late Father Caswall. One and all the poems are an exceedingly lofty and tender expression of loyalty to the divine Spouse, and aspirations towards eternal union with Him. Never did St. Paul's yearning words receive so adequate an amplification: "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain" (Phil. i. 21). For instance, the *Compact:*

Now am I wholly yielded up, foregone,
And this the pact I made,
That the Beloved should be all mine own,
I His alone!

Struck by the gentle Hunter
And overthrown
Within the arms of love
My soul lay prone.

Raised to new life at last
This contract 'tween us passed,
That the Beloved should be all mine own,
I His alone!

With lance embarbed with love
He took His aim—
One with its Maker hence
My soul became.

No love but His I crave
Since self to Him I gave,
For the Beloved is mine own,
I His alone!

The poetical tone is heard and felt in the prose portions of this volume, destined to take its place with the other works of St. Teresa on a footing of equality—the *Conceptions* and *Exclamations* and *Maxims.* Better prayerful reading, apart from Holy Scripture, can hardly be found, especially before and after Holy Communion. The account of the Saint's death is a mosaic of all the various narratives of the consummation of that heroic soul's longings for eternal union with God.

The feeling of life in death and death in life voiced in all these singularly powerful poems, is also expressed in Chapter XXXVIII. of the *Life,* section eight:

> As our Lord has been pleased to reveal heaven in some degree, my soul dwells upon it in thought; and it happens occasionally that they who are about me, and with whom I find

> consolation, are those whom I know to be living in heaven, and that I look upon them as the only ones who are really alive; while those who are on earth are so dead, that the whole world seems unable to furnish me with companions, particularly when these impetuosities of love are upon me. Everything seems a dream, and what I see with the bodily eyes an illusion. What I have seen with the eyes of the soul is that which my soul desires; and as it finds itself far away from those things—that is death.

See also Chapter XXXIX., section ten. And in many other parts of the Saint's writings, notably in *Relations* I., 3, she attributes her longing for death to the general influence of the new and extraordinary intercourse of her soul with heaven. She says that ever since she "became subject to these supernatural visitations .....she has had a great desire to be poor and lonely, and to depart out of this land of exile in order to see God" (*Relations* VII., 20).

THE LIFE OF BLESSED HENRY SUSO. By Himself. Translated by Thomas Francis Knox, Priest of the Oratory, with an Introduction by W. R. Inge, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's. London: Methuen & Co. $1.00.

The autobiography of Blessed Henry Suso, a Dominican Friar (1300-1365), is one of the best known, as well as one of the most beautiful works of mediæval mysticism. The Servitor of Divine Wisdom, as he calls himself, describes the extreme austerities he practised in order to overcome his temperament "full of fire and life." It should be noticed, however, that these macerations of the flesh were but a phase in the evolution of his soul towards the Truth, and that they were carried out under the impelling force of a burning devotion, and by the divine aid. God led the Servitor by an exceptional path. His vocation and apostolate demanded that his body first, and then his soul, should pass through the crucible of suffering, so that he might win the Wisdom he longed for so ardently, and be able to direct others through his own experience along the path which leads to perfection. In fact, it is not difficult to trace the gradual ascent of Blessed Henry Suso's soul towards the Light through the various degrees of suffering which he endured; his unflinching faith kept him patient and steady through trials which it would seem no human existence could bear. He was afflicted with bodily ills, mental distresses, and darkness of soul;

he was attacked with more than human wickedness by those to whom he had done good, and threatened with the vengeance of murder by men to whom he had done no harm; he was encompassed on every side by anguish and distress and utter desolation; and yet the Servitor remained steadfastly confiding in God, knowing that "he to whom God wishes well can be harmed by no one."

The tenderness of his heart for every living thing, his sensitiveness to the beauties of nature, and his ardent poetic imagination, should be remembered when interpreting the maxims which form one of the later chapters. Intellectually and theologically the teaching of the Servitor proceeds from that of Eckhart and Tauler, while in the higher flight of metaphysical argument he bases his conclusions on quotations from St. Thomas Aquinas and Dionysius the Areopagite. The translator's preface, published originally with Messrs. Burns & Oates' edition in 1865, has been retained, and an introduction by Dr. Inge, in which a survey is made of the times in which Blessed Henry Suso lived. The sympathies of Dr. Inge lie on the historical and philosophical side of the subject, rather than on the purely mystical. His open antagonism to the Church, which alone produces and cherishes saints of the type of Blessed Henry Suso, seems curiously illogical to those who study mysticism both experimentally and theoretically from within the fold of the true Church.

THE FRANCISCAN POETS IN ITALY OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY. By Frederick Ozanam. Translated by A. E. Nellen and N. C. Craig. London: David Nutt. $1.50.

Though appearing only in the first weeks of 1914, no better memorial of Frederick Ozanam could have been devised for his centenary—as far, at least, as English-speaking nations are concerned, than the issuing of a translation of his enchanting volume on *Les Poètes Franciscains*. It is indeed remarkable that with the extensive output during the last quarter of a century—to be precise, ever since the publication of M. Sabatier's epoch-making *Life*—of books dealing with the Franciscan legend, no attempt should have been made until now to translate into English a work which in France and Italy has enjoyed a high reputation both for sound scholarship and for a singularly refined appreciation of artistic values. Written years before the "cult" for things Franciscan had become a fashion in Europe, and when not a few essential sources of information were still unavailable, Ozanam's book re-

mains one of the most valuable introductions we possess to a study of the Franciscan period. Indeed, in the face of these brilliant pages we can no longer flatter ourselves that it has been reserved for our own day to estimate the artistic significance of the Franciscan movement in its bearings on European history.

The translators, in their brief preface, very truly say: "No other book reproduces so sincerely and truly the spirit of the Franciscan movement, with all the glow of its religious ecstasy and all the charm of its innocent simplicity; no other book expounds so clearly the gradual evolution of that spirit, or testifies so convincingly to its influence on all aspects of human life and art." It is amazing to reflect that work so mellow, so impregnated with understanding not only of art and of history, but also of mystical theology, should have been the outcome of a few brief Italian holidays, necessitated by ill-health, which formed the only breaks in an exceptionally arduous professorial career at the Sorbonne. In Ozanam's case it was no doubt Dante who led him to the feet of St. Francis, for we know that his French thesis for his doctorate of literature treated of the *Divine Comedy,* and that his public defence of his thesis was so brilliant as to win him instant renown. And when we remember that the great work in defence of Catholic truth to which in his youth Ozanam aspired to devote the best years of his life, was destined never to be written—Ozanam, it will be remembered died in his forty-first year—we are all the more grateful for this brilliant fragment, which almost alone preserves for us the literary and artistic gifts which in the founder of the St. Vincent de Paul Conference might easily have been overlooked. Even as it is, in the centenary sketch, contributed by Mrs. Maxwell Scott to the *Dublin Review* (January, 1914), by some strange oversight no mention is made of *Les Poètes Franciscains.*

After an introductory chapter tracing the development of popular religious poetry from the mural inscriptions with which the early Christians loved to decorate the interior of their churches, Ozanam points out how "the poetry of the early Franciscans was produced at that instructive and fascinating moment when art begins to seize popular inspiration." In point of fact it was not long before the birth of Francis Bernadone that the idiom of the common people first took on itself sufficient form to emerge as a spoken and written language. Songs, religious, romantic, and patriotic, were the common possession of the Italian people, and if the love-songs of the troubadours came to them from across the Alps, it was Umbria

that was destined to provide the breath of a purified faith which was to break forth in *laudi* and canticles composed in the new half-formed Italian language spoken by the peasant and the goatherd. The vital force of the Franciscan revival that, a century later, was to find a visualized expression through Giotto's brush on the walls of San Francesco, already in the lifetime of Francis found a more available outlet in hymn and verse. The Saint himself in early youth having been a passionate lover of all the romance and chivalry of his day, with its songs ever on his lips, it is little wonder that in later years his burning faith broke out in poems of praise and love. Ozanam writes some singularly attractive pages on this aspect of the Poverello as poet and troubadour. Of the wonderful *Canticle of the Sun* he says very truly: "It is only a cry, but it is the first cry of a nascent poesy which will develop and make itself heard through the whole world." Curiously enough, however, the still more rapturous canticle, "*In foco amor mi mise*—Love has thrust me in the furnace," of which a very beautiful translation is given, should have been attributed not, as here, to St. Francis, but to the greatest of the poets that Francis was to number among his own, Jacopone da Todi.

For to Ozanam undoubtedly belongs the credit of re-discovering this long neglected poet and mystic. It is to Jacopone he devotes his most illuminating chapters, Jacopone, who to outward appearances was the most mad and disconcerting of all those who, following in the footsteps of the lover of Poverty, defied the conventions of the society to which they belonged. His stormy career presents one of those series of astounding contrasts which the Middle Ages so frequently offer us: successful lawyer, penitent, poet, friar, excommunicate, prisoner by order of the Pope for six long years, and in the end a saint, beatified, if not by the Roman authorities, at least by the unerring veneration of the common people. Such was the man who, born of a noble family of Todi, is known only to posterity by a scornful diminutive. His radiant death effaced the memory of the religious dissensions in which so many years of his life were unhappily involved. "There remained of Jacopone only the memory of his penitence, the example of the love of God revealed in him in the highest possible degree, and, lastly, his popular songs which stretched like a rainbow over the mountains of Umbria."

Jacopone stands at the very fountain-head of modern art and poetry. It was from him that Fra Angelico gained his most ex-

quisite inspirations; from him that Dante learned the marvelous possibilities of the half-formed Italian speech; it is—need we add—to him that all Christendom is indebted for the undying pathos of the *Stabat Mater.* Of his songs in the vernacular, Ozanam gives some examples, exquisite even in a translation, inspired by a mystical passion that carries all before it, by a joy the more triumphant the more miserable his outward condition: "O Love, divine Love! Why hast Thou taken possession of me?" Or again, the song with the refrain, "O joyous heart that sings of Love!" written under circumstances of peculiar depression.

Of the essence of these *laudi* Ozanam gives a detailed analysis, pointing out how Jacopone, when he announced his determination to forsake philosophy, merely entered into the ranks of the mystics. But, strangely enough, besides being a mystic and a poet, as enamored of poverty as his master, the friar was also a satirist who spared the sins and weaknesses of his contemporaries as little as did Dante. It was this versatility of genius, combined with his amazing austerity of life, that gave him so great an ascendency in his century. That his name should have fallen for so long almost wholly into oblivion is but one more example of the way in which, for over three hundred years, the Renaissance and its achievements have been allowed to crush out of men's memories all the glories that went before. Jacopone's right to a resuscitation is surely as irresistible as that of the primitive painters, whom he forestalled by a few decades.

It is a pleasure to testify to the scholarly care with which this translation has been produced. The rendering throughout is fluent and literary; there is almost a superabundance of notes provided at the end of each chapter, correcting here and there attributions which, current sixty years ago, have long been abandoned; also an index and a very full contents table, making the volume everything that the student could desire. Finally there are some well-selected and attractive illustrations.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, THE TRUE CHURCH OF THE BIBLE. By Very Rev. C. J. O'Connell. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.25 net.

Dean O'Connell of Bardstown, Kentucky, has written an excellent volume on the Scriptural basis of the chief Catholic doctrines. In thirty different chapters he sets forth clearly the Biblical proof of the primacy, the unity of the Church, the Sacraments, the

invocation of the saints, indulgences, justification, etc. Priests will find this a most helpful book to give to inquiring "Bible Christians."

LIFE, SCIENCE, AND ART. Being Leaves from Ernest Hello. Translated from the French by E. M. Walker. New York: Benziger Brothers. Leather, $1.00; boards, 50 cents.

We reviewed in THE CATHOLIC WORLD a few months ago a reprint of the French critic of Hello's book *l'Homme,* which was first printed during the siege of Paris in 1871. In it he treated of *Life, Science, and Art,* and shows how each, rightly understood, is a mirror that reflects the Face of God. We are grateful to the translator for these brief extracts from this well-known work.

Ernest Hello first studied for the Bar, but gave up his profession, because his fellow barristers decided in conference that it was quite permissible to defend an unjust cause. He next turned his attention to journalism, founding, together with his friend, Georges Seigneur, a newspaper called *Le Croisé.* Ably conducted, it was at first successful, but came to an end after two years under circumstances which led to a break with his friend. He retired soon after (1861) to his country home at Kéroman, where he studied and wrote incessantly until his death in 1885.

As a critic he was original and independent, although a bit oratorical and dogmatic in tone. We do not agree at all with his pessimistic views of his age, or his bitter denunciations of mediocrity; we are always annoyed at the tone of bitterness and personal disappointment which loom up so largely in his pages; still withal we must admire his talent, his great love of truth, and his strong and uncompromising Catholicity.

Many of his utterances are well worth quoting, for instance:

> To be weary of life is nothing else but to have an immense need of God.
>
> It is the crime of the age not to hate evil, but to discuss terms of peace with it and make it proposals.
>
> The gift of self is the condition of life. The more a man opens his heart the stronger he grows; the more he spends himself, the more concentrated he becomes; the more generous he is, the more master of himself.
>
> The experience of centuries teaches us that men need consoling first, instructing afterwards.....Begin with argument, and all will be sterile. Begin with love, and all will be fertile.

In discussion among educated people, the man who tends to get heated is accused of giving way to hate; he is really the man who loves.

To listen to some men, one might suppose that Truth was our property, and that we could give it away when we liked.

Catholicism, because it has sacrificed no dogma, has been able to rear, maintain, and propagate that chosen race of men which carries morality to the height of sanctity; while Protestantism, though forever talking of morality, has no saints, because it has been faithless to dogma.

The man of the world is not afraid of doing wrong, but he is afraid of giving offence. In the world convention takes the place of harmony.

Envy is such a strong proof of inferiority that it draws back before an open avowal.

HISTORY OF THE DISCOVERY AND CONQUEST OF COSTA RICA. By Ricardo Fernandez Guardia. Translated by Harry Weston Van Dyke. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3.00.

The principal source from which the author of this most fascinating history has taken his material is that treasure-house of the American historian—the archives of the Indies at Seville. He has ransacked royal decrees and orders, contracts, or *capitulaciones,* entered into with the Crown by the intrepid *Conquistatores* for the protection of their rights in the conquest of the new American lands, quaintly phrased complaints from priests and friars, and a mass of technical legal documents. As late as thirty years ago the names of many of the first Spanish explorers of Costa Rica were unknown, and the events of the country's past were shrouded in darkness. Moreover, a great deal of the history of Spanish discoveries has been written by ignorant and prejudiced Englishmen, who never could write of Spain fairly or with an open mind. As Mr. Van Dyke writes in his preface: "We North Americans get our conceptions of the conquering Spaniard from such works as Kingsley's *Westward Ho,* and the tales of other English romances, which glorify such arch-pirates as Drake, Raleigh, and Hawkins, and picture the work of the *Conquistatores* as wholly one of blood, rapine, and destruction, inspired by no purpose but the lust for gold. This is far from the truth. While some of these Spanish explorers were cruel and avaricious like Pedrarias, Contreras, and Gutierrez, the great majority obeyed the strict injunctions of the Spanish kings

against spoliation and inhumane treatment of the Indians. Every reader will be impressed by the fortitude, heroic endurance, kindness, justice, and Christian charity of such men as González, Davila, Vasquez de Coronado, Rodrico Maldonado, Alonso Calero, and Sanchez de Badajoz.

The author describes in detail the different Indian tribes of Costa Rica, their customs, their modes of dress, their continual feuds, and shows how the work of exploration was frequently hindered by the cruelty exercised toward them by some of the rapacious gold seekers. He describes all the expeditions along the coast from the days of Columbus in 1502, and all the expeditions into the interior which so often proved disastrous.

The book rather overwhelms us with its mass of details, but the author has made the sixteenth century live again in his most interesting pages. The translation is excellent.

SPECIAL METHODS OF INSTRUCTION. By Felix Arnold, Ph.D. New York: S. Mandel. $1.50.

The majority of educational works dealing with special methods are too general and indefinite to be of much practical use in the schoolroom. Dr. Arnold is so convinced of this that he goes to the opposite extreme, and leaves little or nothing to the initiative of the teacher. Knowing that the majority of children are eye-minded, he makes continual use throughout this volume of the visual appeal. He applies it in all the elementary grades to arithmetic, reading, language, geography, history, and science.

Most teachers, being devoid of the artistic sense, find blackboard work and diagraming most difficult. After consulting the crude maps and wondrous drawings entitled "trees, carrots, rabbits" and the like in this volume, they need no longer come to the blackboard with fear and trepidation. They will at least realize at once the idea back of every illustration.

We would call special attention to the following points in which Dr. Arnold improves upon his predecessors: In the chapters on arithmetic, he is especially good on grading, the use of the motor appeal for beginners, and his clear, simple, and accurate diagrams. We noticed in his treatment of phonics that his tongue charts and directions were more accurate than those usually given, as, for instance, in the Brooklyn Training School, while his complete word and phrase lists will certainly prove invaluable to the overworked teacher. Dr. Arnold rightly says (Chapter VII.) that the com-

position period should be used solely for the purpose of developing expression. The teacher is advised not to load the pupils with the facts they are to use, and to base the composition only on subject matter with which they are familiar. Under the different headings of Dramatic Impersonations, Invention and Imagination, Narration, Description, Exposition and Letters, about two hundred and fifty topics are suggested for practical school work.

In his chapter on Geography, he groups his subject matter under the sub-titles: I. Human Activities and Their Products; II. Human Habitations; III. Surface; IV. Climate and Time; V. Maps and Graphs; VI. Use of Textbooks. He agrees with most modern educators in planning the general movement of study from the home and the home neighborhood outward, then to the United States, and finally to other countries. He insists upon the teacher obtaining pictures which deal with the topics of instruction. They are urged to cut them out of old magazines and geographies, mount them on cardboard, and arrange them under headings like the topics in the term plan. These pictures should be reënforced with a collection of different specimens, such as woods, products, cereals, fibers, and the like. As a general rule, they should never give a lesson without using a map or a graph.

Perhaps the most interesting chapters of the entire book are those devoted to the study of nature, under the headings: I. Plants; II. Animals; III. Natural Science; IV. Man.

THE CHURCH AND LABOR. By Rev. L. McKenna, S.J. Dublin: Office of the Irish Messenger. 35 cents.

Father McKenna, of Dublin, has written six excellent little tracts on the social question, namely: *The Church and Labor, The Church and Working Men, The Church and Working Women, The Church and the Working Child, The Church and Trades-Unions,* and *The Church and Social Work.* He insists throughout these pamphlets upon the social mission of the Church. As he puts it: "The Church speaks not merely to the conscience of individuals, but to men grouped in the societies that men form, the nation, the city, the family, and the association.....The object of the Church's existence is to save man from the evils that afflict man's soul, and, therefore, indirectly at least, from his bodily evils too, which drag down and destroy his soul." As good Catholics, "we should interest ourselves in the conditions of life, and in the prospects and difficulties of our poor brethren. It is more blessed to

prevent disease than to cure it; more blessed to give good dwellings to the poor than to give them hospitals for disease contracted in bad tenements; more blessed to help the widow rear her children than to place them in industrial schools; more blessed to give work than a dinner or two to the starving man; more blessed to have the young taught a trade than to secure them a job that will teach them nothing."

Father McKenna says some excellent words on the morality of strikes, the blessings of trade unions, the obligation of a just wage, the curse of the sweating system, the duty incumbent upon Catholics of studying Social Science and the like.

CHART OF IRISH HISTORY. By Charles R. Arlen. Boston: Arlen & Co. $3.00.

This unique chart enumerates all the chief events of Irish history from B. C. 1699 to 1913 A. D. The compiler quotes O'Curry to prove that the earliest Irish records are not so legendary as many imagine, although he admits that no agreement exists concerning the actual dates or length of the reigns of the early pagan kings. He himself follows the chronology of the annals of the Four Masters up to A. D. 1015.

He divides the seven periods of Irish history as follows: I. Pagan Kings, B. C. 1699 to A. D. 428; II. The Saints, A. D. 432 to 800; III. Dominion of the Dane, 800 to 1152; IV. Anglo-Roman Lordship, 1154 to 1542; V. Political and Religious Repression, 1542 to 1829; VI. Agitation Against the Union, 1800 to 1858; VII. Fenian Activities, 1858 to 1870; VIII. Modern Times, 1870 to 1913.

We noticed a few misprints under the dates A. D. 458, 848, 1874, 1913. Mr. Arlen, who is a member of the Irish Text Society and the Irish Literary Society of London, is certainly a firm believer in the modern pedagogical theory of the visual appeal.

THE OLD FRANCISCAN MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA. By George Wharton James. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.

The California Missions, because of their picturesqueness, their romantic history, and the noble deeds they have enshrined, are always of keen interest to an increasingly large number of travelers.

This volume is an honest and simple attempt to meet a real and popular demand for an unpretentious work that will give the

ordinary tourist and reader enough of the history of the Missions to make a visit to them of added interest, and to link their history with that of the other missions founded elsewhere in the country during the same or prior epochs of mission activity. The copious illustrations, all from photographs especially taken, are very artistic. The last chapter, How to Reach the Missions, will serve as a practical guide to the tourist.

THE HOLY CHILD SEEN BY HIS SAINTS. By Margaret Kennedy. New York: Benziger Brothers. 75 cents net.

Miss Kennedy is a born story teller for children. She relates in a most fascinating manner a number of stories and legends which tell of the appearances of the Infant Jesus to Saints like St. Christopher, St. Catherine of Alexandria, St. Paula, St. Anthony of Padua, St. Bernard, St. Juliana, and St. Teresa. We know of no better book to put in the hands of a Catholic boy or girl of ten or twelve years of age.

THE WESTMINSTER HYMNAL. Edited by Richard R. Terry. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.25 net.

As the editor tells us in his preface, this collection of hymns contains a large number of entirely new tunes, and a considerable quantity of older ones in use among Catholics on the Continent, which after the test of centuries are still popular. Many other Catholic tunes, hitherto existing solely in Protestant hymnals, have been restored in the present volume to the worship of the Catholic Church. Many popular tunes of little musical worth have been retained, because they have been so long in use both in England and America. Alternative tunes have been provided for most of them, so that those who find fault with them on artistic ground may have no reason to complain. Variations in many of the hymns have been reduced to uniformity by giving the tune as the composer originally wrote it, or, where this was not ascertainable, by reverting to the earliest form of the melody. The keys chosen have been those which secured the requisite brightness, while at the same time they placed the tune within the range of the average singer in the congregation.

The plain chant melodies in this book have been taken from the Vatican *Graduale,* or from the *Solesmes Antiphoner.* On the vexed question of plain chant accompaniments, the editor tells us he has kept in view four points: simplicity, directness, due regard to the accentuation of the words, and strict adherence to the mode in

which the melody was written. We were sorry to notice his modernization of the *Creator alme siderum* (No. 2), and his assigning the Protestant "Old Hundreth" to the Christmas hymn, "Jesu, Redeemer of the World" (No. 15). Many of the melodies contributed by Mr. Terry himself are excellent, although some critics are inclined to think the number—forty-eight—excessive. On the whole it is one of the best hymnals we possess.

ENGLAND AND THE SACRED HEART. By Rev. G. E. Price. New York: Benziger Brothers. 90 cents net.

Father Price writes a brief historical sketch of the introduction into England of the devotion to the Sacred Heart. Father Colombière, the spiritual director of Blessed Margaret Mary, came to England in October, 1676, as confessor to the Duchess of York, Mary of Modena, afterwards Queen. During his two years stay in London, we know that he frequently preached on this devotion in the Chapel Royal, and, through his influence, Queen Mary, a few years after his banishment, was led to address the first petition to the Holy See asking for the institution of the Feast of the Sacred Heart. We hear nothing of this devotion again until the time of Bishop Milner. He strongly advocated it as a corrective of the evil influence of Jansenism, and of the un-Catholic spirit that dominated many of the English Catholics of his day. Although the author quotes *The Eve of Catholic Emancipation,* he makes no mention of the faults and weaknesses of Bishop Milner, so well brought out in the objective history of Monsignor Ward. Bishop Milner possessed great qualities, but he was not the saint that Father Price pictures him.

SELECTED POEMS. By John Boyle O'Reilly. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.35, postpaid.

Every man with Irish blood in his veins will read with intense pleasure these old familiar poems of John Boyle O'Reilly. He is at his best when telling a story like *The Amber Whale,* or when his theme is Irish patriotism. A patriot himself, who had suffered imprisonment at the hands of the English government, he certainly had no love for the English Tory. We all remember the lines:

> Patrician, aristocrat, Tory—whatever his age or name,
> To the people's rights and liberties, a traitor ever the same.
> The natural crowd is a mob to him, their prayer a vulgar rhyme;
> The freeman's speech is sedition, and the patriot's deed a crime.

Wherever the race, the law, the land, wherever the time or throne,
The Tory is always a traitor to every class but his own.

O'Reilly's great love for Ireland breathes in every line of *The Exile of the Gael,* and *The Priests of Ireland.* The latter poem was written apropos of the declaration of the bishop and priests of the diocese of Cloyne in 1873 on the Home Rule question. The last verse runs as follows:

Priest to priest to sound the summons, and the answer, man to man,
With the people round the standard, and the prelates in the van.
Let the heart of Ireland's hoping keep this golden rule of Cloyne,
Till the Orange fade from Derry and the shadow from the Boyne.
Let the words be carried outward till the farthest lands they reach:
" After Christ, their country's freedom do the Irish prelates preach."

ON A HILL, A ROMANCE OF SACRIFICE. By F. M. Capes. New York: Benziger Brothers. 50 cents net.

Diana Merton, the artist-heroine of this rather dull and commonplace story, on an outing at Hampton Court, falls in love at first sight with Stephen Egerton. But once she discovers that her friend Maud Sanford had a love affair with him a few years before, she nobly retires from the field just as he is on the verge of a proposal, and skillfully arranges a match between her two friends. Of course, they never realize the sacrifice she has made for their sakes, and they live forever after in perfect happiness and content. A tale of sacrifice indeed, but most improbable.

CHIPPEWA MUSIC. By Frances Densmore. Smithsonian Institution. Bureau of American Ethnology. Bulletin 53. Washington, D. C.: Government Printing Office.

Frances Densmore discusses in a most entertaining fashion Chippewa music in its relation to tribal life, and gives us a melodic and rhythmic analysis of all the leading classes of Chippewa songs. This collection includes the Grand Medicine Song, Dream-Songs, War-songs, Love-songs, Dance-songs, Songs of the Moccasin Game, and songs connected with gifts. They were collected with great accuracy from the Indians on the chief Chippewa reservations in Minnesota, and on the Lac du Flambeau Reservation in Wisconsin. The excellent illustrations for which the Smithsonian Institution is famous, add much to the interest of the book. American composers on the lookout for new material will find this volume of great value.

BY THE BLUE RIVER. By T. Clark. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.35 net.

The Blue River is in Algeria, and flows into the Mediterranean. Hither came Frances de Vernay to her childhood home, seeking peace and healing. She had married into the family of the Amorys, with whom Catholicity was as the breath of their lives. Aubrey Amory, the husband of Frances, the black sheep of the family, sacrifices wife and child to his colossal selfishness, and her fidelity and love, with the marvelous development of her son's vocation, are well portrayed. The brooding mystery of the desert, the dark lonely forests, the superstition of the Arabs form a background, in which their "Mektoub—It is written," is finely contrasted with the Christian *Fiat voluntas Tua.* In the solitude of their Algerian home they have many adventures.

We heartily recommend the book to those seeking a good interesting novel.

OLD TESTAMENT RHYMES. By Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. Illustrated by Gabriel Pippet. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 75 cents net.

The versatile Father Benson has written a volume of nursery rhymes describing for children some of the chief events in Old Testament history. Anything that comes from Father Benson's pen is worthy, but we cannot help saying that we like Father Benson better in prose than in poetry.

THE MORNING WATCH. The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius proposed by Father Ignatius Diertins. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.70, postpaid.

Father Diertins was a Belgian Jesuit who died in 1700. His *Explanations of the Exercises* of his beloved father and patron have been translated into English by a brother Jesuit, Father Elder Mullan. The book contains one hundred and eighty-eight meditations, divided into four weeks, according to the plan of the Saint himself. It is the fruit of deep and earnest study, of a ripe experience of fifty-six years of religious life; and what is better still, a faithful reproduction of spirit which characterized the author. This volume provides only the framework of the daily meditation —the preludes, points, and colloquy leaving each individual to fill in these for himself with thought, affection, resolve, and aspiration. Points are designated by capitals, which seems less of a formal

separation: one part glides more easily into another. The "kindred thought" which heads each meditation is, we think, a new feature that will prove welcome to many. The form is varied—meditation proper, application of the senses, contemplations, etc. Repetitions are advised, and in these every side of a subject is presented. In fine, the meditations are short, averaging a couple of pages, and suitable not only to priests, religious, seminarians, but to those who strive to lead an earnestly devout life in the world.

THE COMING STORM. By Francis Deming Hoyt. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.25.

Mr. Hoyt has written an interesting treatise against Socialism in the form of a novel of New York life. George Stuart, an amateur Socialist at Harvard, has come to New York to practise law. For a time he airs his views enthusiastically among his friends, until at last he is disillusionized by some bitter experiences with a band of radical dynamiters of the I. W. W. His friend, Alfred Drayton, by kindly argument, and the judicious loan of the works of Father Cathrein, Father Husslein, and Bishop Stang, makes him realize finally that Socialism is not the unique remedy for modern industrial unrest. We imagine that his love for Gertrude—though she is too much in the background for a good love story—had a great deal to do with his seeing the errors of his ways. She certainly starts him on the road to the Church, and the way of entering it is made easy by the Superior of the Paulists, who, according to Drayton, is "one of the most delightful men that I ever met in all my life." Of course the marriage bells ring out merrily at the end, but why was the *Magnificat* sung by the choir at the wedding?

THOSE of the faithful who seek to lead prayerful lives in the world—and who is there who should not?—will find great aid and encouragement in a small volume, entitled *Thesaurus Fidelium*, by a Carmelite Tertiary. (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 80 cents net.) It furnishes much in the way of wise guidance; helpful suggestions, particularly suited to those who entertain aspirations for the conventual life, yet are prevented, through no fault of their own, from entering it. Selections, both in the matter of direction, of prayers, of aspirations, are chosen from extended and varied reading, that has included the best writers on spiritual subjects.

It is a *thesaurus,* a treasury of the prayers, experiences, readings, and books that have helped the compiler, collected and presented here with the earnest hope that they will contribute to God's glory, and help other souls desirous of increasing in His love. The preface is written by Monsignor Benson; and we wish the little volume the success it deserves.

To one or two things we wish to take exception. "Ones" is not, we think, a substitute for "unites," and to speak of our Lord as "tabernacling in our midst" shocks our reverence. Again we lately read of the advice of an experienced physician, who said, if he could, he would never allow nerves to be mentioned in the house. It was, we thought, excellent advice. He also added that he never knew a saint to be subject to nerves. We think the advice, "to confess to nerves; to acknowledge them to oneself, to one's confessor and doctor and bear them in mind, in making a rule of life" an opening to the very easy road of self-pity, and a fair way of making oneself a burden to oneself, to one's confessor, and to one's doctor. Nerves have been made the excuse for more self-indulgence than this world dreams of. They justify the exemption of self from that severe relentless discipline, particularly with regard to little things, that is the first requisite for true, spiritual advancement.

And it is a bit disconcerting, to say the least, when reading of the interior life, to come upon a list of physical exercises useful for improving the circulation and the digestion. After all if it is needful or advantageous for us to "sit on ground, and draw each leg with both hands slowly towards body, pressing the knee as close to the abdomen as possible," we would like to learn it from a manual of physical exercises. The interior man seeks to get away from the noises of the world, and hygiene and physical development are one of its loudest noises just now. This chapter mars the book, and we hope it will be omitted in a subsequent edition.

PRACTICAL MANUAL FOR THE SUPERIORS OF RELIGIOUS HOUSES, by Rev. Costanzo Frigerio, S.J., translated from the Italian by F. Loughran. (New York: P. J. Kennedy & Sons. 40 cents.) This little treatise is the fruit of a wide experience in the art of directing religious communities of women. The author has in view the work of forming a superior who, by means of her own union with God, by her good example, and by the virtues of vigilance, prudence, charity, and firmness may help her

subjects to progress in the spiritual life. We recommend this simple, devout, and common-sense manual to all religious superiors.

IN *The Chief Sufferings of Life and Their Remedies,* by Abbé Duhaut, and translated by A. M. Buchanan (New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.25 net), the author offers for our instruction reasons for not only willing endurance of that which we cannot avoid, but even a joyful acceptance of the great and small sorrows that beset our path. Analytical chapter headings, or an index, would greatly facilitate the study and use of this volume.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

L'Athéisme et L'Existence de Dieu, by Abbé E. Catteau. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. 2 *frs.* 50.) This treatise deals in a popular manner with the causes and consequences of atheism, and the classical proofs of the existence of God. There is nothing strikingly original in the author's treatment of these two questions.

La Femme Chrétienne et La Souffrance, by Abbé H. Morice. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. 2 *frs.*) The Abbé Morice in his preface says: "If there is one moment when the preacher of the Gospel should be silent and allow the Savior to speak, it is when suffering overwhelms the soul." The Abbé, true to this dictum, lets the Lord Himself teach us in these papers the mystery, value, and purpose of suffering in the divine plan.

Soyons Apôtres, by Monseigneur J. Tissier. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. 3 *frs.* 50.) This book is a reprint of twenty-four sermons published in 1901 by the Abbé Tissier, who is now Bishop of Chalons-sur-Marne. They are all earnest and eloquent appeals for a lay apostolate to combat the active anticlericalism of modern France. This is the thread that unites such varied subjects as the Social Question, the Soldiers of France, St. Anthony, and the Seven Words of Our Lord on the Cross.

Introduction à l'Union Intime avec Dieu, by Abbé R. Dumas. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. 3 *frs.*) This is the third edition of the well-known commentary of the Abbé Dumas. The author brings out in clear relief the spiritual doctrine of *The Imitation of Christ,* one of the best books of devotional reading we possess outside the Sacred Scriptures. It will prove invaluable to priests who are called upon to direct souls, and to give retreats to religious.

Retraites Fermées, by Abbé Henri Le Camus. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. 2 *frs.*) The Abbé Le Camus, Director of *Maison de Retraite* of Our Lady of Good Counsel in the diocese of Arras, France, has written an excellent retreat manual. He describes to the most minute details—almost too minute, we think—the exercises of a retreat, and gives some excellent suggestions to spiritual directors.

Madame de Cossé-Brissac, by Dom M. J. Couturier, O.S.B. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. 3 *frs.*) Dom Couturier has written a life of Mother St. Louis de Gongaza, the foundress (1830) and prioress (1830-1870) of the Benedictine Convent of Crayon. Her father was a noble of Louis XVI.'s court, who was exiled during the French Revolution. He lived with his daughter in Germany and Russia until the Restoration. Madame de Brissac was not a mystic like St. Gertrude or St. Teresa, but a devout self-sacrificing religious. Her great love

for the poor, and her zeal for Christian education, make her life well worth reading.

Sur Mon Chemin, by René La Houlette. (Paris: Pierre Téqui.) These short "stories and poems in prose," as the author styles them in his sub-title, are most charming in their naïve simplicity and quaint humor. Some of the child stories are particularly touching and attractive. He tells of one youngster in an orphanage who, hearing at Christmas time from the good nuns that the Infant Jesus was cold, gets up in the middle of the night and puts his own clothes on the Infant lying in the crib. In another story you will wonder at first why the good Catholic deputy accepts so readily the challenge to a duel given by his radical opponent. But your wonder will cease once you discover that the duel is to consist in their both nursing some cholera patients in a Paris hospital. Some of the best poems in prose are *Souvenir d'Aoste, Avant le Printemps,* and *La Cigale.*

Le Miracle et ses Suppléances, by Abbé E. A. Poulpiquet, O.P. (Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne. 3 *frs.* 50.) The Abbé Poulpiquet has written a scholarly philosophical treatise on the apologetic value of miracles, which, as the Council of the Vatican declared, were, together with the argument from prophecy, the chief criterion of divine revelation. He discusses miracles in their relation to determinism and the contingency of natural laws, in their social aspect, and in their relation to the supernatural order. The author, as usual, continually quotes St. Thomas to support his assertions.

Mission et Vertus Sociales de l'Épouse Chrétienne, by Abbé F. Lefévre. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. 2 *frs.* 50.) If some of the women who are to-day dressing so outrageously and dancing so immodestly, knew French enough to read the present volume, they might possibly become ashamed of themselves. The author writes simply and earnestly, and paints a good picture of the perfect type of Christian womanhood.

Histoire de l'Apparition de La Salette, by Abbé Louis Carlier. (Tournai: Les Missionaires de La Salette. 7 *frs.*) This history of the apparition of the Blessed Virgin of La Salette does not merely repeat what former historians have written, but is compiled in great part from unedited manuscripts belonging to the Abbés Perrin, Lagier, Champon, and Bossan. It is divided into three parts, viz., the history, the authenticity, and the consequences of the apparition. The interest of this volume is enhanced by scores of excellent illustrations.

Manuel de Sociologie Catholique, by Chanoine P. Poey. (Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne. 5 *frs.*) Canon Poey has written the best manual of sociology we have ever read. It comprises four sections, which treat respectively of social organization, social or political economy, social morality and social action. Every question that confronts the social student of our day is treated in these illuminating pages, whether it be race suicide, alcoholism, Socialism, the morality of strikes and trade unionism, or the value of workingmen's retreats. Our social workers will gladly welcome it in an English translation.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Epistle to the Romans. By Rev. J. MacRory. What were the occasion and the object of the writing of this Epistle? One view, widely held and going back to as early as St. Augustine, is that St. Paul thought that the Roman Christians had erred regarding the gratuitousness of their justification. But the existence of such an error on a point of faith in the Roman Church, fifteen years after its foundation by St. Peter, would be exceeding strange; had it really existed the Prince of the Apostles would himself have corrected it. Besides, such error would have been inconsistent with the exceptional and repeated praise which St. Paul gives to this church. Nowhere in his Epistle does he even allude to such an error; rather he seems to apologize for writing to the Romans, implying that no Epistle was necessary. The view of the Tübingen school, opposing a Pauline to a Petrine conception of Christianity, is so generally admitted to be a myth as not to deserve serious consideration. The occasion was probably only St. Paul's desire to get in touch with the church in Rome, which he desired exceedingly to visit, and this letter would serve as a sort of introduction. Written during the three months' stay at Corinth, it could be conveyed to Rome by one of the Deaconesses of Cenchræ, who was about to journey thither. Its theme was not a complete exposition of the Christian faith, but such a confirmation and defence of it as seemed most necessary and useful for the Romans.—*Irish Theological Quarterly,* January.

Divorce in Italy. By Vicomte Combes de Lestrade. The Italian government has never officially sanctioned divorce. The courts, however, have been only too ready to declare marriages null, with little or no inquiry into the facts of the case, and little or no concern for legal prohibitions. Some unhappy spouses have gone to France, and acquired citizenship there, in order to secure their divorce decree, but this required generally ten years, and at least three years actual residence in France. Others acquired citizenship in Hungary, which can be done without leaving Italy, simply becoming the adopted child of a Hungarian. As there is no limit to the number of children one may adopt, unscrupulous Hungarians entered into this nefarious coöperation as a business. It

was not, however, so easy for the Italian to regain his Italian citizenship. The law of 1911, however, allows him to do this if, after three months, the government does not oppose his action. In such ways is divorce being thrust upon a nation which, as a nation, does not desire it.—*Le Correspondant,* January 25.

Was St. Peter at Rome? By E. Vacandard. In 1900 M. Guignebert published a volume attacking the belief, undoubted till the rise of Protestantism, that St. Peter was in Rome. M. Paul Monceaux in the *Revue d'histoire et de littérature religieuse,* second series, 1910, vol. i., p. 216 ff., has discussed this book in detail, and in M. Vacandard's opinion conclusively refuted its claims. The present article is but a summary of that by M. Monceaux. Everyone admits that at the end of the second century the tradition as to the coming of St. Peter to Rome and his death there, was firmly established. We have the testimony of Denys of Corinth, Irenæus, Clement of Alexandria, Origen, Tertullian, Caius; these references show that in spite of local pretensions, and the rivalry of the churches, the belief was held in Greece, Asia Minor, Gaul, Egypt, northern Africa, and Rome. An exposition of these testimonies follows. The conclusion is that the tradition is not only the least improbable of all the explanations offered, but could not have so soon arisen and become so widely spread had it not been based on fact.—*Revue du Clergé Français,* January 15.

Spontaneous Generation. By Dr. Robert Van der Elst. An English scientist, Charles Bastian, writing in the *Revue Scientifique* for September 27, 1913, claimed that in tubes closed and heated to one hundred and forty-five degrees centigrade, he had obtained by spontaneous generation a living mould; thereby he argued the conclusions of Pasteur were disproved, and vitalism and even spiritualism overthrown. It is to be noted, however, that, in medical practice, for example, wherever living germs appear, surgeons always conclude that the preceding sterilization had not been complete. Mr. Bastian has not proved that his solutions were sterile; no one knows the degree of heat absolutely incompatible with life. Even admitting spontaneous generation, vitalism and spiritualism are tenable. St. Thomas believed in spontaneous generation, yet saw therein no inconsistency with true philosophy or with Catholic faith. Even if the fortuitous gathering of inorganic atoms should prove to be the sufficient condition, the occasioning or even deter-

mining cause of an organized being, the efficient and the final cause of its life would still be elsewhere. As for man, even admitting the evolution of his body from that of the brute, as well as the brute's coming spontaneously from non-living matter, the question as to the origin of his principle of life and of thought would still remain. Science has in no way disproved Genesis.—*Revue Pratique d'Apologétique,* January 15.

The Conversion of St. Augustine. By H. Lesètre. The story of St. Augustine, and particularly his conversion, as portrayed in the recent excellent biography of M. Louis Bertrand, has a very timely interest. The society in which he grew up, resembles in many points our own. His father was an unbeliever; his mother, whose influence on his childhood was strong, an ardent and intelligent Christian. The boy had not, however, received any of the Sacraments, not even baptism, when called to meet the temptations of life. A pagan education, evil friendships, unrestrained passions, immoral plays, false science, pride led him away from virtue and truth. But he never totally forgot his earliest Christian impressions, and their power was strengthened by St. Monica's prayers. The *Hortensius* of Cicero and the works of Plato; the influence of friends who were or who became Christians; the preaching of St. Ambrose; his own thought; meditation on the Scriptures; the acquiring of humility; and the practice of prayer—these brought him back and made him a Saint.—*Revue Pratique d'Apologétique,* January 15.

The Month (February): Anna T. Sadlier presents the character and work of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, who did so much by his writings, speeches, and political activity to bring about a united Canada. A loyal Catholic and passionately devoted to the Irish cause, he full deserved the panegyrics uttered after his untimely and cowardly assassination on April 6, 1868.——The land question in Tuscany, says Edith Cowell, is solved by the mezzadria system, wherein the proprietor supplies the capital, and the initiative, and the peasant the labor, while the profits are divided equally between the two. A beautiful picture of the peasant character, largely the product of this system, which is not unlike the feudal, is then given. It encourages stability, family life, and pleasant relations between master and man, but it is not suitable save where intensive cultivation, especially of fruits and grapes, is practised, and

where the workers are suitably housed.——Rev. Sydney F: Smith echoes the Bishop of Zanzibar's question, "What does the Anglican Church stand for?"——As regards the reunion of the Eastern Churches with the Catholic, Father Smith notes that politically the prospects are far from encouraging. In Russia particularly, however, there is a growing dissatisfaction with the present condition of the State Church, which is being somewhat helplessly resisted by the civil government. The inhabitants of Ukraine, who feel strongly that they, not the Muscovites, represent the nucleus of the empire, have Uniat sympathies, and remain in schism only under compulsion.

Irish Ecclesiastical Record (February): In *A Short Study on a Great Subject,* the Rev. William A. Sutton, S.J., notes how falsified history, such as that of Froude, is gradually disproved, and serves only to enhance the glory of God's kingdom upon earth. ——The Rev. T. Gogarty submits to a searching criticism, a recent pamphlet by Rev. Hugh Jackson Lawlor, of Trinity College, who undertook to prove continuity between the Anglican bishops in Ireland to-day and the Irish pre-Reformation bishops.

Irish Theological Quarterly (January): Rev. Charles J. Callan, O.P., publishes the first of a series of articles on *What is Faith,* here considered as an act rather than as a habit.——Rev. J. Kelleher continues his studies on *Land Reform.*——Rev. Matthew A. Power, S.J., writes on the nature and the works of the devil, and his testing of our Lord as seen in Matt. iv. 3.——Rev. Garrett Pierse calls attention to *The Scriptural Theories of a Forgotten Father of the Irish Church,* namely, St. Aileran the Wise of Clonard, who died there about the year 664. Only a fragment of his work is extant, and that concerns the mystical interpretation of the genealogy of our Lord. It is in the exegetical style of Origen, whom the Saint everywhere cites, and "for its penetration and erudition, concentrated on a special point of Scripture, resembles a German monograph of modern days."

Le Correspondant (January 10): M. André points out how Wagner has changed the story and the character of *Parsifal* from that presented by the thirteenth century poet, Wolfram von Eschenbach. The changes, he believes, are all for the worse. The whole second act of the temptation by Kundry is new; the third is an

unworthy travesty of our Lord and the repentant Magdalen; and the meaning of the Eucharist is perverted into a defence of vegetarianism. Thus the whole Christian lesson is lost, and a purely naturalistic explanation of redemption substituted.——The publication of the spiritual correspondence between the late Abbé Fremont and a convert of his from Protestantism begins in this issue.—— M. de Teincy, in a study of American novels, devotes especial attention to those by James Lane Allen, Gertrude Atherton's *Senator North,* Mr. Harrison's *Queed,* Mrs. Wharton's *Fruit of the Tree,* and Vaughan Kester's *Prodigal Judge.*——G. Baguenault de Puchesse contributes a brief appreciation of the late M. Louis Branchereau, the noted Sulpician teacher and author.

(January 25): G. Lechartier reviews the collected works of Cardinal Mercier, and praises his double apostolate, the formation of minds through the neo-scholastic philosophy which he inaugurated at Louvain, and the formation of characters through his retreats, sermons, and pastoral letters.——Fortunat Strowski portrays the character of Bernardine de Saint Pierre, now remembered only as the author of *Paul and Virginia.* The city of Havre, his birthplace, is about to celebrate the centenary of his death. He was in turn a traveler, an engineer, a mediocre writer lifted to fame by this one poetic romance, a ridiculous scientist; an egoist and, until converted in his old age by his very young wife, an opponent of the Church.

Revue du Clergé Français (January 15): J. Rivière traces through the pagan and Jewish religions, the ideas which have seemed to be a providential preparation for the Redemption, those, namely, of social solidarity and of vicarious expiation of sin.—— A. Bros reprints a paper read at the Congress of Religious Ethnology held at Louvain last year. It considers the explanation of religion given by Tylor in his famous work on *Primitive Culture.* The writer shows that Tylor's investigation was dominated throughout by philosophical principles; he rejected *a priori* supernatural, revelation, miracles, and free will. In advocating the evolution of humanity, he gave such a definition of civilization as entirely to exclude religion. He assumed, without scientific proof, that humanity began in moral and religious barbarism. His reasonings were mainly by analogy, one of the most insecure types of proof. He claimed that the idea of God was developed from the idea of the soul, but even Durkheim admits the abyss between the

two ideas. Finally, the purpose of Tylor's search was to reduce all religions to the level of the worship among savages, and to prove them to be nothing more than systematized dreams, a conclusion which perverts facts to suit a system.——Charles Calippe discusses the problem of lodging large families, and the associations established to solve it.

(February 1): Eug. Evrard and G. Planque begin a history of Catholic emancipation in England (1782-1791), in this article going as far as the election of Talbot, Berington, and Wilkes to the Committee in 1788.——M. Gonin describes the purposes, value, and activities of study clubs for working boys, and Jean Vézère those of similar clubs for girls.

Études Franciscaines (February): A brief biography of Coventry Patmore is presented by P. Ubald d'Alençon, introducing a brief critical study of Patmore's two leading ideas, the sacredness of conjugal love, and the finiteness of this world, by Paul Claudel. French translations of *Toys* and *Legem Tuam Dilexi* are given. ——P. Hippolyte describes the difficulties met in missionary efforts to evangelize India; the strangeness of European customs, the opposition of native priests, and the unworthy examples set by many Europeans.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (January 15): Clement Besse describes the half-joking Pyrrhonism or skepticism of Montaigne directed against the official education of his day. Pascal and Descartes took this system seriously, and applied it to philosophy, abandoning it, however, at will. The arguments of skepticism are easily refutable, and to-day retain only an historic interest. Besides science, "industry, the practical application of theoretic truths, is the brutal reply to all skepticism as to the validity of the mind's activity."——J. D. Folghera writes on *The Kikuyu Affair.* ——L'Ami du Prêtre notes that while the rupture of relations with the Vatican has had the good effect of uniting French Catholics more closely with their bishops and the latter with Rome, it has none the less lowered the social status of the Church, and drawn away many who are influenced by the favor shown to the anti-clerical party.——F. Pinardel praises an exhibit of the religious relics of the Revolution in Touraine. It was recently held at Tours, and was planned and prepared by Abbé Andard of the Petit Seminaire there; some fifteen hundred people viewed the exhibit.

Recent Events.

France.

In several ways France is in an unsettled condition. The new Ministry's tenure of office is very uncertain, and it is doubtful whether it will last until the next general election in May. It is by its own supporters that it is threatened. The majority of the Radicals, and the whole of the Socialist Party, are pledged to go to the constituencies on the platform of ultimate return to two years' military service. The Finance Minister gave his adhesion to the same proposal last autumn at the Radical Congress at Pau. On the other hand, M. Noulens, the War Minister, has committed himself to the maintenance of three years' service as an imperative necessity of national defence. The proposals of M. Caillaux to tax income and capital, will meet with strong opposition in the Senate, and it is doubtful whether its assent can be secured. The income tax, of which M. Caillaux is the advocate, is looked upon by large numbers as so inquisitorial as to be intolerable. It has been brought to light that the army is by no means prepared to enter upon a war with its neighbors, in so far as that conflict may be waged in the air. While strong in aëroplanes, in airships it is notably inferior to Germany—an inferiority sufficient to cause considerable anxiety. The trade figures of the last year show a considerable reaction. Their downward tendency is shown by the fact that while the increase in 1912 was about one hundred and sixty millions, and in 1911 about one hundred and fifty millions, in 1913 they fell to ninety millions. The railway returns also show a substantial decrease. All these facts, combined with the huge deficit and the non-recurring expenditure on the army, make it evident that the citizens of the Republic have no light burdens to bear.

It must be left to those who have an intimate knowledge of the tendencies of the French electorate, to form an opinion whether the birth of a son to Prince Victor Napoleon, the Bonapartist pretender, is likely to add to the list of France's difficulties. It is interesting to note, however, that the young child just born is a cousin of the King of Italy, and of the ex-King Manuel of Portugal, while through his mother, Princess Clementine of Belgium, he is

related to the Duke of Orleans, the Royalist pretender to the Crown of France.

The Dreyfus case has been recalled to a remembrance by the deaths of three prominent actors in it. General Picquart was one of the few men in our days willing to take an unpopular side, and to suffer for the sake of justice. He became convinced of the innocence of the accused: for his efforts in support of this conviction he was imprisoned more than once, and subjected to military discipline. In the end he won the day, and himself became for a time Minister of War, and died as Commander of the Second Army Corps. M. Francis de Pressensé, who died the day after General Picquart, was also an ardent defender of the innocence of Captain Dreyfus. For many years he was the foreign editor of the *Temps,* and was highly distinguished in that capacity. In later years he became an extreme Socialist, after having passed through a stage of mysticism, during which period he wrote a sympathetic study of Cardinal Manning. Some ten days after died an ardent assailant of Captain Dreyfus, and a vigorous defender of General Boulanger—M. Paul Déroulède. He too suffered for his opinions. For an attempt, in 1899, to overthrow what he called the Parliamentary Republic in favor of a plebiscitary Republic, he was sentenced to ten years exile. In 1905 he was allowed to return to France. The funeral of M. Déroulède was made the occasion of an impressive demonstration of patriotism. Crowds thronged the streets, and showed every mark of reverent esteem for the founder of the Ligue des Patriots. This demonstration must be looked upon as a tribute to the man who for forty-three years was the living incarnation of the French protest against the Treaty of Frankfort.

Germany.

The trials of Lieutenant von Förstner and of Colonel von Reuter have resulted, so far as the military legal proceedings are concerned, in a victory for militarism—the Lieutenant's conviction having been reversed on appeal, while the Colonel was acquitted at the first trial. But the evidence remains before the world as a record of the military pretensions, and of its claim to override the civil authorities. Lieutenant Schad, one of the witnesses, a youth of nineteen, testified that he had arrested several civilians whom he suspected of having laughed at the military. He had not seen them laugh, but suspected it. Wherever he suspected people of laughing

he arrested them, and he broke into a house in order to catch one delinquent *in flagrante*. One man whom he wished to arrest ran away; his flight was evidence of his guilt. The Judges of the Zabern Civil Tribunal had been arrested because they remained standing after orders had been given to move on. Colonel von Reuter cleared out his coal cellar in order to have a place of imprisonment, and in it he had put without authorization a dozen or two citizens. For his justification he brought forward a Prussian Cabinet Order of 1820, which instructs the military authorities to assume control of public order in case of need. This order was made when Prussia was sunk in the depths of absolute rule, nor could it rightly be extended beyond the limits of Prussia. The Emperor has appointed a commission to inquire into its force at the present time, and doubtless it will disappear, or be confined to its proper sphere.

The acquittal of the Colonel by the military tribunal amounts to a vindication of the claims of the army to supersede the law by military caprice. There are some who take an even more serious view of the whole series of incidents. According to them, they formed a part of a plan to bring on a war with France. Many officers and some professors are displeased with the pacific disposition of the Emperor. By ill-treatment of the Alsatians it was hoped to produce such anti-German demonstrations in Paris as would lead to war. Disappointed to-day, it is said in France, they may succeed to-morrow.

The question of military jurisdiction raised by the Zabern trials, was the subject of debate in the Reichstag and in the Alsace-Lorraine Diet. In the Reichstag nothing practical resulted. The moderate parties decided not to provoke either a constitutional or a Chancellor crisis, although they recorded their opinion of the military pretensions in an unmistakable way by passing a motion calling upon the Federal Council to see that the conditions upon which the military can intervene in police matters, shall be determined in such a way as to secure the independence of the civil authority.

The Diet of Alsace-Lorraine passed a resolution deploring the events at Zabern, and expressing the opinion that the troubles would have been prevented if Lieutenant von Förstner had been promptly punished by the military authorities. Colonel von Reuter, the resolution declared, went far beyond his rights, and guarantees were demanded that such things should not occur again, and espe-

cially that the law should be absolutely respected by the military authorities. The Statthalter and the chief Ministers of the Reichsland, feeling the acquittal of Colonel von Reuter incompatible with their retention of office, sent in their resignations. Colonel von Reuter has been transferred to the command of a grenadier regiment at Frankfurt-on-Oder, while Lieutenant von Förstner has been removed to Bromberg, which is considered the dullest town in the Empire, where he will drill Poles instead of Alsatians.

The proceedings of the Prussian Parliament were perhaps the most significant. In Prussia the army is supreme, and through Prussia the army aims at ruling Germany. In the Upper House of the Prussian Diet, a motion was passed requiring the government to see that the position due to Prussia in the Empire should not be broken down. A speech made in support of this motion alleged that the Reichstag was interfering in all directions, and trying to increase its own power at the cost of the Emperor, the Federal Council, and the separate States. There was danger that the Emperor might be brought to be like the King of England, a life President at the head of a Republic. A Vice-President of the Reichstag entered a solemn protest against these proceedings of the Prussian Parliament.

Outside Parliament a movement is on foot to secure or to maintain the ascendency of Prussia. Among its supporters are the evangelical clergy. As an instance of its extravagant character, Lieutenant-General von Kracht may be quoted as an example. He is reported to have said that during the fighting at Orleans in 1870, the defeated Bavarians were rescued by some Prussian battalions; then he added: "That is about my idea of Prussia's calling. The Bavarians got their breath again. When we come they recover their courage." In Munich great indignation has been aroused by what is called these impudent pretensions, and although the General has offered explanations, a bad impression has been left.

The Emperor has been celebrating his fifty-fifth birthday amid the acclamations of his people. The value of his life is so keenly felt that whenever any rumor is circulated that he is unwell, the Bourse is affected. Doubtless the conduct of the heir to the throne may have something to do with the uneasiness thus manifested. In the course of the Zabern affair the Crown Prince telegraphed to Colonel von Reuter his warm approval. His conduct has been the subject of debate in the Reichstag, in the course of which one of the members declared that his pretensions

were intolerable, and would lead, if continued, to the people of Germany taking their destinies into their own hands. Many seeds have been sown within the last few weeks: how they will germinate and fructify will be an interesting study. It is worthy of note that the home of militarism and of absolute government is the Protestant kingdom of Prussia. The parts of the German Empire which are Catholic are also the parts in which more liberal views are held, and from which the severest criticism of the recent manifestations has emanated.

No very marked change has taken place in the foreign relations of the Empire. The Triple Alliance remains as effective as ever. The Military Mission to Turkey became a subject of discussion with Russia—a discussion which led to a modification of its terms, but has not resulted in any alteration in the relations of the two Empires. The events that have taken place in Alsace, owing to the self-control of the French press, have left the governments of the two countries in their accustomed attitude one to another. With Great Britain there is no doubt that considerable improvement has taken place. It is, indeed, true that Mr. Lloyd George's suggestion of a limitation of armaments met with no favor in Berlin. But the German Ambassador to Great Britain is making himself almost as much at home in that country as Mr. Page has done, giving addresses at public meetings, opening institutions, and presiding on convivial occasions; and everywhere he is trying to foster good will and peace between the two countries—a good will which the coöperation during the Balkan crisis had greatly furthered.

The German government is satisfied with the social and fiscal condition of the Empire. Social legislation has been brought to what the Minister of the Interior declares to be "a sort of end." There has been a wonderful growth of industry, trade, and wealth, and the position of the working classes has greatly improved. Wages have risen more than prices. The economic position is so satisfactory that no tariff changes are desirable. Financially Germany is stronger than ever. This was shown by the fact that the recent loan for one hundred millions issued by the Prussian government was subscribed for sixty times over; while for the Empire no loan is required. After a series of mistakes in the management of her colonies, which in extent reach nearly a million square miles, Germany, according to experienced observers, is adopting a sober policy of commercial exploitation, which gives prospect of an era of prosperity. Instead of trying to exterminate the native

races, an effort is to be made to shape them into skillful and intelligent workers, and to increase their numbers for the mutual benefit.

The Balkans.

Several questions still remain to be settled before anything like stability is established in the Balkans. The first of these is the possession of the Ægean Islands. These are now, as the result of the wars between Italy and Turkey, and Turkey and the Balkan States, in the possession of Italy and Greece. The Treaty of London left it to the Great Powers to decide upon the ultimate possessors of these islands, with the stipulation, or at least the understanding, that none of them should be given to any one of their number. This prevents the retention of them by Italy, which ranks now as a Great Power. She claims, however, the right to retain them until compensation is made by Turkey for the expenses which have been incurred by their occupation. Turkey, however, somewhat naturally, objects to being forced both to lose the islands and to pay for losing them. Italy, while not claiming payment in money, insists on equivalent concession. It is not yet clear whether this may not prove a cloak for permanent retention.

It was the British government that took the initiative of the attempt to solve the question. It proposed that, subject to certain guarantees, the sovereignty of Greece over the islands which she occupied during the war should be recognized, except in the cases of Imbros and Tenedos. These, on account of their being at the mouth of the Dardanelles, are to be restored to Turkey. As for the islands in the occupation of Italy, the note assumes that Italy will, as stipulated by the Treaty of Lausanne, duly deliver them up to Turkey. When this is done the suggestion is made that these islands shall receive some form of autonomous government. The British proposals were supported warmly by France and Russia, and in their main features by the Triple Alliance. Turkey, however, was by no means pleased with the proposals that all the islands in Greek occupation, with the exception of Imbros and Tenedos, should be handed over to Greece. The two islands, Chios and Mytilene, which lie within a few miles of the Anatolian coast, she declared to be necessary for her self-defence. At a subsequent date, Turkey expressed a readiness to compensate Greece for the loss of the two last-named islands by the cession of most of the islands now in the occupation of Italy upon their evacuation.

Albania still presents many questions difficult to solve. Its southern boundary, as drawn by the Powers, leaves more than one hundred thousand Greeks within the borders of the new State. Nor is this district yet evacuated by the Greek troops, which rescued the district from the domination of the Turks. Small difficulty is anticipated in securing the evacuation by the troops, but the Greeks left behind swear by everything sacred that they will never submit to Albanian rule. Then the question arises whether the Albanians themselves will submit to any rule. Within the brief space since their liberation, five or six different and opposed governments have been established in various parts of the country. The Provisional Government established some eighteen months ago has resigned, having given over its functions to the International Commission of Control. In addition to the internal candidates for the privilege of ruling within this small State, a vessel arrived not long ago, bringing Turkish soldiers to establish the rule of an external claimant, the former Turkish War Minister, Izzet Pasha. This attempt, however, was frustrated by the arrest of all its members, The Prince nominated by the Powers has not yet arrived, nor, when he comes, will he find either a capital or a revenue. A house is being prepared for him at Durazzo. He is said to have laid down as a condition of his coming, a guarantee by the Powers of a loan in order that he may enter upon the task of carrying on the government.

Bulgaria is rent asunder by an internal conflict, the reasons for which it is hard for outsiders to understand. The misfortunes of the country are doubtless the predisposing cause. The government, after a resignation which showed that its place could not be supplied, was reconstructed, but was unable to carry on the necessary business. The Sobranye was therefore dissolved, and Bulgaria is now on the eve of a new election, which may or may not bring about a more satisfactory situation. A State trial of members of the former Stambolovist Cabinet, including General Savoff, the Commander-in-Chief during the war with Turkey, adds to the confusion. King Ferdinand himself is not without enemies who wish for his abdication.

Upon one thing, however, there is complete agreement, an agreement shared not only by the Balkan States, but by their enemy Turkey. They all want money, and they are all seeking to negotiate loans.

Turkey.

The hope that Turkey would cease to be a source of anxiety has been completely frustrated. If it had been driven out of Europe, there was some prospect that a common policy would have been adopted by the Great Powers; but when Adrianople was left in Turkey's possession, they all became rival suitors at her gate for concessions of various kinds which they coveted. The most important of these is that which has been granted to Germany. As it was at first constituted, to a German General was given the command of the First Army Corps which has its headquarters in Constantinople, and which in fact forms its garrison. The French and Russian press declared this to be equivalent to the conferring of an unlimited military dictatorship. So strong was the opposition offered by the Russian government, supported by those of France and Great Britain, that Turkey found it necessary to restrict, in some degree, the powers of the Military Mission. General Liman von Sanders, its head, will hand over the actual command of the First Army Corps to a Turkish General, and will confine his own functions to the Inspector-Generalship of the army, and of the military schools, with, it is expected, his headquarters at either Adrianople or Smyrna. The German Chauvinist press declare this to have been a defeat of German policy. On the other hand, there are those who declare that the arrangement, even in its modified form, gives undue advantage to that country. Germany, in fact, has become a dominating power over the Turkish Empire, and has thereby departed from the implicit compact which during the recent crisis restrained each Power from seeking to gain any special privileges.

Efforts were made sometime ago by Russia and Germany to secure for the Armenians the reforms which have been so long promised. Their loyalty—although when used with reference to Turkey, to use this word is almost a desecration—during the Balkan War, gave them a strong claim to consideration. The state of the Armenians is so unsatisfactory that unless reforms are made, intervention is inevitable. The proposals of Russia and Germany involved, as an essential condition, an international administration of the districts inhabited by the Armenians. To this foreign control, however, the Turkish government is unwilling to give its consent. Low as it has fallen, it will not accept anything that limits its independence. Any proposal that smacks of intervention will be categorically refused.

Even the modified proposal, that Turkish governors should be appointed with two European advisers, has not been accepted. All that Turkey has up to the present been willing to do, is to place the gendarmerie of that region under an officer lent by the British government.

The failure so far to secure an acceptance of these proposals, is doubtless due to the fact that the extreme party, represented by the Committee of Union and Progress, has gained complete control of Turkish affairs. The clearest sign of this is the appointment of Enver Bey to be Minister of War. To Enver Bey's hardihood and aggressive spirit was chiefly due the re-taking of Adrianople, as well as the resistance made to Italy in her compaign in Tripoli. He is said to have at heart the desire to emulate Napoleon, a statuette of whom is the object of his daily contemplation. He is also a warm friend of Germany, and a man of an uncompromising military temperament. No sooner had he entered upon his duties, than he placed upon the retired list some four hundred and sixty officers, because they did not come up to his standard of efficiency, although in the number were included Ghazi Shukri Pasha, the defender of Adrianople, Torgud Shevket Pasha, and Mahomed Mukhtar Pasha, some of the most distinguished generals in the Turkish Army.

Another instance of the aggressive spirit recently manifested by Turkey, is the purchase of a Dreadnought from the Brazilian government. The extreme anxiety to secure this accession to the navy is shown by the fact that in order to pay for it, money was borrowed, for which twelve and one-half per cent interest had to be paid. The determination to increase the navy is also shown by the promulgation of a law authorizing the appropriation for one month of all official salaries for the benefit of the fleet. The desire is not confined to the government, for great enthusiasm has been shown by the people throughout the Turkish Empire. Meetings have been held, and large subscriptions collected, for the purchase of a second Dreadnought.

If it is asked what Turkey has in view in this reorganization of the army and increase of the navy, it may be said, without much danger of error, that an attack on Greece is contemplated. The Committee of Union and Progress was born at Salonika, and it aspires to regain the possession of that city. It is even possible that Bulgaria may become an ally, although this is denied. The fact that money is required for such an attempt, and that this can only

be secured to the amount required by the help of France, and that France is opposed to every such scheme, may interpose an insurmountable obstacle to this ambitious proposal. But it would be a mistake to think that the Ottoman Power is defunct, or even dormant: it is more likely to take the aggressive.

One solid achievement, and one only, may be credited to the revolution accomplished by the Young Turks. The great delta of the Euphrates and Tigris was once one of the most fertile districts in the world, but the desolating rule of the Turk has reduced it for centuries to a barren desert. The works which had been constructed in ancient times for the irrigation of this district, had been allowed to fall to ruins. In 1911 the Turkish government made a contract with an English firm for the construction of new works. An important part—the Hindia Barrage—has just been completed, and was opened amid scenes of great enthusiasm. When the whole scheme is carried into effect, an area of twelve millions of acres will be restored to cultivation.

Portugal.

To the surprise of all, the Ministry of Senhor Affonso Costa has fallen. The Premier felt the desire of the President of the Republic to consult with men of all parties, in order to find a remedy for the difficulties in which the country is involved, as an expression of want of confidence in himself. He accordingly resigned. Senhor Bernardino Machado has accepted the task of forming a new Cabinet.

With Our Readers.

TO represent evil as good is the traditional mark of satanic ingenuity. It would be too pessimistic, and too complimentary to the evil one, to say that in this he had more imitators to-day than ever before, but he has enough to constitute a real public danger.

* * * *

AND we will mercifully and very gladly temper our remarks at the outset by saying, that many apparent imitators know not what they do. Their propaganda is the outcome of short-sighted sentimentalism, or of an unreasoning passion for reform, or a very limited knowledge of human nature and the institutions that basically and by natural law are the only sureties of human progress. They will advocate doctrines that are essentially immoral: for example, they will maintain, as we lately read in a book that is being sold by subscription in the homes of the nation, that divorce promotes a healthy family life; or they will preach, as the honored Dr. Rainsford did lately, that there is no definite truth contained in Christianity—that it is nothing but a "spirit;" truth being imperialism which the world long since repudiated—freedom democracy which the world is ready to embrace. Of course, this sort of thing has too apparently the ring of the modern advertiser, but it does seek to inculcate the falsehood, that the absence of definite truth is a blessing.

* * * *

AGAIN we might take as an example some words of that sincere social worker—who has unsparingly spent herself in helping the needy—Miss Jane Addams of Chicago. She declares a certain boy's downfall—all too apparently the result of his own viciousness—to be due to society. And she adds with approval, "Our democracy is making inroads upon the family, the oldest of human institutions." In her book, *The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets,* Miss Addams maintains that crime is for the most part merely the result of repressing a wholesome "love for excitement" and "desire for adventure." Miss Addams does not of course wish to preach that it is good for boys to indulge their vicious tendencies and passions, or that the extinction of the family is a blessing yet to be brought about by modern democracy; but all who know human nature will maintain that both these conclusions will be taken by many as logical and fair deductions from her premises.

The effect of all such writing is really to represent evil as good. When such doctrinaire philosophy becomes voluminous and common

as it has to-day, it begins to create an atmosphere; it robs the soul of its sense of moral responsibility; it is calculated to take every bit of character and moral backbone out of those who are affected by it. And of these, many do not recognize the process, nor know whence the atmosphere comes. They take it as the normal condition. They have heard certain phrases; certain sententious pronouncements, and they accept them as if they were first principles. The last thing they think of is to go back of them and look a bit deeper or higher. These conclusions of the "new morality" are as incontrovertible as the dogma of evolution. No one who wishes to be up-to-date, or keep abreast of modern social progress, would think of questioning them.

* * * *

THE misrepresentation, the falsehood of which these pronouncements are guilty, is that they lift responsibility from the individual soul, where alone it can rightly be placed, and put it upon environment or heredity, or a special class or society in general. Instead of leaving clean-cut the distinction of good and of evil; of God's law and man's responsibility; of freedom to mount to the unselfish and the upright; or to sink to the selfish and the unworthy, they obliterate all distinction, destroy freedom, and make good the evil tendencies and the consequent evil deeds of human kind.

To show how prominent has become the doctrine that criminals are the necessary product of society, we need but mention the fact that it recently received a public rebuke from a New York Judge of the Court of General Sessions. He said:

> I cannot agree with those who call the gangster the product of social conditions. What more can be done for these boys than has been done? They will not obey their parents; they will not go to school; they cleave to the doctrine that the world owes them a living, which means of course without working.

* * * *

TO teach that democracy is to enter in, and in some mysterious way supersede the family, would be laughable, if it were not in line with the vogue of the day—the shifting of responsibility off our own shoulders and on to somewhere or someone else, even if it be a very impersonal thing like society. Parents are led to ease up on their rigid sense of parental responsibility; to lessen their esteem of the home; to believe that in some way old ideals have lost their efficiency; that the present home—or what is left of it—is to disappear, and modern democracy, as represented by an increasingly paternal state, is to supplant it. What healthy tradition of home can parents so influenced give to their children? And can the state later on fairly object if it has added millions to care for as the result of neglected homes, when it now permits the preaching of these home-destroying falsehoods?

ANOTHER point well worthy of consideration is that these innocent propagators of fundamentally erroneous teachings are giving a handsome cloak to many who are really evil at heart, or who at least unscrupulously appeal to the worst passions in man in order to make money. Human nature has, for the most part, still enough good in it to ask for a virtuous pretext. Therefore these unscrupulous ones will always offer their wares under a pretense of good. It is doubtful if the American public would allow their nefarious work to go on as freely and as extensively as it does, unless they had been first prepared by the inconsequent talk of those who are unquestionably worthy and sincere. The laws would have been more strictly enforced, or there would have been a stronger, healthier sentiment back of the laws.

* * * *

WE have this fearful condition to face to-day—a deliberate propaganda of immorality, of evil and indecency, all presented under the appearance of good. A sincere generation, no matter how evil it might be, would not have such a terrible problem to face. Our fathers did not have it; for them evil was evil, sin, sin; good was good, virtue, virtue. But to-day, under the specious arguments begotten of the lust for money and for pleasure, we are taught, and our children are taught, that virtue and vice are interchangeable terms.

There is no source of money-making which these unprincipled deceivers have neglected. In the cheap magazine they publish pictures under the guise of art, which are purposely designed to appeal to and excite the prurient curiosity of readers. They print stories wherein the authors use, of set purpose, situations and descriptions thinly veiled, but all the more suggestive and harmful because they are veiled; and at the end they make the story good, and defend their evil purpose by tacking on a worthy motive. In this manner they pervert the right sense of their readers, and cloud the issue with sentimentalities and artificial problems, till the readers believe that they have in all truth a fair case against the laws of nature and of God.

* * * *

IN the theatre they present under the pretense of instruction, of "saving from ruin," of "uplifting," of "promoting a right sex knowledge," plays and moving pictures that are nothing else than vile, indecent productions. They who present them are consciously playing upon the evil tendencies, the evil passions which many seek to indulge, and in order to be allowed to present these things to the public and make money, they maintain with apparent righteous indignation that they are actuated by the purest of motives and the most unselfish of purposes. They so argue their defence in court when

they are arrested and their plays prohibited. And there are not wanting those among us, possessing honored names, who are willing to defend these purveyors of iniquity, these forerunners of social disaster. By means of the stage, the magazine, the book, even by organized societies, evil is being propagated under the semblance of good.

The public taste has become debased; many feel helpless in the face of it; others surrender with indifference, and simply say it is the accepted thing. Meanwhile the evil is affecting the young; robbing them of all inspiration and of all freshness: poisoning their souls, and making it impossible for them to fit themselves to be the fathers and mothers of a strong, worthy race of men and women.

* * * *

AGAINST this present-day curse of making evil good, every clean, God-fearing soul should exert itself with all its powers. Catholics should be in the vanguard; and we may greatly pride ourselves that we have been, for through the weekly and monthly press, from the pulpit, the confessional, through organizations of large membership, warning and protest and appeal are constantly going forth. No one has any doubt where the Catholic Church stands, and if any of her children fail in what she asks, they know at least that they are false to her and to her teachings. Publicly and privately Catholics ought to give the preëminently effective help of their personal example, by always standing for the good: by condemning with emphasis the evil. In this matter there is no compromise between Christ and the world. Catholics should generously support first of all those movements, headed by the bishops of the country, that seek to promote a truer, stronger sense of public morality; and also as citizens they should give their assistance and active coöperation to all public movements, legislation, etc., which have a like end in view.

It is necessary and proper for us to encourage every effort that is directed against this modern curse, even if the effort should not aim as high as we might desire. We live in a country that is not Catholic; our separated brethren have not been taught and instructed, nor in many cases have they the same rigid moral sense demanded by our Church. We should be willing to make allowance for their point of view: for the differences that must inevitably exist. Our plan should be not to antagonize but to win: to show that we are the leaders in all things that make for public morality, but to neglect none of the agencies that are willing to work for it.

* * * *

THE proper attitude is well expressed in the *Bulletin* recently issued by the Catholic Theatre Movement inaugurated by His Eminence John Cardinal Farley.

In a most subtle manner, and under many guises, indecency upon the stage

is exploited and made profitable. There are those who steal the livery of heaven in which to serve the devil, and with specious pretexts put forth a propaganda in behalf of doctrines subversive of morality and religion. So insidiously are such positions assumed, with attractive shibboleths like "art for art's sake," that Christians of intellect and position are often deceived. It is only necessary to uncover and expose such positions to make clear the ground that in self-defence must be occupied, not alone by Catholics, but by men and women of all religious beliefs, who have only to see clearly the common danger in order to realize their common obligation.

The cordial reception and the promise of coöperation made by the secular press of New York, when the *Bulletin* first appeared, is a happy sign of how strong the desire is in all quarters for definite, intelligent leadership, and an index of what Catholics may achieve in restoring a right public sense if they give the generous and unqualified support asked by Cardinal Farley, and share with His Eminence the desire that all God-fearing people will coöperate with the Movement.

* * * *

LEADERSHIP cannot be successful unless it be animated by a real Catholic charity, and by intelligent judgment and experience. In our zeal to condemn everything unworthy, to keep our standards high, we must not allow zeal to become bigotry, nor lay down impossible standards. In this matter of amusement the example of the Church is our best guide. She, under the guidance of God, has dealt with the children of Adam for two thousand years. She knows them well, and she knows how to lead them to Christ and to God. She is the Mother of infinite love, and therefore of infinite patience. She possesses in its fullness not only the gift of wisdom, but also of temperance. Critics who have thought themselves more zealous than she for the cause of God, have sought to teach her a better way, but they have only brought failure on themselves and upon others. They have been so stern as never to allow any indulgence to the children of men. Natural enjoyment, the spontaneity of youth, the delights of poetry and art—these things must be crushed, they have said, because they so easily lead to evil. The Church has ever stood against such puritanism. The classics of the world, in spite of the possible and actual evil which they contain, were by her preserved, and by her courageously given to her children. She knows well that her children must and should play, and she would have them play, so long as they play, "round the foot of the Cross." To adopt a spirit other than hers, with its divine sympathy with the natural good appetites and desires of men, is to court disaster. It is to beget a surface morality—to sow the seed whence hypocrites are born. Our Mother the Church would have us her free and frank and honest children.

THE more we study her spirit, the more will we grow in knowledge and in the power of guidance. The stronger and more effective our appeal will be to those of our own household, and those without, to enlist themselves in her cause.

We have seen of late lists of books and lists of plays prepared by Catholics, which do not seem to bear testimony to this spirit of our Holy Church. These lists have thoughtlessly grouped with the absolutely unworthy, books and plays that, while not all a Catholic might ask or desire, still are not bad. They do not line up with that propaganda of evil under the guise of good. The authors have evidently nothing but a worthy purpose. They do not cater to indecent taste or prurient curiosity. Yet here they find their works listed with productions that are unspeakably bad. And the result is that sometimes such authors, instead of being encouraged in their good work, are led to say, "If I have the name I may as well have the blame." More deplorably still, right judgment is clouded even among the Catholics for whom the lists are intended; and a standard is placed on paper to which nobody lives up, unless he studies to lead a life that follows the counsels of perfection. Upon outsiders the whole value of such a list is lost. Discrimination does not mean weakness: still less must it mean intolerance. We have spoken much of the dangerous teaching of the day to call evil good. Let us not, in the ardor of our protest, forget the profound sentence of a Catholic poet and philosopher, Coventry Patmore, "When the tempter can no longer persuade us to our destruction by representing unclean things as clean, he perpetually harasses us, and endeavors to delay our progress by representing clean things as unclean." To call good evil is a worse crime than to call evil good, because it is a crime against the Divine Love, as well as against the Divine Light. There is no more difficult work than this of leading souls to higher standards of vision: it requires all the intelligence and study—all the charity, also—that brave men and women can bring to it.

AMERICA has had its Kikuyu apportionment, only that it did not deal with Africa, and no Episcopalians took part. It was held in New York, and was participated in by Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists, and Disciples of Christ. Mexico is the field of operation that was divided into different zones, and then apportioned to the different denominations. No denomination is to permit its workers to labor or gather any harvest outside of its particular zone. Coöperation and efficiency are to go even further than this, for schoolhouses, hospitals, printing presses, and even theological seminaries are to be made common; or if that is impracticable, handed over to the use of the denomination that rules the zone in which they are situated. No one can object

to such a plan of campaign on the part of the Protestant denominations. Granting the principle of private judgment, it is a perfectly logical way to proceed. The economic wisdom of the age can teach us much; and why waste our forces by sending two rival agents where one will do? Only it must be remembered that for business success the goods offered must be genuine, and how can goods be genuine when the managers of different firms have sacrificed their own standards, compromised, and bartered the essential qualities for the purpose of coöperation?

* * * *

MOREOVER to exclude, no matter for what purpose, the preaching of any brand of Christianity from a particular territory or people, and to force, by implication at least, that territory and people to accept a particular interpretation of Christianity, is sadly at odds with the long-boasted principle of Protestant liberty. Indeed it is not liberty at all; it is tyranny. When the work has been accomplished and great success achieved, will not the problem that such conferences endeavor to solve be greater than ever? In one zone there will be thousands of Baptists; in another thousands of Methodists; in another Presbyterians; in another Disciples of Christ, all thoroughly trained by these pioneer missionaries, and made fast in the faith delivered to them. They will be sincerely attached to the Church to which they owe the light, and which has given them salvation.

Surely from such admirable fidelity to different standards, there must result honest differences that cannot be broken down unless the believers are asked to give up all or part of what they were first taught to be the word of God. So far, therefore, as Christian unity is concerned, its condition, presupposing the success of these efforts, will be worse than before. Even during the time of its solution, and while this generous campaign of mutual sacrifice is being carried out, what will a newly-made Methodist do when he transfers his home to Baptist territory? Must he begin all over, or will he be made a member of the Baptist Church and allowed to retain his Methodism? Surely the whole question bristles with serious problems for the honest Christian.

* * * *

IT would be well indeed for these representatives of our separated brethren to consider well their responsibility simply as American citizens. The Mexican situation as it stands, is sufficiently delicate and critical without adding to the confusion. The nations to the south of us have surely had enough of our boasting, that we are to them the self-appointed teachers of justice and righteousness and order. What would Americans, if they were Mexicans, think of such pompous talk as this:

There is a deal of quiet talk among informed persons that the real task in Mexico rests with the American Church rather than with the War or State Departments. There will never be stable conditions below the Rio Grande until the people have become enlightened and educated, and infused with the ideal of a free and intelligent nation.

Every American knows what would be said if any such words were quoted to us by another nation.

* * * *

THE *Journal of Race Development* for January, 1914, contains a number of articles on Mexico. None is written by a Catholic, nor does any show sympathy with the Catholic Church. It may be especially profitable to say some words in review of the articles.

From the paper by Lic. Luis Cabrera, recently Speaker of the House of Representatives in the Mexican Congress, this oft-forgotten and really startling truth will be apparent, and it sheds a unique glory upon Spain and Spanish conquerors. The truth is this—*they did not destroy the native race.* "Mexico," says the writer, "has no real race problem." Ninety per cent of the fifteen million inhabitants are of Indian blood, that is either pure Indians or "mestizos," *i. e.,* mixed. And "the effects of education upon the native Indians of Mexico are of a permanent character." We of this country had the problem of saving and educating a native race. History has chronicled us as ruthless conquerors. That native race is practically extinct.

* * * *

NEVIN O. WINTER, author of *Mexico and the People of To-day,* writes in his paper of the people of Mexico:

They are not inferior to the Anglo-American. They have many inherent good qualities; they possess some splendid traits of character, which are difficult to find in the North American. Instead of brusqueness, they have courtesy; in financial honor they are the equal of our own people.

S. W. Reynolds, formerly President of the Mexican Central Railway Company, writes:

One must consider that the people in Mexico are no more like ourselves, naturally, than the people of France, Germany, Spain, China, Japan, or any other foreign nation, and we must consider their temperament, methods of life, and of business, their past history, and their personal characteristics in thinking of and in dealing with them. We would not think of going to Japan or Germany or Spain and finding conditions or people as we do in the United States, nor would we expect to reform or change their life and habits to conform to our own.

The people of our country have, I think, an entirely erroneous and unjust opinion of the people of Mexico. While they are unlike us in many ways, my own experience has found them to be in the main, that is, among the business people, of high character and integrity, fair and just in their dealings, and without those barbarous and inhuman proclivities that so many are apt to attribute to them.

THE Reverend John Howland, D.D., President of Colegio Internacional, Guadalajara, Mexico, says:

Democracy still lives in Mexico, not merely enshrined in the hearts of its people, but as a vital force. When present conditions have been worked out, the great body of sane, thoughtful Mexican patriots will bring their idolized country back to her rightful position of respect and confidence. If others will give Mexico intelligent and sympathetic coöperation instead of misunderstanding, misinterpretation and suspicion, or if they will even let her alone, she will successfully work out her own salvation.

* * * *

AND finally we quote Rear-Admiral F. E. Chadwick, Chief of Staff to Admiral Sampson in the Spanish-American War:

It is estimated that already in Mexico the population is nineteen-twentieths Indian. We have thus in our dealings with the regions to the south of us, to consider powers racially so different from ourselves that our understanding of one another is extremely difficult. The polite and ceremonious South American of Spanish descent cannot understand our rudeness of manner, our overbearingness, our want of that courtesy in general on which the Spaniard lays a stress which the North American mind fails wholly to comprehend.

* * * *

APROPOS of this proposed extended missionary work in Mexico, it is timely and well to call attention to a recent editorial in *The Christian Herald* on the work of Theta Phi Alpha Chapter of Catholic women of New York City, who have planned to give religious instruction to Catholic school children after school hours. The movement has the approval of Mr. Churchill, President of the Board of Education, and Mr. Maxwell, Superintendent of Schools. Referring to this work, *The Christian Herald* says:

There is a great object lesson in this, to which the Protestant Churches of America might well give heed. Religious instruction of children is prohibited in the public schools in a large majority of the States. Our Protestant Sunday schools, however excellent they may be, are attended by an inconsiderable portion of our public school children of Protestant parentage. Religious instruction at home is still more problematical as a dependence for the spiritual welfare of the young. The plain truth is that it is largely neglected. The result of such conditions is that, with the exception of a few denominations which have their parochial schools in which religious training is a strong feature, a startling proportion of the children of Protestant parents in this country are spiritually neglected. The Lutherans have many parochial schools, and the Episcopalians and possibly a few other denominations, and these are like spiritual oases in the great desert of neglected American childhood. We do not regard this as an overdrawn picture. The pity of it is that it is the truth! Is it a cause for wonder that there should be an ever-increasing complaint among Protestant Churches of a decline in attendance and a growing indifference to things spiritual? We spend millions on the heathen in foreign lands, and it is an excellent work; but how can we justify the neglect of our own little folks at home, whom we are permitting to grow up to manhood and womanhood in ignorance of these vital things that relate to the

spiritual life? How can we expect them to become good citizens and Christian men and women, unless we provide some system of religious education for them, worthy of the name?

The Christian Herald is in error when it adds, "We must enter a solemn protest against this new Catholic scheme to evade the law and utilize the schools for religious purposes." *The Continent,* January 29th, states the matter correctly: "Catholic public school teachers in New York City have formed a league with the purpose of putting their teaching experience at the disposal of their Church. They have sent word to the Church authorities that they are prepared to instruct Catholic children in religion on week days after school hours *in parish churches* near their school buildings."

THE following letter of a recent convert to the Faith, written to her minister, will be of interest to our readers. It has a special value just now, in view of the fact that events like Caldey and the Kikuyu compromise are leading many Episcopalians to look to the Church that has kept intact the definite truth of Jesus Christ.

My Dear Father:

You will not be surprised, I think, to hear that I have been received into the Fold of the Blessed Peter. And could you only know how happy I am and, above all, how *sure* I am that this step is by Divine Guidance, you could not have the slightest regret or sorrow through the news. But that, of course, is something only one's own heart can know in fullness at such a precious moment, and, indeed, one's heart is far too full for words, even were it possible to express such transcendent peace and joy—such as I have not believed for a soul to know here on earth.

You know something of my long dissatisfaction, and, at times, distrust of the Anglican Communion; and, something too, perhaps, of how, feeling that this came to me as a temptation, I have fought against disloyalty in any form, although never able for long to put aside the ardent desire for a Spiritual Mother whom one could honor more than it seemed one could ever honor the Anglican—no matter how firm one's belief in Anglican Orders.

But, at last, after all the weary waiting for certainty and for the gift of absolute trust in her, it was all made so suddenly, so sweetly clear to my soul. And not through reading, or through argument—for I have months ago abandoned both. It has been solely prayer, and its answer which has led me into this joy—whether my own earnest supplications and a daily prayer to St. Peter, or the loving intercessions of others, and especially of one dear nun who is very near to our Lord. Or, perhaps, more than all, it was the intercession of a saintly soul who earnestly desired my conversion, and who left this life a year ago, for I have been keenly conscious of his prayers, somewhere, for me.

And so, at last, I have seen the Truth!—too clearly, too beautifully sweetly, to have had, since that day, the suspicion of doubt, or the slightest fear that I was in any way disloyal to an Anglican Mother. It has been, rather, a perfect realization that I have found at last my long-waiting and True Mother—after years spent with one who, mistaken in kindness, has endeavored to swamp my rightful Mother's place in my heart, and who, though giving me all it was

within her power to give, could nevertheless not satisfy as a True Mother. My surrender to her is unreserved, mentally and spiritually. And, oh! the unspeakable sweetness of the perfect trust one's soul feels in knowing at last an Infallible Teacher and Defender of the Faith. No more private judgment in selecting the Anglican School which best suits temperament and credulity—but the soul simply lost in the Sacred Heart, and all else put into the hands of those to whom authority was given.

Though long and often weary the waiting for this great moment, I thank God with all my heart that I have known all the Anglican Communion can give, both in your parish and in others, even "higher" in teaching and practice. It makes my certainty irrevocable, and the spiritual joys known heretofore are as nothing compared with those with which the soul is satisfied within the safe Fold of Peter. It was only after leaving New York this October, and finding so many of the Anglican privileges of which I had not only need, but like the Caldey Fathers, which I could not relinquish, taken from me ("not for thy harms, but just that thou mightst find them in My arms"), that I began to see the way Home.

While my spiritual submission has been made for several weeks, it was only yesterday I was actually received—on the Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus. And myself was given that sweet name of our Blessed Lady, so near that of my blessed patron, Catherine of Siena (to whom I doubt not that I owe much in my present joy).

I need not tell you, of course, that Christ Church parish will ever be dear to me as the place of preparation for the perfect joys which I have found only the One, True, Holy, Roman Church can give, and that you and the whole parish will be often in my prayers—that you may be "not almost" but altogether as I am to-day.

With a heart full of gratitude for all your many kindnesses,

Faithfully yours in our adorable Lord,

M. K. P. L.

IN the January issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD we published an article, entitled *Canon Sheehan,* by John J. Horgan. We regret to be compelled to state that a large portion of that article was a *verbatim* reprint from an article by the late Father Matthew Russell, S.J., which was printed in *The Dolphin* in 1902 (vol. i., pp. 13-17).

It is needless to say that the Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD knew nothing of this plagiarism when he published the article. Of the article in the January CATHOLIC WORLD, to which Mr. Horgan's name was attached, we wish to state that eight lines of page 488 of that issue; all (with the exception of one sentence) of page 489; all of page 490; about half of page 491, and all of page 494, except the quotation from Canon Sheehan, were copied word for word from Father Russell's article.

In answer to our request for an explanation, Mr. Horgan sent us the following, which in justice to him we publish:

CORK, January 25, 1914.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR:

Your letters of 12th and 13th received. You are of course entitled to an

explanation as to the similarity between a small portion of my article and Father Russell's. The explanation is quite simple. In 1905 I was writing a series of articles for a little Irish paper called *C. Y. M.*, on *Catholic Forces*. When I wrote to Canon Sheehan for details of his life, etc., he asked me to write to Father Russell, to whom he had already given them for the *Dolphin* article, and suggested I should get a loan of that article and use as much of it as I could. I wrote Father Russell, who gladly consented, and sent me the *Dolphin* article, which I duly used almost *verbatim* in the *C. Y. M.* Father Russell knew it was Canon Sheehan's wish I should use his article, and I sent him a copy of the paper at the time. After Canon Sheehan's death the editor of the *Irish Monthly* (Father Russell's own magazine) asked me to write an article on Canon Sheehan for the January number. This I did, using part of the article in *C. Y. M.* in dealing with details of Canon Sheehan's life, knowing it was the account he had himself preferred and prepared for Father Russell. Thinking American readers would like to know something about Canon Sheehan, I sent it to you, and you cut it down and published it. Most of what you cut out was my original work, although, of course, that was not your fault. You will see by enclosed marked copy of the *Irish Monthly*, which contains the whole article, how much of the article was mine and how much derived from Father Russell's article. About three and one-half pages out of twelve are copied from *C. Y. M.*—(in other words from the *Dolphin* article which I returned to Father Russell when done with). I could not have got the *Dolphin* or known of it save from him, as I did not know of it previously.

You are of course at liberty to make any statement you please in your magazine, but I trust you will in justice to me state that Father Russell's article was originally used by me with his knowledge and consent at the request of Canon Sheehan himself.

Yours sincerely,
JOHN J. HORGAN.

In justice to the revered name of the late Father Matthew Russell, we wish to take exception to a possible inference in this letter. When Canon Sheehan gave to Father Russell the details of his life, he surely did not write that part of Father Russell's paper which deals with the details. Father Russell was not the man to put his name to an article that he had not written. And when Canon Sheehan directed Mr. Horgan to use "as much (of Father Russell's article) as he could," he claimed no proprietary right to it, but simply wished Mr. Horgan to learn the facts from it, and then express them in his own way—not surely in Father Russell's way, no matter how excellent that way was.

IN his recent work, *The English Novel*, Professor George Saintsbury traces the origin of Romance to "the marriage of the older East and the newer (non-classical) West through the agency of the spread of Christianity, and the growth and diffusion of the Saint's Life." Professor Saintsbury is treating his subject from a merely secular standpoint. His added comment is important and interesting. It might profitably be taken to heart by those who love "literature," yet know nothing of the biographies of the Saints.

And let it be remembered that these Saints' Lives, which are still infinitely good reading, are not in the least confined to homiletic necessities. The jejuneness and woodenness from which the modern religious story too often suffers, are in no way chargeable upon all, or even many, of them. They have the widest range of incident—natural as well as supernatural: their touches of nature are indeed extended far beyond mere incident.

* * * *

THIS further comment on much of the work of our own day is very welcome from a master of the history of English literature such as Professor Saintsbury. He has been speaking of certain criticisms of ancient works of some moderns; then he adds:

And when we are told that they are apt to run too much into grooves and families, it is sufficient to answer that it really does not lie in the mouth of an age which produced grime-novels, problem-novels, and so forth, as if they had been struck off on a hectograph, possessing the not very exalted gift of varying names and places, to reproach any other age on this score.

THE zealous missionary spirit that is shown by many Councils of the Knights of Columbus, is worthy of special praise. We might give many evidences of their generous, apostolic mission, but we will confine ourselves to one that has had remarkable results. The Knights of Columbus of Evansville, Indiana, under the leadership of Father Rynes, the pastor of the Church of the Assumption, recently inaugurated and carried out the plans of a city-wide Mission in that city, which included its nine parishes. Weeks before the opening of the Mission their activity began. A large hall was engaged; placards were placed in all the store windows; three thousand special invitations were sent to the prominent non-Catholics of the city; ten thousand announcement cards were distributed in the nine churches, and the daily press carried notices for two weeks beforehand. When the Mission opened, and at every service thereafter, the hall was filled to its utmost capacity. The Mission was conducted by Father Conway of the Paulist Fathers. An attendance of three thousand, over half of whom were non-Catholics, continued during the two weeks of the Mission. Much literature was distributed, including four thousand copies of the *Question Box,* and hundreds of The Paulist Press pamphlets.

The Mission bore extensive fruit, both among Catholics and non-Catholics. The daily papers were most cordial in giving the lectures due notice, and everyone in the city—the population numbers about eighty thousand—was for the two weeks at least discussing religion and the teachings of the Catholic Church.

All expenses of this great work were met by the local Knights of Columbus, and it is to be hoped that other Councils will imitate this worthy example of their fellow knights of Evansville.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
Blessed Margaret Mary. By Monsignor Demimuid. Translated by A. M. Buchanan, M.A. $1.00; postpaid, $1.10. *Jesus Amabilis.* By F. Glazier. Cloth, 75 cents; postpaid, 82 cents. *The "Summa Theologica" of St. Thomas Aquinas.* Part III. Translated by the Fathers of the English Dominican Province. $2.00 net; postpaid, $2.20.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
Why I Became a Sodalist. Why Are You Not a Sodalist? By Father E. Hamon, S.J. Pamphlets. 5 cents; per hundred, $4.00. *Breaking With the Past.* By Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B. 60 cents; postpaid, 64 cents. *Pictorial Instructions for Catholic Children.* 50 cents.

THE SENTINEL PRESS, New York:
The Divine Eucharist. Extracts from the writings of Ven. P. J. Eymard. 50 cents.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:
The Idol-Breaker. By Charles Rann Kennedy. $1.25 net.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
Shakespeare as a Playwright. By B. Matthews. $3.00 net. *History as Literature, and Other Essays.* By T. Roosevelt. $1.50 net.

FREDERICK A. STOKES Co., New York:
Pedagogical Anthropology. By M. Montessori, M.D. $3.50 net; postpaid, $3.75.

STURGIS & WALTON, New York:
Readings from the Old Testament. By L. E. Tucker, M.A. $1.25 net. *The Old Testament Phrase Book.* By L. E. Tucker, M.A. $1.00 net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:
Thesaurus Fidelium. By a Carmelite Tertiary. 80 cents net. *Lives of the English Martyrs.* Vol. I. Edited by E. H. Benton, D.D., and J. H. Pollen, S.J. $2.50 net.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York.
Notes on Politics and History. By John Morley. $1.00. *The Barbary Coast.* By A. Edwards. $2.00 net.

THE CENTURY Co., New York:
Advanced American History. By S. E. Forman. $1.50.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
The Evolution of New Japan. By J. H. Longford. 40 cents net.

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY, Maryknoll, N. Y.:
A Modern Martyr—Theophane Vénard. By the Very Rev. J. A. Walsh. 60 cents.

LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston:
Criminology. By Baron R. Garofalo. Translated by R. W. Millar. $4.50 net.

JOHN MURPHY Co., Baltimore, Md.:
Half Hour With God's Heroes. By Rev. T. S. Williams. $1.00; postpaid, $1.10.

NORMAN, REMINGTON & Co., Baltimore, Md.:
The Beginnings of Modern Ireland. By P. Wilson. $3.25 net.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington:
Benevolent Institutions, 1910.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:
Truth and Error. By A. J. Rother, S.J. 50 cents net. *Blessed Are Ye.* By P. Doncoeur, S.J. 60 cents net. *Supernatural Merit Your Treasure in Heaven.* By Rev. F. J. Remler, C.M. 15 cents. *Sacrifice.* By F. Tilt. 75 cents net. *Molly's Fortunes.* By M. E. Francis. $1.00 net. *Catholic Religion.* By C. A. Martin. 75 cents net. *Counsels of Perfection for Christian Mothers.* By Very Rev. P. Lejeune. $1.00 net. *Old Testament Stories.* (For children.) By C. C. Martindale, S.J. $1.00 net. *Romance on El Camino Real.* By J. T. Richards, LL.B. $1.35 net. *Jesus Christ, His Life, His Passion, His Triumph.* By Very Rev. A. Berthe, C.SS.R. $1.75 net. *History of Dogmas.* Vol. II. By J. Tixeront. $1.50 net. *The Lives of the Popes in the Middle Ages.* Vol. IX. By Rev. H. K. Mann, D.D. $3.00 net. *The Catholic Library—I. Letters and Instructions of St. Ignatius Loyola.* Edited by Rev. A. Goodier, S.J. 30 cents net.

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES, Los Angeles, Cal.:
Life and Apostolic Labors of Venerable Father Junipero Serra. By F. Palon. Translated from the Spanish. $10.00.

MARTIN SECKER, London:
Sinister Street. Vol. I. By C. Mackenzie. 6 *s.*

ELKIN MATTHEWS, London:
In the Fall of the Leaf. By S. Bayley. 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:
Le Dialogue de Sainte Catherine de Sienne. Two volumes. Par R. P. J. Hurtaud, O.P. 5 *frs. Avant le Mariage.* Par L. Rouzier. 1 *fr.* 10. *Mère Marie Poussepin.* Par R. P. Mainage. 3 *frs.* 50. *Les Vertus du Christ: I. Le Courage du Christ. II. La Charité du Christ. III. L'Obéissance du Christ.* Par C. Schuyler, S.T.D. (Imported by Peter Reilly, Philadelphia, Pa.) *La Divin Maitre et les Femmes dans L'Évangile.* Par H. Riondel. 2 *frs.*

AP
2
C3
v.98

The Catholic world

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY